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Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JANUARY, 1837.

From the Restrospective Review.

The History of the Bucaniers; being an impartial relation of all the Battles, Sieges, and other most eminent Assaults committed for several years upon the Coast of the West Indies, by the Pirates of Jamaica and Tortuga; both English and other Nations. More especially the unparalleled achievements of Sir H. M. *Made English from the Dutch Copy: written by* J. Esquemeling, *one of the Bucaniers: very much corrected from the errors of the Original by the relations of some English gentlemen, that then resided in those parts.*

Den Engelseman is een Duyvil voor een mensch.

London: Printed for Thomas Malthus, *at the Sun, in the Poultrey.* 1684.

THE States of Genoa and Venice, about the middle of the 14th century, were the only powers in Europe that derived their support from commerce. Many of the inhabitants of both these cities were able mathematicians, and had acquired a high repute as hydrographers and mariners, and were encouraged and patronised all over Europe. The States flourished till a mutual struggle took place for mercantile pre-eminence, in which Venice gained the advantage, by engrossing the whole trade of India, then carried on through the interior of Asia, or by the way of the Red Sea. Frequent commotions and distracted councils induced many of the Genoese to quit their native country, and repair to those parts where active genius met with due encouragement. Portugal was, at this time, laudably engaged in prosecuting discoveries on the Coast of Africa, and readily received all those individuals able, by their talents and skill, to assist in the great design. The art of navigation was yet in its infancy, nautical astronomy scarcely known, and naval architecture in a rude and imperfect state. The timbers of the ships were badly put together, and frequently much decayed; the masts, yards, rigging, and sails were heavy, awkward and unhandy; and whatever wonder may be excited at the New World remaining so long undiscovered, a slight consideration of the frail materials of which their barks were composed, added to the superstitious ignorance of the mariners, will soon dispel it, and astonishment take its place that they ever accomplished a voyage at all. Among others who repaired to the Court of Lisbon was Columbus. This intrepid navigator was neither to be intimidated by danger, nor subdued by difficulties. He boldly launched into the Northern Ocean, at a tempestuous season of the year, and most probably from the high latitude (73° North) he attained, discovered the coast of East Greenland, and thus, though not aware of it, found himself in a portion of the New World. After several other voyages to the islands in the Western Ocean, to England, and to the Coast of Guinea, in the course of which he made accurate observations on everything important in his profession, he became convinced of the* spherical form of the earth, and of the possibility of sailing on a westerly course to the shores of Asia, unless impeded in his progress by the discovery of regions hitherto unknown. After various mortifying repulses from different powers, he sailed under the auspices of Spain, in 1492, and had the exquisite satisfaction of seeing his arduous exertions amply rewarded by arriving in the West Indies: the completion of his undertaking was reserved for the unfortunate Magellan. Hitherto England possessed no Royal Navy;—her fleets (such as they were) had been provided by the merchants and the Cinque Ports. But in 1488, the Great Harry, the first ship which could properly come under that denomination, was launched, which likewise appears to be the first that carried three masts. Cannon were used in naval actions as early as the thirteenth century, by the Venetians. The English did not employ them in their ships till 1480. The guns were mounted on a kind of platform, and fired over the gunwale of the vessel; but, in 1515, the Henri Grace de Dieu was built with port-holes. Previous to this, the vessels had but one deck. The first advantage of the invention of ports was to increase the number of decks to two and three. Still, however, the ships, when compared with those of the present day, were miserably fitted, and exceedingly clumsy.

Had the Court of Spain delayed much longer in acceding to the wishes of Columbus, it is most probable that his first visit to the Western shores would

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* The spherical form of the earth, and the possibility of circumnavigating the globe, had been asserted by Sir John Mandeville, in the 13th century.

have been under the British flag. Henry VII. who had been too much disturbed by the internal commotions of the kingdom to attend to the first application, invited the great navigator to England, but the invitation was too late, for Columbus had already sailed.[*] The discovery of the continent of America, and, shortly after, the Eastern passage to India, round the Cape of Good Hope, by De Gama, were attended with important advantages to all the nations of Europe. Navigation became less difficult and obscure; commerce was considerably enlarged; industry every where increased, and the arts were cultivated with considerable assiduity. The first settlement of the Spaniards in the New World was at Hispaniola; and convicts were despatched to people it. These, casting off all restraint, to the great grief of the noble-minded Columbus, committed the most barbarous atrocities on the inoffensive natives. When first discovered, in 1492, it contained nearly two millions of inhabitants; but Benzoni relates, that, in 1545, scarcely 150 remained alive. The massacres of those tyrants, whose delight consisted in witnessing excruciating torture, and who exulted with brutal gratification in the convulsive pangs of their fellow creatures, fade before the recital of the inhuman murders perpetrated by the conquerors of the New World. We have called the natives inoffensive, not upon our own authority but on that of Columbus himself, in a letter addressed to the Spanish Court, after having been unfortunately shipwrecked. He states that the whole of their property was saved and carefully guarded by the Indians, who sympathised in their loss, and rendered them every assistance. By the law of *repartimientos* the natives were distributed by lots to their future masters, who compelled them to dig in the mines, without rest or intermission, until their sufferings were closed by a welcome death. Those who used assistance, or attempted to escape, were hunted down with dogs, which were fed on their flesh. Neither age nor sex were spared: and, with frantic zeal and impiety, they called in the aid of religion to give a colour of sanctity to their atrocious depravity. Some compelled their miserable captives to wade into the water, where, after administering the baptism, they immediately cut their throats, to prevent apostacy; others bound themselves by oaths to destroy thirteen every morning, in honour of our Saviour and the twelve Apostles.

All this dreadful waste of blood was unattended by the gratification of the avarice which prompted it. Sir Francis Drake visited the island in 1585, and remarks, that the Spaniards had derived so little advantage from their situation as to be under the necessity of converting pieces of leather into money. In other parts, the immense treasure which had been amassed by such unjustifiable means, exposed them to continual depredations. A mere handful of Spaniards under Cortez had subjugated Mexico, and these in their turn would fly with trembling alarm from a few British seamen. Though the English plantations did not produce gold, yet the cultivation of the soil amply repaid the industrious planter; and when we compare the conduct of Penn with that of the Spaniards in their new settlements, every Englishman must feel a sentiment of honest pride. But the dark shade which will ever remain as an indelible mark of disgrace on the New World, is the Slave Trade.[*]

Piracy had long been practised; and, after the discovery of the New World, which presented such temptations of wealth, assumed something of a systematic form. The origin of the Bucaniers, however, has not been clearly traced. They took their rise from accidental circumstances, when the Spaniards, jealous of their newly-acquired dominion, adopted every method, just or unjust, to prevent a participation. It is true, his Holiness Alexander VI. had drawn the famous line of *demarcation* from the Arctic to the Antarctic Pole; but sailors are not exactly the class of characters to be intimidated by a Bull, though issuing from the Vatican; and Pope Alexander and Pope Joan are much upon a par in their estimation. The term Bucanier was applied to the earliest French settlers at St. Domingo, who employed themselves in hunting wild cattle for the hides and tallow; but, on being driven by the Spaniards from their settlements, they entered into a league with English adventurers, and commenced a system of plunder, by way of retaliation; and, though their principal operations were directed against the Spaniards, yet they were frequently troubled with an imperfection in the organs of vision, which prevented them from distinguishing the flags of different nations. They seized the island of Tortuga, and fortified it, as a shelter and protection to their vessels, which, in the first instance, consisted of canoes and open boats. The numerous small islands (or keys) constantly afforded them a place of refuge in danger, and facilitated their projects; they likewise supplied immense quantities of turtle, which served them for food. The success of a few individuals prompted others to similar pursuits; and that which, by a decisive blow on the part of the Spaniards, might have been easily destroyed, soon spread to such an alarming extent, that the pirates became the sole masters of the sea.

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[*] Henry, foiled in his attempt, determined to share in the advantages. He fitted out an expedition, under John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian. They, in 1494, discovered Newfoundland, and coasted it thence to Florida: thus acquiring for this country that tract of land now known as the United States.

[*] We have *witnessed* the horrors of slavery. We have seen the African on the shores of his home, in his native land. We have accompanied him across the wide waste of waters that divides the two continents. We have observed his pangs at the slave-mart, when sold and separated from the last remnant of his friends (a sister, a brother, or a parent,) or when his heart has swelled almost to bursting at parting with the being whom he fondly, affectionately loved. We have beheld him under the hands of a brutal task-master, submitting with patient endurance to his toil, and not unfrequently smarting under the lash of the whip, without deigning to shrink, or betray a symptom of suffering. We have spoken to him with tender commiseration—have soothed his afflictions—have watched the unrestrained tears roll in heavy drops down his agitated face, and one act of sympathetic kindness has implanted a deep impression of gratitude in his breast. This is no romantic tale, no idle story, but plain matter of fact. It was once the lot of the writer of this article to be on board of a small vessel, containing nearly 100 slaves; the whole (with the exception of five or six men) were male and female children, from four to thirteen years of age. These were confined in a small space, with scarcely sufficient height to sit upright; many of them labouring under disease, and their flesh (or rather skin, for flesh they had but little) rubbed into wounds with the motion of the vessel, and by lying close together on the bare deck. The men, observing the constant inebriation of the crew, planned to take the schooner from them; but they were too emaciated and weak by confinement and hunger to attempt it hastily. In a short time, they were observed to be considerably altered in their appearance, and to look much better. One night, when all the crew, but the man at the helm, were asleep, these desperate Negroes rushed on the deck. The sailors and captain were aroused—a scuffle of some minutes ensued, in which both parties were severely wounded, and ultimately the slaves were overcome. The following morning, the captain deliberately loaded his pistols, placed three of the poor wretches in succession outside the gangway, and, in the presence of the others, shot them with his own hand. On inquiring, it was discovered that these little half-famished children had daily supplied the men with some portion of their own scanty provision, to strengthen them for the enterprise.

It was not, however, till the taking of Jamaica, in 1655, that they assembled together in large bodies, and framed laws among themselves. This island was discovered by Columbus, in 1494. The Court of Spain vested the sole property in him, and his son became the first governor. The Spaniards built several cities; but, losing the spirit of enterprise and industry, they sunk into indolence, and contented themselves with a few plantations for their subsistence, and disposed of the surplus to ships passing the coast. In 1655, the English made a descent on the island, conquered the capital, and settled there. This new colony consisted of part of the puritanical militia who had fought under Cromwell; but they were soon afterwards joined by a number of royalists, who abandoned the country and cause they could no longer maintain. Here both parties hoped to enjoy tranquillity; but the spirit of discord which had excited so many quarrels in the mother-country, again burst out in their new settlement, and the scenes of blood and slaughter were renewed. After the Restoration, a civil government was formed, and every effort resorted to, that could tend to promote culture and industry, but without effect; for the Bucaniers, making it their principal resort, poured in such vast treasures, that the inhabitants amassed considerable wealth with little difficulty, and despised the more honourable occupations of honest labour. The population rapidly increased, and in a few years amounted to 20,000, whose only source of subsistence was derived from the plunder of the Spaniards. Here the Bucaniers found a ready market for their ill-got spoils, and obtained such supplies of ammunition and stores as were requisite to ensure success in their hazardous undertakings. The boundless extravagance of these marauders soon reduced them to distress; and, after squandering away, with thoughtless profusion, their hard-earned prize-money, they were compelled to repeat their visits to the Spaniards. Under such circumstances it is not difficult to decide; the temptations were indeed powerful; and the Spaniards, by their ostentatious display, materially assisted in their own ruin; for instance—the city of Lima, in 1682, (when the viceroy made his entry,) actually had the streets paved with ingots of silver, to the amount of seventeen millions sterling. What a pretty prize for a few honest tars! Then the splendour and magnificence of their churches, ornamented with immense gold and silver images, crucifixes, and candlesticks, and not unfrequently large altars of massive silver, became objects of a devout regard.

The governments of both England and France denied all understanding with the freebooters, though they secretly rejoiced at having so powerful a check upon the Spanish colonies. The Bucaniers themselves pretended to hold commissions from the French and Dutch; but the principal part of them possessed only that authority which sailors term "a commission from the Pope." Their first attacks were directed upon the shipping alone; till the Spaniards, weary of making so many valuable consignments to the hands of these desperadoes, shut up their ports and dismantled their vessels. This produced a contrary effect from what they designed; for the pirates now ravaged the coasts of the main, making descents upon the cities and towns, and plundering them of all the valuables they could conveniently bring away. In these enterprises they committed many disgraceful and barbarous acts; and, as the Spaniards, in their remorseless cruelty, had endeavoured to disguise their depravity under the cloak of religious zeal, so did these tarpaulin crusaders consider themselves instruments of retributive justice in the hands of Providence, and resorted to nearly similar means. Las Casas, speaking of the conquest of the New World, says—"I once beheld four or five chief Indians roasted alive at a slow fire, and as the miserable victims poured forth their dreadful yells, it disturbed the commandant in his siesta, and he sent an order that they should be strangled; but the officer on duty would not suffer it; but, causing their mouths to be gagged that their shrieks might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately till they all expired. I saw it myself."—The pirates, in some instances, did the same by the Spaniards, to make them confess where their property was hidden, and often used a refinement in cruelty at which human nature shudders; but these acts were chiefly before the taking of Jamaica. When the English took the lead, and even freebooters began to get a little polished, their expeditions assumed an appearance of more honourable warfare, though often marked with brutal ferocity.

The discovery of the passage to the South Seas, through the Straits of Magellan, opened new sources of wealth; and Sir Francis Drake, whose inveterate hatred of the Spaniards prompted him on all occasions to wreak his vengeance on them, sailed on a predatory excursion, bearing however the royal sanction.* After committing numerous depredations on the western coast of America, he returned to England with considerable treasure; and his example operating on the romantic and daring spirit of the times, prompted others to pursue the same track; and thus the Bucaniering system became more strengthened and established.

Holland had long struggled for the mastery of the seas; and though her fleets sailed through the British Channel, and even up the Thames, with a *broom* at the mast-head, yet they were soon compelled to make a *brush* of it (as sailors say,) and become literally flying Dutchmen. The sailors of the "olden times" were scarcely any of them seamen, and Columbus we may consider as the first deserving of the appellation; while in that recklessness of danger, that fearlessness of death, which characterized the Bucaniers, we mark the promise and foundation of those daring exploits, which, towards the close of the 17th century, were so powerfully displayed by the British navy. It may be asked, what is the difference between a sailor and a seaman? Any one who often goes to sea may be a sailor but it requires years of intense observation and constant practice to become a seaman. Examine that beautiful structure, a ship of the line, equipped for sea, and ask a mere sailor, while pointing to the rigging, what this or that is?—he will answer "ropes." Put the question to a seaman, and he instantly gives it a name, "shrouds, stays, lifts, braces, sheets," or whatever else your attention may be directed to. Both are arrayed in the "jacket and trousers so blue," yet notice the manner in which these are worn. The sailor's have a certain stiffness about them approaching to the exact cut of the soldier. The seaman's, equally neat and trim, appear to be thrown on with easy negligence, as if he had just come down from reefing top-sails. The sailor displays a sort of unconcern in the hour of difficulty, but it proceeds from ignorance as to the extent of his danger: the seaman, fully sensible of it, watches with cool determination the eye of his superior—anticipates his orders, yet stands immovable till the word is given, though life or death is on the event. To the sailor, all ships are alike; but a seaman is as much a part of his ship as Adam's detached rib was bone of his bone; there is a sort of affection and friendship which unites them: indeed, in more instances than one, we have seen the hardy veteran, when discharged or drafted, even melt to tears. The seaman loves his ship, the trooper loves his horse, the foot-soldier loves himself. The seaman will never forsake his ship, while a hope of her safety remains; the trooper will share his last crust with the noble animal that bears him; the foot-soldier looks out for his billet, and takes care of his kit. Wherever a soldier marches, he is looked at with a sort of distrust; he places but little confidence in his comrade, who repays him in the same coin; unable, from the smallness of his pay, to entertain a friend, or enjoy a companion, he is lonely when off duty (though in the midst of his regiment), and when on duty, he is solitary, not unfrequently sad. When a land-battle ceases, the slaughter still continues, while the victorious army, pursuing the flying enemy, trample on the wounded and dying, regardless of their groans; they cut to pieces all that oppose their progress, for, while a remnant of the foe remains, they may rally again, and,choosing an advantageous position, bid defiance to their pursuers. When two fleets, or single ships of hostile nations meet, the principal dependence of their crews is in the gallant vessel that carries them: the seamen work at the same gun, and watch, with cool deliberation, the moment when they can pour in the most destructive fire to cripple their opponent: as soon as this is effected on one side or the other, the colours are hauled down, and animosity is over. In storms and tempests, the gallant ship sometimes rises to the topmost waves, and then plunges in the dark abyss of waters, that swell like mountains on either side: at such moments it is the seaman's pride to see how she behaves—to watch her falling off and coming up—to ease her to the seas, and tend her with the same care that a mother would her darling child.

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* As a specimen of the nature of his equipment, we need only say it consisted of five vessels, and that his own ship, the Admiral, was not bigger than one of our New-castle colliers, and the smallest was only fifteen tons burden, not equal to a fishing-smack: yet with this insignificant armament he performed prodigies of valour. From one Spanish bark alone he took four hundred weight of Baldivian gold.

The Bucaniers, in many instances, were a composition of all these characters, particularly in their land expeditions, under Sir Henry Morgan, and other leaders who came after him. The first pirate, whose name became celebrated at Tortuga, was a native of Dieppe, called Pierre Le Grand. This desperado, taking advantage of the dusk of the evening, with twenty-eight men, boldly boarded the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish flota; sinking his own boat alongside, as soon as they quitted it, that the pirates might have no place of retreat. Rushing into the cabin, where a party were assembled at cards, he commanded them to yield, an order which the astonished and terrified Spaniards immediately obeyed. They then proceeded to different parts of the ship, cutting down all that made opposition, and eventually gained possession of her. Pierre's success very soon produced a lively sensation in the island; every man became a pirate; and, treasuring up some of the property obtained as a common stock, a body of them were in a short time enabled to purchase two ships, in which they cruised against the Spaniards, and captured, among others, some large vessels laden with plate for the Caraccas. These were carried to Tortuga, and their cargoes sold to merchant vessels bound to Europe. The fame of such exploits, and the desire of sharing the spoil, brought out fresh adventurers; so that the number of vessels, in the course of three or four years, amounted to upwards of twenty. Another, and yet more daring attack, was made by one Peter Francis, who, having had a tedious cruise, without success, ran down to the banks where the pearl fishery was carried on by a number of vessels, with a man-of-war to protect them. In a boat with twenty-six men, he dashed alongside the Vice-Admiral, of eight guns and sixty men; and, after a sanguinary contest, she surrendered. Flushed with victory, they now determined to attempt the man-of-war; but, by a sudden squall, they lost their mast, and in their turn became prisoners, and were compelled to yield up their prize, whose value in pearls alone was estimated at 100,000 pieces of eight.

About the same time, a Portuguese, in a boat with four guns and thirty men, engaged a large ship with twenty guns and seventy men, which, after a desperate conflict, struck to them. The pirate, in this action, lost ten of his crew: the remaining twenty endeavoured to carry their prize to a place of security, but falling in with three other large ships, they were retaken, and carried to Campeachy, where the Portuguese was immediately recognised, and sentenced to suffer death, for the many robberies and murders he had committed on the coast. For the better security of his person (as he had made his escape when taken once before), it was deemed by the magistrates most prudent to leave him on board, while they erected a gibbet for him on land. The prisoner, aware of their intention, and feeling no inclination for the exalted station they had assigned him, dexterously and secretly made his escape a second time, and floated to the shore with the help of two empty earthen jars, which supported him in swimming. After being nearly starved, and encountering severe hardships, he arrived, at the expiration of a fortnight, at a place about forty leagues from Campeachy, and once more joined the pirates. A fresh boat was now equipped, and, with twenty hands, the daring Portuguese returned to Campeachy, and, in the most undaunted manner, assaulted the very ship from which he had escaped, and once more became its master. Still, however, fortune persecuted him; for, in attempting to reach Jamaica, she struck upon the rocks and was wrecked.

Cruel and desperate as these men had been, there was yet another leader capable of surpassing them in brutal malice and blood-thirsty vilainy. This was a Dutchman, who had been driven from the Brazils and came to Jamaica. Here he joined the pirates, and served as a private seaman till one party separated from their old commander; and, choosing the Dutchman (whose name was Brasilano) for their captain, they set out on an excursion for plunder. In the course of a few days, they fell in with and captured a large ship, in which they found a great quantity of plate, and carried vessel and cargo to Jamaica. This action caused him to be much esteemed among his class, and equally dreaded by the Spaniards, several of whom he roasted alive upon wooden spits, and committed such other horrid cruelties as make us shudder at the state of depravity to which human beings may be reduced. Brasilano at last fell into the power of his enemies; but such was their terror of the pirates, that they feared to put him and his companions to death. These marine banditti were, therefore, released, (under an oath to forsake their nefarious mode of life,) and sent to Old Spain. The folly of binding men by oath who acknowledged no laws, either human or divine, was very soon evinced by their immediate return to Jamaica, where they recommenced robbery and piracy with their old activity and cruelty. The Spaniards, finding that neither mercy nor punishment produced the desired effect, refrained, as much as possible, from trade, under the hope of starving the freebooters,—but the latter, having increased in boldness and force, resolved on more daring enterprises, and prepared to attack the cities and towns. The constant risks to which these water-rats exposed their lives, inured them to every degree of hardship and difficulty on their own element, and prepared them for more desperate undertakings on shore, while the Spaniards rendered listless and effeminate, by indolence and luxury, offered but feeble resistance. Though possessing the advantage in numbers, yet they wanted the essential requisites of determination and courage, and contented themselves under the idea that they were not conquered by men, but by infernal spirits. The pirates now began to assemble in bodies, and to frame a code of laws to regulate their conduct towards each other, which was rigorously enforced. Their first plan was to victual their fleet, but they disdained to *purchase* provisions, as inconsistent with their character and degrading to their profession, particularly as the Spanish cattle and swine yards were always well stocked; sometimes, however, they were glad to content themselves with bœuf de cheval.* The immense herds of wild cattle also furnished them with food.

The first land invader was an Englishman of the name of Scot, who sacked and pillaged the town of Campeachy, and obtained a large ransom to prevent its being burnt. To him succeeded Mansvelt, who attempted to penetrate through Grenada to the South Seas, but want of provision compelled him to abandon the enterprise. After him came John Davis, a native of Jamaica, a man endowed with uncommon prudence and valour. With eighty out of his ninety men in three canoes he landed at Nicaragua, and on the third night reached the city. The citizens, not expecting such unceremonious visiters, were quietly reposing,—and great, indeed, was their consternation at finding the Bucaniers in possession of the town, ransacking and plundering with incredible diligence. The pirates did not forget to rifle the churches of everything valuable, and with the whole of their booty returned in safety to the ship. After this exploit, Davis was chosen admiral of the fleet, and pillaged St. Austin's, a town of Florida, notwithstanding it was strongly defended by a castle, garrisoned by two hundred men.

About this time, a Frenchman, named Lolonnois, (born at Sable d'Olonne, near Basque Roads,) appeared on the scene of action. He had been banished when a youth, and sold as a slave in the West Indies; but after passing through various gradations in villany, he was considered as qualified to superintend the rest, and, accordingly, was made governor of Tortuga. Still he continued his predatory excursions; but his ship being wrecked upon the Spanish main, his crew was attacked by the Spaniards, and the greater part of them killed. Lolonnois was severely wounded, and would have shared the fate of the rest, had he not smeared his face with sand, gunpowder, and blood, and concealed himself among the slain till the Spaniards, satiated with the work of destruction, quitted the field. When they were gone, he bound up his wounds as well as he could, and in a Spanish disguise entered the town of Campeachy. Here all were rejoicing for his supposed death.* Bonfires and fêtes

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* This trick of victualling at the expense of the Spaniards was not confined to former times, but actually carried on till the late revolution in the New World. One instance is within our knowledge. At the time the British fleet sailed up the river Plate, and laid before Monte Video, a Bermudian, commanding a little brig, (he is now captain of a Brazilian frigate,) was compelled by the Spaniards to collect bullocks at a distant station and transport them in his vessel to a bay near the city. This he complied with, and having received payment, gave information to the English Admiral where the cattle might be found, offering at the same time, if provided with an armed party, to reship them for the service of the fleet. His offers were accepted, and performed with such despatch, under cover of the night, that the whole were safely conveyed on board, and proved truly acceptable to the seamen and troops after their long voyage. Of course, he received a second payment, and his vessel was hired as an armed transport by the admiral. Numerous licensed ships also were, till within these few years, pursuing a similar trade (though on a smaller scale) with the Bucaniers.

* We observe a similar and very remarkable anecdote of a pirate, in Captain Hall's very amusing and instructive Journal, written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820–21–22.

"The history of Benavides is curious. He was a native of Conception, and served for some time in the Chilian army, from which he deserted to the Royalists, but was retaken at the battle of Maypo, in 1818. He was of a ferocious character; and as, in addition to the crime of desertion, he had committed several murders, he was sentenced to death, along with his brother and other delinquents. Accordingly, the whole party were brought forth in the Plaza of Santiago, and shot. Benavides, who, though terribly wounded, abounded, congratulations were heard on every side for the defeat and slaughter of the pirates, particularly of their leader, who had the satisfaction of being an eye-witness of their exultation. By the agency of some slaves, who naturally disliked their condition, a canoe was procured, in which, with his sable companions, he reached Tortuga, and once more embarked in fresh designs; but having lost all his property when his ship was wrecked, he was obliged to be content with two canoes. With these, he took post on the north side of Cuba, for the purpose of intercepting the trade. The inhabitants of De los Cayos immediately gave information to the Governor of Havana, who could scarcely credit the intelligence, believing Lolonnois to be dead; yet, as they strongly importuned him for assistance, he sent a ship mounting ten guns, with orders to the captain not to return until he had destroyed the pirates, (and for this purpose a negro was taken on board to officiate as executioner;) Lolonnois himself was to be brought to Havana to grace the triumph of the victor, and to suffer severer tortures. Nothing daunted this daring marauder; understanding that the ship lay at anchor in the river of Estera, he resolved to attack her. To effect his purpose, he seized some fishermen, and compelled them to pilot him in. On nearing the ship they were challenged by the watch, who inquired "from whence they came, and whether they had seen any pirates?" Lolonnois constrained the fishermen to answer, that "They had seen no pirates, nor anything like a pirate," which induced the Spaniards to imagine, that they had frightened the pirates away. But the next morning they discovered their mistake, for Lolonnois assailed the vessel so vigorously that, notwithstanding all the resistance they could make, they were compelled to surrender, and, one by one, suffered the fate intended for his crew. Among the rest, the negro hangman appeared, who begged hard for his life,—but, after gaining from him the intelligence of the whole affair, his head rolled after the rest. One only was reserved, to carry the tidings to the Governor of Havana, with a note, telling him—

> "That he (Lolonnois) had only retaliated the kindness which he had intended for himself and his friends, and that he hoped to execute the same sentence upon his Donship which he had designed for his (Lolonnois's) punishment; assuring him that all the mercy which he should hereafter show to any Spaniard whatever, that fell into his hands, should be, to give him no quarter."

Being now provided with a stout vessel, fit for his purpose, he steered for Maracaibo, and captured a large ship laden with plate and merchandise. With this he returned to Tortuga, and was received by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy, as they well knew into whose hands the riches would soon pass. Elevated with success, he now contemplated greater projects, and designed to equip an army as well as a fleet, with every requisite to carry on his operations by land. In the course of a short time, eight vessels, with six hundred and sixty persons, were collected and sailed for the Spanish main. In their passage they took two valuable ships, one laden with money, seven thousand weight of powder, and a great quantity of muskets,—the other mounted sixteen guns, and became a formidable addition to their squadron. Maracaibo was fixed on as the place of their destination. This city was considered both rich and populous, containing between three and four thousand persons, of whom nearly one thousand were able to bear arms. Gibraltar was about forty leagues higher up in the country, with fifteen hundred inhabitants, including four hundred able to carry arms: both places were likewise defended by batteries. Setting the danger of the enterprise at defiance, the Bucaniers boldly advanced upon the city, and, after several hours' sharp contest, obtained possession; but the principal part of the inhabitants made their escape to Gibraltar, carrying the best of their goods along with them. The remainder were doomed to undergo the hellish cruelty of their conquerors. The rack and the flames were in constant requisition, and Lolonnois, whose demoniacal spirit did not fail to glut itself with blood, cut several to pieces with his own hand. After remaining fifteen days at Maracaibo, they determined to attack Gibraltar, where they imagined the Spaniards to have concealed their wealth. This place was now defended by several batteries and eight hundred soldiers, nor had anything been omitted, which was calculated to oppose the progress of the invaders. But nothing could daunt the spirit of the Bucaniers—they shook hands with each other, and solemnly swore to live or die together. A desperate battle ensued; the Spaniards fought with bravery, but were compelled, at last, to retreat, leaving behind nearly five hundred slain; while the loss on the part of the pirates amounted to eighty killed and wounded—of the last, not one recovered. The pirates entered Gibraltar, and commenced their system of plunder and brutality. Many of the prisoners perished through hunger and wanton cruelty; others were sacrificed to the caprice of their inhuman conquerors, who continued four entire weeks collecting the wealth of the surrounding country, and then demanded ten thousand pieces of eight for the ransom of the town. This sum not being immediately paid, they set the place on fire; but the Spaniards bringing the ransom, it was extinguished, after doing considerable mischief. With their booty they now returned to Maracaibo, and agreed to preserve the city for twenty thousand pieces of eight, which was accordingly paid, as well as a supply of five hundred head of cattle. They had now been two months in these towns, when, to the great joy of the inhabitants, they took their departure. On calculating the amount of plunder, they found in money two hundred and sixty pieces of eight, and vast quantities of plate, jewels, silks and other articles,—most of which, in the course of a few weeks was expended on the rude pleasures of the pirate-sailor.

It would be a painful and disgusting task to follow this leader, further than merely to state, that his rob-

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was not killed, had sufficient fortitude to feign himself dead. The bodies, being dragged off, were left without burial to be destroyed by the gallinazos, a species of vulture. The sergeant, who superintended this last part of the ceremony, was personally inimical to Benavides, for murdering some of his relations; and, to gratify his revenge, drew his sword, and, while they were dragging the body of his foe to the pile, gave it a severe gash across the neck. The resolute Benavides bore this also without flinching, and lay like a dead man amongst the others, until it became dark; he then contrived to extricate himself from the heap, and in a most miserable plight crawled to a [illegible]ng cottage, the generous inhabitants of which re[illegible] and attended him with the greatest care."—P. 283, vol. I.

beries and plunderings continued for some time, attended with acts of remorseless barbarity, (for instance, he cut open the breast of a Spaniard, and, tearing out the heart, actually gnawed it between his teeth with the savage ferocity of a wolf;) at last, he was himself taken by the Indians, and, with many of his comrades, burnt alive. The remainder were reduced to extreme distress,—some perished in the woods by famine, and the few who escaped were rendered incapable of further exertion through the remainder of their lives, and died, at last, of disease and misery.

Such was the commencement, progress and termination of the earliest among the Bucaniers. Men, whose extraordinary acts of valour excite wonder and admiration, while their abandoned villanies and atrocious cruelties fill the mind with horror and disgust. Yet even the lives of these desperate adventurers were not unproductive of advantages. The treasures they had from time to time obtained, began to spread over the West Indies, and laid the foundation of that prosperity which many of these islands afterwards enjoyed. Nor must we omit to mention another advantage derived from these pirates. To them, we are, in a great measure, indebted for the earliest of our discoveries in the New World, as the Spaniards, with their habitual jealousy, endeavoured to keep every nation in ignorance respecting its history and numerous productions. It is true, Sir Walter Raleigh sailed up the Orinoco, and signalized himself in his endeavours to obtain every information that could prove of service to his country, and promote the extension of knowledge. The Bucaniers, without being aware of the importance of their communications, were constantly spreading reports of the various places they had visited, and giving tolerably accurate descriptions of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, with the nature of the soil and the animal and vegetable productions of the country. There were but few spots left unvisited by them, either among the islands or on the continent.

The time of Elizabeth appears to have been the age of enterprise and heroism. The New World presented a vast theatre for bold undertakings, offering fame and riches to the intrepid mariner. The increasing greatness of England, as a maritime power was viewed with envy by the other nations of Europe, and they would have gladly degraded her aspiring flag; but Elizabeth, aware how much the defence of her kingdom depended on its naval armament, liberally encouraged every attempt to increase its force, and promote navigation and commerce. Nor were her efforts confined to Europe alone. She fitted out respectable fleets to attack the Spanish colonies, and her example was followed by the merchants. Though no mention is made, in the history of the Bucaniers, of this queen, yet she was much concerned in their enterprises, aiding the privateering expeditions, and sharing the spoils. It is a curious circumstance, and displays a striking picture of the state of religion among the Roman Catholics of that day, that in one Spanish ship, captured by White, an Englishman, there were found no less than two millions of papal bulls for granting indulgences to the Spaniards in their settlements. These were royal trade, and had been purchased by the King of Spain for three hundred thousand florins, *prime cost*, and by him designed to be retailed for five millions;—indeed, the gross darkness in which the priests kept the people contributed, in a great measure, to the success of the pirates. The clergy rioted in voluptuous ease, and at the same time holding a powerful influence over the minds and actions of their flocks, they found it to their advantage to increase ignorance and encourage superstition; nor was this confined to the earlier period of their missions to the colonies, it has continued, through succeeding generations, down to the very time of the late declaration of independence:—but more of this hereafter.

We now proceed to speak of the next leader among these lawless ravagers; a man, whose very name spread such terror, that the old women frightened the children to sleep with it, and then lay awake themselves through fear. Henry Morgan was a native of Wales, and the son of a wealthy farmer, but having no inclination to pursue his father's occupation he quitted home and sailed to Barbadoes, where the captain immediately sold him according to the practice of the times. After serving his time, he obtained his freedom, and went to Jamaica. The temptations held out of valuable plunder, and the rapid acquirement of wealth, induced him to join the Bucaniers; and such was his success, intrepidity, and judgment, that, in a short time, he was enabled, with his comrades, to subscribe to a joint-stock and purchase a ship. And so highly was he esteemed by his companions, that they conferred upon him the command, and agreed to submit to him as their captain. In this ship they cruised on the coast of Campeachy, and then returned to Jamaica with several rich prizes. About this time, Mansvelt, an old and daring chief among the pirates, was fitting out a considerable fleet, with a design to land upon the continent, and make booty of all that came in his way. He rightly judged that Morgan was a man of undaunted courage and ready skill, and consequently chose him for his vice-admiral. Fifteen vessels of various descriptions, and five hundred men, were speedily collected, and sailed for the island of St. Catherine's, which they stormed and carried, together with a small adjacent island. Leaving a garrison in the castle, they continued their course to the main; but the Spaniards had received notice of their coming, and the whole coast was alarmed, so that they judged it prudent to return to St. Catherine's which they found in a tolerable state of defence, and the small island so highly improved in cultivation as to be capable of victualling their whole fleet. Mansvelt once more bent his course to Jamaica, intending to raise recruits to fortify these islands, that they might at all times prove a refuge for the pirates; but not meeting with success or countenance, he sailed for Tortuga, where death put a period to his career, and the sole command devolved upon Captain Morgan, who endeavoured to forward the views of his predecessor; but, in the mean time, the Spaniards had regained possession of the islands, and defeated his projects. He now assembled his force in Cuba, and deliberated as to the place where they should exercise their profession. In two months, he had got together a fleet of twelve sail and about five hundred men, part English and part French. A council was called (for it is remarkable, that though they, in respect to all others, were lawless plunderers, yet, among themselves, they had councils and regulations that would have done credit to the most civilized establishment of the times) to determine on the enterprise they should undertake, which it was at last determined should be an expedition to Santa Maria; but a prisoner swam ashore, and gave intelligence to the town of the pirates' approach. All was immediately prepared to give them a warm reception, and the inhabitants removed their goods to places of greater security; but Captain Morgan, quitting the usual track to the town, cut his way through the woods, and came upon the Spaniards in an unexpected quarter. The Governor, heading a party of horse, charged them with great courage, but the pirates maintained their ground, and formed in such good order, that the Spaniards were compelled to retreat, leaving many dead (among whom was the Governor) behind them. As soon as this exploit was performed, the pirates entered the town, and locked up all the Spanish families in the several churches, where the greater part of them died of hunger. They now collected the pillage that appeared most desirable, and proposed a ransom for the town; but receiving intelligence that the Governor of Saint Iago was approaching against them with a body of troops, they deemed it inconvenient to remain any longer, and therefore departed with a supply of five hundred oxen, killed and salted down. From thence they sailed to their rendezvous, where a general partition took place, which, to their great mortification, proved insufficient to pay the debts they had contracted in Jamaica, so that it was proposed to execute some other enterprise previous to their return. But dissensions had arisen between the English and the French, and the latter separated from the main body, determined to carry on their depredations alone. The departure of the French considerably weakened Morgan's force, though his was not a spirit to be cast down by accidents. The fame of his actions had excited so much confidence that it was not long before another powerful company mustered under him. In a few days, he gathered a fleet of nine sail, manned with four hundred and sixty pirates, and sailed with the intention of attacking Porto Bello. This city was considered the strongest place possessed by the Spaniards in the West Indies, except Havana and Carthagena. It was defended by two castles, almost impregnable, that were situated at the entrance of the port, so that not even a boat could pass in or out without permission. The garrison consisted of three hundred soldiers, and the town was inhabited by four hundred families; but the principal merchants resided at Panama, and made Porto Bello a general store, where they warehoused their plate and goods for the purposes of trade. All these particulars were well known to the Bucaniers, and Morgan, who was acquainted with the avenues to the city, stimulated his men with the hope of the vast riches it contained, telling them, "that though their number was small, their hearts were great, and the fewer persons the more union, and the better shares they should have in the spoil."

About midnight they landed, and advanced to the outposts of the city, where they seized the sentinel before he could give an alarm, and obtained from him intelligence respecting the state of the town. They next surrounded the castle nearest the city, and charged the garrison to surrender at discretion, or receive no quarter; but the Spaniards opened a galling fire upon them, and alarmed the country. Nothing intimidated, these dauntless spirits assailed the castle at all points, and after a gallant resistance on the part of the governor and his troops, succeeded, when they immediately fulfilled their threat by confining the whole of the prisoners in one room, and, firing the magazine, blew up the castle and every Spaniard within it. Flushed with this victory they rushed upon the city, which was unprepared to resist them; and the inhabitants fled in all directions, casting their money, plate, and jewels into wells and cisterns, or concealing it in places under ground.

> "The Governor of the city, finding he was not able to rally the citizens, retired into the remaining castle, and thence fired upon the pirates that were hard at their devotions. Thereupon they ceased from their present employment, and turned all their fury upon the castle and the governor, who defended himself so bravely from break of day till noon that the captain began to despair of the enterprise. In the midst of these doubts, finding another lesser fort taken by another party, he resolved not to be braved, and therefore causing four broad ladders to be made, he constrained the religious people, as well nuns as friars, to fix them to the walls,—nor would it serve them to plead that they knew not what belonged to these things. All this while the Governor, valuing his honour before the lives of the mass-mumblers, spared none that approached the walls. The friars and nuns besought him by all the saints to save his own and their lives; for as godly as they were, they loved this world much better than the other. But neither prayers nor tears could prevail, so that many an *ora pro nobis* was sent to purgatory before they could finish their work, which, being at last effected by religious hands, the ungodly mounted up in swarms with fire-balls and pots of gunpowder in their hands; so that the Spaniards no longer able to resist, flung down their guns and cried for quarter.—Only the Governor would neither receive nor give; for quarter being offered him, he replied, he would rather die like a valiant soldier than be hanged like a coward, so that they were enforced to kill him, notwithstanding the cries of his wife and daughter, who begged him upon their knees to desire quarter and save his life."

As soon as the pirates had possessed themselves of this castle they secured all their prisoners, and placed the wounded in an apartment by themselves, without rendering them the smallest assistance. This done, they gave themselves up to every species of debauchery and excess, so that fifty resolute men might easily have retaken the city. Such was the terror of the Spaniards, that the pirates remained unmolested. On the next day, having plundered without mercy, and destroyed many of their prisoners on the rack and in other cruel fashions, they prepared to remove the treasure on board their vessels, which was accomplished in about fifteen days, after losing many of their party by intemperance and the unhealthiness of the country. A ransom was demanded for the town, to preserve it from destruction, of one hundred thousand pieces of eight; but the President of Panama, with a considerable force, marched against them, purposing to sweep them away by one decisive blow. Morgan, fully aware of his movements, and acquainted with all the passes of the country, sent a hundred men to a narrow way which the Spaniards were compelled to pass, where the President was totally defeated, and his army put to the rout, so that the inhabitants, to save their city and their lives, gathered the required contributions. This action of the Bucaniers amazed the President when he considered, that four hundred men had taken a large city with many strong castles, particularly as the pirates had no opportunity of erecting batteries, and knowing that the citizens of Porto Bello were always reputed good soldiers and brave men. He therefore despatched a messenger to Captain Morgan, desiring him to send a pattern of the arms wherewith he had performed such a desperate attempt.

"The Captain, having civilly treated the messenger, gave him a pistol and some few bullets to present to the Governor, whom he desired to accept that slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and to keep them for a twelvemonth, at what time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away again.

"The Governor, having well viewed the pistol and bullets, and heard of the message which was brought to him, to save the Captain labour sent him forthwith his pistol and bullets again, thanking him for his favour to lend him those arms of which he had no need. Withal he sent him a gold ring with another message, desiring him not to give himself the trouble of coming to Panama, where he was not like to speed so well as he had at Puerto Velo."

Morgan dismantled the forts, took some of the best artillery on board his own ship and returned to Jamaica. The amount of their spoil in money alone was computed to be two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, beside plate, jewels, and other rich effects. This immense treasure, however, lasted but a very short time; and the seamen, in the course of a few weeks, were utterly destitute, while, through their means, money became more plentiful in the island than ever it had been before.

By the time the Bucaniers had got rid of their cash a fresh expedition was in preparation, and great numbers flocked to the rendezvous, near Hispaniola. Morgan's force daily augmented, till he mustered nearly one thousand men, and fifteen vessels, the largest mounting thirty-six guns. This last blew up, during a debauch of the Bucaniers, and upwards of three hundred perished.—Still, however, his force increased to its original number; and having laid in provisions, he determined to attack the unfortunate city of Maracaibo, having now recovered its opulence from the previous plunder of Lolonnois. This place, as well as Gibraltar, were again sacked, and the wretched inhabitants underwent again the most cruel tortures; but, in the midst of their ravages, intelligence arrived of a Spanish squadron having anchored at the entrance of the lake in which the vessels lay. The largest of Morgan's ships mounted only fourteen guns, the rest were mere shells. The Spaniards had one fine ship of forty guns, one of thirty, and one of twenty-four, all well manned, and besides these, they had fortified the great castle which guarded the passage. The pirates were in the greatest consternation; but Morgan, with desperate resolution, sent a message to the Admiral, threatening to destroy both towns and all his prisoners if he were not permitted to pass without molestation. The Admiral refused the application, and Morgan prepared to force the passage. For this purpose, they placed their male prisoners under a guard in one boat by themselves; the females, with their richest treasure, occupied another; a third was laden with the choicest bales of merchandise. A fire-ship was also fitted up with combustibles. On the first of May, 1669, the action commenced which terminated in the destruction of the great Spanish ships, and the capture of the small one. Naval history does not record a more daring and successful battle. The pirates, though their floating enemies were defeated, had yet to escape the castle; and they had already lost thirty men in attempting to storm it. In vain Morgan threatened the lives of his prisoners. The Governor persisted in the discharge of his duty; and the Bucaniers returned to Maracaibo. Here they collected a ransom of twenty thousand pieces of eight, and the usual demand of five hundred cattle, ready salted; but the Captain would not deliver the prisoners, according to stipulation, as he hoped by exposing them on his decks to induce their countrymen at the castle to refrain from firing. In this, however, he was disappointed, for the Governor sent him information that it was his determination to destroy the pirates, and nothing should divert him from his purpose. Finding neither threats nor force would avail him in his difficulty, Morgan had recourse to stratagem. He made an equitable division of the spoil, in case his efforts should fail, and then dropped down out of gunshot of the castle. Here he filled the canoes with men, ordering them to row ashore, as if they had designed to land; and as soon as they had got under cover from the castle, the men laid themselves down in the bottoms of their boats, leaving apparently only two or three in each to conduct them on board again. This was repeated several times, to the great amazement of the Spaniards, who concluded that the pirates meditated a night attack, for though they could see the men as they went ashore, yet they were unable to discover them, on their return, from their concealment in the boats. The fear of this attack caused the Spaniards to remove their canoes to the land side of the castle, and to fortify that part with their main body, leaving the side towards the sea almost destitute of defence. The night was beautifully moonlight and clear; the pirates tripped their anchors, and floated down with the ebb tide till they were near the castle, when they spread every stitch of canvass, and, favoured with a fair wind, passed by before the Spaniards could again transport their guns. As soon as they had cleared the castle, the fleet hove to, and Captain Morgan saluted the Governor with seven guns, which the haughty and mortified Don refused to answer.

Jamaica was once more benefited by the profusion of the pirates, who seemed to have no other motive for risking their lives than to satisfy the rapacity of its inhabitants. The Bucaniering system had, by this time, increased to an amazing extent, the whole force consisting of nearly 4000 men, and upwards of 2000 of these were under the orders of Captain Morgan; indeed, his reputation became so great, that many young men of family quitted Europe, and accepted commands under him. He divided his fleet, of thirty-seven sail, into two squadrons, and appointed officers to each division, with commissions from himself (though purporting to be in the name of the king of England) to commit hostilities against the Spaniards, declaring them enemies to the British Crown. They retook Saint Catharine's, and the small island, which was fortified with no less than nine batteries well manned; but, previous to its surrender, they were so much reduced by hunger and the inclemency of the weather, as to consume a wretched half-dead scarecrow of a horse which they found in the fields, and many could not get a morsel even of this. The city of Panama was at this time considered the richest of the West, and thither Morgan, agreeably to his promise, directed his course by the river Chagre. He sent 400 men, under Captain Brodley, in advance, to take the castle, which was effected, though with considerable loss, from its obstinate defence. The whole fleet then anchored in the river, and the commander-in-chief selected 1200 men to cross over the Isthmus of Darien with him, for the purpose of taking Panama.

Our limits will not admit of a detailed account of the proceedings, or the severe hardships they underwent—sometimes they were in such a state of starvation (for the supplies they expected to find in the villages had been removed by the Spaniards,) that a stray horse or an ass became a delicious banquet, without the trouble of cooking; and when, at last, they fell in with a herd of cattle, and some droves of asses, their hunger was so excessive, that they scarcely restrained themselves till it was cut up, but gnawed it, raw as it laid, with their teeth. Their road lay over rocks and mountains, and through morasses, that were almost impassable; and they were, likewise, obliged to fight their way through an army, placed in the most difficult part to oppose their progress. On the ninth day, having gained the summit of a lofty mountain, they obtained a view of the South Sea and the Bay of Panama, which filled them with such extravagant joy, that they sounded their trumpets, threw their caps in the air, shouting and dancing, as if they had already obtained a victory. The Spaniards were not idle, but made every preparation to repel the invaders. The following morning, the pirates advanced upon the city, and the President, with two squadrons of horse, and four regiments of foot, came out to meet them. In addition to this force, the Spaniards had collected an immense number of wild bulls, which were driven in their front by several hundred Indians and Negroes. The Bucaniers, now reduced to less than one thousand, beheld this enemy from the brow of a hill, and their courage began to waver; but Morgan put fresh vigour in their hearts by his gallant conduct. Two hours' desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the defeat of the Spaniards, after they had lost six hundred killed, and nearly double that number in wounded and prisoners; but the Bucaniers were too much weakened and wearied to pursue their advantage immediately; therefore, they halted to rest, and then undauntedly continued their march, under a heavy fire of cannon, charged with every kind of destructive missile, which swept down great numbers of men. Another contest of three hours took place, without intermission (neither party giving or receiving quarter,) when the Spaniards were compelled to yield, and the Bucaniers entered the town, which, unfortunately, took fire, and continued burning for several days, though every exertion was made to stop it. The monasteries, churches, and nearly 7000 houses, chiefly built with cedar, were entirely consumed.

Morgan remained here one month, loaded 200 beasts of burthen with treasure, and then took his departure, returning down the river Chagre, where, having blown up the castle and fortifications, he once more sailed for Jamaica, leaving most of his companions in a very miserable plight. This daring marauder returned to England, and was well received. He became a commander in the naval service of this country, and obtained the honour of knighthood.

Hitherto the Bucaniers had prosecuted their adventurous schemes without a check from the British government; but Charles the Second, through the representations of the Spanish Court, despatched a man-of-war to supersede the governor of Jamaica, and convey him home to answer the charge of aiding and abetting the pirates in their plunders. The new governor was furnished with authority to suppress the outlaws, and even to execute any one found committing an act of piracy. He was, likewise, directed to employ every method in his power that was best calculated to turn the attention of the inhabitants to more honorable pursuits. This was wise and politic; for Jamaica possessed a great capital and only wanted a judicious and active promotion of agriculture and commerce, to render it the most flourishing of the British colonies. How far this plan succeeded, must be obvious to every one. It is a remarkable fact, that this country is indebted to the Bucaniers for the possession of Jamaica, as well as the means which has elevated it to its present opulence and prosperity.

Neither the new order of things in the West Indies, nor the rigid and active operations of the governor could wholly put a stop to the proceedings of the pirates; and, though they never assembled in such large bodies as under Morgan, yet their numerical force was undiminished, and their plunderings greater than before. Driven from Jamaica, the other small islands constantly afforded them protection and refuge, till a fleet of men-of-war took its station, as cruisers, to support the trade, and they were compelled to seek their desperate fortunes on the western coast of America; passing round Cape Horn, and then circumnavigating the globe, those whose lives were spared once more reached their native land. History affords no parallel to the Bucaniers;—men, who were a pest to society and yet produced beneficial results of the most remarkable kind. In their actions, we find a mixture of the most opposite feelings and principles; undauntedly brave and cowardly brutal; full of justice and honour to each other, and yet a remorseless banditti; governed by wise laws among themselves, and indulging in every intemperate passion. But, let us look at them as we will, justice compels the acknowledgment that they were the basis of our naval glory.

It would be almost an endless task to enumerate the various acts of the intrepid men, who followed the career of Morgan. The Isthmus of Darien became a path to the South Seas, where persons of all nations were constantly crossing, and by that means the ships were perpetually supplied with men, many of whom were intelligent and scientific, compelled through poverty, or prompted by a roving disposition, to risk their lives for the acquisition of gold or fame.

We have already, in a previous number, mentioned some of the later transactions of the Bucaniers, who kept the Spanish settlements in continual alarm. The prizes were, however, sent to England instead of Jamaica. It is not many years since that the plunder of the Spanish churches afforded our tars a characteristic source of amusement; and, on their touching at St. Helena, in their passage home, it was by no means uncommon to see the Virgin Mary, or one of the

Apostles disposed of in exchange for a bottle of rum or a pound of tobacco.

Before closing our article, it may not be amiss briefly to contrast the prosperity of the British and Spanish settlements in America. Both were first peopled(or nearly so) by the dissolute and abandoned; but the Spaniards, yielding to that worst enemy of liberty, priestcraft, were not able to emerge from the dark obscurity of ignorance and bigotry. The country they had conquered, luxuriant in the productions of nature, abounded also with mines of precious metals, while the numerous herds of wild cattle were a never-failing supply of food. Fish, flesh, and fowl of the most delicate nature, were easily obtained, and the most delicious fruits grew spontaneously. Literature was almost wholly unknown, and religion consisted of pompous ceremonies and splendid pageantry. The arts and sciences remained in a state of contemptible degeneracy; and, though possessed of a land teeming with the richest profusion in the animal and vegetable creation, yet natural history continued as uncultivated as their soil. Thus it has remained, till within these few years, that the light of knowledge has dawned upon them. The mind has shaken off its fetters, and the hands have freed themselves. British America possessed but few temptations beyond the fertility of its soil; yet this, in itself, when under the hands of perseverance and industry, became a source of wealth, far surpassing the gold mines of the Spaniards, and produced a much more substantial good; for, while Spain revelled in the produce of her colonies, and sunk into indolence and enervation, the enterprising sons of Britain were stimulated to active exertion in the cultivation of the arts of agriculture and commerce, which rendered them more brave in the defence of their territory, and procured them those blessings which are alone worth defending.

From the Retrospective Review.

V. C. Andreæ Alciati *Mediolanensis jurisconsulti Emblemata, cum facili et compendiosa explicatione, qua obscura illustrantur, dubiaque omnia solvuntur, per Claudium Minoem Divionensem. Ejusdem Alciati Vita. Editio novissima, in qua explicationes emblematum propriis locis additæ sunt. Antverpiæ.* 1692.

A Choice of Emblems and other Devises, for the most part gathered out of sundrie writers, Englished and Moralized. And divers newly devised by Geffrey Witney. *A Worke adorned with a varietie of matter, both pleasant and profitable: wherein those that please maye finde to fit their fancies: because herein, by the office of the eie, and the eare, the minde maye reape dooble delighte throughe holsome preceptes, shadowed with pleasant devises: both fit for the vertuous, to their incoraging: and for the wicked for their admonishing and amendment. Imprinted at Leyden, in the house of* Christopher Plantyn, *by* Francis Raphelengius, 1586.

Minerva Britanna; or a Garden of Heroical Devises, and furnished, and adorned with Emblems and Impresas of sundry natures newly devised, moralized and published by Henry Peacham, M. of Artes. Lond. 1612.

Pia Desideria, viz.

1. *Gemitus*	*Animæ*	*Pœnitentis*
2. *Vota*		*Sanctæ*
3. *Suspiria*		*Amantis*

Authore Hermanno Hugone *a Societate Jesu. Editio postrema recognita et emendata.* Lond. 1677.

A Collection of Emblems ancient and Moderne, Quickened with Metrical Illustrations, both moral and divine, and disposed into Lotteries, that instruction, and good counsell may be furthered by an honest and pleasing recreation. By George Wither. *London: printed by* A. M. *for* Robert Allot; *and are to be sold at the Black Beare, in Paul's Church-yard,* 1635.

Emblems; by Francis Quarles. *London: printed by* G. M. *and sold at* John Marriot's *shope in St. Dunston's Church-yard, Fleet-street,* 1635. 8*vo.*

The word Emblem, derived from the Greek, was originally used to express ornaments placed on gold and silver vases, balls, pillars, &c., such as seals, or the images of flowers, and which could be affixed or removed at pleasure. Hence those ingenious pictures which, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, teach morality or wisdom by symbols, were denominated emblems; but, for the sake of illustration, and to increase the pleasure to be derived from such representations, the assistance of poetry, and sometimes of prose, was called in. Although the name is thus derived, the origin of emblems themselves may be traced back to the remote time, when the unskilful artist was obliged, in order to explain his picture, to write underneath each image, "this is a horse," "this is a tree." We cannot indeed suppose, that any great delight was caused in the spectator by portraitures of figures, which required a finger-post to teach the way to their meaning; yet, as soon as they had assumed something like freedom, something like correctness, those quick interpreters, the eyes, would explain to the mind the mysterious wisdom infolded in them, perhaps more readily than words could do. Such as had suffered shipwreck, knowing the impression made by pictorial representation, were formerly accustomed, for the purpose of exciting compassion, to carry about a picture of their misfortunes; supposing, that the spectators would be much more easily moved by the very image of their miseries than by any verbal relation of them. Such an emblem would probably produce a greater impression on uncultivated minds than poetry or eloquence; as it is much more easy to comprehend a sensible image, than a metaphorical one. The effect or meaning of an event is more quickly conveyed by the pencil; and therefore, whenever a child or child-like man takes up a book with prints in it, he immediately has recourse to them, both for delight and profit—they make music to the eye more subtilely than instruments do to the ear. Emblems are the delight of the nurse and the nursling; the former pointing out with her finger the different figures, and explaining their meaning, and the little scholar marvelling at the knowledge of his teacher, and drinking in wisdom through his eyes. The child thus receives practical lessons of piety and morality with a pleasure which dwells upon his mind through years of sorrow and trouble. We have known those whose boyish days have been made more agreeable by the emblems of Whitney—who could recollect the different prints, their situation, the details, the whole, to their then delighted minds, beautiful pictures, which adorn that most ancient preceptor by emblematic art. But the emblems of Whitney and of Quarles have given place to meaner efforts of art, both of the pen and pencil; gaudy, silly prints, and sillier illustrative verses now occupy the juvenile library.—Alas! emblems have faded, and their poetry decayed; and as we have no hopes to resuscitate them, all we can do is to embalm their memory, and adorn them with a wreath of their own flowers.

Though uniting the graphic and poetic arts, these speaking pictures have seldom been raised above the humbler walks of each department. In general they possess neither great dignity nor deep feeling; their charm is in their simplicity—they do not command directly, but invite with a gentle inference to goodness. But their unpretending modesty, their humble teachings, ought not to make them despised. If they do not afford instruction to the learned, they may remind them of a duty to be performed, or warn them of a danger to be avoided. "For," says Wither, in the preface to his Emblems, "when levity or a childish delight in trifling objects hath allured them to look on the pictures, curiosity may urge them to peep further, that they might seek out their meanings in our annexed illustrations, in which may lurk some sentence or expression, so evidently pertinent to their estates, persons, or affections, as will, at that instant or afterwards, make way for those considerations, which will at last wholly change them, or much better them in their conversation."

We mean not in this paper to give a regular history of Emblems; and our observations and extracts will chiefly be confined to the Emblems of our own country.

The earliest writer of Emblems with whom we are acquainted, is *Andreas Alciatus*, descended from the noble family of Alciati, in the principality of Milan, and born in 1501. As soon as he was capable of receiving instruction he was furnished with the best masters; and at an early age, applied to the study of the law with such ardour, that he soon became eminent in that profession, and proceeded doctor of laws. He was universally admired for his vast legal attainments, and his renown having spread abroad, he was called by the citizens of Avignon to fill the chair of professor of laws in that city, which he did with great reputation. He was subsequently invited to Bourges by Francis the First, and after presiding in the academy there for five years, was recalled to his native country by Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, who tempted him, by the offer of the rank of senator. He lectured at Paris for some time, and then proceeded to Bologna, where he taught the civil law with such success for four years, that no one was considered well educated unless he had been the pupil of Alciatus. After having travelled about a considerable time, he at length died at Pavia, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He introduced a more polished and refined style in the interpretation of the civil law, but many teachers still adhering to the ancient practice, he said "that they were content to eat acorns with their ancestors, rather than corn with their contemporaries." Alciatus, in his leisure hours, composed his book of Emblems, the first edition of which was published 1535, and to him many subsequent writers of Emblems have been indebted, particularly Wither, who has adopted a great many of his designs. On this account, as well as on that of his being the earliest author of this species of composition, we shall extract one or two of the Illustrations of his Emblems, which are generally very brief; but as the prints are generally described with sufficient accuracy in the Illustrations we shall extract in the course of this article, we do not consider it necessary to give any other description of them.

EMBLEM CXX.

Dextra tenet lapidem, manus altera sustinet alas:
  Ut me pluma levat, sic grave merget onus.
Ingenio poteram superas volitare per artes,
  Me nisi paupertas invida deprimeret.

Thus amplified by Wither, in his forty-second emblem of the third Book, which gives an accurate description of the print.

You little think what plague it is to be,
In plight like him whom pictured here you see.
His winged arm and his uplifted eyes,
Declare that he hath wit and will to rise:
The stone which clogs his other hand may show,
That poverty and fortune keep him low.

The hundred and seventy-seventh Emblem is a helmet, surrounded with bees, intitled *Ex bello pax.*

En galea, intrepidus quam miles gesserat et qua
  Sæpius hostili sparsa cruore fuit,
Partâ pace opibus tenuis concessit in usum
  Alveoli, atque favos grataque mella gerit.
Arma procul jaceant: fas sit tunc sumere bellum,
  Quando aliter pacis non potes arte frui.

Wither has an emblem with the same design, with the addition of certain instruments of war. The commencement of it will serve as a translation of that of Alciatus, though the point is lost.

When you have heeded by your eyes of sense
This helmet hiving of a swarm of bees,
Consider what may gather'd be from thence,
And what your eye of understanding sees.
That helmet, and those other weapons there,
Betoken war; the honey-making flies
An emblem of a happy kingdom are,
Injoying peace by painful industries.

The following elegant illustrative verses were written by Alciatus, on occasion of a violent plague in Italy, which swept off all the young men, and left the old untouched.

EMBLEM CLIV.

Errabat socio Mors juncta Cupidine: secum
  Mors pharetras, parvus tela gerebat Amor.
Divertêre simul, simul una et nocte cubarunt:
  Cæcus Amor, Mors hoc tempore cæca fuit.
Alter enim alterius malè provida spicula sumpsit:
  Mors aurata, tenet ossea tela puer.
Debuit inde senex qui nunc Acheronticus esse,
  Ecce amat, et capiti florea serta parat.
Ast ego mutato quia Amor me perculit arcu,
  Deficio injiciunt et mihi fata manum.
Parce puer, Mors signa tenens victricia parce;
  Fac ego amem, subeat fac Acheronta senex.

Geoffry Whitney, the earliest of our English emblematic writers, lived many years abroad, and published his Collection at Leyden, in 1586. The prints are distinguished by peculiar grace, and the poetry by its extreme simplicity. He has imitated the last emblem we have quoted from Alciatus, and has, at the conclusion, given it a turn at once simple and beautiful.

De morte et amore: Jocosum.

To EDWARD DYER, ESQUIRE.

While furious Mors from place to place did fly,

And here, and there, his fatal darts did throw:
At length he met with Cupid, passing by,
Who likewise had been busy with his bow:
Within one inn they both together stay'd,
And for one night away their shooting lay'd.
The morrow next, they both away do haste,
And each, by chance, the other's quiver takes:
The frozen darts on Cupid's back were placed,
The fiery darts the lean virago shakes:
Whereby ensued such alteration strange,
As all the world did wonder at the change.
For gallant youths, whom Cupid thought to wound,
Of love, and life, did make an end at once.
And aged men, whom death would bring to ground,
Began again to love, with sighs, and groans;
Thus nature's laws this chance infringed so,
That age did love, and youth to grave did go.
Till at the last, as Cupid drew his bow,
Before he shot, a youngling thus did cry,
Oh, Venus' son, thy darts thou dost not know:
They pierce too deep: for all thou hitt'st, do die.
Oh spare our age, who honoured thee of old,
These darts are bone, take thou the darts of gold.
Which being said, awhile did Cupid stay,
And saw, how youth was almost clean extinct:
And age did doat, with garlands fresh and gay,
And heads all bald were new in wedlock link'd:
Wherefore he showed this error unto Mors,
Who miscontent, did change again perforce.
Yet so, as both some darts away convey'd,
Which were not theirs; yet unto neither known,
Some bony darts in Cupid's quiver stay'd,
Some golden darts had Mors amongst his own.
Then, when we see untimely death appear;
Or wanton age:—it was this chance you hear.

We shall extract a few emblems from this rare book, not, however, on account of its rarity, but the intrinsic merit of the compositions. There is a freshness about the early writers of our country, not so much, however, in the thought itself, as in the simple manner in which it is conveyed; an almost child-like simplicity of expression, as appropriate as it is artless, which has an irresistible charm for us. Theirs seems the language in which nature herself would unfold her beauties and her verities. It gives even the appearance of novelty, as well as strength and propriety to the thought, and never bears the marks of effort or constraint. Our next extract is entitled

Murus æreus sana conscientia.

Addressed to Miles Hobbart, Esq.

Both fresh, and green, the laurel standeth sound,
Though lightnings flash, and thunder-bolts do fly:
Where other trees are blasted to the ground,
Yet, not one leaf of it is withered dry:
Even so, the man that hath a conscience clear,
When wicked men do quake at every blast,
Doth constant stand, and doth no peril fear,
When tempests' rage do make the world aghast:
Such men are like unto the laurel tree,
The others like the blasted boughs that die.

Another is addressed to Sir Wm. Russel, Knight, and is entitled—

Strenuorum immortale nomen.

Achilles' tomb upon Sigœa's shore,
This represents: where Thetis oft was seen;
And for his loss, did seem for to deplore;
With gallant flower the same was always green;
And at the top a palm did freshly bloom;
Whose branches sweet did overspread the tomb.
Which shows, though death the valiant overthrow,
Yet after fate, their fame remains behind;
And triumphs still, and doth no conquest know
But is the budge of every noble mind:
And when in grave their corps inclosed lie,
Their famous acts do pierce the azure sky.

Although the subject of the following emblem is trite, the author's simple manner of treating it has rendered it very agreeable.

Animus, non res.

To Edward Preston, Esquire.

In cristal towers, and turrets richly set
With glittering gems, that shine against the sun:
In regall rooms of jasper, and of jet,
Content of mind not always likes to won:
But oftentimes, it pleaseth her to stay
In simple cotes, closed in with walls of clay.

Diogenes, within a ton did dwell,
No choice of place, nor store of pelf he had:
And all his goods, could Bias bear right well,
And Codrus had small cates his heart to glad:
His meat was roots: his table was a stool,
Yet these for wit did set the world to school.

Who covets still, or he that lives in fear,
As much delight is wealth unto his mind,
As music is to him that can not hear,
Or pleasant shows and pictures to the blind;
Then sweet content oft likes the mean estate,
Which is exempt and free from fear and hate.

What man is rich? not he that doth abound.
What man is poor? not he that hath no store.
But he is rich that makes content his ground,
And he is poor that covets more and more.
Which proves the man was richer in the ton,
Than was the king that many lands had won.

The Emblems of Henry Peacham, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, a master of arts, a beggar, and a poet, next claim our notice. They are simple, and are characterized by a poetical turn of expression. We shall introduce two of them to the acquaintance of our readers.

Vos vobis.

The painful bee who many a bitter show'r
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey bearing-flower,
That might be found, and was the pride of May,
Here lighting on the fairest he might spy,
Is beat by drones, by wasp and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labour'd for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive:
Or be perhaps, if gotten into grace,
By waspish envy beaten out of place.

Sic vos non vobis.

THE SILK WORM.

These little creatures here, as white as milk,
That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom

All summer long in weaving of their silk,
Do make their webs both winding sheet and tomb;
Thus to th' ungrateful world bequeathing all
Their lives have gotten at their funeral.

Even so the webs our wits for others weave,
Even from the highest to the meanest worm,
But Siren-like in the end ourselves deceive,
Who spend our time to serve another's turn,
Or paint a fool with coat or colours gay,
To give good words or thanks, so go his way.

These specimens will suffice for Henry Peacham, who was author of several other works, as *The complete Gentleman*, *The Valley of Variety*, *&c.* The cordial we have prepared for those who have emblematic tendencies, is chiefly compounded of *simples*—the ingredients, however, are of a pleasant kind, and will, we flatter ourselves, make it agreeable to such as may venture to try it. We honestly confess that we have no design in this article to surprise any prodigal into economy, or any rake into sobriety—or to convert any naughty man, woman, or child, if there can possibly be such amongst our readers, into the opposites of their bad qualities; our sole object is to amuse, and with this view we are as anxious not to fall short of, as to exceed in variety. We now come to that man of many books—that unwearied scribe—that demure looking *Whipper of Abuses*, George Wither. What a solemn coxcomb he is, and yet the fellow has some poetry in him—but our readers have heard of George Wither—they know him by name and reputation, if they have never read his works, and we strongly suspect there are few who have done so.

The origin of his book of Emblems is thus described in the preface. "These Emblems," says he, "graven in copper by Crispinus Passæus, (with a motto in Greek, Latin, or Italian round about every figure, and with two lines or verses in one of the same languages, paraphrasing these mottoes,) came to my hands almost twenty years past. The verses were so mean, that they were afterwards cut off from the plates; * * * yet the workmanship being judged very good for the most part, and the rest excusable, some of my friends were so much delighted in the graver's art, and in those illustrations, which for mine own pleasure I had made upon some few of them, that they requested me to moralize the rest; which I condescended unto; and they had been brought to view many years ago, but that the copper prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland upon any reasonable conditions." "If," he continues, "they were worthy of the graver's and printer's cost, being only dumb figures, little useful to any but to young graver's or painters; and as little delightful, except to children or childish-gazers; they may now be much more worthy, seeing the life of speech being added unto them, may make them teachers and remembrancers of profitable things."

Wither was induced, rather in order to advance the profit of his bookseller, than to satisfy his own judgment, to invent something in addition to the Emblems, which might be likely to delight the vulgar capacity; and observing, "that where the summer bowers of recreation are placed near the church, it draws thither more people from the remote hamlets, than would else be there," he has appointed lotteries to the emblems, "to occasion more frequent notice of the morals and good counsels tendered in their illustrations." He had some misgivings about the decorum of a man of his gravity and ripe age turning fortune-teller; he, however, satisfied himself that it was harmless, for he did not, like the more confident professors of this art, mean "that it should be used as an oracle, but as a moral pastime." The plan of this, the only *moral* lottery we ever heard of, is as follows. At the end of each of the four books of Emblems, is a string of fifty-six verses on different tempers, qualities, &c. called the lottery, the first fifty of each of which answer to and are illustrated by the fifty emblems, which compose each book: at the end of the volume, are two circular indexes, one to the books, and the other to the number of the verses; by turning the pointer of these indexes, the book and number of the verses is found, and the inquiries of the curious answered.

It is time, however, that we come to the Emblems themselves. The prints are in general designed with great spirit, and executed with neatness; some of them are exceedingly pretty. Many of the prints and illustrations, especially the former, are borrowed from Alciatus, and such as he has made use of, are amplified, and frequently, though not always, improved. All the illustrations consist of thirty lines each, a limitation which, as might be expected, is sometimes productive of weakness. The general character of Wither's Emblems is that of sound morality, enforced in a sensible style, tinctured with warm religious feelings, and some of them adorned with a few fresh and fragrant flowers of poetry. Of the former part of this character the following is an example.

How fond are they, who spend their precious time
In still pursuing their deceiving pleasures?
And they, that unto airy titles climb,
Or tire themselves in hoarding up of treasures?
For, these are death's, who, when with weariness
They have acquired most, sweeps all away;
And leaves them, for their labours, to possess
Nought but a raw-boned carcass wrapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this hour
Vaunt much of those possessions they have got;
Of their new purchased honours, or the power.
By which they seem to have advanced their lot:
Of this great multitude, there shall not three
Remain for any future age to know;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten be,
As beasts devoured twice ten years ago.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live.
And to possess thy labours maugre death,
To needful arts and honest actions give
Thy span of time, and thy short blast of breath.
In holy studies exercise thy mind;
In works of charity thy hands imploy;
That knowledge, and that treasure seek to find,
Which may enrich thy heart with perfect joy.
So, though obscured thou appear awhile,
Despised, poor, or born of fortunes low,
Thy virtue shall acquire a nobler style,
Than greatest kings are able to bestow:
And, gain thee those possessions, which, nor they,
Nor time, nor death have power to take away.

Book II. Emblem VIII.

And this of the latter.

When, all the years, our fields are fresh and green,
And, while sweet flowers, and sunshine every day,
(As oft, as need requireth,) come between

The heavens and earth; they heedless pass away.
The fulness, and continuance of a blessing,
Doth make us to be senseless of the good:
And, if it sometimes fly not our possessing
The sweetness of it is not understood.

Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing: And, if tempests were not,
Such comforts could not by a calm be brought
For, things, save by their opposites, appear not,
Both health, and wealth, is tasteless unto some,
And, so is ease, and every other pleasure,
Till poor, or sick, or grieved, they become:
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

God, therefore, (full as kind, as he is wise)
So temp'reth all the favours he will do us,
That we his bounties may the better prize;
And make his chastisements less bitter to us.
One while, a scorching indignation burns
The flowers and blossoms of our hopes away;
Which into scarcity our plenty turns,
And changeth unmown-grass to parched hay;
Anon, his fruitful showers, and pleasing dews,
Commixt with cheerful rays, he sendeth down;
And then the barren-earth her crop renews,
Which with rich harvests, hills and valleys crown:
For as to relish joys he sorrow sends,
So comfort on temptation still attends.

Book II. Emblem XX.

The *Emblem of Love* is lively, ingenious, and delightful.

If to his thoughts my comments have assented,
By whom the following Emblem was invented,
I'll hereby teach you, ladies, to discover
A true-bred Cupid, from a fained lover;
And show, if you have wooers, which be they,
That worthiest are to bear your hearts away.

As is the boy, which here you pictured see,
Let them be young, or let them, rather, be
Of suiting-years, which is instead of youth,
And, woo you in the nakedness of truth;
Not in the common and disguised clothes,
Of mimic gestures, compliments, and oaths,
Let them be winged with a swift desire;
And not with slow-affections, that will tire.
But look to this as to the principal;
That Love do make them truly musical.
For Love's a good musician: and will show
How every faithful lover may be so.

Each word he speaks, will presently appear
To be melodious raptures in your ear;
Each gesture of his body, when he moves,
Will seem to play, or sing a song of loves:
The very looks, and motions of his eyes
Will touch your heart-strings with sweet harmonies;
And if the name of him be but exprest,
'Twill cause a thousand quaverings in your breast.
Nay, ev'n those discords, which occasion'd are,
Will make your music much the sweeter far.
And, such a moving diapason strike,
As none but Love, can ever play the like.

Book IV. Emblem I.

From the next extract, the reader will see the peculiar tone in which Wither frequently concludes his illustrations.

When, with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful, and obsequious marigold,
How duly, ev'ry morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small tender stalk:
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he returns;
And, how she vails her flow'rs when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or, did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him.
When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours;
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings, and idolatries,
Wherewith we court these earthly things below
Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire,
To that, which is above me, I aspire:
And, all my best affections I profess
To him, that is the Son of Righteousness.
Oh! keep the morning of his Incarnation;
The burning noontide of his better Passion,
The night of his Descending, and the height
Of his Ascension, ever in my sight:
That imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

The most popular of our books of Emblems is that written by Francis Quarles, the darling, as Phillips calls him, of our plebeian judgments, and, we may add, the scorn of our refined wits. The contempt with which he has been treated is, however, at a much greater distance from a just appreciation of his works than the vulgar preference. In his poetical compositions, which are chiefly of a religious cast, there is a passionate earnestness well calculated to please the common sort of people, and a want of taste and propriety in his application of the terms and feelings of earthly to divine love; likely enough to disgust the man of cultivated mind. Perhaps nothing more readily captivates the unlearned than quaint and antithetical phraseology, which has frequently the appearance without the reality of pithiness. Quarles is particularly distinguished by this quality of style, with which, however, he combines a great variety of new and poetical turns of expression. This character applies to his other works as well as to his Emblems, which alone demand our attention at this time; but as they still enjoy a considerable portion of public favour, we shall on that account appropriate a much less space to them than we should otherwise have done. They consist of five books, the prints and mottoes of the two last of which are exactly copied from the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, the title of whose work stands amongst those placed at the head of this article. The subject being the same, Quarles has frequently taken ideas from his prototype; but he has so added to and improved them, that the imitation detracts little from his originality. The few extracts we shall make are the best, according to our judgment, to be found in the volume.

Book I. Emblem XIV.

Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promised light
Ne'er break and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conq'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor bring the day.

How long! How long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unsoul'd souls new motion?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor bring the day.

Let those have night, that slily love to immure
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap,
And loll in Ignorance's lap;
Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes! sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain expecting eyes,
Can find no objects but what rise
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
Of Vulcan's forge whose flames are dark,
A dangerous, dull, blue-burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the suns that glitter in the sphere
Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Haste, haste away,
Heaven's loit'ring lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers has benight
The world's fair cheeks, blow, blow thy spite:
Since thou hast puft our greater taper; do
Puff on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet Phosphor bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor bring the day.

Book I. Emblem III.

Alas! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some pretty-pretty sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.
For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood:
What bitter pills,
Composed of real ills,
Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

The dainties here,
Are at least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour;
The fruit that's yellow
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy soul no more,
In seeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil,
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

Book V. Emblem VI.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with thee?

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye:
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heav'n, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

* * * * *

Book V. Emblem IV.

Like to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring ship by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright Pole's beloved breast.
E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where:

She likes at morning what she loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scattered heaps of treasure;
Now flattered with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.

* * * * *

Book V. Emblem XIII.

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and there for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth and clip away,
As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
And loathe the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure.
O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
To catch a blast or own a smile from Cæsar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

* * * * *

Quarles also published, or at least added a Preface to a book of Emblems, by J. H.[all;] but we have neither space nor inclination to add any extracts from it to the present pages, notwithstanding the warm eulogies bestowed upon the work by Quarles.

We have in this article given specimens of the chief if not all of the English writers of Emblems, and have endeavoured to make the selection as agreeable as our taste enabled, and the works themselves allowed us to do. Greater variety might certainly have been produced, if we had resorted to the emblematic treasures of the other modern languages of Europe; but to have carried into effect such a plan, a volume rather than an article would have been required. A notice of the Dutch writers alone would occupy a considerable space; for that sedate people are peculiarly partial to this striking and pleasing mode of moral instruction; and books of Emblems are to be found in most of the cottages of their peasantry, and indeed afford almost the only literary pleasure within their reach. Nor is their poetry by any means contemptible; nor are the Dutch in reality the very antipodes of the nine muses, as is generally supposed. If, however, any of our readers doubt the existence of such a thing as Dutch poetry, let them refer to Mr. Bowring's *Batavian Anthology*, published a few days ago, and they will find many elegant and spirited versions of the poetry of the Netherlands. This volume enables us to present our readers with a translated specimen of the illustrative verses of the Dutch Emblem, from the works of Jacob Cats, a celebrated composer of Emblems of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

"When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems indeed polite enough;
And (judging from external things)
We deem it there in friendship clings;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not—hidden treachery lies:
'Tis there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green;
So that the tree which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude,
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but light—yet promised bloom.
Thou, whom the powerful Fates have hurl'd
'Midst this huge forest call'd the world,
Know, that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces;
But think, that, 'neath the sweetest smile,
Oft lurk self-interest, hate, and guile;
Or, that some gay and playful joke
Is Spite's dark sheath, or Envy's cloak.
Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favour share;
For those who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends and all besides may lose."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

Where would England now have been, but for the House of Peers? Where, if that important body had been either abolished, as they were by the political fanatics of the long Parliament, or merged in one assembly, as the Peers of France were by the Tiers Etat, or reduced by popular menaces to a state of impotence, as they were in this country at the passing of the Reform Bill? Can there be the smallest doubt, that if either of those three events had happened, the movement party would have usurped an irresistible sovereignty; that the Protestant church would have been spoliated to make way for the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the one island, and a clamorous Voluntary medley in the other; that property of every sort would ere this have been either confiscated or on the high-road to confiscation; influence and authority of every kind made to flow, as in our democratic municipalities, from the lower classes, and been bestowed in general on the meanest and most corrupt of the people; the rotation of office have perpetually brought back to the multitude the agreeable flattery of candidates for power, and as eternally deprived them of the substantial benefits of good government, by dispossessing every functionary as soon as he became qualified by experience to discharge his duties? These, the usual and inevitable effects of democratic ascendency in every country, must have ensued here before this time, had not the House of Peers existed as a rallying point to the friends of order, and first by their personal influences diffused a conviction among the middling ranks of the necessity of supporting them as an integral part of the constitution, and then by their firm countenance arrested the march of Revolution.

To restrain the abuses, and check the encroachments of power, to save the mass of the people from oppression, to give to industry of every sort the free and secure enjoyment of its fruits, and to exertion in every department the fullest means of developement, is the great object of civil government. It is by perpetually descanting on these popular and important themes, by professing on every occasion a desire for the enfranchisement and improvement of the people, by declaiming on every subject against the corruption or the abuses of power, that the democratic leaders acquire, in periods of agitation, their astonishing influence. It is not surprising that they do so—but when these professions come to be put to the test of practice,—when the general enthusiasm has installed them in sovereignty, and by gaining the reins of power they acquire the means of carrying their professed designs into effect, it is speedily found all their professions were made for selfish purposes; that they are impelled forward by a needy clamorous crowd in their rear, and that unless the measures which they urge upon their leaders are resisted by an adequate force in front, a complete dissolution of government, and universal spoliation of property must ensue.

No one who has contemplated the systems of effervescence which have appeared amongst us for the last six years, and compared them with the political history of other countries which have been exposed to similar convulsions, can doubt that we have laboured and are still labouring, though with abated symptoms, under the true revolutionary fever. It is only necessary to compare the order-book of the House of Commons, the bills which pass the Lower House, with the acts of the Constituent Assembly, or the statutes of the Spanish Cortes, to see that the symptoms are precisely the same. What was the first thing which the French Revolutionists, under the guidance of Mirabeau and Lafayette, did? Confiscate the property of the church "to the purposes of charity and beneficence; placing the maintenance of the clergy under the safeguard of the honour of the French people." What was the first thing which the Spanish Cortes did, under the transports of the democratic constitution of 1812, when it was re-established in 1822? Confiscate the property of the church, for the purpose of national support and instruction. What was the next thing which the Constituent Assembly did? Abolish the whole privileges of the incorporations, and rest the appointment of all municipal magistrates in all the householders of the different burghs of France. What was the next thing which the Spanish Cortes did? Exterminate the rights of corporations, and dissolve the incorporated trades and bodies over the whole of Spain. Compare these, the first steps of revolution in these other countries, with the robbery of the Irish church, first effected by predial violence, and next attempted by legislative enactments, and with the effected revolution in municipal affairs in the country, and the identity of the first symptoms of the malady is completely established.

The projected measures of the movement party are, if possible, still more clearly indicative of the rapid and now undisguised march of the revolutionary fever. Mr. O'Connell now announces that he is resolved to effect organic changes; the House of Peers must be abolished, or converted into an elective upper chamber, chosen by a still lower class of constituents than the Commons; the supplies are to be stopped, according to Mr. Hume's menace, if any resistance is attempted by the crown to these measures; and as the second instalment of church spoliation, half the glebe and cathedral lands are to be made over to the Popish clergy, and tithes every where reduced to fifty *per cent.* on their present amount. Such are the measures now openly propounded by the ruling party in the House of Commons, no longer confined to the declamation of the hustings or the dreams of debating societies, but gravely proposed both to assembled multitudes in the open air, and in letters addressed to the whole people of Great Britain, by the individual who avowedly by his sole support sustains the government in office, and who is rewarded for his revolutionary exertions in the manufacturing towns of Great Britain during an autumnal tour by an invitation to the Lord-Lieutenant's table at its close.

All this however notwithstanding, no one can doubt that the progress of revolution has been, is, and to all human appearance is destined to be, very different in these islands from what it was in the continental states. In both France and Spain the whole struggle was at first; when the government was overthrown by the junction of the three orders into one chamber in France in 1789, and the revolt of the Spanish soldiers in the Isle of Leon in 1820, the whole contest was at an end, and the dominant revolutionary party went on from one act of legislative robbery to another, till the passions of the people were thoroughly excited, and the first country was bathed in the blood of 1793, and second steeped in the equally infamous atrocities of the Peninsula in the present time. But in this country the case has been very different. We, too, were overwhelmed by a sudden burst of the revolutionary tempest in 1831, which, excited by factious men for party purposes, and falling on an excited and suffering people, produced the violent convulsion, during the throes of which the Reform act was produced. The Conservatives, albeit embracing a great majority of the worth and property of the state, were so paralyzed by the violence of the shock, so weakened by the divisions consequent on Catholic Emancipation, and so tinged by the pseudo-liberality of the day, that they were unable at first to oppose any resistance to the enemy. Every one recollects the deathlike stupor with which the announcement of the Reform bill was received by the friends of the constitution in the country, and the demoniac shouts from the revolutionary crew with which the land resounded from end to end upon so unlooked for and prodigal a gift of political power to the people. The virtue and bravery of England, however, was bowed to the earth, not destroyed; the strength of the fabric of society in these islands proved itself equal to a shock from which its warmest friends could hardly have anticipated anything but ruin. Bristol had the glory of taking the lead against the revolutionary mania. The celebrated petition of its bankers and merchants against the Reform Bill, presented in May, 1831, was the first symptom of the revival of the true English spirit. Edinburgh. we are proud to say, next stepped forward to the fight; and the memorable meeting held within its walls in November, 1831, struck a note which vibrated to every British heart throughout the realm. The courageous stand made by the small minority of Conservatives in the House of Commons during the discussions on the Reform Bill; the admirable talent they displayed, the acuteness they discovered, the manly sentiments they expressed, roused the better part of the nation from the torpor in which it had been sunk; and if they could not enable them to win the contest, at least raised the spirits of the friends of freedom for the fight. Next came the House of Peers; and the splendid eloquence of its debates, the glowing language of its orators, the generous devotion of its chiefs, while it confounded the revolutionists by the display of a talent and spirit which they little anticipated, prepared the nation to expect from them the heroic conduct and mingled firmness and moderation which their subsequent career has so amply evinced. The press, too, righting from the bias of five-and-twenty years, gradually resumed, at least in all the higher departments both of thought and periodical literature, its proper station as the protector of liberty, property, and order. And without indulging in undue vanity, we may safely say that our own efforts, steadily and unceasingly directed, through all the changes and delusions of public opinion, to the maintenance of the same Conservative principles, were not the least powerful engine which appeared on the battlements to defend the ancient walls of the constitution.

True, these efforts were at the time unsuccessful. True, by a combination of circumstances unparalleled in history, the constitution was overthrown. True, the consent of the Upper House was forced, not won, to the great organic change of 1832. True, the Conservatives were reduced to a small minority of ninety-seven on the election, conducted amidst mobs and violence, general transports and tricolor flags, in June 1832. All that was perfectly true: but it is in periods of adversity that the enduring fortitude, the high resolves, the patriotic resolutions are formed which, in nations equally as individuals, produce in the end their appropriate fruit of subsequent glory and triumph. A nation is never destroyed so long as the spirit of its inhabitants is unbroken. No organic changes, how great soever, are irremediable, as long as the resolution survives to combat the spirits of evil by all the means which the constitution has still left to its subjects.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill, and consequent installation of a movement ministry in power, the spirit of the nation has been flowing steadily in a Conservative direction. This is so obvious as to require no illustration. The growth of the Conservative party in the House of Commons from 100 to 300 members; the results of all the last contested elections; the steady increase and powerful operation of Conservative Associations; the courageous and independent declaration of Conservative opinions now, in all places and in all situations; these are so many symptoms of the vast change come over the spirit of the nation within the six last years, when, to superficial observers, to whom coming events cast no shadows before, nothing was apparent but the ascendent of democracy in the political heavens. On this subject we gladly avail ourselves of the excellent observations of Mr. Osler, the worthy historian of Lord Exmouth, in his late pamphlet on the Church and Dissent.

"What a change in public feeling since five short years. Then, it was almost rashness to avow Conservative principles: now, we are surprised when we meet a man of education who disputes them. Then, and for time immemorial, young men were almost universally Liberal; now, they are zealously Conservative. Then, the Church seemed at the mercy of her enemies; now, they tremble to attack her. Then, the Church in Ireland, upon which, under God, we must chiefly rely to extirpate Popery, was ignorantly deemed an enormous sinecure; but the attempt to destroy her, that Popery might be established on her ruins, has displayed her true character, invested her with the glory of a Christian martyr, and covered her persecutors with confusion. Then, Popery offered itself as a lamb, and we were assured that all its recorded atrocities were the crimes of former ages; but as it felt its strength, it began to speak as a dragon, proving, by perjury in Parliament, and by persecution and blood in Ireland, that its character is unchanged and unchangeable. Then there was a confusion of parties, while large classes of the friends of the constitution had objects, which the Destructives were willing to take in their way; now the question is brought to one simple alternative—the Protestant Church or Popery; the English Constitution or a Republic! a question which allows no room for neutrality, compromise, or indecision. By our triumph we shall save the country; she must perish if we fall."

This steady and progressive reflux of the nation to Conservative principles, immediately after so great an organic change, is so remarkable, and so entirely at variance with that pretended necessary and inevitable tendency towards evil which the infidel fatalists of France set up as the excuse for the unparalleled atrocities of their favourite democratic leaders, that it merits the most serious consideration. The growth of Conservative opinions has not been rapid or vacillating; they have not shot up, like democratic enthusiasm, at once to vigour and maturity, but slow, steady, and undeviating; like the successive additions to the oaks of the forest, each successive year has added new converts to the cause; each successive wave of youth a fresh increment to the vast and growing alliance. Speculation, enthusiasm, theoretical views have had less share in producing this growing alteration than experience, disappointed hopes, and practical evils. It is the reduction of the visions of social improvement into practice; the actual trial of the boasted virtue of the democratic leaders; the experiment made of their political nostrums on the shipping interest, the Irish clergy, and the English poor, which have mainly contributed to the effect. Hardly had the piteous tale of Irish suffering ceased to resound through the land; hardly had the magnificent charity of England relieved the Protestant clergy of Ireland from the grinding misery to which they had been reduced by the atrocious combination of the Catholic allies of Government, when a new and still more piercing cry arose from the English work-houses. Striking right and left at the most useful or defenceless classes in the community, these tyrannical regenerators of the empire with one hand reduced the Irish clergy to utter destitution, and with the other produced the most grinding misery to the English poor. Separating the parent from the child, the husband from the wife, denying all relief to the poor unless they consented to be shut up in vast prisons, and undergo the punishment of crime, debarring the victims of sickness or misfortune from the comforts even of spiritual consolation by attending their parish churches on Sunday, and throwing upon the victims of seduction and profligacy the exclusive load of maintaining their offspring. Nor were their efforts less vigorously directed to fasten the chains of slavery on the infant innocents of the realm. By their influence a bill was carried, by a majority of *two*, in the last session of Parliament, for repealing the laws which the humanity of Mr. Sadler, Lord Ashley, and the Conservatives had procured for the protection of infant children in the factories, and nothing but the certainty that the inhuman measure could never pass the House of Peers prevented the influence of Government from forcing it into a law. It is these deeds, so ill corresponding with their words, which have wrought the real change in the opinion of the great majority of the middling classes; and by stripping liberalism of all its borrowed and fictitious lustre, and exhibiting the interior of the whited sepulchre in all its native deformity, prepared the nation gradually to return to Conservative principles.

Great also has been the benefit conferred upon the cause of the Constitution by the English Corporate reform. The results of this measure even, so far as they have hitherto developed themselves, afforded a striking illustration of the limited extent to which human sagacity can foresee the real and final result of political changes. We all recollect the exultation which the Liberal press manifested at the result of the municipal elections, and how rapidly, in the tumult of success, they let fall the mask they had hitherto worn, of that change having been brought about for the purpose of local good government, without any reference to political purposes. They openly proclaimed that their object, from the beginning, had been to double their political power by gaining all the corporate funds and influence to their side, and that they had succeeded in completely effecting that object. Doubtless they did acquire a great accession of influence; but in that very triumph were involved the seeds of their ultimate discomfiture. Bring democratic principles to the test of experience; that is the true and the only antidote to the evil. In the English burghs this test has already been applied; the reform town councils, elected by the two-pounders, have been nearly a year in possession of power, and thousands, who before were sincere friends of liberal principles, have been wakened to a sense of the ruinous effects of such a system, even in local governments. The rapacious and selfish system of local legislation which they every where set on foot; the grasping at every situation of emolument which was within their reach; the invariable conferring of them on the most violent and democratic of their party; the exclusion of worth, talent, or respectability from every office of trust or importance, if not recommended by the *sine qua non* of democratic activity and factious zeal; the prostitution even of the bench of justice to such unworthy purposes, speedily produced an impression more powerful than reasoning could have effected. The moderate, the worthy, the upright of the Liberal side, are insensibly driven into an alliance with the Conservative party, to avoid the effect of such a hideous inroad of local oppression; and out of the first great internal triumph of the democratic party are derived the means of ultimately subverting their ascendency. Attend to the working of the reform town-council in Leicester as a specimen of the general working of the system in England, as detailed in the late admirable report to the Conservative Association of that place.

" Since the first establishment of this society there has been a material change in the situation and prospects of the country; they wish not to conceal, that the recent changes in the parliamentary and municipal elections have, by the introduction of a new constituency, added materially to the strength and influence of the revolutionary party, who now make no secret of their destructive projects. The whole influence of government is in their hands; every situation of trust or honour is monopolized by their dependents; and the continual agitation of the passions of the multitude by means of the almost incessant excitement of parliamentary, municipal, and parochial elections, is not the least of the evils consequent on those changes; these considerations seem to your committee to demand, not only increased energies from every friend of his country, but a judicious and vigorous direction of those energies. With respect to the former, your committee have not, for a moment, doubted that the resources of the country would rise with its necessities; and they have now the high satisfaction of announcing that *almost every Conservative of weight and influence in this town and neighbourhood has come forward to join and strengthen this society.* Your committee now confidently anticipate that its resources, if wisely directed, will be sufficient to enable this ancient borough to sustain her accustomed part in baffling the aims of faction, and in assisting to secure the great objects of constitutional association—the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty."

This is just as it should be: and this example, if generally followed, will render the corporate reform of the Whig Radicals the source of their ultimate ruin. Strong as the town councils are in the possession of funds and faction, both of which they will unsparingly devote to the purposes of democratic corruption, they are by no means equal, generally speaking, to a combination of all the worth and property of the kingdom. The effect of all great political changes will be found to depend on a simple principle applicable to the subject, of such general notoriety as to have passed in private life into a proverb. " Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride him to the devil," is the homely enunciation of the principle applied to individuals, on which all real Conservative reaction in political societies, in every age of the world, has been founded, and which is destined in this country, sooner or later, with more or less distress, vexation, and suffering to the community, to correct all the liberal delusions which have been diffused for the last twenty years.

But in the midst of all the cheering hopes arising from these favourable symptoms in the times, it is of the highest importance to attend to the circumstances on which our hopes of a favourable result to the present struggle from these growing changes of public opinion can alone be founded. For in all ages and countries of the world a reaction against democratic principles has ensued in every old state as soon as they had for a few years been brought into actual practice; and the severest and most immovable despotisms which ever have oppressed mankind have been founded on the magnitude and vehemence of this reaction. But, generallly speaking, it is only after having descended into the gulf of revolutionary suffering, that this signal change has taken place; and the sword of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Robespierre, a Napoleon, or a Louis Philippe was required to correct the fatal poison of democratic principles. What is it then which authorizes us to hope that we are to form an exception to the general rule, and that, for the first time in the annals of mankind, a nation generally embued with revolutionary passions is to return to a rational and healthful social state, without running the usual course of discord, bloodshed and suffering? Here too it will be found that a principle of the simplest and most familiar kind in private life lies at the root of the difference; and that it is according as the seeds of evil can or cannot be successfully combated by the principles of virtue in our social condition, that we are to resolve the question, whether the equilibrium of society is to be restored by a gradual righting of the pyramid, or a sudden convulsion which is to overwhelm us all in its ruins.

Revolutionary passions are to nations precisely what unruly desires are to individuals; the career of successful democracy is exactly similar to the feverish career of the rake or the libertine—of both, while rioting in the embraces of harlots, and revelling in the orgies of intemperance, we may predict, with unerring certainty, that they will ere long be feeding swine in a foreign land. But to both the means of combating the principles of evil within their bosoms are given; and their course is not irrevocably settled to suffering till many opportunities of amendment have been thrown away. It is in the strength of the counteracting principles, in communities as well as single men, that we are to look for a solution of the question, whether the unruly passions are to be restrained by wisdom or burnt out by suffering. If the feelings of religion, the lessons of virtue, and the dictates of wisdom are not wholly extinct; if the prodigal pauses on the threshold of his career, and a struggle ensues in his mind when the consequences of his extravagance begin to develope themselves; if, in short, he turns from the wickedness of his ways, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he may yet save his soul alive. But if he is callous to all these feelings, and deaf to all these suggestions—if he mistake licentiousness for liberty, and dissolution of restraint for the energies of freedom—if religion is forgotten, and duty abandoned, and the gratification of desire alone made the object of existence—the evil days assuredly will come, and an awful reckoning await him or his children.

In considering our present position and prospects, it is of the highest importance that the real cause of the obvious difference between the strength of the resistance to the principles of evil which has been offered in this country, and that which was presented in the continental states should be distinctly understood, and the nation should acquire a distinct perception of the causes which have hitherto saved it from the worst and most irreparable consequences of revolutionary innovation, lest, from a blind feeling of security, we should part with our only means of safety, and from being deluded by the belief that we are altogether beyond the reach of disaster, precipitate ourselves headlong down the gulf.

The first and most important circumstance which distinguishes and has throughout distinguished the present struggles, both from the convulsions in the time of Charles I. and the instant ruin of the French Revolution, is the general influence of Christian principles, and the tardy but now powerful enlistment of RELIGION on the side of order. Experience in every age has proved that such is the virulence and poison of the revolutionary passion, that no antidote to the evil adequate to the contest can be relied on but the influence of religion. It is this great principle which is the real antagonist of unruly desires in nations as in individuals; St. Michael, and St. Michael alone, is capable of chaining the demon. England was subverted in 1648, because these antagonist forces were brought for a time to draw in the same direction; France was precipitated into the horrors of 1793, because the irreligious spirit of the age rendered nugatory in all but La Vendée the great counterpoise to the principle of evil. England was again brought to the brink of ruin in 1832, because the fatal heart-burnings consequent on Catholic emancipation had paralysed the whole Protestant strength of the realm. But the wisdom of Providence often makes circumstances seemingly the most disastrous the means of extricating both societies and individuals from dangers and difficulties, to all human appearance insurmountable. In the insolence consequent on Catholic triumph—in the open announcement of the objects of Popish ambition—in the virulence and animosity of the Romish priesthood and their nominees in the British Parliament is to be found the cause of the general resurrection of the religious spirit of the nation. All true friends of the church—all genuine Protestants in the ranks of the Dissenters—all Christians in sincerity and truth, have now combined with the friends of the monarchy in combating the efforts of the coalition of Papists and infidels who have united for the destruction of the Protestant establishment. Insensibly the contest has assumed a religious character. Whig and Tory, Reformer and Anti-reformer, are becoming merged in the one grand distinction of Popish and Protestant. Matters are coming back to the issue between Rome and England as in 1642; the train is preparing for a repetition of the unanimous Protestant effort of 1688. The bridge of union between the higher and the lower orders of England, cut away by the Relief Bill of 1829, has been restored by the violence and ambition of the Popish demagogues. O'Connell confesses that the majority of England—of England so recently convulsed with Reform transports, is against him!

The next circumstance which essentially distinguishes, and has throughout the whole struggle distinguished the British Empire from the adjoining states of France and Spain during their revolution convulsions, is the continued residence of the holders of property in the country, and the courageous stand which they have made against the efforts of the democratic faction. It is here that the strength of a free constitution is to be found; it is in this difference that the essential distinction between revolutions when falling on a despotic state and a constitutional monarchy lies. The higher ranks in the former situation are unaccustomed to combine together for their mutual defence—they are ignorant of the strength of voluntary associations—they are trained to obey authority, and ignorant of the mode of resisting it when wielded by a faction hostile to themselves. But in a state long blessed with the enjoyments of freedom—among a people who for generations have been habituated to its exercise, the case is widely different. They do not give way at the first shock—they do not abandon all for lost when an organic change has been effected. The effect of such conduct upon the ultimate issue of the contest is prodigious. The efforts of the populace, powerful and often irresistible in moments of effervescence, are not to be relied on for a long-continued contest. Political, like every other passion, wears itself out in process of time; it is the durable strength of property and virtue which alone can be trusted to for a protracted struggle. In France, upon the breaking out of the first revolution, the nobles and landholders, to the number of above eighty thousand, emigrated, and sought in foreign and hostile lands the means of regaining at the sword's point their influence and possessions; the strength of the nation disappeared during the contest, and the King, with a rebellious army and an insurgent capital, was left alone in the hands of his enemies. But in England, notwithstanding the great convulsion of 1832, and the flames of Bristol and Nottingham, not *one* landholder has emigrated. Through prosperity and adversity, through evil report and good report, the property, education, and talent of England have remained at home confronting the danger. It is by such conduct that a nation is saved: it is by the display of such civil virtues that it is worthy of being saved. It is in this constant residence of the better and more worthy part of the nation throughout the whole crisis; in the demonstration which their talents have afforded of their capacity, in the triumphant refutation which their virtues have afforded of the calumnies of their enemies, that the vital distinction between our convulsions, and the disasters of France is to found. Can there be the slightest doubt that if the eighty thousand emigrants, who deserted France in 1791, and for the most part placed the male members of their families in the ranks of its enemies, had remained at home, boldly confronted the danger, put themselves at the head of the heroes of La Vendée and the citizens of Lyons, and served as a rallying point to the friends of order all over the country, the unspeakable horrors of the Revolution would have been prevented; and instead of now groaning under an enslaving police, and burdensome military despotism, France, with its free energies developed but not destroyed during the struggle, would have been enjoying peace, security, and freedom, under the steady sway of a tempered constitutional monarchy?

In estimating the essential points of distinction between the British and the French civil convulsions, the difference in the character of their respective monarchs must not be thrown out of view. To the vacillation, indecision, and morbid sensibility of the unhappy but virtuous Louis, Napoleon and Dumont, the author of the Rights of Man have ascribed all the horrors of the Revolution. Who could venture, heart and soul, into a contest, when the leader who was bound by honour and duty to place himself at its head could not be relied on by the subjects who were perilling their lives and estates in his cause? But the character of the English monarch is very different: he inherits the religious principle, and personal intrepidity of the Brunswick race. If he was unable singly to resist the Reform tempest when the Protestant strength and conservative energy of England were paralysed in 1831, and he was left alone with a revolutionary administration, he has shown that, when the virtue and courage of his people revived, he was worthy to be their leader in the struggle. He has declared to the bishops that he would die rather than betray the Protestant cause; he ventured alone to front the Reform fury when it was at its height in May 1832, and the insane multitude were blindly rushing on destruction by creating a run on the bank of England to overthrow the Duke of Wellington; he dared singly to front the danger, and change his ministers in autumn 1834, when measures fatal to the church were about to be pressed on his acceptance; he has never yet, though goaded on incessantly by flattery, threats, and violence, swamped the House of Peers.

Vain would have been all these causes of difference; vain the religious spirit of the people and the residence of the landowners; vain the intrepidity of the monarch and the growing resolution of his subjects, if THE THIRD ESTATE IN THE REALM had been submerged in the outset of the struggle, and the Peers of England, either by their prostration before a revolutionary creation, their junction with a democratic Commons, or any organic change in their composition, had been disabled from standing forth, in unmutilated strength, to bear the brunt of the strife. It is here that the greatest, the *most providential* difference between the French and the English revolutions is to be found, because it is here that the friends of freedom and the constitution found a rallying point without recurrence to the fatal necessity, the *ultimum remedium*, ruinous alike to the victorious and the vanquished of civil warfare. If by any of these means the revolutionary party had gained entire possession of the legislature, all their projects, how insane or ruinous soever, would at once have passed into law. The House of Peers can reject the bills which pass the Lower House, and thereby prevent the frame of the law from being altered; the exercise of that important power is a matter of prudence, public necessity, and expedience. Unquestionably this power should never be exercised but on great and pressing emergencies; unquestionably the Peers should never place themselves at the head of Opposition to the Lower House, but when an obvious necessity for their interference exists; unquestionably they should not come forth till the strength of the interest they are to support has clearly evinced itself in the country; but when this has been done, then is the time for the Peers to come forward and throw their shield over the constitution.

From the extraordinary circumstance of the interests of property and religion having been overthrown by a democratic majority in the House of Commons, the House of Peers have now come to occupy a totally different situation from that in which they formerly stood; and the balance of the constitution has come to be adjusted in a different manner from what, for a hundred and forty years, had given liberty and security to England. Formerly, the real struggle between the aristocratic and democratic bodies, the vital contest which ever has and ever must prevail in every free community lay in the House of Commons; when a measure passed the Lower House, it was hardly ever, except in a cardinal matter, such as the Catholic question, rejected in the Upper. If the Peers, by the influence of their representatives in the Lower House, could not succeed in preventing or modifying a measure, they rarely stood forth in their persons to occasion its rejection. The memorable struggle between the Peers and the King on the one side, and a majority of the Commons on the other, in 1784, was the only instance during the last century in which this actual collision took place; and the result of the general election, when Mr. Pitt was called by the King to the helm in spring, 1785, not only proved that the Monarch on that occasion had the nation on his side, but settled the constitution on a steady basis for half a century after. But by the Reform Act this felicitous state of things was at once terminated. Reason and justice could no longer slowly, steadily, and safely make their way against influence, authority, and power: the majority of the Lower House was thrown into fierce and relentless hostility to the constitution and so far from the domestic strife being carried on within the walls of St. Stephens, a chaos of unanimity prevailed in the decided majority of its members, and the contest was transferred to the threshold of the Peers. From that moment it became evident to all unimpassioned spectators, that unless the constitutional party could, by some unforeseen accident, speedily recover their ascendency in the House of Commons, the inevitable consequence must be, that the struggle would ensue with the Upper House, and if it was overthrown, the liberties, property, and religion of England were consigned to perdition.

The conduct of the House of Peers during this arduous crisis was a model of prudence and wisdom. Had they thrown themselves too soon into the breach, they would have been in all probability trampled under foot during the first transports of the Reform mania, and the Commons being then omnipotent, the career of the Constituent Assembly lay clearly traced out before the nation. Had they held back under the influence of timidity or irresolution, when the time for putting forth their strength had arrived, they would have utterly paralysed the friends of the constitution in the nation, by destroying their confidence in their natural leaders. But they were under the guidance of a leader of cool and tried resolution, who had seen many a hard fought field, and proved victorious in them all. In 1833 and 1834, it was in vain for the Peers to think of openly resisting the Commons; the nation was not then sufficiently recovered from its delusion to have supported them in the attempt. But those were precious years for England; unnoticed by the triumphant revolutionary party—unheeded amidst the transports of processions, banners, and tricolor flags, unheard amidst the din of public meetings and hustings' declamation, the tide was silently turning; the flood-mark had been reached, and the receding wave already began to desert the shore.

This important change became at once conspicuous, when by the calling of Sir R. Peel to the head of his Sovereign's councils in the close of 1834, an opportunity was afforded of appealing to the sense of the nation. The general election of January, 1835, restored matters to a very different situation. From 100 the Conservative members were restored to 300. The effect of this alteration was in every way, and in the highest degree, advantageous. Hope, all but banished during the gloom of the preceding years, re-entered the Conservative ranks. But most of all was the change advantageous, by the desperate and reckless course which it led the Government to adopt. The Conservatives in the House were 300; the Radicals 180; the Whigs 150; the Neutrals 18 or 20. By uniting cordially with Sir Robert Peel they might have checked the progress of revolution: and in conjunction with the Conservatives have formed a powerful durable administration, supported by a majority of 150 in both Houses of Parliament. But such a course was inconsistent with their deadly and envenomed hatred of the Tories, and their rabid passion for the retention of power. They joined themselves in consequence to O'Connell and the Radicals; and openly hoisted the colours of organic change and Protestant destruction. This at once doubled the Conservative strength; it brought the Waverers, and the immense body of the timid and the irresolute over to the cause of order; it roused the dormant but giant energies of THE REFORMATION. The effect of this, we are persuaded, will prove in the end more salutary, than if, by a junction of Whigs and Tories in 1835 the Radicals had been for the time suppressed. Such a union would have closed the tumour; it would neither have healed it, nor eradicated the poison. All great and durable political changes in a free community must begin with the middling ranks; public opinion, in the really virtuous and intelligent, must be the basis of the alteration; strength must be infused into the higher orders by support and assistance from below. It is this which the O'Connell alliance has done to the cause of England.

The wisdom which all this time directed the national reserve of England saw the change. The Peers made the first essay of their strength in striking out the most dangerous clauses of that great democratic innovation, the Corporate Reform Bill of England; and the result, however unimportant, so far as extracting the venom from that measure was concerned, was in the highest degree satisfactory, as demonstrating the temper of the nation, and the returning good sense of the people. It had been predicted that the collision with the Peers was to be the signal for a universal explosion; that hundreds of thousands of swords would start from their scabbards to avenge the majesty of the people; that the rebellious and infatuated nobles were to be crushed under the weight of general indignation. In prophesying thus, however, the democratic leaders fell into the usual error of shallow minds, that of judging of the present by the past. They thought 1835 was 1831. They forgot the effect of four years' intermediate experience of Whig Government and democratic ascendency. The collision, of which so much had been said, accordingly took place; no general effervescence ensued; and the Peers felt, from this first essay, that hopes yet remained of successfully resuming the struggle.

Events meanwhile proved to the last degree favourable to the righting of the public mind. O'Connell commenced his itinerant crusades against the House of Lords. At Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, he began to scatter sedition abroad and preach up the destruction of the hereditary Peerage. Elated by the magnitude of their triumph in the municipal elections, the Government thought the nation was now ripe for *organic change*, in other words, complete revolution; and their emissaries in the press have ever since incessantly inculcated the necessity of the substitution of an elective upper chamber for an hereditary Peerage, and the extension of democratic influence in the Lower House by the adoption of vote by ballot, household suffrage, and triennial Parliaments. We no longer hear of "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"—*Maxima Charta* has fallen into discredit—Fresh advances in the career of revolution, organic change, are now the cry. Hundreds of thousands, who formerly were seduced by the pleasing illusion of democratic principles, have in consequence had their eyes opened to the errors of their ways; the Government no longer talk of a dissolution. Encouraged by these appearances; re-assured by the obvious and palpable change of opinion in the country; perceiving that the strife was all but equal in the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington saw the decisive moment had arrived. A huge mass of democratic bills, rashly and crudely digested in the Lower House, hastily and disrespectfully sent up to the Upper, were rejected. The revolutionary venom was extracted from many others which in part passed the ordeal. Whig-Radical cupidity, the passion for revolutionary change, received a signal check; Ministers were not permitted to fasten on the country in every direction a sordid crew of obsequious dependents. The Irish Church was rescued from the spoliation which, in Lord Melbourne's words, would necessarily have proved "a heavy blow, and great discouragement to Protestantism." The Catholics were indeed elated beyond measure at their open alliance with government; the Cathedral of Tuam was opened with truly hierarchial splendour; the Gazette de France announced the speedy downfall of Protestantism; but meanwhile the tide had turned, the ardent glow of the Reformation was revived, and the people of England began to speak of Latimer, Ridley, and the lighting of a fire which, by the blessing of God should never be extinguished.

Whether or not the *whole* bills rejected by the Upper House should be permanently rejected is a totally different question. Very possibly some of them may contain much matter worthy of approbation, and fit for the deliberate consideration of the legislature at a future period. The real question at issue in the recent struggle between the two Houses was not the separate and intrinsic merits of each measure which was brought before the Peers, but their *existence as an independent branch of the legislature.* Ministers had plainly resolved to reduce them to the mere rank of a court assembled to register the decrees of the House of Commons. For this purpose they prepared, by themselves or their revolutianary allies, an immense variety of bills; some striking at the Church, others increasing democratic influence, almost all fraught with numerous offices for Whig-Radical dependents or underlings. In the preparation of these measures, they spent the whole session from February to July. In August these bills having passed the Commons, began to make their appearance in the Peers; and daily measures of vast importance were brought up which their Lordships were expected to pass in as many days as it had taken their democratic task-masters in the Commons months to prepare and discuss them. The Radicals complain of the rejection of so many bills by the House of Peers, and stigmatize them as resolved to obstruct all reform, even for the most important practical purposes. Why, we will venture to assert that the swiftest reader at the English bar could not, if he had sat up all August and September, night and day, have got through one half of the bills thus sent up for their instant passing or rejection. They literally formed, like the Roman law, *multorum camelorum onus.* They were sufficient to constitute work for ten years of busy and anxious deliberation.

The objects of Ministers in thus suddenly deluging the Peers with a flood of democratic or interested legislation was obvious. If they passed them, under circumstances where deliberation or consideration was out of the question, they were obviously proclaimed to the country as a mere court of registration; the supreme authority was vested in the House of Commons, which alone was practically invested with the power of deliberation. If they rejected them, then the cry could be raised of their being obstructives—of their setting their faces against all improvement—and of an organic change in their Constitution being indispensable to work out the principles of the Reform Bill. In either case their annihilation as an independent assembly appeared easy; in the first alternative, by practically exhibiting their insignificance to the people; in the second, by raising a cry which might in the end prove fatal to their existence.

Under the blessing of Providence, the pernicious effects resulting to Ministers from the O'Connell alliance, and the extraordinary prudence, firmness, and talent exhibited by the House of Peers in the struggle, have hitherto defeated this cunningly conceived project; and not only did that assembly never stand so high in public estimation as they now do, but the prospects of Conservatism and the hopes of preparing a constitutional monarchy are incomparably fairer now than they have been since the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. The Peers are now looked to by the holders of property, and the men of education of every description, as the real and only barrier which exists between the nation and revolutionary spoliation followed by democratic slavery. But that able and intrepid body should consider, that, however highly they are now estimated for having thrown themselves into the breach, and cast down the dragon of revolution at the first encounter, yet the weapons they have employed in the conflict may, in the end, if not duly tempered, prove dangerous to themselves. If year after year go on, and the bills sent up by the Commons are rejected, the people will become impatient of restraint, and the cry of their being obstructives may swell into a reform tempest which may finally sink the constitution. It is impossible to over-estimate the *insouciance* and inattention of the masses of mankind; the surface alone is seen by them; the repetition of falsehood, for a certain time, in the end makes it pass for truth. To obviate this danger we would earnestly and emphatically recommend to the Peers to prepare, *bring into their own House, and mature by full and anxious debates, during the whole session,* a great variety of bills having a practically beneficial character. Let them unflinchingly throw out all bills coming up from the Commons with a democratic or selfish character; but as sedulously mature and send down to them many measures calculated, without benefiting either the democratic or the aristocratic parties, *to remedy existing and practical evils, and alleviate the sufferings of the poor.* Such topics are innumerable; in the heat of party or selfish legislation they are now all but forgotten, but their importance would at once appear if brought forward, night after night, in the House of Peers by the ability of a Lyndhurst, an Abinger, or an Ashburton. The introduction of a well-digested system of poor laws into Ireland, free equally from the abuses of the old and the cruelty of the new system in England; the correction of the monstrous inhumanity of the present law on that subject established by the Whigs; the establishment of a permanent and extensive system of emigration, by the aid of

Government, from Ireland; the new modelling and extending the Church, especially in the manufacturing districts, so as to include the unconverted who swarm in the realm; and the erection of a permanent system for making the ecclesiastical accommodation keep pace with the growth of the population; the extension of local courts and cheap justice in the provinces; the interests of India—of the West Indies—of Canada, are among these important topics which might occupy their Lordships' attention; and by bringing before the eyes of the people the *real ameliorations they are heartily disposed to promote*, effectually extinguish the cry of their being opposed to all improvement. It will not do in these times to be merely a court of review; they must be also a court of original jurisdiction. We attach the highest importance to the early and able adoption of this system; indeed we are convinced the issue of the struggle depends upon its being put in practice.

It is hardly necessary to add, that all the advantages which have been enumerated, as flowing, and likely to flow from the resistance of the Upper House to the democratic advances of the Lower, flow, and can alone flow from it, when it retains its present character of *an hereditary assembly*. The instant that this fundamental condition in its constitution is broken in upon; the moment that, under whatever pretence, or however disguised under a pretended respect for its authority, it is rendered in any degree an *elective chamber*, its whole constitutional importance, as a barrier against revolution, is at an end. It will then immediately become swayed, and tinged by the prevailing opinions and passions of the day; and instead of retarding, accelerate the advance of democratic ambition, by exhibiting an additional power in the state, swayed by its impulses, and actuated by its spirit. We are noways moved by the insidious, though true observation of O'Connell, that at present a majority of Englishmen, if polled, would on a crisis support the House of Lords. That may be perfectly true, but it does not in the slightest degree diminish our sense of the paramount necessity of supporting, and at all times having an hereditary Upper House of Parliament. We cannot permanently rely on the strenuous and persevering efforts of the present day: we must not calculate upon always possessing a Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, a Peel in the House of Commons, or a Wellington, to throw over the whole the might of his name and the wisdom of his councils. In the long run, no protection against the advances of democracy can be relied on, but the good sense, and patriotic spirit of the property of the country, headed and supported in a separate House by an hereditary Aristocracy. There is no example in history of an elective House of Peers ever being of the smallest service in resisting the advances either of popular or regal ambition. What did Napoleon's Elective and Conservative Senate do, either to withstand the severity of the Emperor, or check the revolutions of the state? Nothing. What have the hereditary Barons of England, in every age, from Runnymede to Maxima Charta, done to resist the tyranny of the Crown, and temper the madness of the people? Everything. It is their hereditary quality, which renders them on all such occasions of such inestimable importance, because it gives them a lasting stake and durable interest in the country, and relieves them from those perpetual vacillations and changes of opinion or measures in which the chief danger of democratic institutions is to be found.

The apprehension that an Upper House so constituted should prove a permanent barrier to improvement, or check in any degree the progress of useful legislation is, in this age and this country, of all alarms the most groundless. Granting that an unfettered aristocracy, like that of Venice or Austria, may throw a grievous bar in the way of the progress of freedom or the emancipation of mankind, can it be seriously argued that such an irresistible body of nobles is to be found in this country as would prove adequate, contrary to the general wish of the people, to prevent important changes? Deprived of the strong support which they now derive from the opinion and encouragement of nine-tenths of the property and education of the state, the Peers of England would speedily be compelled to succumb. What could they do, when during the Reform mania a large part of the steadying body was swept away by the popular current? Peers are not different from other men: they live and associate with the Commons, and invariably adopt, though perhaps last of all the classes in the nation, the changes of opinion or measures which the progress of society renders necessary. They do not now live in feudal castles, nor are they surrounded by armed retainers, so as to render them a formidable military force. They do not wear full-bottomed wigs; nor tilt at tournaments, nor fight with lances and arrows as their ancestors did two or three hundred years ago. A Peer of 1836 is as different in opinion as well as manners or dress from one of 1536 as a Commoner is. All the great changes in the Constitution, Magna Charta, the Revolution of 1688, were carried with their aid and concurrence. To the Reform Bill they opposed a decided and uncompromising resistance; and it became a law, not by the aid of their votes, but by their compulsory withdrawal from Parliament. And certainly the effect of that great change, hitherto at least, has been anything rather than an impeachment of the wisdom of their councils and their importance as an integral part of the Constitution.

But the people should constantly recollect, that while the last hopes of freedom, religion and property, rest on the maintenance of the House of Lords as a separate hereditary branch of the Legislature, yet it is not by themselves alone that their position in the breach can be maintained. The example of the manner in which the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Peers in opposition to the decided and declared opposition of a great majority of its members, purely from the supineness and apathy of the Conservatives throughout the country, may serve as an example of what may again be effected, if, on a similar clamour being raised for factious purposes, the holders of property and the men of education shall again stand aloof, or join the ranks of the enemy. Let but the Conservative body through the country cease to support the Upper House for a single month, and a Radical revolution may ensue. Notices enough are to be found on the order-book of the House of Commons to sweep away the Constitution and Monarchy in a single session, if the breach now occupied by the Upper House is not adequately supported. We admit the hardship of perpetual vigilance and excitement; of no small expenditure of time and money; of the constant drain upon talent and industry to maintain the conflict; but it is absolutely unavoidable. It is the price which the nation pays for the blessings of the Reform Bill—for the inappreciable advantages of Whig-Radical government, and O'Connell's tail.

A majority must be regained in the House of Commons, or the barrier now erected with heroic resolution by the House of Lords may be shot away. This majority must be regained by the efforts of the middling ranks. No sacrifice of time or money, no expenditure of vigour or talent, can be deemed too great to achieve such an object. On it hangs the future greatness or fall of the British empire. But time and money, vigour and talent, are not alone sufficient; ORGANIZATION and COMBINATION are indispensable to success—a disconnected mass of Conservatives is like a mob of brave men—perfectly useless in the day of conflict. Previous discipline and preparation, a thorough organization and subdivision of labour, is indispensable. The enemy are entrenched in the citadels of the land, The Reform Town-Councils are their strongholds. Let voluntary combination unite the whole holders of property and friends of religion in one Holy Alliance together, and these strongholds must fall. Let the Leicester Conservative Association be taken as the model for similar leagues through every town and village of the empire: let the utmost efforts be used to diffuse and encourage the Conservative press: the Manchester and Worcester Conservative and Operative Societies show what may be the fruit of such exertions. How was South Lancashire won?—By combination and the Conservative associations. How was Cumberland, with more Conservative property and feeling, lost? By the want of them. We repeat what we said in May, 1835, and which has since been repeated by a greater authority in Merchant Tailor's Hall, and become the watchword of the friends of the Constitution throughout the land: "It is in the Registration Courts that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought and won."

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STATE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

THE first object that strikes one in considering the subject of national education in France, is the great state organization on which it depends for all its efficiency. We shall therefore commence this paper by giving as brief an account as we can of this vast system of educational machinery.

The Royal University is the head and heart of education throughout France. The Minister of Public Instruction is its chief, and has the title, in that quality, of Grand Master. He is appointed by the King, and has afterwards the nomination of all the functionaries in the universities, colleges, and schools throughout the kingdom, besides many other powers which are too numerous to mention. He has associated with him a council composed of thirty members, of whom ten are counsellors for life. The university itself consists of as many academies as there are courts of appeal in the country, viz. twenty-seven; and these academies, in themselves a fiction like the great university, are composed of establishments, more or less in number, of all grades within their circuit: of the highest kind called faculties, and of royal colleges, communal colleges, private institutions, boarding-schools, and elementary schools. The three latter sorts of seminaries really belong to the university, but only as outworks. All these establishments, except those for primary instruction, are directly provided with teachers by the central authority; with *douens des facultés* and *aggrégés* for the faculties; with *proviseurs*, censors, economists, treasurers, and professors, for the royal and communal colleges; with principals, *chefs d'institution*, and *máiters d'étude*, for private institutions. Most of these receive salaries from the state, and all of them their appointments from it. Several of these agents have nothing to do with instruction. The *proviseurs* have only to care for the household regulations of the institutions to which they belong, and to the good conduct of the pupils placed under their guardianship. The censors superintend merely the studies; and the treasures and economists keep the accounts and pay the expenses. All these are simply overseers. There are then thirty inspectors-general, and in addition two inspectors for each academy; and the members of the great council may be called upon on an emergency to visit any of the state establishments. There are besides academic councils established in every *chef lieu* of an academy, with an officer called a regent at its head. Reports to and from this council are passing continually from every intermediate authority up to the chief authority; and the great council of the university sits twice-a-week to take them into consideration. In every city, too, where there is a royal college, there is attached to it a *bureau* of administration, consisting of the *préfet* of the department, the president of the tribunal of appeal, a commissioner of the government appointed to this tribunal, another belonging to the criminal tribunal, and of the mayor and a proviseur. Private establishments are also placed under the *surveillance* of the *préfet* of the place where they exist, and their directors are forced by the law to take their pupils to receive lessons at the royal colleges, or to teach nothing but grammar and the elements of arithmetic and geometry. Primary schools are equally under government control. The immediate authorities over them, appointed by the university regulations, are committees formed of mayors or *adjoints* as presidents, and of *curés* or pastors as members. In addition to this, there may be another or many other committees established in the several *arondisements* having the same charge, composed of mayors, *juges de pays*, the oldest *curé*, a proviseur of a college, a head master of a school, three members of the academic council, and the *procureur du roi*, under the presidency of the *préfet* of the department; and these committees are to assemble at least once a month. There is likewise a special inspector in every department for the primary schools. But more than all this, even private societies for education cannot be formed without the authorization of the university, and are under the obligation of receiving therefrom all their laws and regulations. They are at once absorbed by the university, and form virtually a part of it.

We have only as yet pointed out, and that with a brevity which hardly does justice to the subject, the dominion exercised by this absolute authority over the subordinate, but still most important branches of instruction. It must be borne in mind that its power also extends to and envelopes all the faculties; that is, theology, law, medicine, the mathematical and physical sciences, and literature. All who aspire to any degree of intellectual distinction in France must show the badge and passport of the university at every turnpike. No single honour, advancement, or office connected with these faculties can be obtained without its express sanction, in the shape of testimonials, degrees, diplomas, and academic distinctions. These honours must of course, in most instances, be accorded without even a show of merit, or the business of life would stop. The university itself is obliged every year, or every two years, to make a report to the Chamber of Deputies on the state of public instruction, and the discussion which then takes place tends no doubt to keep its vast unwieldy bulk in a state of activity, or at least of partial motion.

In reviewing this whole scheme, a multitude of reflections strike us. We must, nevertheless, confine ourselves to but a few. First, it is evident that the entire system, however it may have arisen, is based not upon a principle of *necessity*, but upon one of *choice*. It proceeds altogether upon the assumption, that the government can educate the people *better* than they can educate themselves, were they ever so willing. Private establishments, and even private associations for education, are, by the very fact of their existence, absorbed by the university; and the whole spirit and apparatus of that immense institution shows that it is a matter positively determined on, that it shall be paramount in the work of instructing the people. It is true, there is a law now under consideration which will be presented to the Chamber of Deputies next year, and probably passed, by which colleges of the highest secondary grade, unconnected with the university, and only subject to state inspection may be established.

But this is only a seeming deviation from the principle of monopoly. The object contemplated in encouraging independent colleges is to excite emulation between these and those founded by the Government. Experience has proved that a central authority, extending through wide and complex relations, is of sluggish operation; and that the impulses of zeal and activity, it would unceasingly communicate and renew are broken and dissipated before they reach their aim, by the long chain of inferior influences they must encounter in their passage. The obscure power of the *Bureaucratie*, that is, of the menials of the university, is also felt in all appointments, except the very highest, when a severe examination, always conducted with gravity and impartiality, is required. Owing to these, and many other causes, it is found that a system, so specious on paper, falls utterly short in its effects. The remedy proposed, and it is good as far as it reaches, is to stimulate the public institutions into vigorous exertion, by bringing them into direct collision with competitors. Still, though this new element is, to a limited degree, to be called into action, the old system is to be held fast by, not only to remain unrelaxed, but to be extended and fortified by all means. All the French books we have read on this subject, and all the distinguished persons we have had the advantage of conversing with about it, insist invariably upon the *preferableness* of a state education to a private one.

In order to explain this, we do not go out of our way in glancing at the political condition of France. In that country there are really only two great powers in existence—the one the supreme government, and the other the people. There are no intervening powers of popular origin and growth, having intimate connexions with both. The one of these powers must therefore include and absorb the other in the most absolute manner. There can be no compromise of claims, no reconcilement of interest between them, for they have no mediators. Each stands out as the antagonist to the other, breast to breast. Hence, to constrain all popular energies into the immediate service of the state, is a kind of instinct of self-preservation on the part of authority; and hence it is that *organization* and *centralization* are considered by French statesmen to comprise the whole science of legislation. Herein is the secret of the preference given to central over local institutions. One may easily perceive that the ruling, centralizing, and organizing doctrines, have moulded the whole scheme of the university. We are convinced that the system growing out of them is not only pernicious, but that, with a view to its political object, it must defeat its own purposes.

It must be recollected that education is not mere instruction; that it is all which goes to form character. The character of individuals, however, can only be happily formed by the unhindered exercise of *their own* wills, by the unshackled putting forth of *their* own energies. But when authority interposes and virtually declares to the people—" These wills and these energies are not yours but *mine*," a free healthful popular volition is transmuted into the servitude of an official ministration. All *spontaniety* of exertion is killed, and the perennial springs of *personal* character choked up. Strange to say, it is one of the chief aims of public instruction in France to effect this monstrous consummation. The endeavour is to substitute for an individual and local, a national, or rather state character. With this end in view, it is made a rule never to appoint masters or professors to establishments in their own countries. Northerns are settled in the south, and southerns in the north. By this arrangement it is hoped that provincial and family influences will be, in a great measure, neutralized. An artificial mind and disposition is sought to be produced, and *is* produced, and extended over the whole land: and the result is uniformity—the grand *desideratum*—but a double uniformity; uniformity of external subordination, and uniformity of internal rebellion. Outraged nature revolts. The free personal will, driven inwards and locked up in a condemned chamber of the intellect, gathers intensity from its very inaction, feeds upon abstract speculations, and, when the moment of crisis arrives, breaks out with violence, and shatters into a thousand fragments all the *organization* that was contrived to hold it in obedience. There is no safeguard against revolution, we are persuaded, except in suffering men to cut out work of *their own* to perform. This work, too, must be one of *mental* activity. If the popular mind has not objects to exercise itself *practically* upon, it is sure to consider society at large as its property, and false and damaged metaphysics will usurp the place which experience ought to fill. The maxim—" *Divide et impera*," has a good as well as a bad sense in it; and we are as sure that the grand national project of France ought to be to break up her population from one mass into many circles, as we are that the monopoly of education goes to make this one mass still more serried. Then let us consider the further evils which are inseparably connected with this scheme. By it, as far as it stretches—and how wide is its domain!—all *spontaneous* philanthropy, zeal, activity, and enterprise, are completely quelled. These qualities are supposed to be transferred and handed over to the Government. The people indeed *receive* education; it is *conferred* upon them, but originates not from themselves. In the work of imparting it, they are mere ministers' servants, instruments;—they act under an external impulsion—they are actually in liveried hire. We declare we consider one of our school societies at home ten thousand times more valuable than the whole French system; for such society is the offspring and nurse of public spirit and popular exertion; and education consists, in a sense higher and more emphatic beyond computation, in what *men*, self-prompted and unrestrained, are at liberty beneficially to do, than in what *boys* are compelled to learn.

We do not intend that our readers should conclude, from the above observations, that we are enemies to all interference with education on the part of Government. No. But we think that when a Government does interfere, it should rather be as the most benevolent and powerful *individual* of the community, than as an absolute authority; and when more than this is necessary, when an assumption of the whole or a great part of the task is imperatively called for, a return to free and popular modes of instruction should be *intended*, left open, and encouraged by all means. Even in departing from the popular theory, its principle should be preserved and kept ready for action. It should not be systematically excluded, but, on the contrary, every system of which it is not the mainspring should be condemned altogether as false and pernicious. We know it has been urged that state legislation on this matter alone provides for the stability and permanency of education; for that private zeal is at seasons liable to subside and relapse into indifference. But this we think a mistake. When a people are once fully roused to the importance of giving a mental cultivation to all classes, they will not afterwards lose their interest in the subject. To suppose they will is to suppose a general decay of vigour throughout the whole commonwealth. Whilst a community remains full of life, action, and enterprise, it will not, most undoubtedly, discard from the sphere of its activity objects the most precious and stimulating, and the most full of philanthropy and of hope.*

As a full justification of the view we have taken of the French system, we quote the following passage from the report of Monsieur Dubois, lately presented to the Chamber of Deputies, which that gentleman has been kind enough to send us, the work not having been published for sale. "The new conditions," he says in his able and luminous statement, "which the Revolution has imposed on public instruction are forgotten by objectors. We have at present no instruction that is not national, one and the same throughout all its degrees, maintained from the village to the capital by the funds of the state, animated with one common life, under a direction central and sovereign; we have a magistrature of public instruction, paid, governed, and governing according to the rule of that fundamental principle of our political institutions, *Unity* and *Equality* through all parts of the empire. As we have no more provinces, local customs, or interior custom-houses, so can we no longer have independent universities, existing under various regimes, and subject to private regulations. All must receive their orders from a central administrative authority. It alone must give life and direction and all improvements to the schools, colleges, and faculties, which all belong to the state, and which the state exclusively has under its guardianship and government." After this passage, which we have slightly abridged, the author concludes the chapter from which we have taken it as follows:—"Let us be especially on our guard against the spirit of decentralization, which is so contrary to all the powerful and prolific tendencies of our first and immortal revolution. England *envies us* the hierarchical central organization of our public instruction! Lord Brougham and the wisest and boldest of the reformers of that country have held it up for imitation to the British' Parliament. Let us not go back when the world is marching after us." With reference to England, what Monsieur Dubois says here does not want some colour of truth, so far as Lord Brougham and the Edinburgh Review are concerned, but that gentleman grossly deceives himself if he imagines that the centralizing doctrines in all their applications are not objects of general abhorrence in this country. Englishmen abhor them because they know that by them is formed the most complete, the most rigorous, and most complicated system of despotism the world has ever known—a despotism so overwrought and so intolerable, that society is kept thereby for ever in the agonies of revolutionary passion, in order to throw it off, only, alas! through anarchy to fall again into its gripe.

We must now show that, immense as the machinery of the University is, it is still necessary to augment the number of its agents and springs of action. The Report says, "In proportion as we advance towards the perfection of the different orders of instruction, our task becomes more vast and more complicated; administration, jurisdiction, regulations of study, all become more and more extended. The law of primary instruction gave rise to a multitude of questions of the gravest importance—the law on secondary instruction will occasion others still more grave and still more intricate; then will come the law of superior instruction; and before the law which is to crown this triple object of legislation, viz. the new organization of the administration and of the hierarchy, can be presented to the chamber, the council will succumb under the weight of their duties." It is proposed, therefore, to appoint more counsellors. But indeed the immense army of officials required by the University is almost beyond computation. Of inspectors alone there are at present thirty *general* fifty-two *academic*, and eighty-six for primary instruction. It would be endless to go on enumerating the other officers. The scheme pursued will ever be crying out More, More! till it will take a nation to educate a nation. If the machinery is found to be inefficient, the remedy is, add more machinery. It never occurs to Frenchmen, who have a lead in this matter, that the plan is inefficient, simply because it is machinery, as far as men can be changed into tools. Their personal interests operate, unknown perhaps to themselves, to blind them to this truth. Yet it is quite contrary to all experience in human affairs to suppose that an official, salaried body of men, having no other original *esprit du corps* than what their salaries and offices excite, can have a genuine inspiration for a work undertaken at the command of distant paymasters. There may be a great deal of locomotive activity, a great deal of noise, bustle, and tongue-bravery, but the great majority of such men will never look beyond their places and emoluments, and the smaller these are, the meaner and more selfish will be their views. Whatever precautions may be taken, men under these circumstances will not sink into, but will never rise out of the character of a *bureaucratie*. Those in higher situations may feel higher influences, but these influences will there abide where they spring up; they cannot be communicated or transmitted by that very word of *command*, which is their bane and their destruction.

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* Since writing the above, we have recollected the following passage in Burke's Thoughts upon Scarcity. It would form a striking text for our whole argument, had we space to develope it. "Statesmen," he says, "who know themselves will proceed in the superior orb of their duty, steadily, vigilantly, severely, courageously. But if they descend from the state to a province, from a province to a parish, from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They *cannot* do the lower duty. In proportion as they try it they will certainly fail in the higher. They ought to know the different departments of things; what belongs to laws; and what manners alone can regulate. To these great politicians may give a leaning, but they cannot give a law." He proceeds to remark afterwards:—"The leading vice of the old French monarchy was in good intention ill directed, and *a restless desire of governing too much*. The hand of authority was seen in everything and in every place; and what begins in officious universal interference always ends in contemptible imbecility." The vice here pointed out is still paramount in the French government, and is in nothing more manifest than in the subject of education.

Having now, with as much brevity as the subject will admit of, given a general view of the University plan, we will show the state of the different branches of education in France, and will begin with Primary Instruction. The first French law, having this object in view, was enacted in the year 1791, but this remained altogether without effect. It was not till Bonaparte returned from Elba that elementary instruction had a beginning in France. Monsieur Martin, a Protestant and Deputy of Montauban, was called to Paris to superintend the establishment that was to be raised. In a short time a society was formed, the members of which subscribed 20 francs yearly, to make a fund for erecting school-houses and paying masters. In the year 1815, twenty-eight schools, belonging to this society, were established in Paris alone. But although they were flourishing, and educated Catholics in a much greater number than Protestants, the Government of the period became alarmed, and took the establishment into its own hands, which previously appears to have been perfectly unconnected with the state, and accompanied this measure with the declaration, that the Catholic religion must be the basis of all public instruction. At this time the theocratic party prevailed, and no advance was made. The bishops had the power of placing and displacing primary teachers, and we find, that between the year 1824 and 1828, three fourths of the schools of mutual instruction were closed by their arbitrary decision. Since then, great progress has been made. In 1834, there had been schools planted in 28,196 *communes;* and the report before us states, that during the last year, 1812 new ones have been called into existence, of which 162 are in activity. Besides these, there have been founded, within the same period, 344 adult schools, and more than 200 *salles d'asile* for children. Of Primary Normal Schools, there are at present 62, attended by 1944 pupil teachers. All the instruction given in these establishments, is, with a trifling abatement, gratuitous, and costs the Government 5,540,000 francs yearly, independent of the expenses of the communes, which considerably augment this amount.

We must not forget to mention, in addition to the establishments already noticed, an institution extremely important, on account of the mischief it does, viz., that of the *Frères Chrétiens*, or *Ignorantins*, as they call themselves. This body devote themselves to teaching the poor. They are brought up in ecclesiastical seminaries as menials; they sweep rooms and clean shoes; when sent abroad to teach reading, writing, and the catechism, for they profess to do no more, they make a vow to renounce all higher advancement. As their name imports, they take a pride in being ignorant. It is computed that about half the poor of France receive all their instruction from these men. Their obscure activity is chiefly confined to cities. They are paid by the society to which they belong L. 24 per annum. This society seems to be the only one in existence in France over which the state exercises no control, for it is never mentioned in the reports to the Chamber. We doubt not of the competency of its missionaries to fulfil their humble duties, and should think that on that score they deserved encouragement. But we cannot be blind to what must be the great result of their mission, viz., either gross superstition, or the most utter contempt for religion. We are told, indeed, that the *Ignorantins*, who have many large establishments, neither aim at, nor produce the one effect nor the other; that they confine themselves strictly to their A B C labours. Yet even so, as functionaries of the Christian worship, poor, ignorant, drivelling men must necessarily reflect back upon their religion the humiliating absence of consideration which attaches to themselves.

With respect to the sudden multiplication of the other elementary schools, this is not so wonderful, when we consider the multitude of excellent jobs, and desirable places of emolument they have given rise to. As to their efficiency we have considerable doubts. We have been lately in the southern departments of France, and found there, especially in the villages, the communal schools in the most slovenly state of sluggishness. It sometimes happened that we met one zealous man in the neighbourhood, who invariably complained that he could neither drive nor drag the other authorities, or *employés*, into anything like a spirited performance of their duties. Indeed, in as many, perhaps, as half the village communes, the mayors can neither read nor write, and cannot be supposed to be very zealous to make others wiser than themselves. There is a want of a personal and local interest every where felt. It would not have been difficult, we believe, to have excited this. When our

Government made a grant of L. 20,000 for the planting of schools, it was provided, that no aid should be given till the half of the estimated expense was raised by private contribution, and L. 31,000 was actually so raised, when L. 11,719 of the Government grant remained in the Treasury. We cannot think so basely of the French people, as to believe a similar appeal made to their patriotic humanity would not be attended with something like similar results. If so, they would be aroused into full alacrity at once, and the work would not be allowed to languish when it became *their own* work. But this would tend dangerously to break up the central unity, to which every other consideration is made to give place.

It remains for us only now, under the present division of our subject, to say a few words of the Primary Normal Schools. We have visited several of these. The general complaint against them has been, and continues to be, that too much is taught to the teachers, who are intended only to instruct villagers. These pupil teachers smatter over a wide circle of knowledge, which makes them necessarily superficial and conceited. The report of Monsieur Dubois foresees greater danger in this, and says, that if the tendency to overteaching be not checked, the pupils will get a disgust towards a village life, for which they are preparing, and the normal schools will themselves become centres of anarchy and rebellion. A shrewd guess this. Some of the studies pursued in these establishments, which are set forth with great parade as the *useful* studies, appear to us to be little better than amusing trifling, viz., agriculture, gardening, and mechanics. We are humbly of opinion that these things are better learnt in their actual *bona fide* practice, under the spur of gain and competition, than they ever can be by making toys of them at a school .And as to that kind of knowledge, called *useful*—which is always special, bearing upon some single separate object, usually of handicraft—having a tendency to open the mind, and so contribute to the principal purpose of education, we deny that it has this effect. On the contrary, such sort of acquirement, if it renders the intellect acute, contracts it at the same time. The eye of the mind, by the narrowed attention required, gets the habit of fixing on *points*. It loses its comprehensive range and dilated reason. We will admit, however, that botany and agriculture contain many correctives against this evil consequence. But the subject is too wide to be entered on here. We choose rather to add a few observations, touching the hopes and prospects which the diffusion of education among the people has given rise to.

We confess we are not of those who expect any preponderance of good from the change which must be brought about by the new social lever, viz.—a popular, superficial, miscellaneous science. Our fears rather outweigh our hopes. There is nothing in experience to show that knowledge of this or even a superior kind is usually attended with a moral amelioration of character. If men of letters have not sunk below, they certainly, as a class, have not risen above the common standard of morality. The lower orders of society are, we admit, more frequent transgressors against the laws than the higher; but this is owing to their distressed positions, not to ignorance; for the same vices which break out into crimes among them are still more rife under different modifications in the upper circles, where all the advantages of school knowledge abound. Difference of social position occasions all the difference of result in the two cases. Knowledge, *i. e.* a mere developement of the intellectual powers, is not, as it has been represented, the direct antagonist of vice. Those who have it, and those who have it not, are pretty nearly in the same state, morally considered. It has always been a neutral between vice and virtue, as ready to lend its aid to the one as to the other. But there are two kinds of knowledge: the one addresses itself to the *ingenuity* (and of this we have hitherto been speaking) and the other to the *affections* of men. The latter is so simple, and depends so much less upon the intelligence than upon the disposition of the will, that its efficacy is altogether independent of the amount of school acquirement that may accompany it. It is perfect and complete, even in its rudiments. This is the knowledge that renders men good and wise. *Its* diffusion cannot be too wide or too universal; and to make instruction directly and pointedly instrumental to its propagation is benevolence indeed. But no one can be blind to the fact that this mark is overshot by the great majority of *soi-disant* educational philanthropists. If they care at all about the good moral effects of their schemes, they assume that these effects are involved in the attainment of the other kind of knowledge, which is contrary to all experience. If, indeed, the object in view were to call out the *energies* of men, which it is confessed are not lacking, and which have fearfully outstripped all moral restraints, the plan pursued might have a *seeming* fitness. Yet even then it would be grounded on a palpable mistake. Real original mental energy resides only with genius. Its effects, it is true, go through the earth, and set in prolific motion hearts, hands, and understandings. But it remains itself in its high places; it will not be made a "PUBLIC COMMONER" of. There is nothing easier, however, than to leaven the whole mass of society with a bastard, dwarfish, insolent, and presumptuous intellectual restlessness. *Fatale donum!* It is putting the envenomed shirt upon Hercules. And to this consummation (though figuratively expressed, it will be understood) we thoroughly believe many modern educational enterprises point with unerring precision of aim. Education is considered by a certain set of busy and powerful men rather as a political than as a moral subject, or its moralities are supposed to blend efficaciously with its political spirit, instead of being, as they are and must be, totally overmastered and quelled by so proud and passionful an associate.

We now come to a Secondary Instruction, the most important of all, since it contains the germ of all the intellectual vigour of the country. In France this instruction is given in five kinds of establishments, viz. royal colleges, communal colleges, private colleges, institutions, and boarding-schools. In the royal colleges the directors, professors, and other officers are paid by the state. There are about forty of these colleges in France. The communal colleges are maintained and paid by the communal funds, and are under the direction of the University. There are three hundred and seventeen of these in the kingdom, but there are not more than one hundred and twenty of them *en plein exercice*,—that is, embracing the whole circle of academic studies. A student in one of these establishments, therefore, cannot take out any degree without finishing his education in a royal college. Of private colleges there are only two in France; those of *Ste. Barbe* and *Stanislaus.* The directory and professors of these must be *licencie-ès-lettres*, or *licencie-ès-sciences.* They are subject to state superintendence and inspection. Institutions are private schools, founded with the sanction of the University. The principal of an institution must be a *bachelier-ès-lettres* and *bachelier-ès-sciences*, and the inferior masters must be appointed or approved of by a rector of an academy. When an institution is established in a place where there is a royal college, all its pupils who are not mere children must attend the college classes. Boys, consequently, who are above ten years of age are merely lodged and boarded at the institutions, but receive all their instruction from the college professors. There are, however, a few institutions *de plein exercice*, and these are exempted from the necessity of being appended to colleges. Lastly, there are *pensions* or boarding-schools. The masters of establishments of this description must be bachelors of letters. The *pensions* are not allowed to teach anything but grammar and the elements of arithmetic and geometry. The number of institutions and boarding-schools in France is about one thousand three hundred, and the number of pupils who receive instruction from all the establishments we have mentioned is fifty thousand. Secondary ecclesiastical schools remain yet to be adverted to. Upon the re-establishment of the Catholic worship in France, a seminary for theological studies was founded in each diocess of the kingdom. The ordinary studies, however, of those destined to the priesthood were to be prosecuted in the ordinary schools; but the bishops opposed this wise design, and succeeded in getting seminaries of their own. These are called little seminaries; they are exempt from the actual superintendence of the university, and belong rather nominally than really to the state. M. Dubois, in his report, declares them to be in a condition miserably inefficient, though possessing considerable wealth. They amount in number to eighty, and contain many of them as many as four hundred pupils. They are not allowed, however, to educate more than twenty thousand youths destined for the church.

Before proceeding any further, we must make two brief observations. 1st, Our readers must not consider that all those who obtain university degrees are therefore men of undoubted capacity. The most of them, it is invariably acknowledged, ought never to have received such honours; and the facility of procuring all literary grades except the highest is geneally complained of. They are given usually through a *bureaucratic* influence. If they were not, however, in numerous instances conferred without desert, instruction according to the law must stop. 2d, The determination of the Catholic priesthood to keep themselves separate and apart from the laity, even from the earliest years is worthy of remark. What a peculiar sheltering gloom, what a careful avoidance of all contact and collision with broad and general reason; what subtle influences and unnatural discipline of the mind it must require to fit a man for the Roman priestly vocation, if thus, from very childhood, the training and breaking-in must be begun, and all the common intercourses and sympathies of school life be shunned as adverse and malignant! The Protestant clergy of France receive all their education till manhood, or the verge of manhood, in the ordinary schools.

The secular university establishments we have above mentioned are partly supported by *bourses.* These were formerly too numerous; but though a great outcry has been made against them by the Joseph-Hume race of France, we do not consider them so at present. There are only actually in all the colleges 1664 pupils who benefit by these *bourses*, and of these only 117 receive an instruction entirely gratuitous. The others are half or quarter bursars. Some are entitled to bourses, or a share of them, by the services of their parents, and some obtain them by an extraordinary proficiency in their studies.

All the seven royal colleges of Paris contend with each other annually for prizes and honours distributed by the university. The choicest scholars of each, desirous of entering into the contest, are picked out; a subject to be treated is selected; the candidates are locked up, and given a certain number of hours to prepare their essays; and the council of the University pronounces judgment upon their several merits. The colleges are thus kept in a state of wholesome rivalry with each other, but we fancy good care is taken that their triumphs shall be pretty equal. We will venture to suggest, that if the young essayists were allowed a month instead of a few hours to work upon their themes, the competition would be much more valuable. Frenchmen are already, by the natural character of their minds, but too quick, too full of *ideas.* To encourage this intellectual promptitude is almost to encourage a vice. They should be taught to take *time* and *laborious thought* into all their mental pursuits.

Secondary Instruction in France is acknowledged to be very defective; and there is a law now in preparation on the subject, which is to remodel the whole plan at present in practice. The defect of the methods actually followed is shown chiefly by the superficiality resulting from the multitude of studies pursued. Yet, instead of diminishing the number of these studies, it is proposed only to distribute them, that they may form a connected whole, mutually upholding and aiding each other. We profess not distinctly to understand what this means. We know, however, that in French colleges much too much is taught. It must be recollected that these colleges answer to our boarding-schools at home; that is, they educate youths from eight to fifteen years of age: and yet, in addition to Greek, Latin, geography, history, mathematics, and the modern languages, we find that natural history, philosophy, rhetoric, logic and chemistry are among the objects of instruction. Now we believe that this wide circuit of studies, however well combined, must, at so early a period of life, weaken, instead of strengthening, the mind. Mental cultivation only properly begins after children can read, write, and calculate. The great aim, then, should be, not to give mere *activity* to the intellect—*that* is almost spontaneous,—but to make it *labour* and wrestle with *difficulty.* So its native internal strength is produced and drawn out. The information acquired in the process should be regarded as a *medium* rather than an *end.* It can at best be but meagre. But, in order to the effect desired, there must be earnest application, what we call in our schools at home *fagging.* With, however, the pretension to teach many things, this is impracticable: and, accordingly, we find that in French colleges it is laid down as a principle, that all should be rendered as easy, amusing, and attractive to the pupils as possible. The amount of information imparted in these colleges is considered the all-important matter; and difficulty and labour must be, as they are, shoved aside, to enable the scholar to travel over the wide extent of occupations spread before him. The consequence of this is, that the *memory* is exercised instead of the intelligence. A great quantity of ideas, facts, and truths are obtained at the expense of a very slight mental exertion. Quickness of apprehension and activity and curiosity are nevertheless undoubtedly excited; but these qualities we think injurious rather than beneficial, for they love more naturally surfaces than depths, unless there be previously begotten a foundation habit of concentered application. To neglect this primal requisite of education, in an impatient haste to impart a large stock of ready-made knowledge, is to sacrifice the mind itself to its possessions.

According to our views, then, the circle of school studies should be contracted, that they may be rendered more serious and laborious; and the fittest and most valuable study for working and opening the intelligence, is, without question, we think, that of the Latin and Greek languages. Mathematics is, for this general purpose, too dry and narrowing. History of all kinds is too diffuse, and addresses itself, at a very youthful age, too exclusively to the memory. Philosophy, rhetoric, science, and logic are too vague and inflating, or too heartless and abstruse. But the ancient classics unite all advantages. The study of them is, at the same time, wide and close, poetical and logical, general and special. Their grammar and construction offer a fine resistance to be overcome, there are minute details to be laboured through; there are stops and hindrances at every step, enforcing the discipline of patience and perseverance; and yet the close attention required does not, as in almost every other study, end in a special information separable from all other subjects, but unlocks simultaneously every chamber of the intellect. Reason, sentiment, and taste are all formed and grow up together. This *general* opening of the mind is precisely what education, during the early nonage of youth, ought to be confined to. We think it also a great advantage that the Greek and Latin are of no *use*, according to the modern acceptation of the word, in the ordinary commerce of life. Education should, in our opinion, have as little *direct* reference to the gross utilities of the world as possible. On the contrary, it should form a distinct mental character, from which the professional character of after years may derive liberality and warmth to correct its natural selfishness and exclusiveness. Nothing proves the value of the ancient classical languages so much as the impossibility of finding a substitute for them for those who aspire not to elegant literature.

Mons. St. Marc Girardin, in his report on secondary instruction in Germany, makes many sensible remarks on this point. The commercial classes, he says, who reject the knowledge of Greek and Latin, can only be taught specialities or generalities, the former of which narrows as the latter weaknes and bewilders the understanding. Breadth and solidity of mind combined can hardly be cultivated but by a studious application to the heathen classics. The aversion lately expressed towards these studies is in its origin *democratic*. They are represented as obsolete and useless, because they cannot be conveniently followed by the lower classes. They should nevertheless be, in our opinion, esteemed the great and essential instruments of education. They form such a *medium* for the general exercise and developement of the intelligence as is no where else to be found. The acquirement of modern tongues has not, for many obvious reasons, their virtue. We have dwelt too much at length, perhaps, on the paramount value of these languages, because it is the habit at present to decry them; and by making them subordinate instead of principal studies, it is the object of many among us, after the example of France, to render instruction encyclopædiacal, and so showy and shallow, or to convert schools into mere apprentice-shops for the business of the world, into which they ought, as their prime aim, to carry correcting influences, pure from all gross, egotistical, or mundane interests. Of course we would not be understood to mean that nothing but the classics should be taught. In every liberal scheme of education, however, we are convinced, they should greatly predominate. The sources of almost all generous mental pursuits are opened by an acquaintance with the learned languages; and thus opened, they are followed tastefully and liberally, because they are fetched from afar, and are connected with associations which have no *selfishness* in them. Greek and Latin produce the same effect upon the student as do the ancient monuments of Greece and Rome upon the spectator. From the very distance of time to which they carry us back, they mellow, moralize, and enlarge the heart and the understanding; instead of mere acuteness and ingenuity, they give sensibility and grandeur to the soul, and generosity and enthusiasm to the whole intellectual character.

We have now to mention an institution which has our entire approbation—viz. the great Normal School of Paris. The object of this establishment is to form professors of superior and secondary instruction for all the faculties and colleges of France. It was first called into existence at the time of the Convention, by the voluntary association of 1200 men of learning, who were anxious to supply the want of instruction which prevailed throughout the kingdom. Napoleon afterwards adopted the plan thus struck out, but converted the society of men into a school for the education of youths, who, after having passed through the ordinary college studies, might aspire to the vocation of professors. During the Restoration the establishment was suppressed, in compliance with the wishes of the Catholic clergy, but has been again revived since the second Revolution. To it is attached what is called a *concours d'aggregation*—that is, persons from all parts of the kingdom, and even from foreign countries, are at liberty to contend with the pupils of the normal school for literary honours and professorships; and this public competition has the very best effects. The chief of the institution is a titular counsellor of the University; and the teachers, or rather directors of study, are sixteen *maîtres de conference*, who are always men of much literary or scientific merit, several of them being authors of great celebrity. The habit of conferring daily with such men, with a special purpose in view, must be incalculably advantageous; and the emulation which is kept constantly up by antagonists who may rise up from all quarters, necessarily incites to great diligence and ardour. Mons. Dubois, in his report, deeply regrets that the inculcation of religious truth is in this establishment utterly overlooked; but it is vain and foolish, we think, to look for religion in schools, whether elementary, secondary, or superior, when it is degraded in the Church, and fallen into the lowest contempt in the popular estimation.

We have now gone over almost all those grades of instruction in which youth are interested, which include all that is popularly signified by the word education. But in France this term comprehends theology, medicine, law, and every other science. The field spread before us is therefore so wide, and the information required satisfactorily to enter upon it so special, that we shall endeavour to be as brief as possible. We shall first speak of theology, as that is the most widely important subject, and the most open to the common judgment. There are, in France, eight faculties of theology, six Catholic and two Protestant. The Catholic faculties are represented, by the report of Mons. Dubois, to be completely deserted. No where, except in Paris, are even lectures given; and these, it says, are not attended by the priesthood, or those designed for the priesthood, but by other young students, whom philosophic inquiry has made anxious about religion. This last fact is very gratifying, and makes one hope for great effects from the Protestant faculty when one shall be established at Paris, which is shortly to happen. As to the pupils of the ecclesiastical seminaries, who cost the state a million yearly, they universally, adds Monsieur Dubois, manifest their aversion to public lectures, and oppose them with all their might. This can only spring from that desire of subterranean security from examination which marks Popery invariably. The studies in the Catholic colleges the report informs us, are so clandestine, and so "*hidden from all eyes, that the minister of the public worship himself would find himself greatly embarrassed to give any clear and precise answer to any question that might be put to him on the subject.*" It is hoped that the creation of a Protestant faculty in the metropolis will drag the Catholic clergy from their hiding-places, and force them to maintain their doctrines in the face of day. The emulation which will thus be excited between the two churches cannot fail to be beneficial. The faculties of the Reformed church at Strasbourg and Montauban fulfil effectively their purposes, and are attended by numerous students; and we believe there is sufficient talent among the French Protestant clergy to afford lecturers who could attract and fix the attention of the Parisian youth, highly spiced as their intellectual diet usually is. It is proposed, however, in case of need, to invite professors from foreign countries to lecture in Paris.

We are afraid that nothing favourable can be said of the mental cultivation of the Roman priesthood. The first revolution reduced them to a state of degradation from which they have never arisen. They were formerly a learned body, because they monopolized learning; but they refuse now to be so, because learning is not ecclesiastical, but lay. Their independent wealth and dignity helped them, too, in past times, and gave a certain elevation to their characters. But the priests of France are at present in birth, and almost in rank, peasants. Their education raises them not above the lowest class. It is puzzling to conjecture what they *do* learn in their seminaries, since they show no mental acquirement of any kind. A mysterious demeanour and juggling arts they certainly obtain, and, besides, a bad practical knowledge of the human heart, supplied to them ready made by their books of casuistry, which are their *vade-mecums*—and these have no doubt their influence even on those who despise them; but of scholastic knowledge, or elegant literature of any sort, they have none—or what amounts to the same thing, none which in open daylight can be instrumental to their purposes. Hiddenly the lore of a few, who are not without reputation for learning and astuteness, may operate, but nothing appears; the lists are invariably shunned, and every question, however nearly the Church may be interested, avoided. This is owing, no doubt, partly to the policy of secrecy, but still more to incapacity. It seems as if intellectual distinction among the Catholic priesthood were deliberately abjured. A candidate of that order may in France be a curate, a professor in an ecclesiastical school, or even a bishop, without being graduated. And yet one of these poor creatures of the inferior class is attached to each royal and communal college throughout the kingdom, where they have generally a chapel, and where they celebrate mass and hear confessions. It has been proposed that they should give also lectures, but this is impracticable. We have been informed by one of the most distinguished chiefs of the University, that it would be impossible to find college chaplains capable of taking rank in intellect with the ordinary professors, and that consequently such discourses as they are able to deliver would sink religion still deeper into disgrace, instead of raising it into respect. So low has Christianity fallen in France! We do, however, only justice to every respectable individual—to every constituted authority of that country, when we say that there is a prevalent earnest desire to re-establish the Christian worship in strength and in honour. And what makes this the more remarkable is, that the desire so strongly felt and expressed is entertained, for the most part, by those who have no faith in the truth of revelation themselves. The *want* of religion resurges out of infidelity itself.

To understand this we must recollect that religion has two aspects, in the one of which it affects individuals, in the other nations; and those who are utterly regardless of it as a personal concern, may be very zealous of it as a national one. In the latter sense it depends completely on *public opinion.* The very great majority of men will ever be the irreligious. Opinion will nevertheless have a mighty operation on their minds; and as opinion adopts or rejects Christianity, and in proportion to its emphasis, so will national character be formed happily or malignantly. In this light Christianity depends less upon individual convictions than upon its general acceptance. To relegate theology therefore to a sphere apart, or to consider it *exclusively* as a matter between each separate person and his God, is virtually to put the great mass of mankind out of its pale altogether. Truly religion is a subject of high reasonings, and as truly it is one of profound personal experience, but under both of these points of view, it can operate only in a *few;* the *many* can receive its influence solely through public opinion. But opinion in France has become anti-religious; and the endeavour is now to turn it back into its ancient highways. From this fact we may derive an invaluable lesson. Contempt, much more than proclaimed infidelity, has destroyed all reverence for religious truth among the French; and we must not think that Protestantism, however bulwarked round by reason and by scripture, is out of the reach of this same contempt. There are and ever will be great multitudes of men in every nation who care naught for Christianity in any of its forms. These only wait for the signal to show themselves openly. A general respect for revelation may, whilst it prevails, keep them within bounds, but a mark of disrespect publicly affixed upon it by individuals or bodies of men of high lead and authority lets the anti-religionists loose at once, and the work of infidelizing a country is then more than half done. We allude in this remark chiefly to the original exclusion of the Christian religion from the Gower Street University, and to its subsequent admission into that establishment by a kind of contemptuous sufferance.

We have arrived now at the science of medicine. There are three medical faculties in France, one at Paris, another at Montpellier, and a third at Strasbourg. The Paris faculty alone in the report before us is represented to be in a state of efficiency. To become entitled to follow its lectures it is necessary to be a *bachelier-ès-lettres.* The studies to be pursued require four years, but independent of the instruction given at the general courses, there are private courses given in the medical school for the benefit of the best pupils. These pupils are called *elevés de l'école pratique.* Admission to this school is open to competition, and the three first prizes entitle a competitor to be admitted gratuitously. Foreigners are allowed to compete with the natives. The pupils of this school have considerable advantages; they pay less for subjects; they perform chemical manipulations under the superintendence of the professors; they receive tickets of admission to the private courses of the *aggregés;* to the courses of the professors of anatomy, and to those of the clinical professors' assistants; they have also admission to the library of the school, and to the anatomical museums, which are not open to others. All medical pupils, foreigners as well as others, are allowed to witness the practice of the hospitals, to which they are admitted, first as out-door pupils, and then as in-door pupils; these situations are also open to competition. Besides the three faculties, there are eighteen secondary medical schools established in the provinces. Of these the report says nothing, because it declares nothing of them is known. It demands their suppression, as also the suppression of certain practitioners of medicine called health officers (*officiers de santé.*) These functionaries are licensed by the government to practice in every town and village of the country, without ever having gone through any regular studies relating to their calling, or to anything else. They have become so numerous that graduated physicians are much injured by them. Doubtless the health officers owed originally their existence to the wars and revolutions in France, which broke up every peaceful vocation, and left numerous localities altogether without medical aid. Their prevalence has so much lowered the standard of science and capacity among medical men, that it is proposed in future that none shall be suffered to practise who have not received the degree of *bachelier-ès-sciences.* This, it is hoped, will raise the character of practitioners. The grade of *bachelier-ès-lettres,* which they must at present have, is tantamount only to a certificate that the common school studies have been gone through, and is attainable without any merit. A tincture of literature would certainly very much elevate the profession, and render gentlemanly and liberal as far as the doctrine of equality which pervades all minds and all vocations in France leaves it capable of being rendered so. At present it may be truly said there are no liberal professions in that country. The church, the law, and the medical art have all equally a plebeian aspect and character. Newspaper men form the aristocracy of the nation.

There are nine faculties of law in France, but several of these faculties, as in the case of those of medicine and theology, are perfectly isolated; that is, where the law is studied nothing else can be studied, there being no establishments or libraries where history, or philosophy, or general literature can be pursued. This naturally renders the study of a particular science too special and narrowing to the mind. The provinces, indeed, are left quite bare of the means of superior instruction by the monopoly of Paris. It is proposed, therefore, to assemble all the faculties in certain provincial towns, and thus to render the influx of all students, from all parts of the kingdom to the metropolis unnecessary. When this proposition is put into execution we shall hail it as a benefit to the nation of incalculable value. According to the regulations of the University the degree of licentiate is required in order to enable a person to become an advocate, and to fill the various offices of the courts and tribunals. To attain this degree three years study is necessary. The degree of doctor requires a year's study more. Four examinations are requisite before the grade of licentiate can be conferred, but these examinations afford no *bona fide* proof of capacity. Monsieur Dubois in his report says, that candidates may prepare themselves for them, with the aid of certain manuals, in the course of a few weeks, without having applied themselves to the difficult studies they are supposed to have mastered. Four thousand candidates are, on an average, examined every year in Paris; they are examined four at a time; the questions put to them are addressed to all indifferently, and so they help each other out when they are at fault. Each candidate replies at most to two questions. These examinations, however, if honestly conducted would be satisfactory; they embrace the civil code, the Institute of Justinian, and the procedure of the courts. Most students add to their regular course of studies some experience in the office of an attorney. After this they attend the courts, which is called *faire son stage;* a person cannot have his name entered on the list of advocates until after three years attendance of this kind. The *Stagiaries* form societies of their own body, under the title of conferences, in which they exercise themselves in pleading imaginary cases, and in discussing questions of law. To become a magistrate it is necessary to have attended the courts for two years.

We cannot quit this part of our subject without dwelling upon the great evil that results from the vast concourse of young men who are drawn together as students to Paris. There is a particular quarter of the city in which they all reside. They meet each other daily at lectures. They are, most of them, far from their homes, their parents, and all domestic influences. Almost without exception they are miserably poor. Their connexions are mostly persons engrossed by plebeian occupations, and they are thrown without protection into a vortex where all pleasures, and all the vices connected with pleasure, solicit their passions. Nothing can be imagined more pernicious than the association of youths in the first heyday and fever of the blood. Hidden among the multitudes of a great city, they are free even from the check of public opinion. It would not be so bad, however, if the students, either by their birth, or the profession they proposed to enter into, belonged to any distinct rank in life, the character of which they had to keep up; but the confusion of ranks is so complete in France, that even this restraint is wanting. The spirit and pretensions of a *gentleman* are powerful preservatives against moral degradation, but we have never found that the pretence to smatterings of philosophy or science, or even the title of *La Jeune France*, which so emphatically belongs to the youths we are writing of, has the same effect. Then, too, the lectures which they attend are anything but counteractive of dissipation of mind. On the contrary, they are too exciting to consist with sober thoughtful instruction, and tend to render the concentred attention, which serious study requires, repulsive and disgusting. One may be attracted towards a lecturing hall in Paris precisely from the same motive as one is attracted towards a theatre. The professors become mere orators, and depend much more on their audiences for fame than their audiences do on them for information. Their principal effort is to be brilliant and captivating, and to secure their triumph many of them imbue their discourses with a strong infusion of liberal politics and anti-christianity. We have ever been of opinion that such lectureships should be entirely suppressed, and that in lieu of them *conferences* (albeit we do not recollect to have met with this idea elsewhere) should be established, which should not be open to the public. Professors and students would then be more likely to meet with a serious purpose. On the one side vanity and a temptation to display would be checked, and on the other amusement and recreation would not be sought, but real *bona fide* assistance and direction.

Ere we conclude this paper we must recur again to the principal subject of it: the education of youth. It seems to us that the great object of France, coveted elsewhere as most desirable, is to cultivate mediocrity up to its highest pitch of attainment. The design is, not so much to remove that ignorance which is hurtful to morals, and to encourage higher mental acquirements by leaving them free and open to all who, according to their providential circumstances and situations, may aspire towards them, as systematically and almost compulsively to work up the baser intellectual material of society into such a state of activity that it may compete with, and, by the aid of numbers, overmaster all real superiority, whether of rank or of mind. And this, we have no doubt, may be done. The most ordinary capacity may, under skilful management acquire vast quantities of information, and may be so well exercised at its weapons, so versed in all the arts and tricks of disputation, so abundantly furnished with facts, and rendered so quick and subtle by practice as to exert a most formidable power. Yet the intelligence which nature means for little things will continue, however well stocked with matter, little and circumscribed in all its views, and in proportion to the narrowness of its horizon will there be an intensity of activity and presumption. Individuals possessing this character of mind have ever been the most mischievous and noxious pests of society; and the prospect of their multiplication to such an extent that they may carry all before them, is not, we confess, to us, whatever it may be to some, a very exhilarating one. Besides, we are thoroughly convinced that in proportion as mediocrity is forced up into cleverness, genius will be pulled down to that level. Genius is killed in a scuffle—its ambition and high aspirings must be dwarfed by the necessity of competing unceasingly with the multitudinous mass of ordinary minds. It may still show its superiority, but only in the crowd, never above it, for from the contentious throng it can never get free. It was this reflection, no doubt, that made Leichtenberg, an old German philosopher, declare, that if it were wished a great man should never appear again in the world, Pedagogueism should be made so universal and so all comprehending that every mental study and pursuit should be included and confined within the schools. It is astonishing indeed how withering pretence is to genius. It divests the objects that genius would pursue of all enthusiasm; it renders them contemptible, and, like ridicule, blights all virtuous ardour and aspiration. Certainly to multiply pretenders and smatterers is the sure way to reduce real grandeur to very moderate dimensions, and thus to produce an intellectual level among mankind. Since the present system of public instruction in France, in which we perceive this tendency has prevailed, that is, since Napoleon's accession to power, there has been almost a complete dearth of literary distinction in that country.* All the literary glory of the French nation arose out of independent or chartered schools —Gothic establishments as they are now called. Similar establishments have nursed and brought up all *our* great men—and what land can match them. Yet Monsieur Coussin, in his report on public instruction in Germany, with the true spirit of a pedagogue, boldly puts England out of the pale of civilisation because she has no state monopoly of education. But the truth is, England and every other country that has produced great men has produced them simply by not attempting to *manufacture* them. Where great capacities were, there were the means at hand for their spirited developement, and, what was equally wise and right, *humbler intelligences were allowed to remain in their befitting humility.* At present, however, the great aim is to give to mediocrity the ascendency by a forced and overwrought cultivation. Certainly to remove that ignorance which is opposed to moral welfare is pure benevolence; to afford opportunity, encouragement, means, and facilities of every kind to talent and genius, is also noble, and bespeaks a great nation; but to flatter and to stimulate the medium understanding and lowest capacities of society into an ambitious activity beyond the scope and intent of natural endowment, is, in our minds, to promote an unmitigated evil. This, nevertheless, is the primal especial tendency of most modern educational efforts. Their effect, or one of their effects, is shown strikingly by a fact mentioned lately in the French Chamber of Peers by the Duke of Fitz-James. He affirmed, "that in the years 1828 and 1829, among a million of individuals who had received superior instruction, there were 480 persons brought before the court of assizes as criminals, whilst among a million of inhabitants of the same rank, who had received only primary instruction, there were only seventy-two who had been placed in the same predicament. Thus those who had received superior instruction showed seven times more propensity to crime than those who had only received elementary instruction!"

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* It may be said, perhaps, that the state system in France has not had fair play; that the troubles of revolutionary times have prevented the Government from giving it the constant attention and superintendence required. But this remark exposes strongly its master vice. A national education, depending on the Government for its efficiency, must ever be exposed to long periods of neglect. Whenever matters of paramount urgency occur to engross the legislative and public sympathies, the instruction of a people will necessarily be overlooked, and will be affected by all the crises a supreme authority is so frequently subject to. Even the most peaceful domestic vocations, by being made state vocations, feel every change in the political atmosphere. Private enterprise being sheltered from these sudden variations and revolutions, must, on that account alone, be infinitely more regular and progressive.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan, and on the site of Ancient Nineveh; with a Journal of a Voyage down the Tigris to Bagdad, and an account of a Visit to Shirauz and Persepolis. By the late CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH, Esq., Resident at Bagdad. Edited by his Widow. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

IT is now a good many years since the Government of India first appointed a political agent to reside at Bagdad—a position which always must be of deep importance to the ruling European power in India; and which, from the designs of the French in the East, was peculiarly so at the time when the appointment alluded to took place. In 1798, Sir Harford Jones Brydges was named President; and he remained till 1806, when the hostile conduct of the Pasha obliged him to retire. But the position was too important to be permitted long to remain unoccupied; and early in 1808, Claudius James Rich, a civil servant of the East India Company, was chosen his successor. The choice could not have fallen upon a fitter person. Eminently gifted with every necessary mental and physical endowment, he had, at a very early age, and in the face of such difficulties as would have discouraged most students, made such progress in Oriental literature as to elicit the surprise and favourable regard of that eminent Orientalist, Sir Charles Wilkins; and in consequence of that gentleman's report of his talents and proficiency, he was presented by Edward Parry, Esq., with a writership on the Bombay establishment—an act of liberality and kindness as honourable to the giver as valuable at the time to the receiver.

This was the turning point of Mr. Rich's fortune; and he was enabled, through the liberality of his employers, to spend a considerable time in Egypt, and in those parts of Asia which were most favourable to his perfecting himself in all those accomplishments which qualified him so eminently for the duties he was soon called upon to perform.

It was during this period of his life that he visited Damascus as a Georgian Turk; entered its forbidden mosque in safety; and so completely acted up to the character he had adopted, that a worthy Turk of that city, charmed with his manners and address, entreated him to settle there, and offered him his daughter in marriage.

An interesting incident is related as having occurred during the earlier part of his career, in the notice of his life prefixed to this work—a notice which we cannot refrain from commending, as uniting in its composition a beauty and simplicity as delightful as it is rare.

At the time when Mr. Rich, then not more than fifteen, was prosecuting his studies at Bristol, he happened, in one of his walks, to meet a Turk, whom, to the delight and surprise of the man, he accosted in his own tongue. The stranger turned out to be a merchant who had been shipwrecked, and was in distress; and Mr. Rich, besides the pleasure which his acquirement of the Turkish language had thus been the means of affording, had the further and higher gratification of being useful to a foreigner in difficulty. Several years afterwasds, "while sailing up the Archipelago, a suspicious-looking vessel was one day observed bearing towards that in which he was a passenger. It was believed to be a pirate, and everything was made ready for a desperate defence. On her nearer approach, however, she was discovered to be a Turkish merchantman, when Mr. Rich and several others went on board, He had not been long on the deck, when one of the Turks, who was richly dressed, eyed him so steadfastly for some time as to excite his particular attention. At length the Turk addressed him, saying, 'Sir, I know you.' 'And I,' replied Mr. Rich, 'have seen you before.' An explanation followed. It was the man whom he had assisted when in distress at Bristol."

In January, 1808, Mr. Rich married the eldest daughter of the late Sir James Mackintosh, who, in a letter to a friend, part of which is quoted in the notice just mentioned, has well described the character of his accomplished son-in-law. We can only make room for the concluding paragraph:—"On my return, I found that this pupil in philosophy was desirous to become my son-in-law. He has no fortune, nor had he then even an appointment; but you will not doubt that I willingly consented to his marriage with my eldest daughter, in whom he had the sagacity to discover, and the virtue to value, the plain sense, modesty, purity, and good-nature, which will, I hope, make her a source of happiness to him during life." To another correspondent, the celebrated Robert Hall, one of Mr. Rich's earliest friends, who had introduced the young Orientalist to his future father-in-law, Sir James writes thus:—"Rich, whom you recommended to me, is become my son-in-law; and he is indeed a son-in-law to whom the fondest parent may gladly intrust his child."

These are high testimonials; but they were fully justified by the subsequent career and conduct of their object, both in his public and private capacity. Speaking of his residence at Bagdad, his biographer says—

> "His high spirit, his sound political views, his perfect knowledge of the native character, and his profuse gene-

rosity speedily gained him the highest reputation both with the local government and with the people. As is usual under the Turkish sway, there were many revolutions of the government, and changes of the Pasha, during the time of his residence there; and Mr. Rich's high character enabled him, sometimes under very uncommon circumstances, to give shelter in his tents to many who were in danger of their lives from these political reverses; and even, occasionally, to the family of the unsuccessful party, whom nothing could have preserved but an asylum which was never attempted to be violated. He had the satisfaction of seeing the effects of his uniform justice and good faith on all around him. The promises and engagements of their Pashas and leading men often were of no weight, till strengthened by his guaranty. He spent about six years at Bagdad with no European society but that of his wife and of Mr. Hine, the surgeon to the Residency, who was also his assistant. The leisure which he enjoyed from his public duties he spent in pursuing his favourite studies. He made collections for a history, and for a geographical and a statistical account, of the Pashalik of Bagdad. He curiously examined all the remains of antiquity within his reach; and commenced his collection of Oriental manuscripts, which he spared no labour or cost to render complete. A catalogue of it, as it stood at the close of this period, may be found in several numbers of the 'Mines de l'Orient,' published at Vienna, and proves how successful he had already been in his researches. He also formed a rich collection of medals and coins, and of the gems and engraved stones found at Babylon, Nineveh, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. He made an excursion to Babylon for the purpose of examining the remains of that ancient city. The fruit of his observation was his 'Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon,' first printed at Vienna, in the 'Mines de l'Orient,' and since reprinted in England. The 'Edinburgh Review' justly described it as 'a modest and perspicuous account of what he saw during a short visit,'—'creditably distinguished by abstinence from fruitless inquiry and rash conjectures, and in which the classical and Oriental learning of the author is as much proved by the careful exclusion of false pretensions and impertinent display, as by the natural fruits of solid knowledge.'"

To Oriental literature and research, the loss of so ardent and highly gifted an inquirer is a serious calamity; for it is rare to find so much zeal and talent directed with such perseverance to objects of interest and utility upon the very field where they are to be found. Even the fruits of those services which he already had performed in the cause of science have, in great measure, been lost by his untimely death; for he lived not to arrange or give shape to the materials he had so industriously collected. Almost his only published works are his two well-known "Memoirs on Babylon;" and the MSS. he has left require the preparation of the mind which dictated them to give them full effect.

Of all his MSS., that which is the subject of the present article is perhaps the most interesting; as it describes a country not only new to Europeans, but the knowledge of which is a great desideratum in modern as well as ancient geography. Who can hear of Koordistan, the country of the Carduchi, without thinking of Xenophon and his brave ten thousand, who made their retreat through the heart of this savage country in circumstances of difficulty and danger almost unparalleled? And who can read the Erbile, the Arbela of Arrian and Quintus Curtius, without picturing to himself the battle and the route of Gaugamela, and the brilliant career of his unrivalled conqueror, who soon was himself to become a type of the vanity of human grandeur, so near the spot where that grandeur may be said to have first begun to flourish? As the scene of these travels is so very little known, we think it may be rendering a service to the public to preface our examination of the work by a short general description of the country to which it chiefly refers.

Modern Koordistan embraces the whole of ancient Assyria, a considerable portion of Armenia, and part of the ancient Media. In length, it may extend between four and five hundred miles—that is, from Erzeroom, on the north, to near Kermanshah, on the south: and its greatest breadth may be about two hundred and fifty miles—that is, from Mardeen and Diarbeker, on the south-west, to the Arras, on the north-east. These limits do not indeed express the widest range of the Koordish people; for tribes of Koords are found all over Upper Mesopotamia, even to the banks of the Euphrates at Beer; and they pasture over and succour the country of Anatolia, as far west, as Tokat. But, such as we have stated them, are the boundaries usually assigned to Koordistan.

The face of this country is generally mountainous and rugged, but it is well-watered and fertile. The great chain of Zagros or Karaja-Dagh, as it is called by the Turks, intersects it, running from south-east to north-west—throwing out to the left the huge cluster of Jewar, said to be 15,000 feet high; in which are the springs of the greater Zab, and which runs nearly to the banks of the Oroomean Lake. Farther on, it becomes connected with the elevated tract that gives birth to the streams of the Euphrates, while, on the right, it is continuous with the high lands of Sert, and Betlis, and Erzun, where the Tigris has its rise, and stretches westward till it meets the eastern branches of Taurus, and Cappadocia.

These tracts of mighty mountains enclose multitudes of rich and sheltered valleys, watered by the innumerable streams that form so many noble rivers, and are adorned by nature with all the romantic beauty which belongs to such alpine scenes; while the gigantic cliffs above them, when they are not covered with snow, as is the case with many for the greater part of the year, or with the oak forest, which clothes great part of all Koordistan, afford excellent pasture to the numerous flocks and herds of the inhabitants. The bottoms and slopes of these valleys are covered with corn-fields; the sides of the mountains are mantled with vineyards; and the villages peep out from nooks, or are seen by the traveller from below, hanging, like birds' nests, on ledges and points of rock, each among its own gardens and orchards. Nothing can be imagined affording a more perfect picture of rustic amenity and sweetness, combined or contrasted with savage grandeur, than many of the mountainous districts of Koordistan. Nor do they present less attractions for a pastoral people. In some places are found large elevated plains, the verdure of which is maintained by thousands of perennial springs; and which are surrounded by mountains covered with odoriferous and aromatic herbs, unencumbered by wood, except here and there a solitary oak, or a willow by the side of a stream. These mountains are intersected by glens or ravines, so sheltered and so lonely, that they look like retreats for the very genius of Arcadia; and here, accordingly, is the traveller, as he winds his way in solitude, often greeted by the bleat of a stray sheep, the far off bark of a shepherd's dog, or the sight of that shepherd himself, seated on the top of some rock or hillock, as motionless as the gray stones beside him. These plains and distant mountains are the resort of the migratory part of the population, of whom we shall shortly have to speak.

A country like this, so strong, and, to strangers, almost impervious by nature, yet so fair and fruitful in reality, is formed we should say, to be the abode of a peculiar people; and, accordingly, we do find it inhabited by a nation most strongly marked with all the ruling characteristics which are found to belong to Highlanders in all parts of the world, together with many peculiar to themselves. They have the same love of country—of their native glens and hills—the same division into clans, and pride of birth and blood —the same high and haughty bearing,—the same devotion to their chiefs, and affection for their kindred—the same love of hospitality—the same martial and predatory habits—the same simplicity of manner, hardihood, and contempt of effeminacy; and also the same aversion to labour and mechanical employments that distinguished the Scotch Highlander, and the Swiss of ancient times; and which distinguish the inhabitants of the Caucasus and of the mountains of Afghanistan, in the present day. Their language, though divided into dialects, is all of the same stock, that of ancient Persia; and they are, in all probability, cognate with the other mountain tribes of the south of Persia—the Lacs, Lours, Bucklearees, &c. They speak in a soft and pleasingly sonorous tone; but even the numerous Persic words mingled with their tongue are so disguised by accent as at first to be with difficulty intelligible to a stranger.

Their dress partakes of their characteristic peculiarities, being particularly gay and attractive; and we may recognise here somewhat of the attachment to bright and various colours, which probably gave rise to the tartans of the Scottish Highlanders. A love of arms and horses is a passion rather than a sober pleasure in the Koords; and none of them is so perfectly happy as when mounted on his small but spirited steed, and clad in his steel chain armour, or his gallant apparel of party-coloured silks—with plumes in his cap, his sword at his side, his shield depending from his left shoulder, his case of javelins and terrible mace at his saddle-bow, his carbine at his back, and his slender spear in his hand—he scours along the plain, curveting and wheeling in elegant circles, engaging his comrades in a spirited mock fight, or dashing along in full career, and bringing up his steed sharp at the edge of some ravine or precipice, with a suddenness that throws the animal on its haunches, and scatters the gravel far and wide from its heels.

These Koords are divided into two classes, those who are migratory, and move about from place to place, feeding their cattle and flocks; and those who settle in villages, and till the ground. The former consist of the nobles or chiefs, and their clansmen, down to the remotest degree of relationship; and all of them, however abject in circumstances, look down with great contempt upon the latter, who are the industrious tillers of the ground, live in villages, and pay heavy rents to their far more indolent and lazy lords. There are many interesting anecdotes in the work before us, illustrative of this strong feeling of clansmanship.

"Aman ullah Khan, the Vali of Sinna, once asked Abdurrahman, Pasha of Sulimania, to tell him why it was that his own servants, though generously treated by him, would never follow him into exile, nor ever, under trials and privations, showed any attachment for his person, such as the Baban Koords had always manifested for their princes. The answer of old Abdurrahman Pasha was very characteristic. 'You are not,' said the old chieftain, 'the lord of a tribe, nor are your men your tribesmen. You may clothe them, feed them, and make them rich, but they are not your cousins; they are but servants!'

"The attachment of the Koords to their chiefs is indeed very strong. In Bagdad they live with their masters in the most miserable exile, struggling, without a murmur, with every sort of privation and suffering. Gentlemen who, in their own country, have a horse handsomely caparisoned, and a servant, are seen in Bagdad in rags; and are frequently known to work as porters or water-carriers. that they may take their day's wages to their master, to contribute to his support. When the brother of Abdurrahman Pasha died in Bagdad, one of his Koords was standing on the terrace or flat roof of the house, at the moment his master expired. 'What,' said he, 'is *the Bey* dead? then I will not will not live another moment!' and immediately he threw himself off the top of the house, and was dashed to pieces. I have often heard this anecdote related in Bagdad. Yet an exile in Bagdad is what the Koords most dread, and even their attachment is not always proof against its terrors. Poverty and privation they can endure without a murmur; but the burning wastes of Arabia are to them, they say, truly dreadful. The other day, when Koord Suliman Pasha very foolishly allowed himself to be inveigled into Bagdad once more, after having repeatedly had proofs of the falsehood and treachery of the Pasha, some of his Beyzadehs, or gentlemen of the first rank, came to him and told him they were ready to undergo anything for his sake but the horrors of a long-protracted Bagdad exile, and that they desired leave to depart and seek their fortunes, with the other princes of the same family in Koordistan. When their masters are in power, they distribute the best part of the lands among these their faithful followers, and, besides, make them continual presents of horses and arms. Khaled Pasha told me that when he was deposed from the government of Keuy Sanjiak, his gentlemen came to him with their silver mounted trappings and silver horse furniture, which they laid down before him, telling him that he was now going into exile at Bagdad, where they would follow him, but where they would have no need of such finery; and that they therefore requested he would use the silver to provide himself with funds.

"My excellent friend Omar Aga, in talking over his own history and his late persecution, told me that four or five of his principal men were imprisoned with him. The prison was damp and fireless; it was the depth of winter. Every day one or two of his men were taken out and severely bastinadoed, to induce them to tell where their master's money and property were. The same man would sometimes suffer the bastinado twice in a day; yet not one showed the least impatience, or offered to make any confession. One day all Omar Aga's retainers combined, and contrived to let their master know that they had formed a plan for breaking open the prison on that night, putting all to the sword, and carrying off their master to Kerkook; but he positively forbade the attempt. During his imprisonment his men were almost starving; yet not one manifested the slightest wish to change his condition or seek other service. Besides being clansmen, many of Omar Aga's men are sons of those who occupied similar situations in the family of his father. Fakih Kader's (his secretary) mother, wife, little sisters and brothers, are all in Omar Aga's harem, and are considered as integral parts of his family. All his men share with him; do as he does; starve and wear rags when he is poor; make money when he is in office; and all without impatience or surprise, but just as if it were in the ordinary and unavoidable course of things. Omar Aga himself is just an instance of this attachment. The Pasha, though he really likes him, has had the weakness to treat him very ill at the instigation of Osman Bey, who hates him. Yet Omar Aga being satisfied that the Pasha esteems him, and possessing the greatest respect for Abdurrahman, the father of the Pasha, has never offered to desert him; nor ever murmurs except in conversation with a very confidential friend, and then it is the voice of lamentation, not of querulousness or discontent. Upon my lamenting the Pasha's weakness, Omar Aga suddenly said with great earnestness, 'Indeed, sir, I assure you he is not so in general: it is only with me that he is thus.' There was no affectation in this speech; it burst from the heart, and was elicited by the fear that I should think less favourably of his master.

"One of the Khans observed, when I praised some of the buildings, that they spent all their money about their houses, but that the Bebbehs invested their property in money and transportable effects, that they might be ready to fly at a moment's warning, in case of troubles or the deposition of their chief. Omar Aga immediately answered, 'Yes, you spend money about houses, because it is indifferent to you who is chief; you are content to remain where you are. We are always ready to follow our chief wherever he goes, through troubles, and difficulties, and dangers, and we keep our property ready for him in his distress.' This was no mere boasting, but most strictly true, as I could prove by many anecdotes of circumstances which have occurred within my own knowledge. If Aman ullah Khan were deposed, not a single man would follow him except some menials whom he could afford to pay. But if Mahmood Pasha of Sulimania were deposed, all his relations would instantly leave their country and follow him, giving up whatever they possessed in ready money and effects, and would even work at daily labour to bring their pittance to contribute to his support and comfort. Nothing can be more marked than the difference of spirit in the clansmen and Goorans, who are a timid and heartless race, and said to be meaner, more thievish, and more deceitful even than the Persians."

These Koords are principally Mahometans of the Soonnee sect; but among them there are many tribes of Christians, Armenians, Chaldeans and Nestoreans; and also Yezeedees, the sect who are notorious for worshipping or rather deprecating the Devil.* The Christians are principally found about the vicinity of Mousul and Amadia, towards and in Armenia; and there is a very interesting colony of Nestoreans, who inhabit the inaccessible countries of Mount Jewar, between Ooroomia and the Pashalic of Amadia. They are brave and industrious, but extremely rude, and even savage in their habits; most jealous of, and admitting no strangers into their country; living exclusively under their own bishop-chief, Mac Shemaoon (or 'the Lord Simeon',) who resides at a monastery called Kojinnis, or Cochannes, in a deep valley of Mount Jewar. No part of the little known country we are describing is more worthy of attention than this district and these people.

Koordistan is politically divided into two portions, the south-eastern of which yields an allegiance, in some places imperfect, to Persia; the other, or north-western part, which is by far the largest, is subject in a still more imperfect degree to Turkey. Both these portions are subdivided into a variety of petty districts or states, which fluctuate in power and importance, according to the political events of the day, and the talents and characters of the various ruling chiefs. Of Persian Koordistan, the principle state, in extent and importance, is Ardelan, which is sometimes, indeed, regarded as a Province of Persia. The capital of this is Sinna, which Mr. Rich, as the reader will find, visited; but with which he appears not to have been so highly pleased as he was with the other places which came within the scope of his observation in the course of these travels. Indeed, many of the other Koords regard the reigning family of Sinna, though dignified by the title of *Walee*, or Prince, and considered as the chief of Koordistan by the Shah, as *Goorams*,*—that is, villagers—plebeians, and hold them in the same contempt with which a Spanish hidalgo looks down upon a rich upstart peasant. The next strictly Persian state is that of Souje-Bulagh, the country of the once powerful clan of Mookree. Then, there are Sooldooz, and Ooshnoo, and various others of still lesser importance. The country of the Hakkaree,—though that wild and predatory clan yield practically obedience to none,—belongs by treaty to the Turkish portion of Koordistan.

On the north-western part of Turkish Koordistan lies the Pashalic of Bayazeed; the territories of which are inhabited by a variety of Koordish tribes, and whose chief was powerful, and has occasionally been very troublesome. It is through this territory that the commercial road from Trebisond and Asia Minor by Erzeroom passes. Looking westward, we find the little Pashalic of Moosh; to the southward of which are Van, Betlis, Sert, Erzen, and Jezeerah ul Omar; each the seat of a Koordish chieftain, more or less powerful, rude, or civilized. The latter is a savage, and a robber *par excellence*, where all are reckless plunderers. It is in that part of the country, and about Mardeen, but principally near Mousul and in Mount Sinjar, to the south-east, that the Yezeedees abound.

South-east from Sert and Betlis lies the fine and fruitful Pashalic of Amadia, which has been overrun and conquered by the Mear of Rewandooz—a chief whose natural talents for conquest have been stimulated by the disorder of the times, and who has obtained a very high degree of power in these mountainous regions. The south-eastern part of Koordistan, bordering on the acquisition of the Mear of Rewandooz, is occupied by the Pashalic of Sooli-maneah; at one time one of the most important of the states of Turkish Koordistan, and the chief scene of the residence and travels described in Mr. Rich's work.

Having thus slightly sketched the country where the scene is principally laid, we shall proceed to give our readers a short view of the work itself.

On the 16th of April, 1820, "To escape the heat of a Bagdad summer," as Mr. Rich tells us, he left that city with Mrs. Rich, and a train, calculated to impress the remote people among whom a British representative was, for the first time, to show himself, with a wholesome idea of the power and greatness of the nation he represented; and, in fact, he appears to have been every where received not only with hospitality, but with high respect. Taking the rout of Toozkhoormaltee, Leilan, and Tchenotchemal, the party entered the mountains by the pass of Derbend, and proceeded to Sulimania. A remarkable and delightful change is described as having taken place in their sensations on ascending the elevated plateau which divides what is called the *Germaseer* or (Germiân)—that is the hot country, as the low arid tract at the foot of the mountains is called, not here only, but all the way to the Persian Gulf, and along its shores—from the higher levels which are refreshed by the cool mountain breezes. Although the height of this plateau at the point in question did not exceed 300 feet, Mr. Rich says, "I seemed to inhale a new existence; my feverish anxiety and listless despondency gradually passed away like the clouds of a stormy night, and I revived to new hopes and renovated vigour. Nor was I singular in my sensations. Mrs. Rich, who had been greatly indisposed, was quite restored by the time she had arrived at the end of her day's journey; and several invalids of the party declared they felt no more symptoms of illness after an hour or two's ride among the hills.

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* They, it is well known, adhere to the doctrines of the Manichæans.

* No doubt this is a corruption of the Persian word *Gholaum*—a slave—a *serf*.

On the 7th May the party arrived at the Sertchinâr; one of those copious and delicious fountains which, in the arid countries of the East, often gush forth in a pure and full stream by the wayside, to gladden the heart of the weary traveller. And here they were met by Omar Aga, a Koord and relative of Mahmoud Pasha of Sulimania, who attended them on the part of that chief during the whole of their residence in Koordistan; and of whom Mr. Rich speaks uniformly with an affectionate regard which the conduct of the Koordish clansmen seems to have fully justified. On his approach to the town, at the appointed "fortunate hour," Mr. Rich was received by Osman Bey, the Pasha's younger brother, a fine young Koord, whose appearance is thus sketched:

> "I was much struck with the appearance of the Bey. He was not large, but lightly and well made; the outlines of his face were perfectly regular; he had a crispy or wavy black beard, dark blue eyes, with black eyebrows and lashes, and a manly tint of brown over a fine, clear, and ruddy complexion. He was altogether a very handsome young man. In horsemanship, and all their favourite military exercises, he is said to be unrivalled among his countrymen. He is likewise famous for his courage and generosity; but, on the other hand, he is reported to be rather dissolute in his morals, and tyrannical in his disposition.
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> "He met me with an easy and polite address, in which was something of frankness, but not the most distant tincture of coarseness. He was perfectly well bred in his manners. I could see he was well aware of the advantages of his person. He was magnificently attired in the Koordish taste: his gown was of a rich, flowered, gold Indian stuff; he had a superb Cashmere shawl, ornamented with gold fringe, on his head, put on in a wild loose manner; his upper dress was a capot, or cloak, of crimson Venitian cloth, with rich gold frogs, or bosses, on it. The age of Osman Bey is thirty-two; that of his brother, the pasha, thirty-five. Their mother is a sister of Khaled Pasha, and consequently also of the principal branch of the Bebbeh family."

At Sulimania Mr. Rich resided for nearly two months in the most friendly intercourse with the Pasha and the grandees of his court; and the lively account which is given of the manners of so primitive a people, with the amusing and characteristic traits which are related, both of individuals and classes, cannot, we think, fail of interesting every reader. The Pasha appears to have been a kind, and worthy, and single-hearted man; better calculated for a life of privacy and ease than to struggle against the turbulence and difficulties of the times, and the intrigues under which even then he was suffering and to which he ultimately fell a victim.

> "I passed a very pleasant hour and a half with the Pasha. There is something so very natural, unassuming and modest in his character, that makes it quite delightful to talk with him, after being used to the artificial, false, and pretending manners of the generality of men of rank in the East. I asked him why he did not wear armour, which is the favourite war-dress of the Koords. 'Because I am not strong enough to bear it," answered he. Most natives of the East would have said that they did not like it, or that they scorned shielding themselves in battle. A person must have lived long among the Turks, and have become well acquainted with their habits of thinking and speaking, to be aware how this little trait struck me."

The following anecdote evinces a degree of tolerance combined with piety which is very rarely found in a strict Mahometan.

> "He displays" (*i. e.* the Pasha) "an extraordinary degree of piety and faith in his way, without any of the intolerance or arrogance which a Turk of much less devotion invariably assumes. 'The bravest man I ever knew,' said the Pasha, 'was a poor Russian soldier, whom I saw when I accompanied the Prince Mahomed Ali Mirza in his inroad into Georgia. The man was carrying despatches and was taken prisoner by the Persians, and brought before the Prince, who interrogated him as to the purport of his business. 'What I am going about,' said the man 'is contained in my despatches; they are in Russian; read them if you can.' The Prince, finding nothing was to be got out of him, asked him to become a Mussulman. The man refused; on which the Prince threatened him with the most cruel torments; but the man's resolution was not to be shaken. The Prince therefore ordered a grave to be dug; all the while the soldier laughed and chatted with those around him with the utmost unconcern. When the grave was ready, the Prince once more asked him if he would become a Mussulman; and upon his refusal, ordered him to be buried alive, which was instantly done, though I did all I could to prevent so barbarous an act. It was a pity to see so fine and brave a fellow sacrificed for religion. What business had the Prince with his faith?'
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> "I could not help thinking, on hearing this atrocious anecdote, that if I commanded a Russian army, and ever took the Prince prisoner, I would infallibly hang his highness on the first tree we came to."

Another anecdote which the Pasha related of himself, and which to us appears particularly interesting, proves that if he was not possessed of the imperturbable boldness which he admired in others, he was sustained on trying occasions by what is still better, —a strong religious dependence on that power with whom all help lies.

> "'During the time,' said he, 'that I was a hostage at Kermanshah for the fidelity of my late father, he was obliged by circumstances to adopt the Turkish interests. My life was consequently forfeited; and the Shazadez sent for me to put me to death. It was night. I was brought before him with my arms tied behind my back. The

Prince was sitting in his hall, and lighted candles were in the middle of it, and the executioner stood by ready to perform his office on me. Many a man who would face death in the field of honour would shrink at being brought up, with his hands bound, before the executioner. It was a fearful sight (may God never show it to you !) and I own my courage forsook me. In my agony, however, I had presence of mind left to call on the name of the Lord; and praised be his name, it was instantly revealed to me. I felt it strike on my heart, as if the following words had been impressed on it:—'Am I not he who brought thee out of thy mother's womb, and protected thee through all dangers to the present hour? Might I not have destroyed thee at any moment? Therefore why fearest thou now? Can this man do aught against thee, except by my will?' At that instant I felt comfort, my heart gained strength, and I stood before the Prince fearless and undaunted. Blessed be God, instead of causing me to be put to death, as had been his firm resolve when he sent for me, the Prince only remanded me back to prison, and nothing more was done to me."

But the social enjoyments of their sojourn at Sulimania became at length so much alloyed by the increasing heats and by the *sherki*,—a very hot wind that blows from the north-east, and which is much dreaded at Sulimania,—that Mr. Rich resolved to retire further into the mountains. They were, however, unfortunate in the place they selected, Beestan (Beedistan, or 'the place of the willows',) in the district of Kizziljee; for it proved to be so unhealthy that Mr. Rich and many of his people were attacked with fever; and after remaining there for a few days, he resolved to send back the sick and the sepoys to Sulimania and so proceed himself to Sinna, where he arrived on the 25th of August.

Mr. Rich appears not to have been by any means so much gratified by his residence at this place as at Sulimania; although we are informed that the Wâli, hearing of his approach, gave orders that he should be received and treated with the same honours as himself, and lodged in his palace. But the manners of the Ardelânees partake more of those of the Persians than of the more primitive character of the Koords of Sulimania; and we observe throughout the work a dislike to the Persians in general, which no doubt coloured the tone of Mr. Rich's mind, and threw its hue over his description of Sinna and its inhabitants. As an illustration of this anti-Persian feeling, we may quote a single passage:—'I must here observe that I never did see either a graceful or dignified Persian; indeed their dress does not admit of the first, and rough, abrupt manners, with a loud voice are now the fashion, in order to imitate the tribes-men and court party. *I should call the Persians ruffian dandies.*)—Vol. I. p. 213.) This censure we think too severe to apply to a whole people. Mr. Rich must have been singularly unfortunate in his intercourse with the inhabitants of that country We cannot doubt that had he survived to complete his work, he would have modified this severity.

The Wâli himself appears to have been no very amiable character; and indeed if he were to be taken as a specimen of Persian gentlemen, we own that the sample would not be tempting. Mr. Rich thus describes his character:—

"Aman Ullah Khan, the Vali of Sinna, is forty-seven ars of age, and is said to be a perfect master of Persian politeness, elegance, and policy. The Persians themselves say he can outwit any of them; and all agree that his cunning and duplicity set all precautions at defiance. His manners are represented to be so insinuating, and his *tact* so perfect, that he can gain whomsoever he pleases; but he has always a selfish object in what he does, and no reliance can be placed on him. He is cruel and avaricious even beyond the generality of Persian governors. All the province trembles when his name is mentioned. He is splendid in his establishment, and is supposed to be possessed of immense wealth. The greater portion of it has been gained in commerce, and he has money in the hands of many merchants, who trade with it for him. He has more than fifty thousand sheep, which he distributes about to different people to take care for him; with the proviso, that whenever he calls for them, however distant the period may be, they must always be forthcoming; that is, that they must never grow old, never get sick, never die, or be eaten by wolves. He is partner with every merchant and tradesman in his territory; or rather he is the general monopolizer. I wanted a new box for my sextant; all the wood and even the carpenter were the property of the Vali, and I was obliged to get an order from Mirz Feraj ullah. The same thing happened when I wanted a green silk string for my pistols. I desired Ovanness to see if he could get me some wine. He applied to a Christian, who told him he durst not let him have any without an order, as the Vali knew every bottle in his house. All the Vali's partners must take care that his profits are regular, whatever may be their luck. The Kiurkjee Basha, or pelissemaker to the Vali, is a Christian. The Vali gave him a hundred tomans to traffick with on his account, upon this condition, that he shall pay him regularly twenty tomans a-year. The poor man finds this a very loosing concern, and would gladly give back the money, but he dare not even propose this."

He meets this formidable merchant-chief a little afterwards, and thus describes his appearance.

"I had expected to see the dignity and refinement of Daoud Pasha; instead of which I found a plain, rough kind of Persian, and rather an oddity—something of what we should call a good fellow, with no dignity, and nothing remarkable in his conversation, which consisted entirely of abrupt question and short remarks. In person he is above the middle size, has rather a short thick face, grizzly beard, and bushy black eye-brows, which, being straight and contracted, gave rather an unpleasing character to the upper part of his face."

"The Vali had on a black Cashmere shawl upper dress: he was otherwise plainly attired; nor had he any handsome arms or trinkets about him. A ship spyglass, an old lacquered cane with a silver head, and a plate containing a common watch, two or three silver-mounted seals, with a Birmingham opium box, were all that ornamented his sadr or throne. He spoke to me in Turkish, which is the fashionable language in Persia; but as I have already said, I recollect little worth recording. He merely asked short questions, and had a disagreeable trick of repeating insignificant things, and making you repeat them also. He asked how old I was; I told them thirty-three: he remarked in Koordish that I looked like forty. He then inquired about my illness, in a profusion of Oriental medical terms, with which he seemed to be quite familiar. He spoke of Malcolm in high terms, and told me that Malcolm had made him handsome presents. He asked what an English resident had to do in Bagdad, and afterwards what was my salary. About fifty melons were then set before him: He pulled a little Birmingham knife out of his pocket, and tasted them all. Trays of sweetmeats were afterwards produced. He and I ate out of the same tray, and he insisted on breaking off bits and giving them me. A constant succession of kalioons was kept up. He asked me much about Bonaparte, inquired if he built caravanserais, and said he had a great name.

"In the evening the Vali came to pay his visit. He was preceded by his Serbazes, and followed by a considerable number of horse. The procession was not so showy as a Turkish one would have been. There is something mean and dismal-looking in the Persian costume, especially *en masse*. The Khan was more plainly dressed than yesterday; and had over him a dervish's coarse woollen robe. He was received at the tent door by the Serbazes with presented arms, and 'God save the King,' on the drums and fifes. The Khan of Serdesht, the Sultans of Banna and Sakiz, accompanied him. He showed me various arms; asked me if they were English or French; what was their value, &c. He told me the King of Persia had promised him three field-pieces, with artillerymen to drill a party of his own. 'And I will learn myself, you'll see;—I will become as good a toptchee (an artilleryman) as an Englishman—that I will. You know the battlements of the palace at Sinna? I will have a gun planted there, and place some bullocks and sheep on the opposite hill. You'll see how many I will kill every day.' He now became quite cordial; the conversation was indeed not very interesting in point of information, but it was quite unrestrained. He turned to Musa Khan, and said in Koordish, 'Walla, I have taken to this man.' He then said to me, 'Will you be my brother? It is good to have such a friend as I am; I am a rich fellow.' My library was mentioned. Omar Aga adroitly took the opportunity of letting him know I wanted the famous History of Koordistan, called the Tarikh al Akrad. He was in high good-humour. 'Do you want the Tarikh al Akrad? Walla, you shall have it.' This book I have been in search of for many years. It would alone have been worth a journey to Sinna to obtain."

It was at Bâna, on his return to Sulimania, that Mr. Rich visited this personage; and the whole description of his intercourse with the rude chief is highly graphic and interesting. His hospitality, like that of most savages, appears to have been of a questionable and capricious character; and the conduct of some of the minor chiefs upon the road was so equivocal, that we do not wonder at Mr. Rich, on once more entering the Bebbeh territory, confessing that he was "heartily glad to get out of the land of trouble and beggars to that of true hospitality."

And again, on approaching Sulimania, on the 15th September, he observes that "all our party were in high spirits at the prospect of reaching Sulimania in a few hours. I felt something like the elevation of spirits of a man returning to his own house; and indeed the kindness and hospitality I have experienced in Sulimania are well calculated to make me esteem it as a kind of home." All this is very natural and delightful; but while we give every credit to the Bebbehs for their hospitality and kindness, and may, to a certain extent, sympathize with Mr. Rich in his preference of them to the Ardelânees, it must not be forgotten, that among the former the British resident of Bagdad was a far more important personage than he could be to the latter, who are subjects of another empire. In the one place he was regarded as somewhat in the light of a protector, in the other he could only be a stranger of rank and distinction. Sir John Malcolm found neither trouble nor importunity from this very Wâli and these very Ardelânees, when he appeared at Sinna as the British ambassador at the court of Persia.

The first volume closes with the account of his further residence at Sulimania; and an additional collection of interesting traits and anecdotes of the Bebbeh Koords and their kind-hearted chief, who was most obviously unfit for the position in which he was placed; and we cannot help agreeing in opinion with the simple-hearted Pasha himself, that he would have done well to resign his uneasy seat and unprofitable sway.*

To this volume there is an appendix, containing routes and notices, both topographical and historical, concerning Koordistan; but that which will, probably, be most interesting to the general reader, is the fragment of a journal of Mrs. Rich's, which describes in a very pleasant and lively manner all that she saw and heard. By means of this journal the English reader obtains some glimpses into that forbidden place, a Turkish harem, and is introduced to a few of the fair inmates. We much regret that so little of this valuable as well as very amusing journal has been preserved.

The second volume commences with the departure of Mr. Rich from Sulimania, and his journal on the march to Arbela and Mousul, where are the ruins of the great Nineveh. At Arbela he discovered few relics of the Kayaman or of the Parthian Oras; these have been all overlaid by Mahometan structures of the age of the Caliphs. On his way to Mousul, while tracing the very route of Alexander, it was impossible to refrain from speculating upon the connexion of what was then before his eyes, and the events which terminated a great dynasty, and gave the empire of the East to a Grecian prince; and it is matter of much regret, that time was not given to one so highly qualified, and who had enjoyed so rare an opportunity for prosecuting his researches, to complete the inquiry on these subjects; of which a fragment is given in the appendix to the second volume.

Mr. Rich reached Mousul on the 31st of October, and employed himself for four months incessantly in examining and surveying the site of Nineveh, and the not less interesting country in its vicinity. That portion of the work which describes the various remains which he discovered at Nineveh may probably prove more valuable to the antiquary and comparative geographer than amusing to the general reader; but the account of his expeditions to the convents of Mar-Mattei, and Rabban Hermuzd, and his description of the monastery of Mar-Elias, near Mousul, with the account and characteristics of the various sects of Christians who inhabit this primitive country, and of the Yezeedees, who are also numerous in this quarter, must be acceptable to every reader who takes any interest in the connexion of the past with the present condition of things; and who loves to hear of the early progress of Christianity, and to trace its vestiges in regions which are now, by the mysterious ordination of Providence, overwhelmed by the dark cloud of Mahomedan bigotry, and a prey to all the evils of anarchy and predatory violence. It was here that Mr. Rich was fortunate enough to make many important additions to the valuable collection of MSS. now in the British Museum; among which may especially be reckoned two copies of the New Testament in Syriac, the most ancient in that tongue, we believe, that are known to exist. A catalogue of these MSS. will be found in the Appendix.

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* This event took place some years after per force. The Persian government took occasion to interfere in the affairs of Sulimania, and by its assistance Mahmood was deposed and Suleiman, his brother, raised to the pashalic. The struggle between the brothers continued for some years to agitate and destroy the country, which, now reduced by plague and civil war almost to a desert, is ruled by Suleiman Pasha.

The convent of Mar-Mattei, it appears, was founded A. D. 334, by a saint whose name it bears;—a companion of St. George, who took refuge in these rugged mountains from the persecutions of Diocletian. The times then as now were times of trouble; and all convents were built in positions and on a plan that admitted of a stout defence against attack. That of Mar-Mattei, Mr. Rich observes, has a most inaccessible and formidable appearance; and would, with little alteration, pass for "a very tolerable baron's castle of the fourteenth century. It is situated on the verge of the precipice; and the bare rock rises immediately behind it, in which indeed are ensconced many chambers and parts of the structure. It is, in short, built in the abrupt face of the mountain like a martin's nest. . . . . It formerly seems to have been a place of strength, for Tamerlane took it by storm. . From the terrace of the south tower where we are lodged we have a noble and extended view, comprehending the whole of Alexander's operations from the passage of the Tigris to the arrival at Arbela, after the battle of Gaugamela. The Bumadies meanders at the foot of the southern extremity of the mountain, and I am now told it rises just below Amadia. I can trace the Zâb plainly."

This singularly placed religious edifice was at this time inhabited only by a *Matran*, or Jacobite Bishop, who had but one monk living with him, and a lad who was studying for the priesthood. This prelate, it appears, enjoyed fewer of the temporal blessings of life than many of his rank and order. "His room," observes Mr. Rich, "though good in itself, was filthy and wretched in all its accompaniments." Yet he seems not to have been deficient in Christian principle, if we may judge from the following short trait, which is as creditable to the candour and right feeling of the one party, as to the piety of the other.

"I must do the old bishop the justice to record a fact, though it tells rather against myself. In affirming something, I made use of the common Mahometan form of 'Wallah,' by God. He stopped me immediately. 'Cannot you affirm simply,' said he, 'without taking God's name in vain? If you believe in the Gospel, do not swear.' But unfortunately, having learned all my oriental languages from Mahomedans, their profane modes of expression are so very familiar to me, that I fear I must often unconsciously have offended him in the course of conversation."

Rabban Hormuzd, which also takes its name from the founder,—a bishop who was martyred (says Assemani) in the sixty-sixth year of the reign of Shapour of Persia,—is another of these singular convents, inhabited by Chaldean monks, who, with their wild and romantic habitation, are thus described by Mr. Rich.

"The town of Al Kosh, which is entirely inhabited by Chaldeans, was before us, a little way up the foot of the mountain; and on the right of it, about a mile higher up, in a rocky defile or opening in the mountains, was the Chaldean convent of Rabban Hormuzd, whither we were journeying, and which from this spot wore a most imposing appearance. Nothing was clearly distinguishable but a heavy square building of a dusky red colour, hanging quite over a precipice, like some Lama pagoda. The dark clouds rolled over the summit of the mountain almost down to the convent, and greatly increased the gloominess of its aspect and its apparent height. We seemed to be retreating from the world and entering on some wild and untried state of existence, when we found ourselves in the rocky strait by which it is approached. The situation appeared to be well chosen for devotion, but devotion of a savage and gloomy character. The hills gradually rose very soon after the slope had terminated. An immense torrent, now dry, had brought down prodigious fragments of rock. Keeping along its edge, we reached at eleven the entrance of the defile, along a rocky and rough road. This defile expands and scoops out the mountain into a kind of wild amphitheatre, in which, not half way up, the convent is situated. It was only the latter part of the road which was very steep. The red building we had seen from afar was part of a church, or rather churches, there being several together. All the amphitheatre, from the top to the bottom, is full of little caves and grottoes, those near the church and extending up the rock far above it, being appropriated to the use of the monks, of whom there are fifty, only four or five of whom are priests. Each monk has a separate cell and the communications between them are by little terraces. The rocks are craggy and broken, and of fine harmonious tints, being of freestone, of which the church is built. It is now undergoing a thorough repair in a very neat manner. It stands on a platform elevated from the precipice, but very little of the ancient fabric remains.

"We arrived at half-past eleven: we were accommodated in rather an airy lodging, in a kind of sacristy or chapel adjoining the church. Our people established themselves as well as they could in the surrounding caves, and the horses we sent back to the village.

"In the afternoon I went to vespers. The congregation of rustic dark-looking monks, together with the gloominess and simplicity of the church, which is merely a narrow arched or vaulted room, with no light but what is admitted from the small dome, might well remind one of the solitude of St. Saba. Indeed the monks were not less Thebaid in their appearance,—being dusky-looking men, clothed in the coarsest manner, like peasants, but more sombre in their colours; their gown being of a dark blue or black canvass, with a common Abba or Arab cloak of brown woollen over it. On their heads they wear a small skull-cap of brown felt, with a black handkerchief tied round it. The priests are rather better clothed, in black dresses, with black turbans on their heads. The monks are of all trades —weavers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, and masons; so that the wants of the convent are entirely supplied by the convent itself. Their wants are indeed very few, the order being that of St. Anthony, and very rigorous in its observances. The monks never eat meat, except at Christmas and Easter. Sometimes, indeed, if any of their friends bring them a little as a present, they are not forbidden to eat it; but no meat is provided for the convent. The daily food is some boiled wheat and bread, and even this in small quantities. Wine and spirits are altogether prohibited, and none but the treasurer is allowed to touch money."*

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* "The monks live separately and alone in their cells, when not employed at their work, and are forbidden to talk to one another. A bell summons them to church several times a-day, besides which they meet in the church at midnight for prayer; again at daybreak, and at sunset, when they each retire to their cells without fire or candle. Some of these cells are far from the others, in very lonely situations, high up the mountains in steep places, and look difficult to get at by day; how much more so in dark and stormy nights! They are surround-

This Alkosh is interesting as being both the birth and burying-place of the prophet Nahum, "the Elkoshite."

Having completed his researches at Nineveh and its vicinity, Mr. Rich quitted Mousul on the 3d of March, upon a *kellich*, or raft of skins and branches of trees; and floated rapidly down the Tigris to Bagdad, where he arrived on the 12th, examining some interesting fragments of antiquity on his way; among which was the place called by the natives "Nimrood," and which he believes to be the Lavissa of Xenophon.

At Bagdad he had not continued long, when, receiving an offer of a high civil appointment at Bombay, he accepted it, and quitted the city of the Caliphs for the last time on the 11th of May; greatly to the regret of a large portion of its inhabitants, to whom he was not only endeared by his courteous manners and liberality, but who had experienced from his presence on many occasions a protection from the exactions and tyranny of the Pasha.

In truth, a residence at Bagdad had about this time become uncomfortable from many causes; and the Pasha, listening to evil counsels, exhibited a degree of hostility towards the English, of which he afterwards repented. Differences both of a political and commercial nature had arisen, which induced Mr. Rich, though quitting Bagdad, to remain at Bussora (where he arrived on the 11th of May,) in order to watch over the interests of those who had looked up to him as their protector for many years: But Mrs. Rich being taken ill, he proceeded for change of air to Bushire; from whence that lady was forced to sail to Bombay, while he remained awaiting the final instructions which might enable him to close his business with the Pashalic, and follow her.

But the heat at Bushire became so intolerable, and the expected despatches were so long delayed, that he resolved on proceeding to the cooler regions beyond the mountains, and to visit Sheerauz, Persepolis, and other places of interest in its vicinity. Something of the delights of a sojourn at Bushire in the months of July and August, may be gathered from the following extracts.

"*July* 13.—A terrible night again; not a breath stirring; one rises exhausted, unrefreshed, and stupid. The weather is quite dreadful, and they say we are not at the worst of it by any means. I never felt anything so oppressive in Bagdad as this heavy damp heat, which is quite stifling. Thermometer only 95°, but it is 91° *all night*, as I have an opportunity of ascertaining; for sleep is quite out of the question. Perspiration does not cool one, for there is no evaporation, and everything is wet with steam as in a hot bath. Indeed I can compare this to nothing but living in a Hamaum. You may imagine the exhaustion that takes place. The hot sulphureous blasts of a Bagdad Saum are quite refreshing compared with it. There seems to be something in the air, too, peculiarly favourable to the developement of the prickly heat, which I never had so bad before. I am one wound all over my body and limbs down to my fingers. What I used to suffer at Bagdad was nothing to it. The effects of the irritation spread over so large a surface are terrible. How I blessed God you escaped in time! Four-and-twenty hours of this would have killed you.

"The thermometer all last night was 93°, till three o'clock this morning, when it fell gradually to 90°, which is its lowest point. It is not, however, the heat I so much complain of, as the steam and closeness, which is very relaxing, and irritating beyond anything I ever felt or imagined. My poor *Bagdadees* look like ghosts; and even they are covered with prickly heat. 'Sir,' said Yussuf Aga to-day, 'we can live in fire, but not in a Hamaum.' He said this upon my remarking that it was quite delightful to hear the Bagdadees at last obliged to complain of heat.

"I bless God every hour of the day that you have escaped this. It cheers my spirits under the smarting and burning of the prickly heat, and the uncommon languor which I feel, and which renders it quite a labour to walk across the terrace."

On the 23d of July he started for Shirauz, and his progress is described in three letters to Mrs. Rich. These letters, as is generally the case, prove more spirited and amusing than any journal. What a pity it is that there are no more of them! We find that the writer reached Shirauz on the 2d of August; and he appears to have been more favourably impressed with the appearance of this city than most other travellers who have recorded their impressions.

"I will now proceed," says he, "to give you some general idea of the journey, and the impression made on me by the view of the town and gardens. I have met with no travels which give me a good idea of the country, I have forgotten what Niebuhr says. My companions were agreeable, and the whole journey a pleasant one. I often longed for you, but I also often thought how difficult it would have been to have managed had you been with us. The people of Fars are the most impudent starers, and the most troublesome fellows I ever knew. You could not have taken a walk in the garden without trouble, and certainly scarcely have stirred out without being closely veiled. The people here are renowned, even among the Persians, for their impertinence.

"My expectations were surpassed in the general view of the town and the plain, and disappointed in the gardens. The town certainly presents itself to advantage, perhaps more so on the whole than almost any other oriental town I have seen—of course excepting Constantinople. The plain is fine, well cultivated, and pretty green even now, but miserably bare of wood, and the mountains are rocky and barren. The gardens do not surround the town, nor are they by any means so numerous as I had expected. They are scattered here and there, and I have not seen anything that can be compared with the Khosroo-abad at Sinna. The Khorsoo-abad would make three or four of the gardens here. M. de la Fosse, who is just arrived here, and Aga Seyd, of their own accords, drew the same comparison between the gardens of Shirauz and that of Sinna, so that it could not be wholly fancy on my part. Indeed from what I hear it seems that Aman ullah Khan has copied the taste of the Sefiviyahs, rather than the modern school, in his public works.

"Our garden, the celebrated Jehan Numa, is one of the best here, but the house or bungalow, is in rather a ruinous condition. There is a fine terrace before it,

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ed by wild plundering tribes of Koords, who might come down and murder them in their different retreats, without their cries for help being heard; but their poverty preserves them from such attacks. There were several young men among them, who had retired here, being, as they told us, weary of the world, and hoping to find rest in this solitude, and acceptance with God, through religious exercises of a painful and mortifying nature. They did not look either happy or healthy; and we were told they die young.—*Ed.*

and then a lower garden, much in the Italian style, but it is only two hundred yards square. The mere pleasure-part of the Khosroo-abad was eight hundred. Three or four walks are planted with cypress-trees, but with the exception of these and some others scattered about here and there in some of the gardens, the cypresses for which Shirauz was once so celebrated have almost entirely disappeared. They have been unmercifully cut down for common carpentry, for door and window frames, &c. The other day the prince wanted some timber to repair the roof of his kiosk in his garden, and cut down some remarkably fine tchinar-trees, which had been much celebrated for their beauty in Kerim Khan's time. I have ordered a neat box to be made for you out of the Shirauz cypress wood, but the trees, however renowned in oriental song, are not so fine as those of Constantinople.

"The climate is very agreeable, and is reckoned healthy. The thermometer is at 91° for an hour or two, and this only in the hot season. The nights are cool, but I find it most pleasant to sleep in the open air, though many keep to their rooms. There is a fine bed of fragrant toolsee, or marvel of Peru, just before my window."

From Shirauz Mr. Rich proceeded to the Meshed-e-Mader-e-Subeemaun, supposed to be the tomb of Cyrus, which, together with the Nunsat Mourghâb, he examined; and then went to Persepolis, where he remained six days, laboriously employed in copying the long Cuniform inscriptions that are found at that celebrated place. This he did with the intention of having them transmitted to Professor Grotefend, who has been so long employed in the arduous task of decyphering the Cuniform character. His first impressions on seeing these venerable ruins themselves from some distance, are, we think, happily given.

"It was dark when we left the bridge of the Araxes. My expectation was greatly excited. Chardin, when I was a mere child, had inspired me with a great desire to see these ruins, and the desires excited in us in childhood are too vivid ever to be effaced. Their gratification has a relish which motives suggested by reason and judgment are unable afterwards to equal. My late antiquarian researches had, however, also added their interest to my other inducements; and as I rode over the plain by the beautiful star-light, reflections innumerable on the great events that had happened there crowded on my memory. I was in the moment of enjoying what I had long wished for; and what a delightful moment that is! At last the pointed summit began to detach itself from the line of mountains to which we were advancing Mr. Tod pointed it out:—'Under that lie the ruins.' At that moment the moon rose with uncommon beauty behind it. Ages seemed at once to present themselves to my fancy.

"We were lodged in a half ruined garden-house, fronting the ruins, and at the distance of about a mile from them. You may be assured that my last looks at night, and first in the morning (I did not go to bed till twelve and rose with the dawn,) were directed to that spot. Yet I took a capricious kind of pleasure in not going to them, and forcing myself to be contented with this general survey. This may be foolish, but I determined to put off my minute inspection of them till our return, and enjoy for the present the general impression caused by this distant view. Lord Byron would have employed the interval better than I could do."

"We returned to Persepolis by partly a different road, and arrived there on the evening of the 22d. We pitched our tents on the platform, close by the portals, which contain the colossal figures of the mythological animals. You may imagine I could not sleep that night. It was not a situation to steep the senses in sweet oblivion. I watched the rising of the moon, to indulge myself with a solitary ramble among the ruins by her light, so favourable to contemplation; and I was well rewarded. The strange gigantic figures on the portals near which we were encamped, had a singular and portentous aspect, faintly illuminated by the moon, and by the remains of a fire our people had lighted, which cast a reddish light on part of them. As I walked among the lofty pillars, numberless were the fancies that arose, and the incomparable ode at once presented itself to my recollection. I was actually walking among the remains of those very 'Persian abodes,' but how changed! The fall of my own footsteps, and the cry of the fox from the hills which contain the royal sepulchres, were the only sounds heard, while above the pale moon was pursuing her tranquil course, unconscious of, or at least unchanged by, the lapse of ages."

He returned to Shirauz on the "30th August, to learn that the cholera had made its appearance at Bunshire, and was already depopulating it. Already had 17,000 been carried off at Bussora, and the road to Burauzgoon was strewed with dead bodies. The Liverpool frigate," he adds, "which had arrived at Bushire, lost three lieutenants in fifteen hours. The surgeon and a great part of the crew, we hear, are also dead." It was true that the Liverpool lost three officers in a single day; but it was not from cholera, it was from *heat*. It is a fact that the lieutenant who in the morning read the funeral service over his dead comrade, had that sad office performed over himself by another ere the night had closed in.

But the pestilence was yet at a distance, and with premature rejoicing he congratulates himself and her to whom he was writing, that he and his party had escaped the danger—that all was well with them. "Now everything has happened for the best with respect to us. There seems to be a particular Providence watching over us, and we ought to be for ever grateful." His next letter describes the splendours of a nuptial ceremony, on the marriage of a son of the Prince of Shirauz with his cousin, the daughter of the Prince of Kermân. But the festivity was cut short by sterner rites. The pestilence, which they fondly hoped would remain at a distance, was approaching with sure and rapid steps, and strode at once into the dwelling of the royal revellers.

"'Who is it that comes from the bridal chamber? It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.' The festivities of the wedding were suddenly put a stop to by the appearance of the so much dreaded cholera. The first death happened by it on the 14th. On the 15th it got very bad, yet still the people seemed to wish not to attend to it, and the marriage ceremonies continued. On the 17th, however, the voice of revelry ceased, and was succeeded by silence and consternation. A lady and some slave girls died in the harem, whereupon the prince and his family left it for the gardens in the afternoon. In the night the prince's mother was taken ill in her new quarters. Her dastardly son, with his sister, immediately mounted their horses and ran away, leaving the old lady to her fate. She died before morning. The vizir, followed the prince, and most of the principal people shortly imitated their example. In the morning of the 18th, when the death of the prince's mother, and the flight of her son and the principal people were publicly known, the terror and dismay became general. The scene that ensued can scarcely be described. Parties of horsemen were seen galloping across the plain, and in different directions; groups of people on foot, women and children, covered the road—going they knew not whither—to escape an invisible, undefined, but mortal foe, which every one imagined to be close at his elbow. Several dropped and died on the road, from fright, which in a multitude of cases doubtless converted a slight bilious attack, than which nothing is more common now, into a mortal malady. The town was left to take care of itself, for the prince and vizir had gone away in such terror that they had not even thought of any orders or regulations. The flight of the governor did great harm, and increased the public consternation tenfold; indeed it was the most shameless dastardly action I ever knew, and now that the people have come to themselves a little, they openly talk of the prince with contempt.

"On the morning of the 19th, Aga Baba Khan, the first Shirauzee nobleman, much to his honour, returned to town, took charge of the government, and has constantly employed himself in allaying the popular ferment, comforting the timid, and maintaining peace and order.

"I thought it much better to remain where we were. I understand my staying comforted many people, who were looking to see what I would say and do on the occasion; if so, I thank God for it. But I certainly often thanked God also while the disease lasted that I had not brought you up here. I should have run away then as bad as the rest. There is certainly a particular Providence watching over us."

Alas! even when thus breathing out his joy and gratitude for escape and safety, the fatal disease was already in his veins. Scarce had he penned these lines when he fell under its attack, even when its fury seemed quite spent—almost the last of its victims.

In addition to what we have above cursorily described, there is added to this volume the journal of an expedition (undertaken immediately previous to his Koordistan journey,) from Bagdad to Kasri-Shireen, a hunting-seat of the celebrated Khosrow Purveez, where that monarch used to retire from the toils of government—in which latterly, indeed, he took wondrous little share—to enjoy the society of his beloved Shireen. The whole of this country teems with interesting relics and recollections, and the description which Mr. Rich has given of his discoveries, though consisting only of rough notes, which, had he lived, would have undoubtedly been worked up into a finished shape, must, even in their imperfect state, be highly gratifying to all who delight in Oriental history and antiquities. We have no doubt that the ruins which Mr. Rich found between Sheheraban and the Zendân are those of Dastagerd, from whence Khosroo made his escape in so unmanly a manner when beset by the Roman legions.

The Appendix to this volume contains, besides the notes on the battle of Arbela, already alluded to, a variety of routes and fragments of journals, affording much valuable materials for filling up a space on our maps, which, as yet, is nearly a blank; and the greater part of which has already been reduced to shape by Mr. Walker in the maps which accompany the work. Several spirited lithographic prints, taken from sketches by the author, and which exhibit faithful representations of costume, and of some interesting scenes in the countries described, afford an additional attraction to the admirers of such embellishments.

Such are the contents of the volumes which we now recommend to the public attention; and especially to those who consider a knowledge of the nations of Asia, with whom our relations, political and commercial, are every day augmenting, essential to a people who possess, as we do, a vast stake in the East. The extracts we have given will enable our readers to form a fair opinion of their style and matter; and we hope that the sample may induce them to turn from our pages to those of the work itself.

From the Athenæum.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 14.—Sir John Barrow, President, in the chair. —This being the first meeting for the season, several new members, including Lord Yarborough, Vice Admiral Sir John P. Beresford, Capt. the Hon. Dudley Pelham, and ten others, were proposed for election.—Baron Charles Hügel, of Vienna, and Count Gråberg de Hemsö were elected Foreign Honorary Members; and a long list of donations was announced, many of them very valuable.

Extracts from several papers were read:—

1st. Sketch of the surveying voyages of H. M. S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, from 1825 to 1836, by Captain R. Fitz-Roy, R. N. Of the former part of this survey, viz. that of Tierra del Fuego, and the south-western coast of Patagonia, by Capt. P. P. King, an account has appeared in the pages of the *Athenæum* for the year 1831: resuming the survey in the autumn of that year, Capt. Fitz-Roy commenced with the right or southern bank of the wide *Rio de la Plata;* every mile of the coast thence to Cape Horn was closely surveyed and laid down on a large scale. Each harbour and anchorage was planned—thirty miles of the *Rio Negro*, and two hundred of the river *Santa Cruz*, were examined, and a chart was made of the Falkland Islands—to the westward of Cape Horn, from the 47th degree of south latitude, as far as the river Guayaquil, a distance of more than 3000 geographical miles; the whole coast of Chile and Peru have been surveyed; no port or roadstead has been omitted. "Traced copies," says Capt. Fitz-Roy, "of the charts of coasts adjacent to Buenos Ayres—of the whole coast of Chile, and of the greater part of the shores of Peru, were given to the respective governments of those countries before our vessels left their territories, and long before the original documents could reach England." This is, we believe, an instance of liberality without parallel in the whole annals of maritime survey or discovery. From South America the *Beagle* hastened to that classical spot, Otaheite; thence to New Zealand, Sydney, Hobart Town, King George's Sound, Keeling Islands, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, Ascension, Bahia (in Brazil,) Pernambuco, Cape Verd Islands, Azores, and arrived at Falmouth in the beginning of October; having completed a very valuable chain of chronometric measurements, the result of twenty-two chronometers, for the entire circuit of the globe. In the course of these five years much interesting information relating to the Patagonians—the natives of Tierra del Fuego, (three of whom returned to their native country from England on board the *Beagle*)—of the Galápagos Islands—of Otaheite, &c., was obtained, for which we have not space; yet the following extract must find room.—"What a fertile country is the northern Island of New Zealand; and how fast the character of that land and its inhabitants is changing! An Englishman may now walk alone and unmolested about any part of the northern island, where, ten years ago, such an attempt would have been a rash braving of the club and the oven. English and American houses are scattered near the Bay of Islands; and settlers are rapidly increasing. All this is chiefly due to the Church Missionary Society. Nothing could be more gratifying, than the view of a flourishing agricultural settlement, with good farm-houses, barns, water-mill, mechanics' shops, and large gardens, in the interior of the northern island. I was astonished at what I saw, and when a New Zealander came out of the mill, powdered with flour and carrying a sack of corn upon his back, I could hardly believe my own eyes."—We hope ere long to see this highly interesting Voyage announced for publication.

2dly. Extracts from a journey to the Himmáleh Mountains, and to the valley of Kashmír, in the spring of 1836, by Baron Charles Hügel, of Vienna, an eminent naturalist, who has spent nearly six years in travelling, chiefly in India. He says that Kashmír in a political and financial point of view has been much overrated; not in a picturesque one. The valley is about eighty miles long, its breadth varying from thirty miles to six,—that is, the actual plains—from the eternal snow of the Pír Panjahl to the Tibet Panjahl, is from fifty to sixty miles, the highest part of the Pír Panjahl 15,000 feet. The population of Kashmír four years ago was 800,000, now not exceeding 200,000 persons: the town contains 40,000. Its revenue last year nearly nothing; this year Runjít Singh demands twenty-three lakhs, which the country cannot pay.

3dly. The most recent accounts from Australia, noticing the departure of another exploring expedition under Major Mitchell, to trace the river Darling to its supposed junction with the Murray, and also giving the report of the party sent to search for the late colonial botanist, Mr. Cunningham, who, our readers will remember, strayed from the former expedition;* the party succeeded in finding the tribe who had murdered him, and in making prisoners of the murderers, they also found his bones, which they buried, and erected a mound over them, thus no doubt remains that Mr. Cunningham has fallen a victim to his zeal in his favourite pursuit.

4thly. A letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Wedhoon, July 14, in which he states various causes of the delay incurred in prosecuting his journey to Timbuctoo —viz. that the great Cafilah, from Soudan, had been attacked, thirteen persons killed, and many slaves set at liberty; that war raged in Bambara, &c. &c.; but that, in spite of all these obstacles, he had engaged guides, and hoped by the 1st of October to have actually started on his journey to Timbuctoo. He and Abú Bekr, his travelling companion, were quite well. The Sheik Beyrook, whose influence is all-powerful in that district, had been very civil to him; and we hear that a present of various trifling articles of our manufactures left England on the 14th instant, to ensure his friendly disposition towards Mr. Davidson.

5thly. A letter from Mr. Schomburgh, dated Sept. 2, George Town, Demerara, announcing that he had that day started on his second expedition, into the interior of British Guayana, intending to ascend the river Courantin, (the eastern boundary of the colony,) to its source; thence cross over to the Upper Essequibo, and thus reach the range called the Sierra Acaray, the line of separation, in this part of South America, between the basins of the Essequibo and the Amazons.

6thly. A letter from Captain Alexander, dated Cape of Good Hope, Sept. 10, stating that he had that day left Cape Town, on a journey to the Dámaras country on the west coast of Africa, beyond the Orange River. It may be remembered, that eighteen months since, Captain Alexander went to the Cape of Good Hope with the intention of proceeding into the interior from Delagoa Bay, on the east coast, but was destroyed by the Caffre war, &c.; in the meantime Dr. Smith (the account of whose journey will be found in the *Athenæum*, No. 470,) had returned, having explored the country to the north-eastward, at the back of Delagoa Bay; Captain Alexander, therefore, at once decided upon a new field for discovery, and had selected the Dámaras as the least known. The last Missionary station is at the Warm Bath, twenty miles from the Great River; and the only account we have of the country beyond, is from the unpublished MS. of the brothers Van Reenen, who endeavoured to penetrate in that direction, but who did not reach any distance. Captain Alexander's probable route will be from the Warm Bath on the Orange River, to Walvisch Bay, towards Benguela, and sweeping round easterly towards Lattakoo.

7thly. A letter from Lieutenants Grey, of the 83d regiment, and Lushington of the 9th regiment, two young officers who have just gained the highest honours in the Senior Department at Sandhurst, offering their services, to endeavour to cross the whole continent of Australia from west to east, or to explore in any other direction in that country the Geographical Society might point out as the most eligible.

8thly. An Account of the new expedition to the Pacific and Antartic Oceans, which is fitting out in the United States, to consist of a frigate of 36 guns, a store ship of 360 tons, two brigs of 260 tons, and a schooner of 120 tons. The object of this truly national expedition is to examine thoroughly the Pacific Ocean, and when the season will permit, to push as far south as practicable, to explore the unknown regions of the Antartic Ocean.

Lastly, The President announced from the Chair, that he had the gratification to state that he had that day received a letter, mentioning that Capt. Back, in the *Terror* had been spoken with on the 1st August in Hudson's Straits, lat. 62°, long. 71° W.—All well.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 16.—Mr. Lyell, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—

I. "On indications of change in the relative level of land and water in the estuary of the Clyde," by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, F. R. S. and G. S.

In the West of Scotland are two superficial deposits. The lowest, locally called "till," consists of unstratified clay, confusedly mixed with boulders, and rarely contains organic remains; but stag's horns, tusks, and bones of the elephant, sometimes associated with marine shells, have been found.

The upper deposit is composed of finely laminated clay, overlaid by sand and gravel, and marine remains of existing species occur in every part of it, but most abundantly in the clay.

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* See *Athenæum*, No. 440.

This stratum Mr. Smith has traced on both sides of the Clyde, from Glasgow to Roseneath and Greenock at points varying from thirty to forty feet above the level of the sea; and he gives detailed accounts of its characters and organic contents at the following localities. A brick-yard in Glasgow, thirty feet above high-water mark, where he procured remains of six species of living marine shells: the canal from Glasgow to Paisley and Johnstown, in excavating which twenty-six species of existing marine testacea were found, imbedded in the clay: the brick and tile yards around Paisley and in the adjoining parishes: a farm and a hill near Renfrew, which are called Cockle Farm and Cockle Hill, in consequence of the great abundance of cockles: Johnstown, eight miles from the sea, where, in making a well, the bones of sea fowls and fishes, crab's claws, sea weeds, and numerous recent shells, were found: Helensburgh, Loch Lomond, on the shores of which oyster-shells occur at the height of seventy feet: Dalmuir, and the banks of the Firth of Forth.

With respect to the origin of these superficial deposits, Mr. Smith is of opinion that the lower, or "till," was accumulated by the violent, though transitory, action of a body of water; but that the upper was gradually deposited at the bottom of a sea of sufficient depth to protect the sediment from the agitation of waves; and he conceives that the change of level was effected gradually, in a manner analogous to that now taking place on the coast of Sweden, and described by Mr. Lyell in a memoir recently published in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

Of the period at which the change occurred, the author offers no conjecture, but that it was anterior to the occupation of Britain by the Romans, is evident, as the terminations of their wall on the shores of the Forth and the Clyde were constructed with reference to the present level of the sea; and it is worthy of remark, that no human remains or works of art have been discovered in the deposit.

The important question, whether the Fauna and Flora of the period, when the clay bed was deposited, were identical with those of the present epoch, Mr. Smith says it would be premature now to determine. A very great proportion of the species of shells, about seventy in number, abound in the adjacent seas, but a few have become rare, if not extinct, with reference to the coast of Scotland.

The author concluded by observing, that as these deposits belong to the newer pliocene, or most recent formations, every circumstance connected with them ought to be carefully observed and recorded, in order that our researches into the more ancient portions of the earth's crust may be conducted on a sure basis, and with proportionate success.

2ndly—A paper by Mr. W. C. Williamson, curator of the Manchester Natural History Society. "On the distribution of organic remains in the oolitic formations on the coast of Yorkshire."

The principal object of this communication is to give observers in other parts of the kingdom a measure of comparison by which they may determine the extent of change in the organic remains of the oolitic formations, either with respect to the horizontal range of a bed, or the recurrence of species in different members of the oolitic series. The formations were described in ascending order, and, for the inferior oolite, the chief locality mentioned was Blue Wick; for the lower sandstone and shale, the cliffs between Cloughton Wyke and Blue Wick; and, for the great or Bath oolite, the principal localities were Cloughton, White Nab, and Cayton and Gristhorpe Bays.

It is impossible to give, in a brief notice, an analysis of the paper, as the details had reference chiefly to the enumeration of species, and the relative abundance of each fossil in different beds.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

ON THE LOSS OF NEAR RELATIVES.

[The following verses lately appeared in the *Liberator* (Glasgow newspaper,) as the composition of the deceased Mr. Peter Kier, Falkirk. Falling under the eye of one of the conductors of the present sheet, they have touched him with more than their own tenderness; for, in an attempt which he made a few years ago to compose a history of the Rebellion of 1745, he had gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of much traditionary information respecting the battle of Falkirk from a modest and amiable young man, Mr. Robert Kier, who died before the publication of the work, and whom its author presumes to have been one of the departed ones bewailed in this little elegy. The grief of the father for the loss of his son was the more poignant, as that son had displayed abilities of a very peculiar kind, and gave the promise of pursuing a distinguished career in life. To this loss, it would appear, others had afterwards been added, till, like a schoolboy detained singly at some penal task, after his companions were let loose to play, he had been relentingly dismissed by his Master to join those who had gone before him into a brighter world. To those who can take an interest in the sorrows of their fellow-creatures, in whatever condition, it will not be displeasing to know that the author of these affecting verses spent his life in a mechanical profession—that of a watchmaker—and aspired no higher. In how many as humble as he, must there be hearts as bitterly wrung, though it is not given that their anguish should turn to sounds so musical!]

Voice after voice hath died away,
Once in my dwelling heard;
Sweet household name by name hath chang'd
To grief's forbidden word.

From dreams of night on each I call,
Each of the far removed,
And waken to my own wild cry,
Where are you, my beloved?

Ye left me, and earth's flowers grew filled
With records of the past,
And stars poured down another light
Than o'er my youth they cast.

The skylark sings not as he sang
When ye were by my side,
And mournful tones are in the wind,
Unheard before ye died.

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From the Monthly Magazine.

THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! what a thing is man!
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred providence above him.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a fine autumnal morning that two gentlemen were seated in the library of Euston Hall.

"You look upon the world with the eye of a priest, Courtenay," said the elder, as he rose and walked to the window.

He was a man about the middle age, and something below the average stature. His hair was short and of a sable silver; but his thinly marked brows were perfectly black, and gave additional fire and vivacity to a pair of piercing dark eyes which were wont to flash with every varying emotion. His mouth was small, and his lips thin and straight, and the singular whiteness of a set of teeth perfectly smooth and even, formed a strong contrast to the almost olive complexion of a face, the features of which, although small, were well defined and regular. His frame was well built, compact and muscular; and as he walked up and down the room, a leg of still faultless symmetry evinced that the vigour of his earlier manhood had scarcely yet begun to depart from him.

The pervading expression in the countenance of the other was that of passive mildness, of almost imperturbable equanimity. His large gray eye reflected meditation; perhaps, anxious thought long ago subdued; and the tone of his voice was that of one more accustomed to converse with books than with men.

"I do not look upon mankind merely with the eye of a priest; answered Courtenay to the observation which had been addressed to him, "it is because, Sir Robert, I think I know their weaknesses, their follies, and their vices, that I presume sometimes to set forth those divine precepts of our heavenly Master, which may at least restrain, if they do not altogether eradicate them."

"You talk to me of charity and of forgiveness of injuries," said Sir Robert, turning from the window out of which he had been gazing for some minutes, "Charity, it is said, covers a multitude of sins; but were it not better to give the sins fair play against virtue, and throw away the cloak altogether? and for your forgiveness of injuries, to forgive is to sanction, nay to license the injury. What! you would warm the snake at your fire, you would permit it to sting you, and then, forsooth, you would heap another log upon the flame? is that your doctrine?"

"I would make every allowance for human feeling," replied the priest humbly; "but what I would strongly insist upon is that it is human feeling, and human feeling only."

The baronet tapped the lid of his snuff-box. "Gently Mr. Courtenay, gently," said he, "am I a fool or a madman? neither, I believe; let me then go my own way. He shall be judged fairly, he has been judged fairly, yes," he repeated, observing the expression of incredulous surprise which the priest evinced; "I say he has been judged fairly. You know not all, although, perhaps, the whole may be known shortly, not only to you but to the world. I will not be hasty. He shall be heard. By heaven! he is arrived," and the baronet started to his feet, as the sound of carriage-wheels driving up the avenue became distinctly audible; "now, Courtenay, you shall see whether I cannot command myself."

A servant opened the door, "Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, is below."

"Show him up, by all means," exclaimed the baronet, and he turned to the priest with a smile, "observe," said he, "how politely I can receive my friends."

Mr. Willoughby at this moment entered the apartment and advanced towards the baronet. "I am very happy to meet you once more," he said, as he extended his hand, "you were no doubt expecting me, agreeably to my letter from Paris. With respect to yours we will talk about it hereafter."

The baronet stept back a pace. "I am very glad to see you here, Mr. Willoughby," he said emphatically, "but my hand is not in at present for mere shows of friendship. I am very glad to see you *here*."

A slight flush overspread the face of the young man. "Well, you decline my hand," said he with affected unconcern, "I expected as much," and he turned towards the priest, "you, Mr. Courtenay, will, perhaps, suffer me to exchange a show of friendship with you."

"You do me honour, with much pleasure," stammered the priest, as he cast a half-imploring glance towards the baronet. "You look well, Mr. Willoughby, remarkably well. Paris, I suppose—"

"Yes, Paris is the place to enjoy life and to prolong it," returned the other, and having retired to the window, an inaudible conversation ensued between the two gentlemen, which from the manner in which it was carried on would seem to have been confined to general topics.

During this colloquy the baronet walked up and down the room humming an air, and playing impatiently with his watch-chain. He paused, at length, and with an earnest and measured glance surveyed from head to foot the person of his son-in-law.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to interrupt your conversation," he said suddenly, "but you know, Courtenay, that I have some particular and urgent business to transact with Mr. Willoughby; will you favour me, Sir," he continued, turning towards the latter, "by accompanying me to the gallery?"

"With pleasure," returned Willoughby, "I follow you."

The priest laid his hand upon the arm of the baronet, and directed a deprecating look towards him, "Be calm, I implore you," he whispered.

"Fear me not, fear me not," answered the other, "Come, Sir, I attend you," and he led the way from the apartment.

"Will you permit me to hope that you have been well, since I last had the pleasure of seeing you?" said Willoughby, as they ascended the staircase.

"I have been very well, Sir," replied the baronet, "nothing has occurred, you see, to disturb my tranquillity; the death of a daughter is a trivial circumstance, and that can't happen again, for she was my only one; and besides," he added, as they entered the gallery, "it is almost past memory, for it happened two months ago; oh! yes, I have been very well."

A shade of undefinable emotion clouded the brow of Willoughby as the baronet concluded, and his nether lip quivered, and the glance he ventured at his companion betrayed that he knew the subject upon which he was about to enter, and that he dreaded its commencement.

"You have some fine portraits here, Sir Robert," said he, with assumed calmness.

"You have seen them often before."

"Indeed; I was not aware; I had forgotten."

"Yes, Mr. Willoughby," cried the baronet, as he placed two chairs in the window recess, "these are the portraits of my ancestors, the portraits of knights, bannerets, and gentlemen of my family; men, Sir, who held their honour sacred, and devoted their lives to the maintenance of it. But come, will you take a chair? I will lock the door," he added, as he walked across the room, "lest we should be intruded upon, come, Mr. Willoughby, sit down."

The baronet took a seat opposite his companion, and after a short pause, during which he appeared to be arranging the order of his questions, and the particular words in which they were to be conveyed, he began thus: "You received my letter addressed to you at Paris, about two months ago, in which I required an explanation of the reason of your strange absence during the illness, and until after the death of the late Mrs. Willoughby? Am I to consider you bow an assent! Well, Sir, your letter dated a fortnight later was received by me, in which you did not condescend to satisfy me touching the questions I presumed to put to you; but you informed me that you would wait upon me this day, for the purpose of arranging some important business."

"I did so," said Willoughby, hastily, "and if you will allow me, I will at once enter upon this business, for which I came hither, and which settled, I will remove myself from your sight for ever."

"Not so fast, young man, *my* business first, if you please," said the baronet coolly. "Hear me. A communication was made to me by one of your own servants to the effect that your wife was dying, but that she was very reluctant that I should be sent for, or acquainted with the matter. For this I can account: her own pride, and an unwillingness to distress me, her father, her father, Mr. Willoughby. No matter, I hastened to town, I watched over her till she died. Before this event took place, however, she informed me that she had written many letters to you, apprising you of her situation, and imploring your return, letters which you never answered. Is this true, do you not know it to be true?"

Willoughby answered not for some moments. "Several letters I did receive," he said slowly and hesitatingly, his eyes fixed on the ground, "but they did not dwell so much upon her illness, they did not implore my return, I did not know she was so ill, the letters were written for another purpose, a secret—a—"

"Lie," said the baronet gently, leaning forward, "if belief, Mr. Willoughby, were always to attend and to wait upon deceit 'twere a rare world for villains. One more word with you: my daughter confessed to me, I wrung it from her, I would know it, that your conduct towards her had been unkind, harsh, cruel, brutal."

The young man started and turned deadly pale. "Did she say so? did Marian tell you this?" and as he averted his face, a violent agitation appeared to shake his frame. "No, no, no, Sir Robert, I was never unkind, never harsh, never cruel, never, until, until the—"

"Ha!" cried the baronet triumphantly, "do you confess? until the what? until when? what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Willoughby, "it is past."

"It is not past, Sir, it is not past," exclaimed Sir Robert; "look you, evasion is useless, you cannot deceive me, I know all."

"Know all, gracious God!" gasped Willoughby, "you cannot know it; she never, surely, told you. What do you know?"

"Enough for my present purpose," replied the baronet; "I know this, Willoughby, that you have murdered, for that is the word, the gentlest and the best creature that ever breathed."

"Oh God! oh God! do not urge me further," cried Willoughby, burying his face in his hands: "let me go, let me depart, or hear the business upon which I came."

"Not a word, not a word," said the baronet solemnly, "till this matter be explained. Willoughby your father was my friend; your mother was dear to my wife; I loved, respected, revered them both. For their sakes I am thus lenient towards you."

"No more," groaned Willoughby, "no more, Sir Robert, I beseech you; let this subject drop; it will be better; it may be safer, suspend your judgment."

"Suspend my judgment, ha! ha!" cried Sir Robert contemptuously, "where shall I suspend it? in the park yonder, I suppose, to scare the crows with; but this is trifling. In one word, tell me, out with it, acknowledge it like a shameless villain, wherefore your treatment of your wife, why your prolonged absence from her?"

"I cannot tell you," cried Willoughby, "indeed I cannot, there were reasons strong, strong, which you must never know."

"But which I will know," said the baronet doggedly.

"You cannot, you must not."

"I must. Will you satisfy me?"

"No, no, no, I cannot, I must not, I will not."

"Will not, is somewhat peremptory," cried the baronet; "again I ask you, will you satisfy me?"

"No, I will not."

"Once more, the third, the last time, will you satisfy me?"

"I will not."

"Enough," exclaimed the baronet, as he struck his hands upon his knees, and sprung upon his feet. "This place is cold, Sir, we must take a little exercise to keep our blood in circulation," and as he said this, he proceeded to the extreme end of the gallery, and opened a large and ancient cabinet. "There never yet," said he, as he flung aside the doors, "there never yet, Willoughby, lived the man since I wore a beard upon my chin, ay, or before that too, who wronged Robert Aylmer, and escaped unpunished. Here, Sir, are two swords, the lengths are equal, take one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Willoughby in surprise.

"You shall know in good time," said the baronet, as he deliberately unsheathed one of the weapons, "here, take your sword, Sir, and defend yourself."

"I will not fight with you," said Willoughby coolly, as he accepted the sword and laid it upon a chair, "nor can you provoke me, Sir, to raise a hand against you. Command yourself; this is madness."

"Ha! a coward too," cried the baronet with a sneer, "a coward too," he repeated, "your father, Mr. Willoughby, would have spurned you for this."

"I am no coward, Sir Robert," said Willoughby reddening, and he took up the sword. "Hear me, Sir, I am skilful at this weapon, I am younger than yourself."

"Tut, tut, boy," cried the baronet contemptuously, "you shall not escape chastisement by bravado, the coward's last resort, I also am skilful at this weapon, or was, before that hand of yours could poise a bulrush."

"I do not question, and I will not witness your skill to-day, Sir Robert," said Willoughby; "I have no quarrel with you, I love and I respect you. You are my father-in-law."

"Liar!" cried the baronet, "that tie has been dissolved. Your valour, Willoughby," said he, as he approached him, "is a sluggish beast, and must be roused, I see. Now, Sir, will you fight me?" and he struck the other violently with the flat of his weapon.

"Ha!" cried Willoughby, drawing his sword hastily, "this must not be, Sir, this must not be; but no, I will not revenge this now, I stand upon my defence, no more."

"Come, this is well, this is well," said the baronet with a grim smile, as Willoughby placed himself in attitude; "now, Sir, defend yourself," and with his teeth firmly set together, and a kindling eye, the baronet struck his foot upon the floor, and crossed the sword of his antagonist with his own.

The baronet commenced the assault with great coolness and determination, but after a few ineffectual passes, the colour came upon his brow, and the impatient twitching of his lip evinced that he would soon lose the self-possession which had governed him at the first onset. He felt that he had to do with an antagonist equal with himself in skill, and deriving great advantage from his superior command of temper; and this last conviction, as Willoughby put by his sword at every pass with the air of one who defies and almost derides his opponent, chaffed him into almost ungovernable rage.

"We must try another system with you, my young gentleman," he cried, as he retreated a few paces, and then advanced upon the other with reckless fury; "it is time we should bring this matter to an issue."

"I must wound you, even in my own defence I must wound you, Sir Robert," exclaimed Willoughby, as the baronet pressed upon him. "By heavens I think I touched you there," and as he spoke, his sword entered the coat of the other, and came out over the shoulder.

"A lie, a lie," shouted the baronet, "I am not wounded, look to yourself."

"A moment's pause, I entreat you," cried Willoughby, and putting by the sword of the baronet, he lowered the point of his own. "Let this go no farther," he continued, "I am no coward; but let us desist, and I will forget all that has occurred. One word; had you not once a favourable opinion of me?"

"I had—what then?" said the baronet.

"Retain it still; and believe me, I never wronged your daughter."

The baronet was silent for some minutes, and with folded arms stood gazing at the majestic figure and noble countenance of his son-in-law. "It grieves me, Willoughby," said he, "It grieves me that a brave man should have found it worth his while to be a scoundrel. Why these evasions? what need of further subterfuge? confess, that you have been a base and unmanly villain to your wife."

"Never," exclaimed Willoughby, "would that I could explain all, but no, that must never be, and he shook his head mournfully.

"We waste time, then," cried the baronet, raising his sword, "*her* spirit cries to me for blood, and it must flow, Willoughby," and again he pressed furiously upon his antagonist.

"What use, then, contending with you?" said Willoughby, "see, I am wounded," and at that moment, the baronet's sword entered his wrist, "you thirst for my blood, you seek my life, take it," and he threw down his rapier.

The baronet sprung forward and placed his weapon at the heart of Willoughby. "Die then," said he, "or confess, I give you but one minute. Confess."

"Nothing," said the other unmoved, "you seek my life, take it."

"And that I will do, by the God above us," cried the baronet; "confess, confess."

"My life is at your disposal, Sir Robert," said Willoughby calmly, "I have nothing to say. Take it."

The baronet looked up and riveted his keen dark eye upon the features of his son-in-law. There was an undefinable expression in that face, so unmoved, so serene, so tranquil, that staggered him. Slowly and almost unconsciously he lowered the point of his sword, and placed his hand upon the bosom of Willoughby.

"The pulse is regular," he muttered, "the heart beats as calmly as my own." He threw down his weapon and walked to the window. "I cannot do it now," he said, "not now, in cold blood to shed cold blood—no, no—another time; not now, not now."

"You have been deceived, Sir Robert," said Willoughby, as he bound up his wrist with a handkerchief, and replaced the swords in a cabinet, "but how, by whom, or in what particular, perhaps you will never know. Let us forget what has just now passed."

The baronet looked round and gazed earnestly at the speaker till he had concluded. An incredulous smile passed on his lip as he stepped out of the recess; but he uttered not a word, and turning on his heel he walked slowly from the gallery, and descended the staircase; and the closing of a door below apprised Willoughby that he had shut himself in his study.

CHAPTER II.

It was about ten o'clock when Sir Robert's bell rang. A servant entered the library.

"Thomas, you may bring me up some coffee now; what are the gentlemen about below?"

"They are still in the parlour, Sir Robert, in conversation;" and the servant retired, presently returning with the tea service.

"You may fetch me up a bottle of wine in about two hours from this time," said the baronet; "it will be late before I retire to bed."

The clock was striking the hour of midnight, when the servant tapped at the library door. There was no answer. He repeated it a second and a third time. There was a stir within as of the closing of a door. "Come in."

"I have brought you the wine, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Oh! thank you. I had forgotten; set it down here."

"Are you not well, Sir?" inquired the servant, as having approached, he marked the ghastly paleness of his master.

"Chilly, cold, Thomas," said the baronet. "I have let my fire out; where is Mr. Courtenay?"

"He has retired to his own apartment."

"Mr. Willoughby?"

"He is now going to his room, Sir."

"That is well," said the baronet. "It is the room he occupied, when he was here two years ago, is it not?"

"It is, Sir Robert."

"Well. You may tell James that I shall not want him to-night; he may go to bed. Good night."

"Why, what a stealthy, villain pace is this?" said he, stopping suddenly, as he walked in silence from the library, and proceeded cautiously down a long passage, "it is a sacrifice to which I go, not a murder; but this is the door." He knocked loudly. "Mr. Willoughby! —within there—Mr. Willoughby!" There was no reply. "And this man can sleep!" ejaculated the baronet: "well, Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the conscience to the sensitive villain, I suppose." He opened the door quickly, and entered the room; and placing the candle upon a table approached the bed. He drew aside the curtains. "Willoughby! arise, man, awake!" and he touched him on the shoulder as he spoke.

The young man started from a deep sleep. "Who's there?" he cried, rising from the bed.

"It is I," said the baronet, "Robert Aylmer; I am come to talk with you."

"What do you mean, Sir Robert?" exclaimed Willoughby, "why disturb me at the dead of night, what do you want?"

"I will tell you," said the baronet calmly, "I have been thinking of you the whole evening, and of our meeting this morning. I will no longer require you to confess your villany; it cannot serve, it is useless, and it might cause you to expend lies, for which, if you outlive this night, you may have occasion."

"Wherefore, then, the trouble you have taken to arouse me from sleep? What do you want?"

"Vengeance—your blood—your life—Willoughby —now," and he drew forth a dagger and dashed it, swift as lightning, at the heart of his son-in-law.

Willoughby seized the wrist of the baronet with his left hand at the moment that the point of the dagger was within a hair's breadth of his breast.

"When next you attempt a murder," cried he, "do it like a murderer," and he held back the wrist of the baronet with a strength almost superhuman. "Oh! Sir Robert Aylmer, I pity you."

"Slave!" cried the baronet, as he threw himself upon the other, "you have not escaped me; my cause is written in heaven, and is approved there, and heaven assists me." A violent struggle ensued, but it was a brief one; for the baronet, although a muscular and determined man, was no adversary for his son-in-law, whose prodigious strength was seconded by youth, and to whom, perhaps, the occasion gave additional power. Wrestling the dagger from the baronet's hand, he flung him violently away, and springing from the bed seized the bell-rope.

"Madman! keep off," he cried, "stir but a step I raise the house. I have you in my power. Do you know what you would have done? an act which would have brought you to an ignominious end."

"You murdered my daughter," said the baronet, looking round wildly in quest of another weapon, "and I would have murdered you. I would, ay, and I will:—you deserve it—the God above knows that you deserve it."

"What we deserve is nothing to the purpose," cried Willoughby, impatiently. "What may you not deserve? how know you what *she* deserved?" he added hastily, but he checked himself.

The baronet turned short round, and fixed his eyes upon Willoughby, and the breath forced itself from his bosom. He put forth his hands and clenched the air. "Liar, liar, liar, liar," said he, in a quick calm whisper, "what *she* deserved!" and he approached him slowly, and spit at him. "Liar!" he shouted, raising his hands, "where is heaven's justice, where does justice sleep that it does not blast this villain with its thunder suddenly! Oh! that I could kill you, Willoughby; oh! that I might, *might* kill you."

The young man caught the arm of the baronet as it descended, and forced him into a chair. "Forgive me," said he, "pardon me—I went too far—I said too much—oh! Sir Robert, my dear, dear Sir, be calm, compose yourself. Hear me," and he fetched the dagger, and as he laid his hand upon the baronet's arm the tears burst from his eyes, "were I at this moment prepared to meet my Maker, and were you prepared to do this deed and to justify it before God and man; heaven is my witness, you should plunge this dagger into my heart. What is my life to me, valueless, worthless, worse, it is a burden to me. One moment more, listen to me; I had almost sworn to let this secret, for there is a secret, die with me, but you will not have it so; I will then, do this, I will confess to Mr. Courtenay to-morrow morning all that is in my mind, all that weighs upon it; and if he decides that you ought to be told, that you should know all, be it so. We have gone so far that there is no help for it."

"Do you promise that? do you promise that?" cried the baronet, clapping his hands together, and rising from his seat. "Willoughby, you are a villain, but you are a brave one; and when all is confessed will you give me satisfaction, eh? will you fight me?"

"I will, if you require it."

"Good, good," said the baronet, "your hand upon it. There," and he flung the hand of Willoughby from him, "I have humbled myself enough for what has passed this night. It will wash off, I dare say; you may retire to your bed, I shall not visit you again."

The baronet took the candle and walked to the door. "Remember!" said he, as he looked back, "I must not be trifled with, I have your word."

"Of honour," said Willoughby.

"You swear well," said the baronet with a sneer, "as I have sworn, by the dead;" and he closed the door after him and retired to his own apartment.

CHAPTER III.

About nine o'clock Sir Robert descended from his room after having completed his toilet, and entered the breakfast parlour with a firm step and an air of easy indifference. The priest was already there, seated at one of the windows apparently absorbed in deep reflection.

"Good morning, Courtenay," said the baronet, as, having approached, he laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Ha! good morning, Sir Robert," stammered the priest, "I did not hear you:—my mind was wandering."

"We have had a stormy night," observed the baronet, "and from the appearance of the clouds, I should augur that we shall have more of this weather;—but, heavens! man, how pale you look! What is the matter? Are you unwell?"

"Do I look so?" said Courtenay. "I have been agitated, Sir Robert, by something that has—"

"Did you hear anything last night?" interrupted the baronet hastily.

"I did not," answered the priest, "except the storm without, I heard nothing."

The baronet turned away, and walked to the other end of the room.

"Have you seen Willoughby this morning?" he enquired after a pause.

"I have seen him, Sir Robert," replied Courtenay.

"Where is he?"

He is gone to give orders respecting his carriage, he departs immediately, and it may be as well to inform you," added the priest, with a wonderful effort at calmness, "that Mr. Willoughby aroused me at an early hour this morning, requesting an interview with me; and that he has made me acquainted with everything."

"He told you then what occurred last night," said the baronet slightly reddening.

"He did, Sir Robert," and the priest shuddered.

"Well, Sir—"

"He did, I say, inform me of what had occurred."

"Well, Sir—"

"That was your question, was it not?" said the priest timidly.

"Did he inform you," cried Sir Robert, approaching Courtenay, and as he addressed him, making a pause between each word as it fell from his lips, "did he inform you, Sir, of circumstances that occurred, in which he himself was the aggressor, and of which my daughter was the victim? did he inform you of this, Sir?"

The priest was silent for some minutes, and was evidently striving to collect himself for the conversation about to ensue.

"Mr. Willoughby did inform me of every circumstance," at length he said with something like calmness, "connected with his supposed conduct to the late Mrs. Willoughby; and further told me that upon my decision it was to rest whether you were to be made acquainted with every particular."

"Very good, very good," said the baronet sitting down, "I will hear it now, Courtenay, do not suppose that *he* has any further cause of fear from my hands, at present. What is it?

"Sir Robert Aylmer," said the priest solemnly, "you must never know."

"How?" cried the baronet incredulously, rising slowly from his seat; "think again, Mr. Courtenay; you are nervous, or distrust me, Sir. Never know!" he added, "never know! do not trifle with me; this is a serious matter."

"I have a sacred duty to perform," said the priest; "to you, Sir Robert, my friend, my only friend, my patron, my protector,—to Mr. Willoughby who has left it to my discretion to decide whether I should impart his confession to you, or retain it inviolately in my own bosom. I choose to do the latter. I believe,—I know it to be my duty so to do. You must never know."

At this moment, Willoughby entered the parlour. The baronet advanced towards him sternly. "You knew your man, Sir, when you made your proposition to me last night, but the conspiracy shall avail you naught—it serves you for the present—it is well. Now, Sir, have you any thing further to say to me, before you leave my house?"

"I have only this to say," answered Willoughby coldly; "I have confessed everything to Mr. Courtenay; it is at his option, whether you shall be made acquainted with it or not: and on my soul, I have not attempted to bias him one way or the other. After what passed between us last night, I might, I think, reasonably decline any further communication between us; but if you will allow me, I will even now open the very simple business which enforced my visit to you; if you will not permit me, a letter may serve the purpose as well."

"Come along, Sir, with me," said the baronet, "and I will now the more readily hear your business, since I also have something for your private ear. We will retire into my study, if you please."

"Oh! go not with him, let me conjure you," cried the priest rising, and grasping the arm of Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, your son-in-law must never again be left alone with you."

"As you please, gentlemen," said the baronet, sarcastically, "or rather, as Mr. Courtenay pleases; for he, it seems, is master here."

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed the priest in a tone of distressful deprecation, "it is not so, but Mr. Willoughby you must not go with Sir Robert Aylmer,—indeed you must not."

"I fear him not," said Willoughby with an air of haughty defiance, which, however, suddenly gave place to a look of mournful commiseration, and he gently lifted the hand of Courtenay from his arm. "Sir Robert, I attend you."

"You have no cause to fear me, Sir, now, in this house," said the baronet, and he turned to Courtenay. "I give you my sacred word that Mr. Willoughby is safe from me while he remains under my roof. Come, Sir, I shall not detain you long. No further," he added, looking round towards the priest who was about to follow. "I have sworn that not a hair of his head shall be injured by me in this house." So saying, he closed the door after Willoughby, and led the way to the library.

"Now, then, Sir, to the business at once," cried the baronet seating himself and pointing, to a chair. "What have you to tell me?"

"I will tell you in few words," replied Willoughby, "but first let me beg of you that what I am about to do may be subject to no misconstruction. I had hoped when I arrived here yesterday to have found the temper and spirit in which you wrote to me at Paris, somewhat assuaged and subdued. Had this happily been the case—"

"Oh! how little you knew me," interrupted the baronet with a contemptuous smile.

"Had this been the case," proceeded the other, "what I am now about to propose to you would have been subject to a liberal interpretation; as it is, I feel that it will but create fresh surmises which, hostile as you are to me, will operate to my prejudice. Nevertheless—"

"What are you aiming at?" said the baronet, leaning back in his chair, "do you hope to deceive me by a new evasion? do you think to turn me round with some flourish of rhetoric? Proceed, young man."

"At once," said Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, when I married your daughter, with that generous disinterestedness for which you have ever been distinguished, you settled upon my late wife the chief part of your property; which property, in the event of her demise, or failing issue was, after your death, to be mine."

"Well, Sir, I did so," said the baronet, with a look of disgust, "and what do you require more? Will it please you to take the whole of my property, and what annuity do you propose to allow me, if I relinquish it at once, or have you mislaid the deed, and would fain be presented with another? what is it? Tell me plainly."

"It is none of these things, Sir," said Willoughby. "I have not mislaid the deed, it is here," and he drew it from his pocket, and as he gazed upon it for some minutes, a heavy sigh escaped him.

"You sigh, Sir," said the baronet, "and let me tell you, Willoughby, property alone will never secure happiness, you have found it so."

Willoughby raised his eyes slowly, and directed a vague glance at the baronet, as though suddenly recalled from some absorbing memory. "I did not sigh for *that*," said he, "I understand your insinuation; here, Sir Robert," and he handed the deed toward him, "take it, it is yours, I relinquish, for I have no right to it."

Sir Robert slowly raised himself in his chair, and placed his snuff-box upon the table, and leaning forward, with contracted brows looked with a searching glance into Willoughby's face. "Relinquish it!" he ejaculated in astonishment, "relinquish it, did I hear you aright? relinquish it, did you say?"

Willoughby bowed assent.

"By heaven! it is strange, very strange," muttered the baronet, and he sank into a reverie. There was a silence of some minutes.

"I have now told you my business," said Willoughby, at length, laying the deed upon the table, "and I leave you. When we meet again, you will, perhaps, judge me less harshly than you have hitherto done," and he arose. "Farewell, Sir Robert Aylmer."

The baronet motioned with his head for Willoughby to be seated. He obeyed. "One moment more," said Sir Robert, "before you do leave me," and drawing himself up in his chair, he continued in a measured and emphatic tone, "I now see it all, although I cannot see through it, it is dark, Willoughby, but it is distinct. You are a villain, with a conscience; and something horrible remains behind untold. Why had she not told me all? but she was ever too gentle and too good. You go, Sir, but we meet again, and that shortly. Your reparation avails you naught, it is not worth this," and he snapped his fingers.

"I expected this," said Willoughby in a tone of deep mortification. "I was prepared for the construction which you have put upon my conduct, and I feel that your enmity to me is unconquerable."

"Have I not cause for it, Sir, have I not cause, good, eternal cause?" and the baronet sprung from his chair; "by heaven! your baseness, Willoughby, confounds me; the imperturbable equanimity of this villain makes me mad, mad. You will give me back my property, will you? my property, ha! ha! wretch! slave! but come this way, Sir," and he drew the other by the wrist to the further end of the room, and seizing a key from the table, thrust it into the lock of a large cabinet, "but my property is not enough, it will not suffice, I must have more, now, Sir," and he threw back the doors of the cabinet with furious violence, "will you give me back her—her—her."

With a cry of horror Willoughby fell upon his knees, as the sight before him met his eyes. "Gracious God!" he cried, "what dreadful spectacle is this?"

"Peace, peace," said the baronet in a whisper, pointing with his finger, and he stood immovably, gazing upwards, "peace, the dead can hear you if there be truth in mortal consciousness; oh! forgive me, dear child, that I have suffered this man to behold thy poor remains, once let it be, and but once."

Yes, it was the daughter of the baronet that stood before them. Her hair seemed to have newly fallen over her shoulders in profuse tresses; a hue, as of breathing life was upon her cheek; her eyes were closed, not as in sleep, but as though in resignation, and one hand was laid softly upon her bosom.

Willoughby endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from the sight that appeared to grow before them, but in vain; and as he clasped his forehead with his hands a violent convulsion shook his frame. "Take her from me," he cried in agony, "I can no longer bear this; oh! Sir Robert, have mercy upon me, I am faint, and sick."

The baronet turned round, and approaching his son-in-law, tapped him on the shoulder. "Have I not cause, think you?" said he, "have I not cause? Can I behold this object day and night, and consent to die while you live? Stop, Sir, one moment," and as Willoughby attempted to rise he held him down forcibly. "Hear me," and he dropped upon his knees, before the lifeless presence of his daughter, "I swear, as I have sworn, oh! how many times, that never, until I have avenged my child's murder, shall that body know the corruption of the grave. You may fly me, but I am with you; wherever you be, there also will I be; never, never, *never*, Willoughby, shall you escape me."

"Oh, God! that I could, that I might speak," groaned Willoughby, "but I am dumb; I must, I *must* be silent."

"Enough!" said the baronet, as having breathed an inarticulate prayer whilst the other was yet speaking, he arose from his knees. "Rise, Sir," and lifting Willoughby to his feet, he hurried him by the arm to the door. "Go, Sir, we shall meet again, and soon," and hastening along the passage, the baronet stopped at the parlour in which he had left the priest.

He knocked loudly at the door. "Come forth, Courtenay, and behold I have returned your charge unharmed. He is not there," he added, pausing for a moment. "No matter, your way is straight before you, your carriage, I perceive, is ready. Now, Sir, your foot once over the threshold, and beware. I give you warning. Begone!"

"Oh! Sir Robert," cried Willoughby, as he turned round, and he looked with an almost piteous expression into the face of the baronet, "take but my hand at parting, you have wronged me, but I forgive you, indeed, you have wronged me."

"Begone!" exclaimed the baronet, "lest I spurn you from me," and flinging the hall door after him, he walked hastily to his own room.

The bell rang in about half an hour. A servant entered the apartment.

"Send Mr. Courtenay to me instantly."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir?" said the servant·

"Did I speak plain? Mr. Courtenay; tell him that I desire to see him without delay."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir Robert, is gone."

"Gone!" cried the baronet in surprise, "gone! where?"

"He accompanied Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, in the carriage."

The baronet was silent for a few moments. "Thomas," said he, calmly, "saddle a horse forthwith, and ride to the next town. Hire post horses and follow Mr. Willoughby's carriage to London. Let him not observe you: but watch whether he proceeds to his own house or elsewhere. You will see me and let me know at the hotel in Oxford-street, the hotel at which I usually put up; you know it. Order my carriage instantly, I follow you in half an hour. Tell James to put up a few things, he is to accompany me."

The servant bowed and retired.

"Said I not rightly?" cried the baronet, as he arose, and hastened to his chamber, "when I told Willoughby it was a conspiracy; they shall rue it—they shall rue it."

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Robert Aylmer had not occupied the private room, into which he had been ushered by the waiter of the hotel, more than ten minutes when his servant entered.

"Well, John, what news do you bring? I am not long after you, you see."

"Mr. Willoughby is in Grosvenor-square, Sir Robert, I saw him alight from his carriage."

"And Mr. Courtenay?"

"Mr. Courtenay was with him, Sir Robert."

"That will do. By-the-by, Thomas," said he, musing, "do you remember a young girl who was accustomed to attend upon the late Mrs. Willoughby, her waiting maid?"

"I do, Sir Robert."

"Now, do you think," said the baronet, "you could obtain a sight of this girl without being seen by her fellow-servants. Tell her that I wish particularly to see her, and bring her with you, if possible. I shall not detain her many minutes. Can you do this matter cleverly, think you?"

"I will endeavour, Sir Robert," answered the servant. "I might send to her from some house in the neighborhood, or—"

"Ay, ay, to be sure, I see you understand. Now, go, and prevail upon her to come to me without delay. She shall be rewarded handsomely."

"Yes," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "I should have questioned the girl before, she might have thrown much light upon this attempted mystery; and may still, ay, may still."

In about an hour the servant returned. "Well, Thomas," said the baronet, "did you see her, have you brought her?"

"She is below, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Let her come up instantly. You were not seen, I hope, by any of the servants?"

"I was not Sir.',

"Very good," said his master, as he arose and paced the room anxiously.

"This is the young woman," said the servant, re-entering and leading in a girl about twenty years of age.

"Come hither, child," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "take this seat. I wish to ask you a few questions relative to the late Mrs. Willoughby. You accompanied her, I think, to the continent?"

"I did, Sir Robert."

"Did you observe any alteration of behaviour on the part of Mr. Willoughby towards his wife during the time they were abroad? Take time to answer me. Was Mr. Willoughby at any period kind and attentive to his wife—and was he ever otherwise?"

"When we first left London," replied the girl, "and for some time afterwards, my master and mistress appeared to live in the utmost harmony. No man could be more kind and attentive than Mr, Willoughby; but after we had been some time at Rome, where we stayed several months, his conduct altered very much."

"Have you any idea of the cause?" inquired Sir Robert.

"None, Sir."

"Was any violence ever used towards Mrs. Willoughby, that you are aware of?"

The girl hesitated. "Upon two occasions," she said slowly, "Mr. Willoughby, I believe, struck my mistress. She told me so; and we could see that his temper was much changed two months before. He was very violent and hasty."

"Whom do you mean by 'we?'" asked the baronet.

"Myself and my fellow-servants, Sir Robert."

"Ay, ay. Now tell me," continued the baronet earnestly, "do you know, or was there any conjecture amongst you, as to the cause of this behaviour?"

"We thought, Sir," replied the girl, "that Mr. Willoughby might have been rather gay, for he was frequently from home; and that my mistress, perhaps, had remonstrated with him."

"To be sure," said the baronet. "By heaven! the most probable conjecture; tell me child, how did these scenes end, these two occasions of which you spoke, did not your mistress attempt to leave him?"

"I believe she did," answered the young woman, "for one of the servants overheard my master in very high words with the Marquess Riccardi, and we supposed that it was Mrs. Willoughby's intention to place herself under the protection of his family."

"And who is the Marquess Riccardi?" inquired the baronet.

"A young Italian nobleman, Sir, with whose family Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had been very intimate."

"A young Italian nobleman," repeated the baronet, "well, girl, did your mistress succeed in leaving the house?"

"She did not, Sir. Mr. Willoughby locked her in her own room; and we left Rome on the next day. It was said that a duel had taken place, and that my master had killed the marquess, but of this we are not certain, for we came to England in haste, and Mr. Willoughby's man, who attended him, would never satisfy us as to what took place on the morning of our departure. They did meet, however."

"And this is all you know," inquired the baronet, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection.

"It is, Sir."

"It was his conduct to her," said the baronet, half-musingly, "that preyed upon her, that killed her, that murdered her, was it not, child? tell me, you were with her during her illness, from the first, at her bedside when she expired, was not this the cause?"

"I think it was," said the girl; "but my poor mistress was so gentle that she never uttered a word of complaint against Mr. Willoughby."

"She *was* so gentle," said the baronet in a low tone; "but she is now in heaven, child, where the weary are at rest."

"I knew there was something that preyed upon her mind," added the girl, "for my mistress often spoke, when she was delirious, of something that she wished to get back from Mr. Willoughby, some paper, I think it was, she was always referring to it."

"True, true," said Sir Robert, "she spoke of it when she was dying; I heard her speak of it. Well, girl, you have told me all you know, and I thank you. Take this," and he handed her some gold, "hereafter I will think of some adequate recompence to you for your attention to my daughter, Good morning."

"And why delay this longer," said the baronet rising and ringing the bell. "What need of further testimony? has he not been tried, judged, and convicted? do we need proof where the truth is obvious? I have trifled too long; it is time to be in earnest."

"Thomas," said he, as the servant entered the room, "I am going out, and shall return in about an hour, let my carriage be in readiness. I go to Dover, and shall proceed from thence to Paris. Let there be no delay."

He followed the servant down stairs. "Get the carriage out at once," said he, as he left the house, "I may be less than an hour gone, and the occasion is urgent."

In a few minutes the baronet was at the door of Willoughby's house. "Mr. Willoughby is within," said he as the porter appeared, "is he up stairs?"

"He is, Sir Robert," said the man.

"You need not announce me, I will find him myself," and the baronet hastily proceeded up stairs, and laying his hand upon the lock, flung open the door of the parlour.

Mr. Courtenay was alone, seated by the fire and reading.

"Sir Robert Alymer," he cried, rising in alarm, and involuntarily extending his hand.

"Mr. Courtenay," said the baronet, approaching him and putting by his hand, "where is your master?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the priest in agitation.

"Your master, or your pupil, which is it?" said the baronet with a sneer. "Where is he? Willoughby."

"He is in the next room, Sir Robert," answered the priest, "and must not be disturbed; he is making preparations to depart the country. You will see him no more."

"Must not be disturbed," cried the baronet, "but I *must* see him, Mr. Courtenay, your authority is of somewhat recent growth."

"My dear Sir Robert," cried the priest hurriedly, "be calm; let me implore you to be calm. You will never again be insulted by the sight of Mr. Willoughby. It is his intention to leave England for many years, for ever."

"He did not tell me that," said the baronet, "I should wish to take my leave of him before he goes. He is in that room, is he not?" and the baronet pointed to the door of an inner apartment.

"In the name of God," said the priest earnestly, I conjure you not to see him again: and if the circumstance of my having accompanied him from Euston Hail has caused you to suspect him wrongfully, I will return with you. Heaven is my witness, I meant well: I would not have left you but for good reasons; I have done it for the the best, I have done it for—"

"A purpose, doubtless," interrupted the baronet, "best known to yourself. You *have* done it for the best. The future may be better than the past, and the hope of advantage is stronger than the sense of gratitude. But what have I to do with *your* reasons," he continued bitterly. "it is with him that I wish to speak; you and I, Mr. Courtenay, are from henceforth strangers." So saying, the baronet advanced to the door, the priest following him.

"I have come once more to see you, Mr. Willoughby," said the baronet entering, and the young man started up from a desk at which he had been writing, "I am born, you see, to trouble you."

"You are, Sir," said Willoughby proudly, "but I half expected you, and am prepared. Your conduct to me has been such that I can hold no further communication with you. You know not, Sir Robert, how I have restrained my naturally hasty temper out of regard for your feelings, and in consideration of your age. Do not interrupt me, hear me for one moment. This I can promise you, that you shall never see my face again; I am about to quit England, and for ever. No further satisfaction shall you have from me. I owe to myself and to you to preserve eternal silence respecting the past. Do I not, Mr. Courtenay?"

"You do," said Courtenay solemnly.

"And do you think," cried Sir Robert, in a quiet sarcastic tone, "and do you think, Sir, that I am to be put off by these grave face-makings, and by the mumbling of yonder priest? Let me tell you, Sir, that I will have your secret, as you have called it, or an equivalent."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Courtenay, "be not so violent, restrain yourself, Sir Robert."

"Stand back, Sir," said the baronet promptly, "lest I strike you to the earth. Look you, Willoughby, you owe something, you say, to yourself and to me. What you owe to yourself, you may keep to yourself; what you owe to me, you shall pay. Now, Sir, you left a deed with me yesterday morning, the liberality demands return. I also have a deed here," and he thrust his hand into his coat-pocket. "which, perhaps, will leave us quits."

The baronet drew forth a pistol hastily, and discharged the contents into the bosom of Willoughby.

"Merciful God!" cried the priest in horror, rushing between them, as Willoughby staggered backwards, and fell upon the floor with a heavy groan, "Sir Robert Aylmer, what have you done?"

"An act," said the baronet, laying down the pistol, "which heaven applauds, an act which is seldom seen upon this earth, an act of justice."

"Raise me a little," said the dying man, in a faint voice, "let my head rest upon your shoulder; thank you, Mr. Courtenay. Aylmer, you have killed me; but I pity and forgive you. You must tell him all, Courtenay. My name must not go down into the grave with ignominy—the room turns round with me—I am dying—there—there."

At these words, his head fell back upon the priest's shoulder—his arm dropped by his side, and with a deep sigh he expired.

Courtenay laid down the body gently, and taking the wrist of Willoughby with one hand, laid the other softly upon his bosom.

"He is dead," he groaned, "but his name shall not go down to the grave with ignominy. I will tell all," and as he arose he burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. "What have you done?" he exclaimed, and he approached and seized the baronet, whom he shook violently. "Do you know what you have done? You have slain as noble a gentleman as ever walked this earth, and why? shall I tell you at once, his wife, your daughter, was false, false."

The baronet sprung back and stood transfixed. Not a breath appeared to issue from his mouth, and his eyes glared wildly; but presently he moved his hands as though he would collect his whole strength together for one great effort. He approached the priest slowly, and on tiptoe. "That again," he said in a hollow whisper.

"She was false, Sir Robert," cried the priest, "strike me, kill me, I fear you not. 'Tis true as heaven is true."

"'Tis false as hell is false," shouted the baronet, "she false! then were heaven untrue. It can't, it can't, it cannot be. Hah!"

With a loud shriek the baronet clasped his head with his hands. "Can it be?" he gasped, "can it be? where, where?"

"Oh! this is dreadful," groaned Courtenay. "It was at Rome, Sir. There was a marquess, an Italian, his name Riccardi, whom Willoughby killed in a duel. He was the man."

The baronet placed one hand in his neckcloth, and his eyes rolled wildly. They fell upon the body of Willoughby. He went and knelt down by the side of the corpse, and gazed upon it. "Who killed this man?" he said quietly, looking up, "who killed this man? did I? I believe I did; oh! for a world to give in purchase of his life again." He sprung up suddenly. "Ha! ha!" he cried with savage glee, "a lie, a deep-laid cunning, damned lie. I see it all."

"It is too true," cried Courtenay mournfully.

"Evidence," said the baronet quickly.

There is his man below who attended him at the duel with Riccardi, and heard the confession of the dying man."

"Send for him up stairs," cried the baronet; "but no, no," he added vaguely, "that were too degrading."

"I have a paper also," said the priest slowly, "which Mr. Willoughby compelled his wife to sign, in which all is confessed; and this he did, fearing that you would call him to account for his desertion of her, to be produced in the last resort."

The baronet started, and fixed his eyes upon the priest earnestly. "I shall go mad," he said, "but not yet. I am here, Courtenay; open the paper and place it into this hand; but come not near me when I have read it, lest I tear you to pieces; keep the air from me, it weighs upon my brain. Give it to me, now, now."

The baronet stood with one hand tightly grasping his head, and the other outstretched at arm's length. The priest approached, and gave the paper to him. He held it firmly and gazed upon it. There was no motion of his eye when he had perused the paper. It rested upon the signature. Several minutes elapsed.

"Sir Robert, Sir Robert Aylmer," cried the priest in alarm, and he approached a few paces.

The baronet fell back without a groan.

Courtenay drew near, and knelt down by his side. Sir Robert Aylmer was no more!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. I.

"You are all recreant and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility."

"Our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes. 'Tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman—spare none but such as go in clouted shoon."

"All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death."
SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.* Part II.

Prefatory Note.

THIS is a work of fiction, and what may be objected to all such works may probably be applied to this—that no one character ever combined all the traits and features that are here ascribed to a single individual. That is perhaps true. But it may be said in answer, that the undertaking is to describe a *genus*, which of course contains many species; and having, he thinks, observed among the ranks of Radicalism, though spread over various characters, one or other of all the traits here described, the author thought it might be a convenient mode of elucidating his object, to concentrate them to one particular portrait.

SECTION I.

Birth, Parentage, and Education of the Radical.

"My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lips and starts—
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon casts
His eye against the moon.
It may well be—
There is a mutiny in his mind."
SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

It was a beautiful evening in a beautiful May, (May, however, is not always beautiful in England,) when two young men, named Crabtree and Hartley, in servitors' gowns, and, according to the fashion of servitors, without tassels to their caps, were enjoying a walk in the agreeable gardens of Merton College, Oxford. The air stole softly on their senses; the studies of the day, *and the waiting at dinner in the hall*, were over; violets and a thousand other odoriferous "infants of the spring" threw out a perfume which might have softened the most morose into good humour, if not happiness. There was a delicious concert of birds; and buds, as well as birds, from every bough, saluted the eyes and ears of listeners and beholders.

"How very charming and soothing this is," said Hartley, a youth of nineteen, to his companion. "There is nothing surely in nature like an evening in spring, after the labours of the day."

"Charming and soothing to those who may please to think so," returned Crabtree, who was three years older than his friend, which at that time of life gave a sort of authority over him.

"And why *may* not every one please who chooses?" asked Hartley. "The sky, the plants, the trees, the flowers are made for us all; and this turf walk absolutely delights me. Remember the passage I showed you this morning, alluding to the little difference between a palace and a cottage—

'That self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks upon all alike.'"

Crabtree was moody and dissentient, and, eying their gowns and tuftless caps, told his friend to look from the terrace where they were, to the broad walk below, which the fine evening had peopled with company.

"Observe these gowns and caps," said he, eying his own dress, "and look at those yonder, and tell me what you can enjoy."

"I see nothing there," said Hartley, "to prevent me from enjoying what I do."

The prospect from the terrace was the broad walk of Christ Church, just then thronged by a number of gay young men and well dressed women, all animated with cheerfulness, and suffering nothing from discontent. How should they? They were full of the hopes and spirits of their age; and if they were not all equal in rank or station, there appeared nothing to forbid an equality of intercourse, save and except that a group dressed like our two servitors seemed to prefer one another's company to the rest. These, either by design or accident, kept aloof from the tasselled, and particularly the velvet and gold-tufted caps of others, who seemed to be favourably distinguished by the female deities of the place—wives and daughters of canons, heads of houses, and the rest of University *haut ton*. This was a sight which, on account of its humiliation, the servitor Crabtree could not bear.

"Observe," said he, to his younger companion, "that horror of horrors—look at our proscribed brethren, meanly skulking from notice, like toads in holes, loathed by all around them, while the rest, proud of their butterfly wings, (as gaudy and as ephemeral,) suppose the sun, and the air, and the flowers, to be made only for them. Are we men? and have we legs and arms, and, much more, heads? and can we submit to such prostration?"

At this, his hard and rugged features assumed a more uncommon degree of venom than usually influenced them; a sort of cast in his eye mounted into a fearful obliquity, in plain truth, an absolute squint,—and the bronze of a face naturally of several colours, became one glowing hue of jaundiced indignation. He perhaps, while thus, gave the best personification of those terrific lines—

"Aside the devil turned
For envy, and, with jealous leer malign,
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd—
Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust!"

Hartley, who was the reverse of all this, and exhibited a contrast of placidity, meekness, and good humour, wondered what had so worked upon his companion, because he saw ladies and gentlemen enjoying themselves in a fine evening, or because a set of servitors, like other groups who knew one another, chose to keep together, instead of mingling with others with whom they were not acquainted. So simple, indeed, was the young man, that the thought it not more remarkable than that other little knots of gownsmen or townsmen had joined company as chance or their knowledge of one another directed.

"I see not the harm which you do in this," said Hartley, "and in truth they seem all so cheerful in one another, and enjoying the evening so naturally, that I was going to propose joining them."

"Propose joining the devil, if you choose!" said Crabtree; "for I would as soon do so, in this hated slave's dress, to be spurned and spit at by a fellow, because he has got a tassel to his cap. The very menials of the college make a difference between us and those they call gentlemen, and think themselves our equals, though they can scarcely read or write."

"You see, then," said Hartley, archly though mildly, "we have our inferiors too. But, if we had not, it is open to us to better ourselves, and what can most of us wish for more? You huffed the porter just now for not opening the wicket fast enough, and said he would not have done so to a gentleman commoner. The man declared he did not know who it was, and, as the gate was so thick, I really believed him. Yet you have been out of humour ever since. For my part, I knew what I was to be when I came here, and was content to be——"

"Born for servitude!" interrupted Crabtree; and he walked on with quick pace and knit brow. "If anything," he then exclaimed, "could tempt me to doubt the justice of Heaven, it would be this shameful distinction of rank which we see all about us."

"I am glad I do not feel it as you do,', replied Hartley.

"What," said Crabtree, "you like to carry their roast meat, do you?—though our mere equals—perhaps our inferiors; many of them absolute boobies—fellows whose themes I have sometimes written because they could not write them themselves!"

"Ay," returned Hartley, "but you will recollect, that enriched your pocket."

"Yes," said Crabtree, with a saturnine smile, "I take their money—money to which they have so little right—but not the less do I despise and hate them."

"Shocking!" said Hartley. "The duty of waiting which so annoys you is at least light; and if we stand in the hall while others are at dinner, it is by that that we dine ourselves, and obtain what our fathers could not give us—our excellent education. Besides, we knew all this when we entered, so did it with our eyes open."

"I am afraid, Hartley," said Crabtree, with sourness, "you were meant for a slave, and a slave's portion will be your lot. It is not, and shall not be mine. This state of things was never intended, and *must* and shall be altered. The time is approaching fast, depend upon it, when we shall wait on no man."

So saying, he turned from his companion, and though the evening had not closed in, and was remarkably fine, he left the garden, and went up to his chamber among the garrets of his college, and would have gone to bed, to hide himself from the insolence of the aristocrats, as he sometimes said he did, but for the necessity of appearing at evening prayers,—another of the trammels imposed, he said, by the oppression of the college.

By this time the reader has, no doubt, made out Mr. Crabtree, (young as he was) to be a most accomplished *frondeur*. Indeed he was fitted by nature to be at the head of that class of beings, and would probably have been so, had he been born in a higher station of life, and not as he was—the son of a yeoman, respectable in his situation, but nothing more. The good father had held his own plough, and wished his son to do the same; but, having advanced in the world, thought some education not a bad thing, and got him into a higher sort of free-school, where he certainly distinguished himself. Here the Plutarch and Nepos, and the Mariuses, Cæsars, and Timoleons he had met with, inflamed his then almost infant ambition, and the plough could never more be thought of. A boys' rebellion, of which he was the leader, expelled him from the school, but only to become sullen and disobedient to his father at home. Every wish expressed, and, particularly, every order given, was questioned, criticised, and opposed; till his father was overjoyed to get him placed at one of those larger endowed free-schools, where not only considerable learning might be acquired, but a servitorship at Oxford ultimately obtained. In this, after having been, two or three years more, nourished on the leaven of complaint and anger at the inequality of mankind, he was at length installed,—at first, to his own delight as well as his father's. But here a sad picture, because a sad contrast, opened upon him. At the school everything was equal among his fellows, except as abilities and application acquired superiority. Here, what a falling off! what a misery to a high, or rather overbearing, not to say verjuicy spirit, born, in its own opinion, to be a leader of the world! He certainly went to ——— College, Oxford, with the full determination, and as full an expectation, by taking orders, to be a bishop. Such instances among servitors had been successfully preached to him; and, as his scholarship was very respectable, he thought to will was to obtain it. The inequality of conditions at the university he had either never been told of, or despised it as an obstacle which such abilities were to overcome, But O! horror! when he found that whatever his learning, and however respectable at lecture, among young men with whom he was there on an equality—the moment the class was dismissed, he was separated from them by a line of demarcation absolutely impassable. Still worse than this, one degrading though light part of his duty was to place the meat on the table, and stand in attendance, when those with whom he had lectured in the morning sat down to dinner. This, and the degradation of a cap without a tassel, which when in his very best humour he would call a fool's cap, nursed his spleen, till it became unbearable to himself and by no means pleasant to others.

Hartley ventured sometimes to reproach him with his discontent at the rules of the college. He found him once in a deep gloom at an imposition set him for not wearing a band. "The fools!" said he, "as if a band had anything to do with scholarship!" and he absolutely refused to comply with the imposition. For this it was doubled, and he was confined to college till it was finished. This turned his gloom into rage, and he conceived serious thoughts of giving up his servitorship. Hartley deprecated this, and intreated him to think how it would hurt and displease his father. "And am I never to be emancipated?" cried he. "And is parental authority so unlike all others, that it is to enforce obedience to command, merely because it *is* command? Is a son, when of age, not equal to a father in mind, in the powers of reason, in a sense of right and wrong merely because he is a son? When are our bonds to be broken?—Alas! never. The father, the schoolmaster, the judge, the priest, who are none of them more than ourselves, are ever to control us. All our lives long we are to be beasts of burthen, and this must be till we who have the power, choose to have the will, to revolt, as we ought, against such injustice."

Hartley, young as he was, shook his head; but cowed, perhaps, by the flush of anger and a sort of scowl that was terrific on the brow of his friend, he remained silent for a time, till, fearing the consequences of his persisting in disobedience, he ventured to point out to him how sad it would be for himself and family, if it drew down upon him, as it might do, a sentence of expulsion. "And it would be my glory," replied he, "and, perhaps, deliver me from being the worm I am, if it did. I might then go forth to the world with some real claim to their notice; a martyr in the cause of liberty and equality which are the right of every man!"

"And all this," said Hartley, mildly, but pointedly, "because you feel aggrieved by not being allowed to go without a band!"

Crabtree, angry as he was with the proctor, became still more so with his younger companion, for presuming, he said, to ridicule him. "However," added he, "you were born of a compliant mould, and if you choose to be a slave, you are worthy to be so." He then flung indignantly out of his room, and would have sallied out of the college; but was stopped by the porter, whose duty it was to prevent the egress of those confined. This completed the excitement of his feelings, and he returned with curses on his tongue, not loud but deep, against the tyranny of a usurping aristocracy. I know not that better thoughts succeeded, although in the end he sat down in a fearful sort of tranquillity, like the lowering stillness which sometimes precedes thunder, to finish his impositions, in order to regain his liberty. From that time, his discontent was concealed under an appearance of greater quiet, but, in reality, his heart brooded with tenfold hatred towards almost all ranks of every kind that were superior to himself.

Hartley, who saw all his defects, but still continued to regard him, did not cease to endeavour to reclaim him from his moodiness—but in vain. It continued to show itself in many ways, which his more sensible companion, though so much younger, presumed to blame. "My dear Crab," (for such was his familiarity), "you are always getting into scrapes; you never cap the masters."

"What right," replied Crabtree, "have they to be capped because they are masters? Cannot degrees in learning be marked without such mummery?"

"But there is no harm," observed Hartley, "in showing respect to those who are above us in station and beyond us in knowledge."

"As for their knowledge," replied Crabtree, "we may both soon and easily equal them; and as for station, disparity was never intended by nature, and I will submit to it only when I am forced." At that moment a scout, as he is called,[*] came into the room, whom Crabtree asked if he had delivered a message to another college which he had charged him with in the morning. The man said he had not. "And why not, Sir?" cried the temporary master sternly; "what are you here for? Go instantly!"

"Tnat's impossible," replied the scout; "I have infinitely more to do, and more masters to serve than I can manage, without going messages for them; besides——"

"Besides what? you rascal!" cried Crabtree, waxing wroth, and looking so fierce, that the man was glad to lay his hand on the lock of the door.

"You make me do more for you than a gentleman-commoner, though you give me no wages," muttered the scout.

The lover of equality here could not contain himself, but, darting at him the poor scout was glad to make his escape down stairs faster than he came up.

"Impudent hound!" exclaimed Crabtree, "it is well he was out of my reach, or I would have——"

"What?" asked Hartley.

"Kicked him down stairs," answered the high-minded democrat.

"For want of respect, being your equal, I suppose?" observed Hartley.

Crabtree bit his lip.

SECTION II.

The Radical falls into misfortune.

> "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."
> SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.*

Soon after this, a college examination was held, for what was called an exhibition, of twenty pounds, left by a benefactor long gone to his home. As servitors were admitted among the candidates, Crabtree was resolved to obtain it, and studied hard; and, as his abilities were not inconsiderable, it was thought that his chance was good. But he was opposed by a Mr. Neville, a young man of family, and also of talents, genius, and industry. Crabtree was surpassed, in the opinion of all the college officers, and never forgave it. He swore the award was corrupt, and given by aristocratic partiality to a scion of the aristocracy, merely because he was so. He became more sullen, and more slovenly than usual, till his friend Hartley was almost ashamed of him: and certainly his moroseness was so increased that few could live with him. At length it broke into action, and in a neighbouring liberal county paper there appeared "Strictures upon the University Institutions at large, and on the Conduct of various Heads of Houses and Tutors, particularly those of ——— College;" in which the late decision was handled in no measured strain, and at once attributed to a contempt for merit if attended with poverty, and a grovelling prejudice in favour of birth. The merits of Mr. Neville, as a scholar were openly questioned; and the head of his college and his assessors accused of intentional partiality by name. This made a noise; the printer was sent for, and, as he was within the jurisdiction of the university, readily gave up the name of the author, who seemed to desire nothing more.

Unfortunately he was dealt with in a manner so different from what he expected, that he had no opportunity of showing his Brutus spirit. He was calmly desired by those he had libelled, to substantiate his charge, or undergo the punishment he deserved. He had no proof but his own assertion, and was told to prepare for expulsion for gross breach of discipline. He questioned the right, but was silenced by both the University and the College statutes; and he was forced to content himself with denouncing the University itself as totally incompatible with general liberty and the law and constitution of England. He added a solemn warning, that the day was fast approaching when the power of expulsion, and all other power of the few over the many, would be extinguished. Unappalled by the prophecy, and perhaps a little contrary to his expectation, the college authorities pronounced the sentence of expulsion upon him, to which, having submitted, he assumed the airs of a martyr, and called upon all who valued freedom of judgment, and deliverance from the thraldom of an unjust aristocracy, to subscribe towards a relief from those losses which he had encountered for their sake. He appealed particularly to his brother servitors, who, to his astonishment, one and all declined compliance; among them Hartley, with whom he quarrelled for it. He then—denouncing them as deserving, because willing, to be slaves—mounted a knapsack on his back, and set out on foot for his father's, not to excuse himself, but to demand an allowance sufficient to maintain him in commencing the career of a

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[*] A scout is a man of all work, who waits upon as many collegians as he can, receiving a small stipend from each.

Radical Reformer, which from that day forth he made a vow, for *the sake of the people*, pertinaciously to pursue.

To his dismay, however, his father, who had other children, refused. Nay, he sided with the college against the martyr. "Thou wast always," said he, "froward as a child and as a man; and as thou hast brewed, so thou must bake. I had hoped to have seen thee in pulpit, but thy only pulpit, I trow, will be pillory."

"Pillory!" exclaimed the hero martyr, "depend upon it, that infamy is for ever crushed; no government will dare venture so much in defiance of the public mind."

"And pray," said the father, who was not without shrewdness, and a stern man withal, "where is public mind, as you call it, to be found? In thy own noddle, I suppose. No, lad! no! Thou wouldst not plough as I did myself; thou wouldst not sow, and now thou hast refused to reap. Cross-grained as thou hast always been, I will not turn thee out of doors, and thou mayst have the run of the house, if thou wilt teach thy young brothers something of what they say thou knowest; but as to allowance, to enable thee to run at thy betters in London, as thou didst at Oxford, where thou threwest away what thou hadst, I say thee nay."

The junior Crabtree, finding himself thus received by the parent stock (both, perhaps, a little deserving their name, had nothing left but to tell his father he might repent this unnatural reception; that he was born to plough and nothing else, but *he* would get justice from the people; and, pitying his father not so much for his want of bowels as of patriotism, he shook off the dust of his feet against him, and betook himself to the next town with exactly seven shillings, and no more, in his pocket, resolved to seek his fortune.

SECTION III.

The Radical's Progress towards Recovery.

"I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind."
SHAKSPEARE, *Richard III.*

THE master of nature, with prophetic eye (that eye which saw all hearts in all conjunctures,) had, it should seem, many of the present men in his mind when he penned the above lines. The apostle of liberty and reform, who was to preach, and therefore restore freedom to his oppressed and miserable country, like the apostles of a still higher character, was, as we have said, poor, and his seven shillings would not last long. But what then? He was very sure that his beloved *many*, to whom he had devoted his services to rescue them from the *few*, would, as they ought, repay them, perhaps with interest. The apostles of a still holier cause (if such there can be than to rescue the lower orders from the fangs of the higher) were in themselves always poor, but always protected till they became leaders, and bishops, through spiritual influence over the minds of their followers; and why should not this village Hampden, this embryo Cromwell, obtain the same power over the multitude through political influence? To be sure, it was not yet acquired; his very name was unknown—at least where to be known was most efficacious. His *début* at Oxford had been a failure, and, as a political prophet, he had not been honoured in his own country. His father had cast him off, or rather he had cast off his father. No matter, it would tell better when he came to approach the great arena he was about to enter. Meantime, he began to feel something like a necessity for settling where he should eat, and where drink, and what he should feed on. He opened his knapsack under a hedge, and found the remains of a loaf, some cheese, some books, a shirt, and a pair of black breeches. What then? he was free from aristocratic oppression, and reminded himself of some of the Dutch deputies proceeding to the assembly of the States in the infancy of the Republic, who were seen, on their journey, under a hedge at their dinner of bread and cheese like his own. The very thought ennobled his undertaking. If, said he to himself, I could contribute to the getting rid of our English Philip the Second, and our infernal English Duke of Alva—if we can but restore our natural equality, how high may I not myself rise above all my equals? He almost dined upon that thought; and, as he stalked on to the county town where he meant to commence his great career (how, he did not exactly know;) but, as he stalked on, crowns and mitres and academical gold tufts (the latter his insuperable aversion,) all seemed to his charmed eyes to be tumbling off the heads that wore them. At that moment the open landau of a great official nobleman, who was then filling the public eye in the cause of reform, and bearing some of his family to their country residence, dashed by him as fast as four fleet horses could carry them. Behind was a caravan with four more, filled with servants; and these carriages, after forcing him to retire from his immediate path—being, in the very middle of the coach road—both alarmed and covered him with dust. He revenged himself by bestowing a curse upon their possessor and all that were in them; and not the less from seeing, by the arms, which were impanelled in the richest blazonry, to whom these hated vehicles belonged.

"Is this to be borne?" said he, dusting his coat as well as he could.

A countryman, who, by keeping a green foot-path by the side of the road, had escaped the annoyance, was amused with his anger, which was very visible.

"Measter," said he, "if you had known a thing or two, you need not have got that dusty jacket. Why didn't you keep your own path, like I? There was room enough for us all."

"Is it right or just," returned Crabtree, very angry, "that in a free land one single citizen should be made to move one step faster than he pleases, to make way for a fellow who calls himself a Lord?"

"I neither know nor care nothing about that," replied the countryman; "all I know is, there was room enough for those who did not want their jackets dusted."

"Must not this be changed?" cried Crabtree to himself. "Is it not time it should? And who is this fellow, whose children and very menials drive honest men out of their way? A man whose ancestor lived by pillaging the country by force of arms, and transmitted the fruits of his rapine to his descendant, who pillages it still more by force of cunning. Yes! he had ever liberty and equality in his mouth, and was, till he got it, a hater of power, and of all aristocrats—himself the greatest and haughtiest of them all. This must not, shall not be, although he pretends himself the people's friend, and so obtained his object. The fools! did they not see it? Shall they not see it when I have enlightened them? Shall there then be a coach and a caravan to drive people out of their way, and choke them with dust?"

The rebuke of his fellow traveller, however, so far operated, that he mounted the green bank which formed the path for foot-passengers, and allowed several carts and stage-coaches to pass without a reproach to the passengers within. This brought him to the beginning of the town he was bound to, when he stopped to deliberate upon his future plan of operations.

And here he had need of all his virtuous rage at the inequality of the lots of mankind, to keep him from the melancholy of a treasury of seven shillings. Nevertheless, he drew largely upon that other treasury of expected improvements in reform, if not of revolution, in which the annihilation of Church, and above all, of College property (if not an agrarian law, itself,) promised an Eldorado to his rapt imagination. A question certainly did occur to him, rather critical and difficult to answer; how he, individually, was to profit by this, were it accomplished? "But no matter," he said, "once pull down the accursed building, the scramble is open to me as well as to others. The mischief is, that the fools and slaves, my countrymen, are behind what they ought to be, full a hundred years; and till a great burst can be created, we must still be ridden either by Tory aristocrats, or Whig aristocrats, in one or other of the Houses. No! there can be no real relief, no real liberty in Parliament, till the Lords are again voted useless, Bishops demolished, and universal suffrage universally acknowledged." The thought pleased. "Those were happy times," said he, "when the real people really had a voice in the old state,

"'And oyster wenches lock'd their fish up,
And went to Court to cry No Bishop.'"

SECTION IV.

He meets with a patriotic Printer—Happy result.

"After we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy."
SHAKSPEARE, *Midsummer's Night Dream.*

HE had now advanced into the town, without much of fixed object, when he passed a stationer's shop which professed to publish the liberal county paper: a thought instantly struck him, that he might here at least gain some information which might eventually prove useful; and he accordingly entered it. The master—a snug, warm-looking, middle-aged man, who wore a well-brushed coat, and shining brown wig—not liking his *piépoudré* appearance, turned him over to his apprentice to serve, who asked him what he wanted. The question was rather puzzling, for he had really not concocted any plan, and had entered the shop on a sort of voyage of discovery. Finding, however, a necessity to answer, he addressed himself to the master, and asked if there were any new political pamphlets on the cause of reform. This caught the printer's attention, and he did not disdain entering into conversation with him.

"You are an advocate, then, it should seem," said the printer, "for that glorious measure?"

"I ought to be," returned he, "for I have suffered enough in its cause."

"I suppose so," said the other, seeing him wipe his face, and rather drooping under his knapsack, which the printer eyed with curiosity. "What, I suppose you are a vender; but you don't seem to have disposed of much of your pack. But, perhaps, the sheets are all Conservative; and, if so, I can supply you with as many as you please on the other side, which is the favourite one here, as it ought to be every where else."

"I honour you for that, at least," returned Crabtree; "but you mistake as to my calling. I am rather a reader (perhaps I may call myself a writer) than a vender."

"Ay, ay," cried the printer, eying him with most inquiring suspicion. "You seem to have had a long, dusty walk; not, I should think, for pleasure, yet almost all the coaches are just now upon the road."

"My dust," returned Crabtree, "is more the consequence of the villanous pride of the aristocrats, than the mere effect of walking."

"Don't understand," said the printer; which made Crabtree recount what he called the insolent driving of Lord ——'s two carriages. This fixed the patriotic printer, who declared that the aristocracy ought to be d——d!

"*I* may well say so," cried Crabtree; and he narrated his college griefs, the insolence of the governors, their partiality and abuse of power, his attempt to expose them, from mere love of justice alone, his summary trial without a jury, and his consequent expulsion.

The printer listened with great seeming commiseration; said these and other instances of the abominable tyranny of the aristocracy would soon make the people right themselves; then, struck with curiosity, he asked if Crabtree happened to have the *corpus delicti*—the letter they called a libel—about him. "I should be glad to see the composition," said the printer, significantly.

Crabtree, who never was without this proof of his martyrdom, immediately took it from his pocket, and, asking leave to take off his knapsack while the patriot stationer read it, reposed himself in a chair during the operation. The letter, allowing for grossly false premises, being written with considerable powers of insolence, was very much to the taste of this new ally of the author, who complimented him upon his love of freedom and strength of nerve in attacking such powerful enemies. Then, after a pause—"To tell you the truth," said he, "I have for sometime wished for the assistance of so fearless a person as you seem to be (to say nothing of your style), in the conduct of my Reform paper, which has rather been going down lately, before a writer thought more able than mine, though I don't think so myself. He manages the leading articles of a confounded Conservative just set up against me; and has, I own, hurt my sale, though that is nothing in comparison of the injury he may do to the cause of the people."

Crabtree complimented his new friend, Mr. Thomas

Pounce, (for that was his name) on his disinterestedness, and professed a willingness—in the same cause, more than for himself—to render the assistance required. When they came, however, to settle terms—a necessary preliminary—it should seem that neither of them was so occupied with the people as to forget himself.

Pounce wished to purchase service as cheaply, and Crabtree to sell it as dearly, as their respective interests would permit; and the haggling went on so long, that the shop-boy announced dinner, without any prospect of a satisfactory settlement. Each, however, seemed to be softened by the fumes of some boiled pork and greens which smoked in a little back parlour; and as the printer could not well, at such a moment, turn a man out of doors whom he had a huge wish to engage in his service, he very fairly asked Crabtree to partake—an offer which was most gladly accepted.

The repast opened the heart of each; and, a further conversation on the misery of the times, and the shameful slavery in which all the honest—that is all the lower and middle ranks—were kept by the vicious aristocracy—that is, all the upper—having brought them in perfect unison together, they came to an agreement. The chief difficulty on each side, next to something very like avarice on both, was to reconcile their respective claims to superiority. Crabtree soon found out that his intended employer, whom he disdained to consider as a patron, was no scholar; and Pounce, with half an eye, as he said, discovered that Crabtree was poor. This made each more obstinate. The influence of letters, education, and eloquence, had always, in Crabtree's mind, outweighed even that of gold, in producing revolution. It was, in proper hands, as Marc Antony told the Roman mob, "what could move the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." But was it ever known that a little, snug bookseller, well fed and clothed, and by no means willing to hazard these advantages, had either imagination enough, or enterprise enough, to do more than furnish what Crabtree, with some contempt, called the mechanical part of revolution? On the other hand, Mr. Pounce, who always sat down to a good dish of pork and greens, or something better, and, when he travelled, did it in or on a stage-coach, never on foot, could not submit to be dictated to by an expelled servitor of Oxford. However, mutual interest brought them closer together, as it did Handel and his organ-blower; the story of which, Crabtree, with more pride than prudence, took care to tell his companion in arms that was to be, not greatly to the latter's liking.

It was finally agreed that Crabtree should take the whole literary management of the politics of the paper, and be answerable, exclusively in his person, for all dangers that might ensue, of pillory, imprisonment, or other damage; while the printer should furnish all necessary supplies for the material, with power to disavow whatever he pleased, and also to dismiss his coadjutor when he pleased, should the interest of the concern demand it. For this the bold servitor, and renovator of states, was to be installed in a comfortable garret in Mr. Pounce's printing-house, partake of his table, and receive ten pounds a year for clothes, pocket money, and washing; and, moreover, in consideration of present need, brought on by aristocratical and ecclesiastical tyranny, he was to receive an immediate bonus of five guineas. After this, each gentleman walked out a different way, to ponder the expected result of his bargain.

SECTION V.

His first attempt to make Converts.

> "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer."
>
> SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

The prudent Pounce, though a real well-wisher to the dignity and independence of his own class, and therefore, of course, an enemy to all above them, was nevertheless not so much of an enthusiast in the cause, as to be indifferent to anything that hazarded the main chance. He was, in fact, not a little of a coward, and a considerable deal of a miser, and though a great, a very great reformer, did not wish to endanger either person or purse. He was, therefore a little startled at the bargain he had made, not only to give such liberal *wages*, as he called them, to a man whose abilities might, after all, be uncertain, and his story not true, but also to take him a total stranger to his very bosom, as it were, by allowing him a garret in his house, "How know I," said he, "that he may not rob me in the night, or that he has not been expelled his college for some dishonesty, instead of the patriotic feelings he boasts of?" The thought became painful as he traversed one of the streets of the town that led to a friend's house, whom he meant to consult (though too late.) "Oh, Pounce, Pounce!" said he, "thou wast ever too confiding and too rampant in thy honourable zeal for reform. Recollect (ah! why didst thou not recollect before!) the travelling lecturer on government that borrowed thy velveteen thirds to make his speech in at the reform dinner? He spoke, indeed, like an angel, but never returned the breeches; this not three months ago, and yet again to be perhaps taken in!" These reflections, not over encouraging, brought him to his friend's door, who was a limb of the law, and sharer with Pounce in his paper called the Radical Mercury; a member of the corporation, and remarkable for hunting out liberal candidates at the elections; and who had been prosperous as an attorney, till too much attention to the public welfare had made him neglect his own. The business fell off, of course, but this he attributed to the wicked revenge of the aristocracy, and consoled himself for the necessary loss of a daily pudding at his dinner, by thinking and proclaiming how much he had suffered for *the cause*. As to the Mercury, though his influence in the management of the paper was considerable, he did not like to appear in it; for his business lay chiefly among the Conservative gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who had respected his father, and whom he did not, as clients, wish to lose. He had, therefore, entered into no articles of agreement with Pounce, having even a great fear of a legal responsibility for what might end in trouble. If a halter was to be incurred, he wished his friend Pounce to have the sole honour of it. He, however, in consequence of work and labour done and to be done, stipulated by parole for one-fourth of the profits, without risk, and therefore without anything to show for it. A radical's honour in a radical cause, he said, was different from that of the insultingly called gentlemen.

Upon learning the object of Pounce's visit, he caught some of his alarm, not at all encouraging for Pounce. "No matter," said the enthusiastic Brainworm (for that was his name,) "if you are robbed, your intentions and merits in favour of our just rights will always do you honour; and with this you ought to be satisfied."

Now, Mr. Pounce was anything but satisfied, and asked his friend if the bargain might not be rescinded.

"To be sure it may," returned the lawyer. Nothing but parole, and nobody by."

"I am afraid," said Pounce, "my shopboy might have overheard."

"How old is he?" asked Brainworm.

"Twelve."

"Pooh! he is not old enough to swear to merits, never fear. But do not be too rash. Let us look at the letter which occasioned the expulsion."

Pounce produced it.

"There are some fine glowing sentiments in it," said Brainworm, "and a great deal of Latin about Brutus. Were it republished in your paper, I think it would sell, and puzzle Mr. Wilmot to answer it."

"He told me it sold the Oxford paper very well," said Pounce, rather brightening.

"I would try him," said the lawyer.

"Yes; but not take him into the house," observed Pounce.

"I tell you what," said Brainworm, "you know my son corresponds with young squire Melton, his old schoolfellow and friend. I did not like the intimacy; for Melton is a confounded aristocrat, and I feared would corrupt the boy. Nevertheless, the pot must boil; and if I can succeed in getting Jack to hold Melton's courts for him, no harm, you know."

"Harm! Lord bless me, no!" cried Pounce. "As if I would refuse to sell him a quire of paper myself! But what's to come of it?"

"Why, Melton," answered Brainworm, "is at the college from which this Crabapple ——"

"Crabtree!" interrupted Pounce.

"Well, Crabtree," said the other, "was expelled. I will make Jack ask Melton, what was his real character."

"Excellent!" answered Pounce. "You will do it by to-day's post!"

"I will."

"You are a true friend. Meantime, I will try and disengage him from the garret as not being ready, and get him a bed at my neighbour, the pastrycook's. If he is a robber, he may try his hand on him first."

With this he returned home, having promised his new coadjutor to give him tea.

Crabtree all this while was engaged in a walk by the side of a busy canal, full of craft loaded with produce of all kinds, and denoting flourishing proofs of successful domestic trade. "how the fellows slave!" said he to himself, "and let them; they were made to carry panniers. And yet we of the enlightened are forced to court, nay, instruct them, or they would actually not know their own rights or importance. Whom do you work for?" said he, to a hale, florid boatman, who had just landed from a barge a hundred feet long, entirely filled with corn.

"For Muster Williams," replied the man, "the great wharfinger and part-owner of the canal."

"He is rich, I suppose?"

"Don't know about that; but must be; for he has twenty barges like this, and above a hundred of us on shore, let alone what's on board."

"And lives well, I suppose?"

"Got a fine house," replied the man, "and a fine wife and son."

"And the son is, or is to be, a wharfinger too?"

"He! no, not he! He is at Oxford, wears silk and keeps hunters."

"Good," said Crabtree, "his father was born before him."

"May well say that. Yet his father and mine were once fellow-boatmen, on this here very canal."

"Indeed! and how happened it that your father did not get on as well as he?"

"Can't say, but suppose he did not know so well how. We can't be all alike, you know. There must be somebody first and somebody last."

"What a blockhead!" thought Crabtree. "And are you not unhappy when you think of the difference of fortune in your father and this Mr. Williams?"

"Not at all. I suppose he got his honestly—never heard the contrary; and, if so, has a right to it."

"And yet," pursued Crabtree, "if justice were done, do you think there could be so many immensely rich and so many miserably poor, as are all around us? In a free and happy country that could not be."

"And how would you remedy it?" said the man beginning to be interested.

"Why, what harm," asked Crabtree, "if every now and then there was taken something from the rich and given to the poor. It would make them more equal."

"That sounds well enough," replied the boatman, "and I should like well enough myself to be rich; but, according to you, how long should I be so? According to you, I might go to bed worth twenty thousand pounds, and get up in the morning not worth a farthing."

"That's not what I mean," said Crabtree.

"And pray what's to hinder it?" asked the boatman. "It's like a boat when drove from her anchors, you don't know where she'll drive."

"You don't comprehend me," returned Crabtree; "but if you would listen, you would see I wish to make you all happy."

"I dare say," returned the man; "but I don't think that the way to go about it; it be so wild, though I be not much of a scholard. Besides, pray who is to have the power, or be able to know how to alter the shares as you talk of?"

"O! yourselves; that is, the Parliament; that is, the House of Commons."

"Why, bean't there a House of Lords, and the King in a Parliament, as well as Commons?" asked this obstinate unbeliever.

"Yes, at present," answered the apostle of equality; "but perhaps soon there may not be."

"And who is to alter it?" persisted the tyro.

"O! themselves," returned his instructor.

"That's a good one," cried the navigator, with quite a laugh. "As if a king would knock off his own crown, or a lord part with his own estate!"

"What may be your name, friend?" asked Crabtree.

"Tim Naylor," answered the man. "I am not ashamed of it."

"You are but a dull fellow, Tim," said the ex-servitor.

"Perhaps so," returned he; "but I would rather be dull than mad like you: and so good evening to you."

"The prince of blockheads!" exclaimed Crabtree, when he was gone. "No! if all are like him, this Reform has done nothing for mankind, but to confirm the nobles in pride, and enable an insolent lord more than ever to drive over the people in coaches and four. By the way, I wonder some 'man of the people' in Parliament does not move to limit the number of horses to two, except for stage-coaches, where all pay alike. If I take root in my new employ, I will certainly propose petitioning to that effect. I have read, indeed, that during the rearing of that 'most glorious fabric,' the French Revolution, it was proposed to prevent people from riding horses beyond a foot's pace, except in the case of a midwife going to a labour. There was much true notion of equality in it, but the result unfortunately showed that the best philosophical principles can do nothing even to make people feel happy and dignified, if they do not choose to be so themselves;—the proposal was rejected. I trust I shall not find many Tim Naylors in this region of commerce and independence. The existence of a Conservative paper, well supported, is indeed a little ominous; but the greater the trial the greater the glory, and something, I trust, better than glory. Thank Heaven! that vile priesthood that once lorded it over all mankind, and still lords it, to our own infamy, over the men of Oxford, can find no rest for their feet in a place like this, where prelatical hypocrisy and deception are at least out of fashion."

How soon did Crabtree forget the exulting feelings with which he entered Oxford,—instead of a ploughman, intending to be a bishop! Which was the hypocrite, the reformer, or reformee, may safely be left to the test of experience!

It was with these reflections, however, and somewhat out of humour with boatmen and navigable canals, that he returned to ——— to take tea with the patriotic Pounce.

He found that great spirit in the little back parlour where they had dined, conning over the most specious excuses with his only maid-servant, to elude that part of his contract with the "martyr" which was to give him free ingress into his garret by night and day. As the said apartment, as it was called, had not been inhabited, except by bats and mice, for two years, was damp and even ragged, and the windows furnished with far more oiled paper than glass, the excuse was not difficult to find; and the apostle had only to mount up stairs, to come down again with precipitation, and make a new convention in regard to the article of lodging. As Pounce had settled the matter with the pastry-cook, the rather, because it was only to last till the other member of the future triumvirate could have an answer from Oxford, this was not difficult, and Crabtree's knapsack, for want of a more aristocratic package, was safely lodged in a room equally high, but far less uncomfortable, at the pastry-cook's instead of the printer's.

A day or two afterwards, the hero of Radicalism was duly installed in his office, the answer of Mr. Melton to Brainworm, junior, having been received. It was most highly favourable, as may be perceived from the following extract:—

"You ask me after the man Crabtree, who was a servitor here, but expelled, and of whom, I suppose, on some account or other, you may therefore be suspicious. You tell me, indeed, that there is a disposition in some of your town to confide to him some matter of trust. I know nothing against his honesty, so far as to suppose he would steal, and I know nothing of him myself; but I cannot say his character made me sorry for it. He was for ever discontented; not merely impatient of all rule, but ever flying in the faces of his superiors, both in and out of college. In short, his insolence was unbounded; his whole conduct and person exhibiting a mutinous and impudent spirit, which he termed natural independence. This was the more marked because he was, to the few who were beneath him, notorious for an overbearing, bullying manner, accompanied with meanness. For it is discovered, since he left, that he had long been in debt to his scout, for money absolutely borrowed, exclusive of wages unpaid. He was expelled for libelling the officers of his college, and refusing to give proof of his slander. Our school friendship makes me thus particular, and you know how much I have always deplored the intimacy which your situation is likely to throw you into with persons whose principles you were not wont to approve."

This letter was so satisfactory to all—except young Brainworm himself, that the air of suspicion in his father, and of fear in the cautious Pounce, was instantly dispelled; and Crabtree was put in full possession of the management of Mr. Pounce's paper and Mr. Pounce's garret.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FIRST LOVE; OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The assertion that "What is everybody's business is nobody's," is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is everybody's," is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is, of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where "common griefs and cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others; it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understand but the speakers," and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend: he said little, but did everything. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers;" and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Everybody said that it was the cruellest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophecy that Emily Worthington would die of consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority; they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighbourhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelve-month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts' content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of "falling pearl, which men call tears."

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was a young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist upon my lover's smoking: if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventurers—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, "Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a teetotum all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favourite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura, taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sauteuse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore."

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—they had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you. He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her own sweet languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just eleven. Good-bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee?"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

"Bought because they may be wanted
Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—What a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door, he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilet of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress, direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley-street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes?—found the *dame de ses pensées* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

"Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should be so interrupted here with morning visiters!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet that they had sung together.

"Who shall school the heart's affection
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world." And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford came into his own drawing-room.

"So, Madam," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger. "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, Sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop;* and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been!—He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime what had become of the fair disconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighbourhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley,—and, of course, apologised for her intrusion. He equally, of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together,—and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus:—

"My dear George,

"Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you! However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress.

"Your affectionate uncle,
"E."

"Tell them," said the Earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."

During this half hour he despatched his luncheon, and,—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man,—despatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry:—

"My dear Miss Worthington,

"Hurried as I am I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immure myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of

"Your devoted servant,
"Elmsley."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's, and the following words in the envelope:—

"My adored Emily,

"You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven

"Your faithful and unhappy
"Edward."

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the 19th century.

From the Court Journal.

THE DUCHESS CAROLINE OF WURTEMBERG.

[The following singular story emanates from one of the Imperial Chamberlains, who alleges that he heard it related by Napoleon himself, one evening, at Malmaison. The conversation happening to turn on the Princess of Wurtemberg, the Emperor addressed to his Chamberlain the following question:—]

"How old is the present King of Wurtemberg?"

"He is no longer a young man, sire. Frederick William is seventy. He was born in 1734. In 1780 he married Princess Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbutel; and he became a widower in September 1788."

"Yes, he became a widower," remarked the Emperor.

The tone of voice in which Napoleon uttered these words riveted the attention of every one present. A dead pause ensued, and the Emperor himself broke silence by narrating the following story:—

"On the 4th of October, 1781, about eight o'clock in the morning, a man called on M. Dietrich, the *Preteur** of Strasburg. The servant, when he entered to announce the visiter to his master, looked pale and terrified. 'What is the matter, Franz?' inquired the *Preteur.* 'Sir ——' said the servant, trembling.—'Why do you not answer?'—'Sir,' replied Franz, 'it is the Executioner.'—'What can he want? No matter. Show him in and go away.'

"The Executioner of Strasburg was a man infinitely superior to those who in other countries exercise his fearful calling. He was pious and well-informed. He had studied surgery, and was skilful in curing fractures and setting broken limbs. His gratuitous services in this way had conferred on him a sort of popularity among the poorer classes. They pitied rather than despised him; yet his presence seldom failed to excite an invincible feeling of terror.

"When introduced into the presence of the *Preteur*, an expression of gravity, even greater than usual, was observable in his countenance.

"'What have you to say to me?' inquired M. Dietrich.

"'I come,' replied the Executioner, 'to discharge a duty imposed on me by the imperative mandates of my conscience. I entreat, sir, that you will receive a disclosure which I wish to make to you, and that you will write it down as I deliver it. It is an affair of great importance, and I must state it in detail; for to a due consideration of all the facts I look for my justification.'

"It will readily be supposed that these preliminary remarks excited the curiosity of the *Preteur*. He immediately seated himself at his writing-table, and the Executioner thus commenced his extraordinary disclosure:—

"'About a week ago, that is to say, on the night of the 26th of last month, I was at home in my retired dwelling, in the suburb of Kiel, on the right bank of the Rhine. It was past midnight. I had gone to bed, and I was suddenly startled by a loud knocking at my door. My old housekeeper being awakened by the noise, hurried down stairs to open the door. She was not alarmed, for I am frequently knocked up at all hours of the night, by poor persons, who come to solicit those acts of service which I am too happy in being able to render to my suffering fellow-creatures. I had also risen, and was proceeding down stairs, when I discovered that the poor old woman was disputing with two men, whose faces were masked, and who were holding a pistol to her throat.

"'Murder me,' she exclaimed, 'but spare my master.'—'No harm will betide him,' said one of the two men. 'On the contrary, he will be largely rewarded. But he must go with us immediately. His life depends on his compliance.'

"'Seeing me descending the staircase, the men rushed upon me, and levelled the pistol at my breast. In the first moment of my alarm I imagined that they had come to take revenge on me for an execution which had been ordered by the king, and a natural impulse prompted me to implore that they would spare my life. 'Your life is not in danger,' said they, 'if you obey us punctually. But if you manifest the least hesitation, rest assured that your death is certain. Provide yourself with your best axe, and we must tie a bandage over your eyes; be silent and follow us.' All this time the pistol was pointed at me. Resistance was vain, and I accordingly submitted to their commands. My eyes were bandaged, and I was helped into a carriage, in which the two strangers immediately seated themselves, and the horses set off at a gallop. I left my old housekeeper almost petrified by terror and amazement: and as we drove off I heard one of the men tell her, that if she did not carefully conceal her knowledge of their secret visit, my doom was sealed.

"'I rode on in a painful state of perplexity. I commended myself to the Holy Virgin, to whom I mentally addressed a prayer. After having invoked the holy name of the Mother of Christ, I felt my mind somewhat more at ease, and I tried to discover in what direction we were travelling. On this point I could arrive at no satisfactory conjecture; but according to the best calculation I could make, the journey must have occupied between eighteen and twenty hours. On reaching the place of our destination I was carefully assisted out of the carriage. The two strangers arranged themselves on either side of me, and each took hold of one of my arms. Having walked in this way for the space of a few minutes, we ascended a staircase, which appeared to be very spacious, judging from the resounding noise of our footsteps. I was then led into a large apartment, where the bandage was removed from my eyes. I now discovered that it was still day-light; but the sun was setting.

"'A sumptuous repast was served, consisting of the most exquisite dishes; but I could not help remarking that the allowance of wine was very sparing. At night-fall I was directed to hold myself in readiness to perform my duty of executioner, by decapitating a person who had been condemned to death. Though long inured to the painful duty which the law imposes on me, and though I had never, for a moment, misapprehended the motives of my strange journey, yet, when that motive was thus formally announced, a thrill of horror unnerved me. But I recovered my presence of mind, and I was expostulating with all the energy I could command, when a person, whose voice I had not hitherto heard, said, in a tone of calm decision, 'Do as you are required, and without hesitation, otherwise you merely seal your own doom without being able to avert that of the culprit.'

"'I found that further protestation would be vain, and, yielding to compulsion, I consented. I repent my weakness, and bitterly reproach myself for it; but it was certainly a case in which the law of necessity was implacable. The axe was placed in my hands, a black veil was thrown over my head, and two men, grasping my arms, conducted me through a suite of several apartments. At length we entered a room larger than the rest, and there my conductors halted. The black veil was removed from my face, and I beheld in the centre of the room a scaffold, raised to the height of about three feet from the ground. A black velvet drapery covered the wood-work, and that part of the floor immediately round it was strewed with a thick layer of red-coloured saw-dust. I was in a painful state of anxiety, and bewildered in a maze of conjecture, respecting the victim on whom I was destined to strike the fatal blow. My conjecture was soon at an end. In a few moments a female was led, or rather carried into the room. She was of tall stature, and her complexion was brilliantly fair. Her light hair, of which she appeared to have a great profusion, was confined under a cap of black crape. Her dress, which was of black velvet, was confined a little above the ancles by a purple silk cord; her hands were also bound by silken cords of the same colour. Her face was concealed by a mask, so that no part of her person was visible except her neck and shoulders, which was dazzingly white. She made no complaint, and offered no resistance, and as she approached I perceived with increased horror that her mouth was gagged. Eight or ten men, all of whom were masked, raised her on the scaffold; she inclined her head, and laid it on the block. . . . I need say no more!—I trust that Heaven will forgive me, I doubt not that the victim was a person of illustrious rank, and I should not be surprised to hear that all the Courts of Europe have gone into mourning.

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* The functions of a *Preteur* are equivalent to those of Mayor, but he is invested with more extensive authority.

"'Having performed my horrible task, I was conducted back to the apartment in which I had partaken of the repast on my first arrival. There I found the table replenished, and now several bottles of wine placed on it. I sat down for a few moments to compose myself, uncertain what was to be my fate, but perfectly resigned to the will of God.

"'After the lapse of a little time I again stepped into the carriage, followed by my two masked companions. We journeyed all that night and a part of the following day. Nearly twenty hours elapsed before I reached my home, at the door of which I was set down, and a purse, containing two hundred French louis, was presented to me. Here is the money, M. Dietrich, I place it in your hands, and beg you will make whatever use of it you think fit. I was expressly recommended to observe the most inviolable silence respecting this extraordinary event. 'On your discretion,' said the two masked men, 'your safety depends. Any attempt to discover the secret of this affair will prove utterly vain, and if you reveal to any one what has transpired, the disclosure will be at once fatal to yourself and to those who receive it.''

"The Preteur of Strasburg listened with deep interest and attention to the tragical and mysterious history related by the Executioner. He declined to take charge of the two hundred louis which the Executioner wished to lodge in his hands. 'If you will not receive the money,' said the executioner, 'I will dispose of it in paying for masses, and relieving the wants of the poor.' His deposition was read over to him by the Preteur, and, after signing it, he took his leave.

"As soon as he was gone, the Preteur put the document under cover, carefully sealed it, and sent it by a confidential courier to the Baron de Breteuil, who was then at the head of the French Cabinet."

At this point of his narrative Napolean paused, and darted a scrutinizing glance at his auditors, as if anxious to ascertain what effect his story had produced. That effect was most powerful; a sensation of mingled horror and amazement pervaded every one present.

Josephine was the first who ventured to break silence. "*Mon Dieu!* Bonaparte," she exclaimed, "why do you tell these horrid stories? You do it to frighten us."

Napolean smiled good-humouredly, and said, "Silence, Josephine! hear the story to an end." Then turning to me, he said,—"What do you think was the result of the despatch sent to Baron de Breteuil?"—"I cannot guess, Sire."—"I will tell you.

"Two weeks elapsed, and at the expiration of that time M. Dietrich received a packet transmitted to him by the Governor of Strasburg. It enclosed a letter from the minster, M. de Breteuil, which was couched nearly in the following terms:—

"'I have laid before the King the written copy of the deposition which you forwarded to me, and I have received his Majesty's commands respecting it. It is the King's desire that the individual who made the disclosure shall keep the sum of money that has been presented to him, and his majesty adds a sum of equal amount on condition that inviolable secrecy be observed respecting all that has passed.'

"Now," pursued Napoleon, "I will give you the key to this adventure, which is of a nature not so rare as may be supposed in the history of courts.

"The Duke of Wurtemberg contracted a second marriage about nine years after the death of his first wife. He was united during my second campaign in Italy, to Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, and eldest daughter of George III. He was at that time only Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, and he succeeded his father on the 19th December, 1797. Wurtemberg had made common cause with the Germanic empire against France; but the Prince, on his succession to the Ducal throne, hastened to conclude peace with us. He wrote to me, and his letters were couched in friendly terms. I answered him in the same tone, and we maintained a pretty regular correspondence until my departure for Egypt. After that time" . . . . [*] [Here Napoleon suddenly stopped short, as if fearful of saying too much respecting his then existing relations with the Duke of Wurtemberg. After a pause of a few moments he thus resumed his narrative:—]

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[*] I am enabled to fill up, at least in part, the void left here by Napoleon. The correspondence between General Bonaparte, and the Duke of Wurtemberg was resumed immediately after the return of the former from Egypt. The Duke was among the first to recognise the Consular Government, and he received his reward at the negotiation of the treaty of Luneville, when he was raised to the rank of Elector. In 1805, during the first campaign of Vienna, he received the Emperor in his states in a style of magnificence worthy of Louis XIV. The Emperor then said to him:—"Duke, you were my cousin before; but henceforth you shall be my brother."—"Does your Majesty then authorize me to take the title of King."—"Yes, you have the sentiments of a King, and you deserve to be one. I feel assured that you know how to command the respect of your subjects."—Napoleon here alluded to the conflict which the Duke of Wurtemberg had maintained against the nobility of his dominions. The nobles wished to assert their independence, but their attempts were frustrated by the resolute determination of a Prince, whose pride and energy of mind recommended him to the Emperor.

"The Duke of Wurtemberg's first wife, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, was accused of regarding with too favourable an eye a young page in the service of the Duke. This page, emboldened by the kindness which the Princess extended to him, took the liberty of quitting the Ducal states without the permission of his illustrious master. On arriving at the frontier, he alighted at an inn, where he ordered supper. On sitting down to the table he saw inscribed on one of the Dresden china plates, the words, *Return or tremble!* He did return. At the first meal to which he sat down in the palace, a beautiful glass, of rock crystal, was presented to him, and on it were inscribed, in letters of gold, the words, *Depart or tremble!* He would have been wise had he obeyed this second mandate as readily as he did the first; but love is venturous, and the page remained.

"Rumour adds that the Prince Royal repaired to the father of the page, and laid before him several letters, the perusal of which proved beyond the possibility of doubt the existence of a criminal intimacy between the wife of one party and the son of the other. 'Pronounce sentence on the culprit,' said the Prince. The father, without uttering a word, is said to have raked out the ashes from under the grate, and taking the poker, traced in the dust three letters, the first of which was T, and the last D (*Tod*, the German for *Death.*)

"A council was immediately summoned. It was attended by the principal members of the cabinet, and several of the Prince's relatives. They were requested to examine, with the utmost attention, the letters above-mentioned. All concurred in declaring that the proof of criminality was but too evident. One voice was raised to propose an arrangement, by virtue of which a divorce might be obtained. A near relative of the unfortunate Princess opposed that suggestion, and firmly maintained that nothing but a severe and irrevocable punishment could avenge the injured honour of the Prince. This opinion was adopted.

"The council broke up, and the individual who had ventured to raise the voice of mercy in behalf of the wretched princess hastened to warn her of her impending danger. He even offered to secure her escape from Wurtemberg that very night, on condition of her promising never more to see the page who had been the partner of her guilt. It was proposed to conduct her to Scotland, where a castle in the Highlands would be assigned as her place of residence. Will it be believed that the infatuated princess refused to abandon her paramour. She so positively rejected the condition on which the safety of her life depended, that Count C——, who had declared his readiness to protect her, abandoned her to her fate, observing, 'I believed that I was tendering my assistance to a penitent woman, and not to a hardened sinner.'

"The page lodged in the palace; his chamber was at the uppermost part of the building; the door opened into a long corridor, beneath which there was a similar corridor or passage, at every story, down to the ground floor of the palace. It was known that the page every night passed along this corridor to a private staircase, by which he descended to the apartments of the Princess. A most singular plan was devised for his destruction. In each of these corridors, descending from story to story, a few boards were removed from the flooring, which boards were afterwards neatly fitted into their places, but left unfastened, so as to form a succession of trap-doors. The unfortunate page, having no idea of the gulf that was ready to open beneath his feet, was at the usual hour hurrying from his own apartments to those of the Princess. He had not advanced more than a few yards from his own door, when the flooring gave way under his feet. He struggled to save himself, but in vain: he was dashed from a fearful height to the flooring of the last corridor, immediately above the Princess's chamber. The ceiling of this apartment had, of course, been left untouched; but the removal of the flooring above it rendered it sufficiently fragile. It immediately yielded beneath the weight of the falling body; and in another moment the lifeless and mutilated remains of the page lay at the feet of the princess.

"The sudden horror rendered her for some time insensible: her attendants, alarmed by the dreadful crash, rushed in, and the apartment was soon filled by persons from the most distant parts of the palace. Most of them were lost in conjectures respecting the cause of the tragical event; but there were a few to whom that cause was sufficiently well known. These latter attributed it to the decayed state of the building, and under pretence of preventing any recurrence of the accident, all the corridors were fastened up, until the flooring was completely repaired. Thus the multitude regarded the affair merely as a melancholy accident, unattended by any mysterious circumstances. The Princess recovering herself sufficiently, understood the fate that awaited her. It is possible that she then regretted her refusal to accept the assistance of Count C——. Now, she knew not where to find him. In this deplorable situation she resolved to quit the dominions of her father-in-law. She communicated her intention to her principal *femme de chambre*, whom she implored to assist her in escaping from enemies, in whose hands she felt assured that her life was not secure. The *femme de chambre* threw herself at her mistress's feet, and thanked her for this proof of her confidence. She assured the Princess that she was both able and willing to aid her. Her brother, she said, was attached to the police department, and with the assistance of his agents, it would be easy to rescue the Princess from her persecutors. It was agreed that on the following night the Princess and her attendant should escape from the palace, by a subterraneous passage, which led through some ancient vaults to a retired house beyond the boundaries of the city. There a carriage was to be in readiness for them.

"Assured of her own safety, the unfortunate Princess was reflecting with bitter regret on the fate of her lover, when she received a message from her husband, requesting an interview with her. Instead of granting this interview, she listened only to the dictates of her passion and her pride. She wrote to the sovereign master of her destiny a note to the following effect:—

"'You have shed the blood of a blameless victim. I alone am guilty. You will have to answer for his death in the presence of God, where probably you will likewise have to answer for mine. If you were capable of being just, I would bow to you as my judge; but I feel too well convinced that you desire to be not my judge but my executioner. I will not see you; and may Heaven's vengeance await you!'

"Such a letter could not fail to exasperate the already irritated feelings of a betrayed husband. Night arrived. The Princess had collected, in a large casket her diamonds, her gold, and her letters. She retired to rest at her usual hour; but no sooner had her attendants withdrawn than she arose and dressed herself, assisted by her confidential *femme de chambre.* She wrapped herself in a large silk cloak, such as was usually worn by females of the middle rank in that part of Germany. She hoped, by help of this disguise, to elude observation. Quitting the Ducal apartments, the Princess and her attendant descended a narrow staircase, and then passed along a corridor which was parallel with the kitchens, which received its light from them. Some of the servants were up and engaged in their work, but the Princess courageously pursued her course.

"There still remained a long range of passages to be passed, when, on opening a door, the keys which the *femme de chambre* carried fell from her hand. The noise alarmed the fugitives; fortunately it was heard only by themselves, they collected their keys and proceeded.

"They now entered a spacious vault, in which they had advanced some distance, when they were stopped by a closed door. This was the last door they had to pass within the walls of the castle. What was their distress on finding that none of their keys would fit the lock?

"They naturally concluded that this key must have fallen along with the rest, and that they had omitted to pick it up. It was agreed that the *femme de chambre* should go back to seek it, and that the Princess should wait until she returned. She waited alone and in profound darkness. A considerable time had elapsed, and the Princess listened anxiously for the approaching footsteps of her companion; but she listened in vain. What could detain her? Had she been surprised, or could she have betrayed her mistress. Unable longer to endure the painful suspense, the Princess resolved to go in search of her attendant. But how or where was she to find the door of the vault. Excess of fear frequently inspires courage. To find the outlet of the vault she thought she could adopt no better plan than to walk straight forward until her hands came in contact with the wall. Having reached the wall, she kept her hand upon it, and groped her way along, until she reached an opening, which assured her that she had gained the door. She entered a narrow passage communicating with the vault, and was creeping along cautiously, in order to avoid stumbling against some fragments of stone which lay scattered here and there; suddenly she was startled by the sound of footsteps above her head, and a gleam of light penetrating through a narrow grating, rendered her in an instant motionless as a statue. The sound of voices was heard, and in a few moments the Princess was roughly seized by the two arms, and dragged from the spot in which she had been standing, transfixed with terror. The violence of her assailants roused her from her insensibility; she shrieked, struggled, and called loudly for help. Her cries were unheeded: she was thrown brutally on the ground, and bound hand and foot. Her supplications for mercy were unheeded: she was enveloped in a cloak, or rather a sack of black satin; and, to complete the outrage, a gag was forced into her mouth. From that moment God alone heard her complaints."

Here the Emperor ceased to speak, and after a few moments' silence the Empress said, with profound emotion, "Gracious Heaven! was this the fate of the first wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg? And was she the victim who perished by the hand of the Executioner of Strasburg?"

"So report affirmed," resumed Napoleon. "But the public voice is always so ready to calumniate the great, that we ought not to give too ready credence to popular rumour. The mention of the name of the Elector of Wurtemberg reminded me of this sad story. I related it, because I knew it would interest you; but for its truth or falsehood I do not take upon me to be responsible. Believe it or not, as you please."

From the Court Journal.

ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE

FROM THE INHABITANTS OF THE TWO LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, TO JACK, THE OURANG-OUTANG, IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

Illustrious invalid!
We, your admirers in another land,
Whose bosoms bleed
More freely than your veins beneath the lancet,
Commit into your almost human hand
(Don't think that we romance it)
A short address, which though you cannot read,
You have a genius that can understand.

We, the Giraffes (the Company's, and Cross's)
The Lions, Elephants, Rhinoceroses,
The Tigers, Leopards, Camels, Wolves, and Bears,
Bisons, and Gnus,
And Kangaroos,
Eagles and Pelicans in countless pairs,
Ostriches, Vultures, Condors, Cranes and Owls,
With other quadrupeds and fowls;
Besides the Serpents, Tortoises, and Beavers,
Parrots and Parroquets,
Macaws and Doves,
But chief the brilliant Mandrils, precious pets!
And the dear Monkeys, darling little loves!
All these, and other heavers
Of sighs profound, sincere and sympathetic,
Unite in homage due
To the sick subject of fate's fiercest fevers,
And hope that you
Are rather better after your emetic.

Oh! Jack!
(For so, familiar Man,
Who loves to humble monkeys if he can,
Has, while he worshipped, pitifully named you)
Alack!
How weak are words (poor *Homo's* proud invention)
To paint the deep concern
With which we burn,
At hearing how old Destiny has lamed you.
We mourn beyond all mention,
To think that all which will remain of him
Whose glory never can be dim,
May shortly be—his ashes in an urn,
And—no, you leave no widow for a pension!

Is all your bliss
Brought down to this!
Then what is man, and what are monkeys, Jack?
Much, much the same, alack!

The same, not quite; but trust us, as we live,
'Tis the resemblance that man can't forgive.
Some of your friends here, though we all deplore
Your dangerous illness, cannot help agreeing,
That you are to be pitied much the more
For being so very like a human being.
Full many a tear
We shed in fear.
Lest you should fall to jealousy a prey,
And have your dear life fondled quite away.
We know how France affects to love, admire—
How all the nation,
Court, club, and coterie, about you rave;
How poets are prepared for an oration
Over your grave.
How all, in thinking of your death, expire.
We know how Paris, in the olden age,
Of three rare goddesses was doubtful which
Deserved the precious prize, so ripe and rich;
While the charmed Paris of our present page,
Confesses that it sees, with eyelids wet,
And sobbings that seem true,
Beauty, and Majesty and Wisdom met,
All three, in you!

But Jack! now *do* you think—
(Your fine, bright, mind-lit eye just deigns to wink)
That this is quite sincere?
Is not their love a mask to hide their hate?
We think so here.
What! would they bring you five-and-twenty doctors,
Unless resolved to hasten on your fate?
Do people who wish well to man and mate
Prescribe them proctors?
Would they have brought you one,
If your wise nurses loved you as intensely
As a fond monkey-mother loves her son!
We question it immensely.
What elephant could carry such concoctors,
Nor bow to earth his knees,
Though strong as trunks of trees.

* * * * *

Oh, wo! oh, direst wo!
Gods, what a go!
The news has just arrived—a paragraph
Is just caught sight of by the tall giraffe,
Stretching his neck into a neighbouring dwelling,
And reading, while sweet tears are in his eyes,
The tidings, which some gentleman is spelling!
What grief, without surprise!
The long ears of the wild ass catch the tale
Borne by the passing gale;
Oh, Jack illustrious, the morning paper
Proclaims thee dust—and vapour!
But now again;—a check to one's affliction—
The long giraffe an *evening* print espies,
And reads with brightened eyes
(Blessings hang round his neck) a contradiction!

Ah! is the contradiction quite correct?
It is—it is repeated—
The Doctor is defeated!
But soft—
Still you can *not* be safe 'midst such a sect;
And very oft,
And very much, dear Jack, you may endure:
Ending with that, perchance,
Common alike to England and to France—
The Coffin, which physicians call a Cure.
Yet softly—Jack, pray pardon us—farewell!
For there's the BELL;
Good bye—each brother here will be a weeper;
It's ringing still—don't mind—'tis not your *knell*,
But here's the Keeper.
We wish you better Jack! Excuse this rhyme
Abruptly ended—but it's FEEDING-TIME.

From the Court Journal

THE SNOW-STORM.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF MELENDEZ.)

Fill high the cup! and let it flow
With richest wine that Spain can yield—
For, gazing on this wintry snow,
My freezing blood seems half congeal'd.
How slowly through the tranquil air
The feathery flakes in myriads fall!
The buried landscape once so fair,
Lies hid beneath an ermine pall.

Let us from this warm cot survey,
With thankful hearts the scene around;
Watching the snow wreaths fall away
In circles lightly to the ground.
How bends each shrub and forest tree.
Beneath the sudden weight oppress'd—
As if by magic, suddenly,
Clad in a white and glittering vest!

A veil of Nature's own pure grace,
Sparkling as crystal, swiftly hides
Each dreary valley's altered face,
Dark rock, and sullen mountain sides;
The streamlet speeds a faster course,
And soon by mightier torrents borne—
Proud, in the added water's force,
O'erleaps its fettered bounds in scorn.

The rustic views with pensive eye
His furrow's early labours gone,
While scarcely able to descry
His neighbour's pastures from his own.
Each silent bird, with folded wing,
Has shrunk within its nest for fear,
Or seeks the shelter'd covering
Of treacherous man's asylums near.

Now hath the careful shepherd told
His bleating flock, and close together
They timorous stand within the fold,
All safely guarded from the weather;—
Swift rides the storm in angry heaven!
Faster the snow descends!—as fast
Before the gathering whirlwinds driven,
To scatter in the northern blast!

Let it ride on! The wine cup's glow—
With *thou*, my own Dorilla, near,
And joys that only true hearts know,
We brave the storm and laugh at fear.
A bumper fill! and let the song
Dispel this wintry gloom of ours—
"A health to Spring!" may Zephyr's throng
Soon bring her, with a world of flowers!

From the Edinburgh Review.

A Residence at Constantinople during a period including the Commencement, Progress, and Termination of the Greek and Turkish Revolutions, By the Rev. R. WALSH, L. L. D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

Neuf Années à Constantinople. Par A. BRAYER, D. M. P. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris: 1836.

THE first of these authors is doubtless known to many of our readers as a lively and entertaining writer, who has seen a good deal of some countries little visited, and tells rambling stories with considerable success. We are at some loss to understand the motives which have at last induced him to give to the public a narrative of events which he witnessed so many years ago, when those events have lost much of that interest which once attached to them: nor does he afford us in his preface any very intelligible account of his design. Many of the details of his residence in Constantinople were already anticipated in a volume published eight years ago, containing the account of his journey overland from that city: among which we have particularly noticed the curious account of its ruins of ancient aqueducts, and several of his anecdotes respecting the Greek Revolution. Some of his narratives also, which are the most highly wrought into romantic shapes—for example, the earthquake at Zante in the first volume, and the fire at Pera in the second—we have seen already, if we are not mistaken, in the pages of some periodical publications. Allowing, however, for these little traits of professional authorship, his present work, although swelled to a very inconvenient and unnecessary bulk, contains much to interest the general reader. It has powerfully recalled our attention to times and occurrences, which had been wellnigh effaced from our immediate remembrance by the rapid succession of events in Turkish history;—occurrences of which the memory is painful and revolting in the extreme, but which must not be lost sight of; especially when the great political question of the East, and the character of the Ottoman nation and empire in connexion with it, are provoking so much of daily discussion amongst us.

Dr. Walsh's present publication contains, moreover, a variety of miscellaneous information about the manners and customs of the various nations inhabiting Constantinople. As far as his own experience as an eyewitness extends, he may be depended upon as a quick and curious observer, with considerable powers of description. But we have not the same reliance on his hearsay information; which he seems to have collected and retailed without taking much pains to sift the true or even the probable from the general mass. Witness his extraordinary story of a nation of half a million Nestorian Christians—living by themselves in a sort of happy valley on the banks of the Tigris—whom the Turks invaded in the beginning of the present century, and were repulsed with the loss of 100,000 men and five pachas! all of which he gravely reports on the authority of a "Chaldean Bishop" passing through Constantinople. Much of his information is of a similar character—answers obtained to inquiries evidently directed at random, and from sources on which no credit could be safely reposed.

We have compared Dr. Walsh's volumes with those of Dr. Brayer, whose work appears second at the head of our article.* This writer had the advantage of that more intimate acquaintance with the habits and opinions of a people which the character of a physician affords, especially in the East, where that character still retains some of the mysterious respect paid it in the dark ages among ourselves. Dr. Brayer's medical observations, and especially those on the treatment of the plague, which occupy the whole of his second volume, are, we have no doubt, extremely valuable. For the rest, his book has disappointed us. With the exception of a few good stories, there is little of that knowledge of the interior of Oriental life which we are led to anticipate from the opportunities of the writer. His general view of the Turkish character, both in its virtues and its defects, is picturesque, but evidently exaggerated. Their apathy and want of instruction, their fatalism, their religious fervour, their benevolence, their honesty and purity of life are all too highly coloured; as if the whole Ottoman population of Constantinople and its neighbourhood was fashioned exactly after that *beau ideal* of a Turk, which poets and romancers have been pleased to portray. This is a common characteristic of French travellers, although by no means confined exclusively to them. Whether a Frenchman has resided nine days or nine years among a foreign people, the result of his observations is sure to assume the shape of a system. His lively imagination proceeds all at once to generalize the first facts which he may collect; and all his subsequent experience tends only to assist him in shaping and polishing more carefully the original creature of his brain. One thing we learn from Dr. Brayer's personal narrative: his experience of practice at Constantinople, and especially among the Turks, presents no very comfortable prospect to poor and aspiring Frank physicians. The Turk is fond of medical visiters: the state of his pulse, the health of his own and his neighbours' families are agreeable subjects of gossip to shorten the wearisome day of an Oriental. And nowhere has a physician less reproach or discredit to undergo in case of failure. It was the will of Allah that the means employed should not succeed: and no fault of the mortal who administered them. But on the other hand, he has neither thanks nor praise to expect for a cure; for that too was predestined, and he is only the appointed instrument. Formerly the provoking apathy of the Turk was redeemed by his readiness and liberality in point of remuneration. But he is now grown poor; and being just as fond as ever of chatting with his

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* The value of the statistical information to be derived from such works as those before us may be conjectured from comparing the two following accounts of the Raya population of Constantinople—the one by a writer who has resided four, the other nine years in that city;—

	Brayer.	Walsh.
Greeks, . . .	80,000	50,000 before revolution. 20,000 after it.
Armenian Schismatics,	60,000	230,000
Armenian Catholics,	40,000	6,000!
Jews, . . .	20,000	150,000

Walsh's estimate comprises, it must be said, the villages on the Bosphorus. The extraordinary difference between him and Brayer on the subject of the Armenians may be partly accounted for by the fact, that the English writer takes his information without scruple from an *Armenian Schismatic bishop.*

physicians, his poverty has made him as ingenious as a Frank in the art of inveigling the practitioner into a consultation gratis; while he assumes to himself an unlimited latitude in taxing the infidel's bills, when he deigns to pay them.

To return to Dr. Walsh, with whom we are at present chiefly concerned. Among all the graces which befit an Oriental traveller, he is particularly ambitious of exhibiting his proficiency as a scholar and an antiquarian. His pages are crowded with Greek and Latin quotations; and he would fain persuade us that his time and labour were ardently devoted to the pursuit of objects of classical research, whenever he had an opportunity of escaping from the immediate duties of his situation. He apologizes, in his preface, for the extremely incorrect manner in which his book is printed: we will not therefore run the hazard of unjust accusation, by charging him with all the classical slip-slop which defaces his work. But when we found our scholar, nearly in the outset of his Oriental rambles, informing us that the works AKAMANTIC ENIKA on the frieze of Demosthenes's Lantern at Athens, prove that monument to have been erected "to some man of this name who was a conqueror in the games," we began to think that his anxiety to render services to the world of letters, in the way of lapidary research was a little thrown away. Thus far, however, our clerical author might still have passed muster, as well as ninety in a hundred of his brethren of either University who amuse themselves with summer tours in the regions of their classical recollections. But when we came to such passages as the following—"Parthenius, a Neapolitan poet, represents them (the Sciotes) as gaining the affection of strangers by their pleasing manners, kind services, and *agreeable wine*, 'Necnon et placidi mores et amica *vinum vis* Docta Animos capere officio,' " (vol. i. p. 399.) "Genuine Chian wine, made on the Arvisian plains, where, according to Virgil, vina novum fundavit calathis Arvisia nectar," (vol. ii. p. 76)—we began to suspect that the press might have been rather conveniently left without correction; and the printer's devil thus rendered responsible, as is sometimes the case, by a general salvo, for errors of all descriptions. Yet this is the writer who, in a preceding work, if we recollect rightly, details to us how he astonished a Transylvanian innkeeper, by the smart application of an epigram in Martial! This unfortunate taste for pretence and display often throws a suspicion on the general credibility of the authors who indulge in it.

Dr. Walsh left England in November, 1820, in the suite of Lord Strangford, who was then proceeding as ambassador to the Porte. He passed by Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu and Zante, in the latter of which places it was his fortune to witness the terrible earthquake of December in that year. From the Ionian Islands the party proceeded to Milo, Athens, Naxia, and visited the celebrated grotto of Antiparos. Our author, in pursuing his voyage, landed on the Plain of Troy, and again at Gallipoli, where he left the embassy, and travelled by land to Constantinople through Rodosto. All these adventures occupy the greater part of his first volume; but as our present purpose is chiefly with the more important contents of his work,—those which describe the state of Constantinople during the period of the Greek insurrection, we must pass them by without further comment.

For some time after the arrival of the embassy, Constantinople presented its usual appearance of dull tranquillity. But in the spring of 1821, the more experienced Frank residents began to observe a change in the demeanour of the Turks, which raised the most boding apprehensions in their minds. The news of Ypsilante's insurrection in Moldavia, the first outbreak of Greek revolt had transpired. The vast plan of rebellion, conceived by the ardent and enterprising leaders of the Greeks, had been hitherto so carefully concealed, that not a suspicion of it appears to have arisen either among Turks or Franks until the hour of its accomplishment. Ypsilante's proclamation, in which he appealed to the Emperor Alexander for support, and at the same time vaunted the approaching elevation of the Cross above the Crescent, was almost the first circumstance which roused the Ottoman Government and population from its apathy. Alexander replied to it, as the Russian Government has always replied to the instances of those whom its intrigues have seduced into rebellion—he formally disavowed Ypsilante's enterprise, and struck his name off the list of his army. The Sultan answered it, by appealing to the religion and loyalty of his Mussulman subjects, and exhorting every man to provide himself with arms. One hundred thousand armed Turks, from boys of ten years and upwards, were now let loose against the Christians in the streets of Constantinople. They began with insult, from which they speedily proceeded to wanton murder and mutilation. The yataghans of the Turkish desperadoes were exercised indiscriminately on the persons of the trembling Greeks, who only ventured into the streets at the hazard of their lives; and the poor Armenians, the most peaceful and timid people in the world, came in for their share of the persecution, although most innocent of its cause. "A fellow of the new levies went into the shop of an Armenian merchant, and chose some cloth for a pelisse: he was dissatisfied with the price and went away. Next day he returned, said he would pay what was asked, and the shop keeper stood over the cloth to measure it. The Armenians wear a tall cap called a calpac, which is like an inverted sugar-loaf, the head being put into the small end. Their capotes have no capes, and a long naked neck always appears when they stoop. This presented an object too tempting for the discontented Turk: he drew his yataghan, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It fell into the piece of cloth he was purchasing; so he wrapt it up and carried it off!" So accustomed are these industrious and unresisting people to the cruelties of the Government under which they live, that to have perished by the hand of the executioner is a kind of title to hereditary respect among them. They engrave the figure of their relations on their tombs, suspended from gibbets, or with their heads between their legs! No Armenian, they say, ever suffers for a crime; but when a Turkish grandee is deposed and slain, his Armenian bankers and agents are involved in his calamity, and are quietly made away with as a preliminary to the confiscation of their property. They are thus the martyrs of their wealth, and not, as Dr. Brayer terms them, "of their religious opinions." After a few days of this indiscriminate violence, the more ferocious work of Turkish justice began. Several of the most distinguished Greeks were beheaded in the streets; but the death of Constantine Morousi, first dragoman to the Porte, was the first circumstance which roused the apprehension of the Frank residents. On Easter Sunday the Greek Patriarch and his bishops prepared for the usual celebration of the high mass, which is performed on that day by the Greek church with even more than Roman Catholic solemnity; when the faithful crowd to receive the annual salutation, "Christ is arisen," from the lips of their primate. This dignitary had just published a pastoral letter to his flock, condemning in the strongest terms the Revolution and its abettors: he therefore fancied himself in security, and the miserable people of the capital thronged the cathedral of the Fanal in unusual numbers, both from their need of religious consolation, and the common impulse to seek safety in a crowd. Just as the patriarch had given the benediction, he was seized by a party of Chouashes, bearing the fatal warrant: the officiating bishops were dragged along with him to execution. A janissary, whose post had been to guard the door and person of the prelate, had conceived such a veneration for him, that he rushed forward in his defence, and was stabbed by the yataghan of one of his fellows. The patriarch was hanged on the doorway of his palace, and left "to struggle in his robes with the agonies of death. His person attenuated by abstinence, and emaciated by age, had not weight sufficient to cause immediate death. He continued for a long time in pain, which no friendly hand dared to abridge, and the darkness of night came on before the last convulsions were over." His two chaplains, and the bishops of Nicomedia, Ephesus, and Anchialos, suffered along with him. The body of the patriarch was dragged by Jews through the streets of the Fanal, and cast into the harbour. But a corpse was cast up shortly after on the shore of the sea, which either was, or was piously believed by the Greeks to be that of their patriarch: it was carried to Corfu, and solemnly interred, with all the pomp of the united Greek and Russian churches.

After this terrible outrage, Constantinople, with its daughter cities, became for some weeks a mere theatre of murderous anarchy. As usual in such times, the control of the reaction had passed entirely from the hands of the Government into those of the rabble.

> "Every day some new atrocities were committed, and the bodies of victims were either hanging against doors and walls, or lying without their heads, weltering and trampled in the middle of the streets. At this season, flights of kites, vultures, and other unclean birds of prey, return after their winter's migration, and as if attracted by the scent of carcasses, were seen all day wheeling and hovering about, so as to cover the city like a canopy, wherever a body was exposed. By night the equally numerous and ravenous dogs were heard about some headless body with the most dismal howlings, or snarling and fighting over some skull which they were knawing and peeling. In fact, all that Byron had feigned of Corinth, or Bruce has described of Abyssinia, or you have elsewhere read that is barbarous, terrible, and disgusting in Eastern usages, was here realized."

Hitherto the Frank Residents in the capital had considered themselves tolerably secure amid the dreadful scenes which daily passed under their eyes. "But on the 4th of May," says our author, "we were all alarmed by seeing a man with a hat and breeches hanging against a door." Although the Turks protested that the individual was only a Greek who had assumed a Frank disguise, a general "*sauve qui peut*" feeling began naturally enough to take possession of the various diplomatic bodies. The Russian ambassador called a meeting of foreign ministers, to join in an invitation to the European powers to send a fleet for the protection of all the Christian inhabitants. This proposal was rejected by the majority, in accordance with the views of the English ambassador; but the Russians attained their object. They were now looked up to as the sympathizing friends and protectors of that Greek people which they had in fact excited to rebellion: the English, cold and just to both parties, secured the affections of neither. Had it been adopted, the crisis of the East would probably have ended in a very different result. The Governments, then influenced by mutual jealousy to refuse their interference, could have little anticipated the concurrence of circumstances which, six years later, rendered the catastrophe of Navarino a subject of rejoicing throughout the civilized world. Six years of devastation would have been spared, had the proposed intervention taken place in 1821. But on the other hand, the Greeks would probably have been thrown back under the dominion of the Porte, with conditions guarantied by the European powers. And it was better for them that the play should be played out, at whatever expense or suffering, than that they should have been again reduced to the condition of subjects—to be again excited to revolt, on the next opportunity, by foreign agency. The strong representations of the ambassadors, quickened by their personal apprehension, had, however, their effect: a firman was issued for disarming the populace; and, when the violent passions of the mob had subsided, some degree of order was at length restored; although the unhappy Greeks were still subjected, in their homes, to daily seizure, imprisonment, torture, and death.

Miserable, indeed, was the condition of the Greek women of the better class, during this prolonged period of agony. Their fate excites even more than the ordinary sympathy which is inspired by their sex; because that sex appears to evince more of the virtues, and fewer of the vices of the Greek character than the other. With feelings even more ardent, and imaginations more exitable, they seem to have a stronger proportion of those abiding qualities which alone can give a right direction to the impulses of the heart. They participated in all the patriotic enthusiasm of their nation, with more fidelity, less cruelty, and less of selfish motive. They showed, too, greater strength of mind, and more even of active courage, in seasons of calamity. Many among the Fanariote ladies were highly instructed, delicately brought up, and imbued with all the fastidious refinement of civilisation. What must have been the sufferings of these unfortunates, when the sanctity of their domestic circle was suddenly violated by the inroad of barbarian force—when their husbands and brothers were dragged one by one, to prison and torture, or to summary execution—their property seized, themselves confined within their desolate houses under guard of Turkish patrols, struggling with daily want of the commonest necessaries, and living in the sickening apprehension of outrages worse than death, should the savage passions of the multitude surrounding them be let loose against them? Dr. Walsh's pages are full of anecdotes possessing a painful interest, respecting the individual fortunes of families implicated in the calamities of the Revolution. Many of them are highly creditable to his own kindness of heart and courage, as well as those of his fellow English in Constantinople; who devoted themselves throughout to the task of preserving lives threatened by the populace—soothing the distresses of the bereaved and desolate—and reuniting the members of households, torn asunder by the vicissitudes of slavery. One sad story must suffice as an example.

. "On such days, I had often in the morning visited some unfortunate family, reduced from the highest rank and affluence to the lowest state of humiliation and poverty, where the males had been all swept away, and the females were struggling, unprotected, through scenes of the greatest horror and affliction. In passing through Constantinople with a friend, I was struck with the sound of a pianoforte. I did not imagine that the walls of the city contained such an instrument; and on inquiry, I found that part of the obscure house from whence it proceeded was occupied by one of the most distinguished families among the aristocracy of the Fanal. It was that of the Princess Smaragda Morousi, who was married to the Hatman, Alexander Mavrocordato, an intelligent and enlightened man, fond of literary retirement, and devoting his whole time to the instruction of his numerous family. He was living at Therapia when the Greek insurrection began, and without any more evidence that he was concerned in it than his being a Greek, his house was seized, his property confiscated, himself carried off to Asia Minor, where it was supposed he would be strangled, and his wife and daughters left in utter destitution, in the midst of a guard of ruffian soldiers. Her uncle and her two brothers had been already put to death, and she hourly expected that of her husband and sons.

"The soldiers were part of the guard in the valley of Buyukderé, and their commander, Ibrahim, Pasha of Nicomedia, was a large man, with a comely but coarse countenance, and a person of the most unrestrained sensuality. Helena, the second daughter of the Princess, was very beautiful and highly accomplished, about fifteen. On her he fixed his eyes, and was continually prowling about the house like an hyena. He made several attempts to get her into his power, but the child clung to her mother's side, and without brute force, which he was afraid to use, he never could separate them. When Helena saw his face continually glaring in at the window, and associated him with the murder and desolation of all she loved, she was seized with irrepressible horror, and could not bear the sight. She disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. She was at length observed in a cistern, where she had fled to conceal herself, and have the means of immediately putting a period to her life, if the object of her horror should discover her. He was removed to another command, and the family allowed to live in the Fanal. It was an indulgence to escape from the brutal soldiery, but none to reside here. All the Greeks who survived the first massacre were sent to this and other places as prisons, where they might be always under the eye of the Turks, and found whenever it was resolved to execute them. I felt a deep interest in her family, and frequently visited them at their lodgings in mean and obscure apartments. It was Helena who played the piano: she was anxious to acquire European accomplishments, and succeeded to her wish. Among the music was one strain she was particularly fond of, without knowing its name. I informed her the words were, 'Hope told a flattering tale, that joy would soon return.' She accepted the omen with enthusiasm, a joy in sadness that was quite affecting; and she never ceased playing it with the most pathetic effect. But though the cause of her illness was removed, the effects were fatal. Her constitution had received so violent a shock through her sensibility, that she soon sunk under it. When times became more tranquil, her family was suffered to remove to St. Demetri, a healthy village on a hill opposite Pera, for the benefit of the air. I was so anxious for her fate, that I established a communication by telegraph with her sister, by which I was every morning apprised of the state of her health, and it amused her to keep up the distant conversation. One morning the preconcerted signal was not returned. I conjectured the fatal cause—Helena was dead. I had received from the Prayer-book Society a case of copies of our Liturgy, translated into several languages, and among the rest into Greek. I gave her one in her native tongue, and she became passionately attached to it. Her fine understanding at once perceived the superiority of our service to the frivolous superstitions of her own. While confined to her bed, she was continually reading the book; and when she died it was found under her pillow, open at the funeral service."

Meanwhile the Greek insurrection proceeded with various success in the islands and on the continent; and the insurgents, by the excesses which they perpetrated against the Turks whenever the chance of war favoured them, seemed to provoke and almost to justify the cruelties exercised against their own defenceless brethren. After the capture of Patras by the Turks, two thousand five hundred pair of ears, with other features to match, were despatched by the visiters to the Porte; and Dr. Walsh, on attending an audience at the Seraglio, passed between piles of these ghastly trophies exhibited before its gates. Not long afterwards, he witnessed the sailing of a splendid armament, despatched against the insurgents under the recently appointed Captain Pasha, Kara-Ali. This expedition, however, effected no object of importance. After an unsuccessful attempt on the island of Samos, it bombarded Galaxidi, and took a Greek flotilla in the harbour. On the 24th of November, our author went down to Tophana to see the return of the victorious fleet, which was expected to take place that day.

"All eyes were directed to the point of the Seraglio, round which the ships of the fleet would first be seen to sail. Presently the leading vessel appeared turning the point; the crews of the captured ships were reserved for this exhibition. They were seen on deck with cords about their necks, and were then dropped from different parts of the rigging, and so that every vessel as it approached was distinguished by a number of men struggling in the agonies of death from the bowsprits and yard-arms. The next day the ships proceeded up the harbour to the arsenal, amid a general explosion of cannon, which actually shook the three towns of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari; and two three-deckers, with the imperial flag flying, cast anchor just opposite my windows, with the bodies hanging round them, and flights of gulls screaming and hovering over them. This horrid exhibition continued for some days; and as the putrid bodies dropped, the gulls lighted on them; and they so continued, floating among the boats and shipping for near a month, till the slow current carried them by degrees out of the harbour."

The next expedition of Kara-Ali, unhappily for humanity, was not so destitute of results—it was signalized by the catastrophe of Scio. No event of the Greek Revolution excited at the time so much attention, or called forth so universal an exclamation of sympathy from the public of all European nations. And dreadful as the event was in itself, it may perhaps have turned in the end to the advantage of humanity; for that general outcry, and the sense of shame, which was tardily aroused even among the less brutalized portion of the Turks themselves, seem to have produced a considerable effect towards altering the temper in which that sanguinary contest was conducted. Certain it is, that with the massacre of Scio the system of atrocity till then pursued by the Turks seems to have reached its climax; nor, until the Egyptian invader brought with him a new horde of savages, was humanity again violated by the wholesale butchery or reduction to slavery of unoffending thousands.

The flourishing state of Scio, and the high civilisation of the little community which inhabited it, have been dwelt upon by all travellers in the Levant, since modern curiosity began to be attracted in that direction. Its prosperity seems to have been partly owing to its having been granted out, according to ancient Oriental usage, to several successive sultanas nearly connected with the reigning monarch. Under these gentle task-mistresses—for such has been almost uniformly the character of Turkish females of high rank—the people had attained the highest degree of cultivation, and the land presented an aspect as different from that of most of the dreary islands of the Ægean as can well be conceived. In 1821, seventy thousand inhabitants, according to the return of the Greek Archbishop—probably many thousand more—crowded its surface. The Turkish governor was assisted, and in most matters controlled, by four Gerontes elected by the people, one of them of the Latin persuasion. Two causes chiefly contributed to the mental improvement of the people—the influence of the great mercantile houses, of which members usually resided by rotation at Vienna, London, and other places connected by trade with them—and the college, of comparatively recent erection, with six hundred students, a library, and a printing-office. The Sciotes were well known and valued all over the Levant; the higher classes chiefly as merchants, the lower in various branches of industry, but especially as gardeners, with whom the delightful coasts of the Bosphorus were mainly supplied from this island.

As might naturally be supposed, the opulent and peaceful societies looked on with great dislike at the progress of the Greek insurrection. As it advanced, they took the most energetic measures towards disclaiming it. They demanded and obtained a larger Turkish garrison; the Gerontes and the Archbishop voluntarily went into the fortress as hostages; and the Turks took care to secure, under various pretexts, some seventy more of the chief inhabitants. But these timorous precautions were of little avail. The neighbouring islanders of Samos were active and independent; they disembarked a small expedition in March, 1822, under a Samiote adventurer, Logotheti, and a Sciote, Boorna; a few discontented of the lower class joined them, and the island was rather conquered than revolutionized at a blow. Some of the wealthier inhabitants fled into the fortress garrisoned by the Turks; others left the island; nor does it appear that the bulk of the population made any movement one way or the other.

It was, no doubt, to be expected that the Sciotes, who had been exempt in their own persons and properties from the oppressions of Turkish tyranny from generation to generation, should have a very feeble and traditionary sympathy in the cause of their fellow Greeks. But they were destined to teach anew, by their fall, the important lesson, that there are emergencies on which all the selfish feelings of little communities should be laid aside, and every citizen should learn to regard himself as a member of the larger aggregate comprehended under the term of nation;—resenting its injuries, sympathizing in its sufferings, although they may not strike home to his own bosom, or menace his own daily comforts. There is no commoner topic of argument in the logic of slavery than that which would sever the individual from the people; and represent the actual pressure of despotism on the person of the subject as the sole reason which justifies him, in prudence or in principle, in the endeavour to shake it off. What good could the Sciotes, already self-governed and well governed, gain by the emancipation of Greece? There are reasoners enough, now that the immediate excitement of that war of liberation is over, who will maintain that their true policy was to remain submissive subjects, and who will execrate the small and turbulent minority as having brought on the island all the evils which followed, by their irrational rebellion. Yet the more far-sighted and consistent friend of liberty will recognise in this case one of those instances, of rare occurrence, in which the duty of the citizen is to sacrifice his property, his tranquillity, the security of his family, in pursuit of a good, abstract and remote, as far as his own enjoyments are concerned, for the pure and unmixed love of his country. And such policy is, in truth, the safest, as a thousand instances have proved, no less than the manliest. Had the Sciotes taken the national side, and fortified their island in co-operation with their Samiote neighbours, they, with wealth and population such as theirs, were secured almost against the remotest contingency of capture from the wild and desultory efforts of the Ottomans.

As it was, the wealthy and peaceful part of them welcomed with undisguised joy the intelligence that a Turkish fleet, under the Capitan Pasha in person, was on its way to recapture the island. Little did they dream of the real purpose of that armament, foreseen and almost publicly announced as it was from the very beginning. It was given out by public report at Constantinople, that the island was to be surrendered to the adventurers who chose to join the expedition; and the squadron of the Capitan Pasha was accordingly manned and equipped with a celerity to which Turkish expeditions had seldom afforded a parallel. The "Caiquegees,"* or boatmen of the Bosphorus, had successfully resisted an attempt made by the Capitan Pasha to impress them on a former occasion, when nothing but hard blows was expected; they now enlisted in crowds; and every other ruffian of the capital, who could command a knife or a pistol, followed their example. When the Capitan Pasha arrived opposite Scio, "he took in a reinforcement of assassins. All the deperadoes on the coast were invited to join in the expedition. Every fellow that came on board with a weapon of death was received as welcome; and others were called on to follow in scampavias, misticoes, or whatever conveyance they could find; and in this way about ten thousand Asiatic ruffians were added to those of Europe, among whom were many hummals, or porters, from the quays of Smyrna." The Samiotes made some show of opposition, but speedily fled, and escaped from the opposite coast to Ipsara. Many of the peaceable inhabitants had joined their supposed protectors, the Turks; these, together with the rest, had returned to their homes; and the people of the town had equally commenced their ordinary employments, rejoicing in the suppression of the revolt, when the whole multitude of the fleet, together with the banditti who had disembarked from private vessels in different parts of the island, were let loose at once upon them.

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* A curious account of the physical characteristics and habits of this remarkable class of the population of Constantinople will be found in Dr. Brayer's work, although, according to his usual fashion, rather highly coloured.

We need not proceed with the well-known narrative of the destruction of Scio. Probably, a more complete and utter desolation was never effected by the unsparing hand of war—not even when the Persians, two thousand three hundred years before, made their grand *battue* of the Sciotes, as described by Herodotus,—sweeping the wretched inhabitants before an advancing line of hunters from one extremity of the island to the other. A few weeks sufficed for the whole work of ruin. Scio was reduced to a complete desert. Its whole population, with the exception of a few hundred who had escaped into the several consulates, was massacred, or sold into slavery, the streets and the country were strewn with mangled bodies —the wells in the gardens filled with the corpses of children, whom their mothers, surprised in their last hiding-place, had thrown into them in their despair, as an only refuge from Turkish brutality.

Dr. Walsh's narrative of these events, and of the terrible visitation of retributive justice by which the Capitan Pasha was destroyed in his own burning ship, close to the shores of Scio, is of course only from hearsay; but he was himself witness to the outrages committed at Constantinople against the Sciote bankers and merchants, whose counting-houses offered peculiar temptations for the domiciliary visits of the Turks. Such of their clerks and cashiers as had not succeeded in making their escape, were seized and put to the torture. Among all the savage customs of the Turks, the practice of judicial torture, once so common among the nations of Europe, as an authorized and systematic process, has not been in general attributed to them. Dr. Walsh, however, pledges his credibility on the facts which he relates respecting it; and although many of his statements appear to border on the marvellous, we cannot suppose that the whole information which he has collected is merely fallacious. Indeed, he seems to have taken more than ordinary pains to ascertain the fact of its application by personal inspection. It was in that horrible dungeon, the prison of the Bostangi Bashi, or police minister, as he may be termed, which was used for the same purpose in the time of Baron de Tot, that Greek prisoners were commonly tortured. "It had been my intention," says Dr. Walsh, with much simplicity, "to have gone over with a janissary to this prison, which is one of those in which torture is inflicted, and I was greatly vexed that a circumstance occurred to prevent me!" Notwithstanding this disappointment, Dr. Walsh contrived to collect a sufficient amount of anecdote on this subject, to gratify the taste of the most horror-loving reader; and, with a mere reference to these terrific narratives (vol. II., p. 23–230,) we must proceed with the narrative before us.

Little more than two months after the catastrophe of Scio, Dr. Walsh set out from Constantinople to visit that island and the neighbouring coasts, still reeking from the massacres which had been perpetrated. The worthy chaplain must have had a singular propensity for scenes of horror, as indeed we have just had occasion to remark; for in this instance he seems to have had no other object but to indulge his curiosity in gazing on miseries which he dared not relieve, and atrocities which he could not redress. His route lay through Smyrna, where he found the neighbouring coast still whitened with the bones of the Greeks who had perished in the massacre of the year before. He next visited the narrow peninsula where Teos, the city of Anacreon, formerly stood; which, from its secluded position, has rarely been examined by European travellers. It is a wild and woody region, occupied chiefly by branches from the central mountain, Corycus, famous in classical times as the haunt of robbers. Two small Turkish towns—Sevrihissar, and Sedijak—seem to contain the greater part of its population. Teos itself lies almost at the extremity of the peninsula,—a mass of beautiful ruins of the best age of Grecian architecture, half-burried in vines and promegranates, on a coast blooming with the graceful sea-lily—the real lily of Anacreon, as some have supposed. The famous inscription called the Teian Diræ (a species of commination, or set of curses against offenders, published by authority of the church establishment of that little commonwealth) was found supporting the stone seats in a female bath at Sedijak, The Greek population of this solitary district had disappeared by flight or slaughter. At Sevrihissar, the Turk who gave lodgings to Dr. Walsh, and his companions had been one of the adventurers to Scio. His house was filled with plunder and slaves.

"There was an unfortunate papas who stood waiting on this man. As a brother clergyman, we wished to show him some attention, and offered him a pinch of snuff. The man's countenance brightened up at this little show of kindness, and he stretched out his hand to accept it; but he was paralyzed by a frown and a growl from his master, and dropped his arm and hung his head in a state of the most abject terror and sense of degradation." At Sedijak "there had been a population of about forty Greeks, but, like those of Sevrihissar, some of them were stabbed or shot by the Turks, whenever their countrymen landed on the coast, and they were now reduced to two individuals. On coming out of the bath, a female met us at the door. While the Turks were engaged conversing about the marbles, she took occasion to attract my notice by uncovering part of her face; I leaned towards her, and she whispered me she was a Christian, and, drawing aside her cloak, showed me a wound in her side. The Turks now turned about, and she again covered her face with a look of such imploring misery as I shall never forget. I found she was one of the two survivors of the whole Greek population. It would have delighted us to have taken this poor creature with us from her exquisite sufferings; but we had no means, and it is probable a few days terminated them."

These were fit preludes to the spectacle afforded by Scio itself, which Dr. Walsh visited in his Majesty's frigate the Hinde, under the only escort that could have rendered such a journey safe. The town appeared, from the sea, as bright and flourishing as ever, and they all "exclaimed against the exaggerated reports of the ruins of Scio." But a nearer approach dispelled the illusion.

"We now crossed the green and entered the town. The principal street was called " Απαλοτερα, or the Level. It was long, wide, regular, and formed a fine perspective. The edifices were generally private houses, with ornamented

> façades, that gave them the air of public buildings. They were built of hewn stone, like those of Valetta, with balconies on projecting buttresses, and sculptured armorial bearings over many of the doors. The interior was ornamented with balustrades of marble, of a rich vein and a high polish, the ceilings were curiously carved and gilded, the halls painted in fresco, and hung with pictures; and everything indicated what we had heard, that the inhabitants had been a rich, cultivated, and polished people. All was now destroyed and defaced. The roofs beaten in, the staircases upturned, the windows and door-cases blackened with smoke. Among the rubbish lay skulls, arms, and half-consumed bodies, amid paper, books, and broken furniture. Every where in the streets were what seemed heaps of rags, which we were sometimes obliged to walk through. They were soft, and the pressure of our feet forced out the limbs and ghastly faces of the bodies that were lying weltering under them. The feeling of this was very horrible, and whenever our feet got entangled in such heaps, we hastily extricated them with a shuddering that almost overcame us. We visited the houses of Strati, Rhodochannachi, Dimenti, Rhalle, and others, whose names were well known and respected in most of the commercial towns of Europe. I had seen the bodies of their partners lying in the streets of Constantinople. . . . . After visiting the private houses, we entered the public edifices. Half-way up the street stood the cathedral and the bishop's palace. The bishop had given himself up as a hostage, and, with the rest, was hanged on the battlements of the fortress. In a broken part of the floor, in a room in the palace, was lying the body of one of his family. Our chouash stood over him, and striking him with the end of his baton, told him to get up, as he had slept long enough; then turning to me, he said, with a coarse laugh, “He is a lazy fellow—he won't stir.”
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> “From the palace we proceeded to the college, which stood on the opposite side, higher up the street. This was not a temporary edifice converted into a school, but large regular buildings, with ornamented fronts, forming a regular quadrangle like one of our colleges, containing chapel, theatre, hall, and professors' and students' apartments; it had supported twenty-five professors in the different sciences and languages, and students from all parts of the Levant. The first objects that presented themselves were the bodies of two of the professors lying at the entrance of one of the quadrangles. They were partly covered with the fragments of their gowns, but their hands and legs appeared from under them. We entered one of the lecturers' halls; the floor was covered with torn pieces of books; I brought one of them away with me; it was part of a Homer, having the original text at one side, and on the other a modern Greek commentary and paraphrase, written by the professor, and printed at the college press. Of this college, nothing remains but the scorched walls. The professors were generally and indiscriminately massacred when the Turks burst into it, and the students, the rising hopes of the country, carried off as slaves. They are now scattered over Asia and Europe, in the lowest state of degradation as Christians, and forcibly compelled to undergo the Mahomedan rite.”

The environs of the city presented an aspect of equal desolation—

> “We found, on nearer approach, the garden walls torn down, the villas razed and burned, and the bodies of the proprietors lying about unburied. We made our way through enclosures now unfenced, and saw vines, figs, pear, and peach trees, torn about in every direction, while the fruit was hanging on the branches, or lying on the ground, in the greatest profusion, and no one to gather it. In fact, we met with nothing that had life in the country no more than in the city; the very birds seemed to have been scared away by the carnage; we neither saw nor heard them, or any other sound than the dismal yell of a solitary dog, which seemed to be howling over the remains of his master. . . .
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> “The British consul, Signor Giudici, had given shelter to as many of the miserable remnant of the Greek population as could reach the asylum of his house, at the imminent hazard of his own life. Two hundred and seven women and children were crowded together in his garden: and these, together with a few preserved by the other consuls, were all that remained of one hundred thousand souls, perhaps the most cheerful and comfortable little community on the earth. Some of those forlorn women supported their situation with a melancholy cheerfulness, characteristic of the Greek disposition, but others seemed quite unable to bear up against the calamity. Among these were two or three of the most respectable on the island. Their husbands had been massacred, their children made slaves, and they sat solitary and unmoved within their huts, taking no notice of us, and absorbed only in their own deep and dismal reflections. The children, however, all gathered round us, and walked with us every where, either holding by our hands or the skirts of our coats, looking up to us with faces full of confidence and pleasure, as if they knew by intuition that we were friends, and interested for them; but while we were distribnting a few paras among them, they were seized with a sudden terror, and all disappeared. The cause was soon manifest. The chouash and the janissary had just entered the garden, and these poor children fled from the sight of a Turk with the same instinctive terror that a kid flies from the sight of a tiger.” —Vol. II. p. 66-77.

After various adventures on the coast of Asia, the party reached Ephesus by rowing up the Cayster from the bar of the river; and arrived at Constantinople without any farther occurrence worthy of remark. Their journey, though short, had been full of interest, and of a character sufficiently exciting for the most adventurous traveller, if we may judge by its effects on their janissary, Achmet. “He was a fat, heavy fellow, whose only motion had been from his own house to the British palace, where he sat all day long in the coffee-house at the gate, in the luxury of repose, dozing between coffee and tobacco. From the exercise and excitement he had been under, he lost a great part of his corpulence, and came back as active and as spare as a grayhound. He had weighed himself before he set out, and found himself 154 oke; he did so on his return, and found himself only 100. So he actually came back to us, and though we had already paid him enormously, he demanded remuneration for the loss of fifty-four oke of flesh in our service.”

The great bulk of the unfortunate Sciotes, thus reduced to captivity, were brought to the slave-markets of Constantinople, Smyrna, and even Alexandria. Living under the protection of mild laws, and in a Christian community, we can scarcely form to ourselves an idea of the infinite horrors comprehended in this brief recital. The whole youth of the island, of both sexes, more especially the females,—many of them brought up as delicately, as luxuriously, almost as intellectually, and certainly as tenderly guarded from every contact of coarseness and impurity as those of the same classes among ourselves,—became the property of the most ferocious and licentious outcasts of the human race, and subject to every species of brutality from them; or only preserved by their covetousness to adorn the harems of their wealthier countrymen! “The Oriental manner of making slaves, and securing a property in them, is this. Any fellows who join an expedition as volunteers for plunder of this kind, enter a house, and after setting fire to it, and killing generally the male adults, they carry off the property, with the females and boys. They then proceed to the next custom-house, and having paid twenty piastres, or about ten shillings, they take out a 'teskerai,' or ticket, which certifies the slavery, and then the persons of the unfortunate family become the property of the captors for ever, with all their posterity. If any of them is disposed to sell the whole or part, he gives up with them their teskerai, which transfers the property to the purchaser in perpetuity. Forty-one thousand teskerais were granted in this way for Sciote slaves up to the 1st of May, of which five thousand had been taken out for those proceeding to Constantinople alone, and generally by fellows in the lowest grade of society." They were sold "like cattle in an English fair" for weeks, in various parts of Constantinople and Pera; where temporary slave-markets were established, close to the dwellings, and under the very eyes of the Franks; many of whom might have been personally acquainted with such of the wretched victims as belonged to the upper ranks of their island society. It may well be supposed that all the efforts which humanity could suggest, and far more than selfish prudence would have allowed in a time of such terrible excitement, were made by the foreign residents in behalf of their fellow-christians: many were saved from slavery before they had tasted its worst horrors—many families reunited, after their members had been torn asunder, and widely separated by the course of their different fates. Few, however, were thus rescued, in comparison with the numbers which drained the cup of servitude and debasement to its last dregs. After some months—to bring this sad episode of modern Greek history to a conclusion—the Sultana, to whom the island belonged, was reminded by a deficiency in her purse, of the destruction of her valuable little property. A new Governor was sent to Scio on conciliatory principles; and Greeks were invited from the neighbouring parts to colonize it. The lands were afterwards restored to such of the original proprietors as could be found, charged with the payment of a stated purchase-money to the Government. Some years later, Sultan Mahmoud's edict for the general emancipation of Greek slaves, brought back a remnant of the former inhabitants; but the flourishing Sciote youth had for the most part either perished in slavery, or been forced to adopt the faith of Islam. The light-hearted Ionians, like their ancestors in the days of Darius, returned cheerfully under the protection of the Great King who had desolated their land, and saturated it with the carnage of their brethren. The Sultan, in an unusual fit of generosity, remitted them the purchase money; and the last circumstance of which we are aware in their annals is, that they gave a public dinner at Pera, in January 1832, when the Sultan's health was drunk with all the honours, and the proceedings were duly reported in the *Moniteur Ottoman.*

The crisis of Turkish violence was now nearly over. Shortly after our traveller's return to Constantinople, a change of Ministry took place; and a more moderate character began to pervade the acts and declarations of the Government. Delhi Abdalla was made Grand Vizier. This man's history was a very common instance of the manner in which the highest functionaries of the Turkish empire are to this day selected, like the confidants of princes in the "Arabian Nights," from having had the good fortune to amuse the sovereign in his hours of relaxation. He had been a common boatman on the Bosphorus, and had attracted the Sultan's attention by his habits of singing songs, shouting when he spoke, and swearing strange oaths. Barbarossa, Boumourgi, and many more among the most daring and distinguished Turkish leaders, had no higher or more creditable origin. But Delhi Abdalla was not one of these. He had not energy or capacity for his place, and was remarkable only for a good-nature, which contrasted strongly with the ruthless character of most of his fellow-dignitaries. He not only protected, but treated with great benevolence many of the unfortunate Greeks. "The family of a Greek," says Dr. Walsh, "whom I knew something of, terrified at a rumour of new massacres, had attempted to escape from Constantinople, but were discovered, arrested, and were about to be cast into the horrible prison of the Bostangi Bashi, to undergo some of its inflictions. The Delhi heard of it and ordered them to be first brought before himself. 'I am told,' said he, in his usual familiar and eccentric way, 'that you had left Constantinople to go to a better place, and I have sent to you to let me know where that is, and I will go along with you.' Not being able to inform him, he bade them go back quietly to their shops and dismissed them. The poor people knew that their shops were occupied by others, and supposing that they were sent in this manner merely to be executed in the streets like others, as they went along proceeded in a very melancholy mood, expecting at every step their heads would roll before them. They were agreeably surprised, however, to find that they were suffered to proceed alive to their former shops, which they found the Vizier had repurchased for them, restocked with every article they sold, and that he had left, beside, a sum of money to carry on their business." But this amiable favourite's continuance in office was short. He was deposed by the Sultan, at his own request, greatly to the sorrow of the Greeks; being probably ill at ease in his office, and desirous of quitting it. He was very conveniently made the scapegoat of a prophecy. "The astrologers had predicted that some important change would take place in the empire on a particular day. The Sultan, therefore, fixed upon it to announce the deposition of the Delhi, and thus to obviate the effects on the minds of the people by exhibiting the accomplishment of the prediction in the person of his Grand Vizier." He retired on a pension of 2000 piastres a month—the common treatment in Turkey of such Viziers as have the good fortune to be dismissed on no worse charge than that of incapacity.

Having accompanied the worhy chaplain through all the horrors of the Greek Revolution, of which it was his fortune to witness so much, we would gladly have added to our extracts, if we had sufficient space for the purpose, by following him to more peaceful scenes, and into districts rarely visited. His description of the beautiful little archipelago of the Princess' Islands, where he and his friend. Mr. Leeves, lodged during the summer of 1823, is new and interesting. These islands lie about nine miles from Constantinople, in the Sea of Marmora. They have [illegible] frequented by the opulent Greeks, for the summer residence, almost ever since the foundation of the city; and during the Revolution they were crowded with people of that nation from another cause, being crammed together, "like fowls in a hencoop," for the convenience of their persecutors, who used to come daily and fetch away victims for execution from these maritime prisons. The scenes which passed resembled those which used to take place in the prisons in Paris, when the guillotine demanded its daily complement of victims. Large parties were wont to assemble to play their favourite games of chess or dominoes under the plane-trees of the village in each little island. "Every day a caique with a chouash arrived, bearing an order to send some of them to the capital. They were carried off from under the tree where they sat, and in the midst of their game, and were never seen by their friends again, who, nevertheless, continued their play, expecting next day to be carried off themselves."

From these islands Dr. Walsh made a summer excursion, under less inauspicious circumstances than that of the preceding year, through the ancient province of Bithynia,—one of the most interesting regions of the classical world, both from natural beauties and from historical tradition. He visited the famous city of Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia, whence Dioclesian issued his edicts for the extirpation of Christianity; and where, by a singular coincidence, Constantine underwent on his deathbed, that rite of baptism, which superstition and remorse had caused him to delay so long; and Nicæa (Isnik,) the seat of the first Christian Council, situated in one of the finest sites in the world, and still exhibiting undecayed and perfect the magnificent walls described by Gibbon.

But the natural beauties of Bithynia furnish, after all, its chief attractions. Here is the vast woody belt which the Turks term the "Ocean of Trees," covering the craggy declivities of Olympus, and its accessory chains to the eastward, and extending far into the unexplored tracts of Anatolia. Oaks, magnificent Oriental planes, poplars, and lime-trees, but more especially fruit-trees, of a size and beauty unknown in Western climates, cover the surface of the land. The walnut, plum, pear, apple, and quince multiply in wild abundance, their fruit unclaimed and ungathered by the scanty inhabitants. The chestnut, when in flower, "checkers the whole face of the hills" by the profusion of its white tints. The cherry, which Lucullus brought to the West from the shores of the Black Sea, grows to the size of an enormous forest tree; sometimes not less, if we might believe our author's rather hyperbolical description, than 100 feet in height. The Bithynian forest is the western extremity of the woody zone of Turkey in Asia;—that belt which extends, with some interruptions, along the whole southern coast of the Euxine, and furnishes the finest store of timber for naval and architectural purposes in the region of the Mediterranean and its adjacent seas.

In the course of this tour, Dr. Walsh succeeded in reaching the top of the Asiatic Olympus. His description of the venerable mountain is picturesque enough, but his want of scientific knowledge renders his observations of little value.

From Brusa, at the foot of Olympus, Dr. Walsh, returned to his summer station in the islands, and the following winter passed without affording many additional memoranda to his journal. In the summer of 1824, the little rock of Ipsara, which had afforded constant annoyance to the Turks ever since the rebellion broke out, was taken by the Capitan Pasha; and the capital was regaled again with an exhibition of ears, lips, and noses. This time, however, the slave-market was little enriched; as the women and children had for the most part contrived to make their escape. Encouraged by the conquest of Ipsara, the Turks planned an attack on the large island of Samos; and 50,000 of the same desperadoes who had destroyed Scio assembled on Mount Mycale. But the Samiotes were united and on their guard; and the Ottoman war-fiend was frustrate of his will. The Capitan Pasha sailed off, and joined the Egyptians, who about the same time threatened the Morea. In the month of October of that year, Lord Strangford returned to England; and his chaplain travelled home from Constantinople by that overland journey, of which, as before mentioned, he published an account several years ago.

After six years spent in visiting other parts of the world, in the course of his professional employment, our author again took up his residence on the shores of the Bosphorus in 1830. Never, in modern times, unless in France at the period of her Revolution, have six years produced so wide a difference in the whole aspect of the public affairs of any country. Within that time Greece had been erected into an independent state; Diebitsch had passed the Balkan; and Turkey, abandoned by the rest of Europe, had been thrown almost passive into the arms of Russia for support: and, before either of these events, the annihilation of the corps of Janissaries had subverted at a blow the very foundations of Turkish policy.

Nor had these events of moment in the political world passed away without leaving traces in the ordinary aspect of things and people. Turkey was in all the bustle of practical reform, when it is taken up rather late, but vigorously, by those in authority. The janissaries having been removed, the Sultan next attacked the second great nuisance of his capital—the dogs. He assaulted them, not like the French at Lisbon, with the bayonet, but with the more Oriental weapon of poison. But as the Turks murmured at the destruction of their grim favourites, the city began to suffer from the want of its usual scavengers, a number of families of the survivors were transported to Scutari, and brought up at the public expense. Since that period they seem to have recovered their original numbers, and the rising generation retains all that orthodox hostility to Franks which distinguished its forefathers. Swine, the ancient horror of true believers, took the place of dogs. Their flesh was publicly sold in the streets; and the faithful having become accustomed to the sight of the unclean animal, began at least to purchase it; affecting a pious ignorance of the difference between pork and mutton. Wine had begun to make its appearance more publicly than heretofore; and among official people a certain degree of conviviality was rather cultivated as a gentlemanly accomplishment. Martial music was heard in the streets, and troops were parading—a thing unheard of in the former Turkish military establishment. Something like an approach to a European uniform had been already effected; although the recruits preferred wearing their shoes down at heel like Turkish slippers; and the Ulemah had pronounced that a regulation cap with a rim to it was an impiety, as tending to impede the Mussulman in his prostrations. A newspaper was established, and the Turks were reading it every where in the streets and coffee-houses. The popularity of the composition was, however, not to be wondered at, since it was full of remarks on public persons and events; and, as Dr. Walsh observes, "as the Sultan is the virtual editor, his opinion of a man is of some importance."

But the greatest change of all, at least in outward appearance, was in the Sultan himself. During his first residence at Stamboul, Dr. Walsh had contracted an aversion, amounting to horror, for the man-slayer, the great author of evil, from whose ultimate authority all the bloodshed and torture of that dreadful time seemed to proceed. He had gone to visit him, in 1821, entering the seraglio gate between piles of the ears and noses of slaughtered Greeks. He then saw in him a "tall, ill-made, mean-looking man; his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the colour of white glass, gleaming now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us."

It is no wonder that the lively imagination of this writer was so impressed with the circumstances of the time and place, as to connect them indelibly with the character of the man himself. But Mahmoud was then the slave of events: after he had by his own strength of mind emancipated himself from their control, his true disposition had room to evince itself. He was not, as our author represents him, cruel and gloomy at one epoch, lively and humane in another; but in both alike acting under the strong impulse of self-preservation; with just talent and energy sufficient to decide upon a sanguinary line of conduct as necessary to secure him at first; and pursuing his schemes of improvement in latter days, rather as engines to subvert the janissaries, the Ulemah, the corporate bodies, and the old prejudices which hemmed him and controlled his independent action, than from any superior liberality or intelligence. Dr. Walsh represents him as a sort of problem in human nature; the converse, as he says, of the wicked Roman emperors, who for the most part began as just rulers, and ended as cruel despots: he forgets Octavius, whose character both as triumvir and as emperor was not dissimilar to that of Mahmoud. Had Augustus governed a country surrounded by states of greater power and ambition, he would probably, like Mahmoud, have been well content to purchase security at home at the price of foreign dependence. And both were actors alike, in their assumed ferocity as well as humanity. The following scene exhibits Mahmoud in one of his theatrical displays of mildness: it would have furnished a fine subject for the author of "Anastasius." Mustapha, Pasha of Scodra, after an unsuccessful insurrection, had been sent a prisoner to Constantinople:—

> "After some days he was ordered to attend the Sultan, at his palace of Beshiktash. He was accompanied by a large escort of cavalry, and attended by other pashas; but as the Turks, when they intend a man's destruction, treat him with more than usual show of kindness, it was considered that all this display was a certain announcement of the man's immediate execution. The hall was open to the public, and when he entered a crowd entered with him and ranged along the walls. He came forward holding his little son, a fine boy about six years old, by the hand. He appeared a large and comely man, and seemed to excite a good deal of sympathy, particularly as he was accompanied by the executioner with his drawn scimitar. The Sultan was known to be above, looking on from a balcony; his secretary, Mustapha, sat below, at a desk; and in the midst stood the delinquent Pasha, with his arms folded across his breast, and it was every moment expected that a horizontal movement of the hand of the Sultan would cause his head to roll on the floor. The sign was not given, and he was invited to sit on the divan, which is generally the position in which a man is strangled. He was presented with coffee, but his hand so shook that he spilled it over his robe and dropped the cup. A chouash now advanced, and all eyes were fixed on him; but instead of producing a bowstring, he drew from his bosom a gold watch and chain, and presented it to the boy as a present from the Sultan. The child placed it in his girdle, and looked exceedingly delighted when he showed it to his father. He was now informed by Mustapha that the Sultan wished to attach him as a friend rather than punish him as an enemy, and that as he had no residence at Constantinople, a suitable one was provided for him. He then retired to a splendid caique waiting for him on the Bosphorus, and left the hall with his head on, very much to his own and the astonishment of the spectators, and to the disappointment of the executioner, who complained that he was defrauded of his due."—Vol. II., p. 286.

Such are the signs of reform and amelioration which, of late years, have given birth to so many predictions respecting the approaching civilisation of the Ottoman race, and its elevation to a rank of equality among European nations. Interested as we are in common with all the states of Western Europe in controlling the ambition of Russia, Englishmen have been partly led by their own political leanings to adopt an altered view of the prospects of the East, founded rather on their wishes than their reason. And no common skill and perseverance have been of late devoted to the task of removing our supposed prejudices, and impressing us with new ideas on this momentous subject. Our fears and jealousies of Russia have been stimulated beyond the reasonable pitch; while, in order to afford an imaginary counterpoise, we have been called upon to exert our utmost energies in preserving the Turkish empire. To encourage us in so Quixotic an enterprise, every effort has been made to paint the Turks as employed in throwing off the weight of centuries of bigotry and misgovernment; and ready to assist us ably and zealously by reforming their own institutions. Nay, those institutions themselves have been represented as strangely misunderstood—as leading, though by different paths, to even a higher state of public happiness and morality than the vaunted civilisation of Christendom! We have been called upon to admire the social condition of a people among whom the first principles of society are unknown or perverted—nay, even the commercial wisdom of a government which holds a monopoly of some of the common necessaries of life, merely because its functionaries have hitherto been too grossly ignorant to understand or put in practice the system of prohibitive duties—a system which, mistaken as it is, suggests itself almost inevitably to every people during to fall beneath the races which they had spurned. If the dominion of the Turks in Asia seems less imminently threatened, it is, first, because the Christian nations there beneath their sway are less numerous and less advanced; and in the next place, because they are as yet kept apart from the dangerous contact of European civilisation. But there also the Egyptian invasion has struck the first blow at their tottering fabric of empire, and its fall is delayed only for a period of which we can even now foresee the probable termination.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB.

CHAPTER I.

The Pickwickians.

The first ray of light which illumines the gloom, and converts into a dazzling brilliancy that obscurity in which the earlier history of the public career of the immortal Pickwick would appear to be involved, is derived from the perusal of the following entry in the Transactions of the Pickwick Club, which the editor of these papers feels the highest pleasure in laying before his readers, as a proof of the careful attention, indefatigable assiduity, and nice discrimination, with which his search among the multifarious documents confided to him has been conducted.

"May 12, 1817. Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P. V. P. M. P. C.* presiding. The following resolutions unanimously agreed to.

"That this Association has heard read, with feelings of unmingled satisfaction, and unqualified approval, the paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C.† entitled 'Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats;' and that this Association does hereby return its warmest thanks to the said Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C. for the same.

"That while this Association is deeply sensible of the advantages which must accrue to the cause of science, from the production to which they have just adverted, no less than from the unwearied researches of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C. in Hornsey, Highgate, Brixton, and Camberwell; they cannot but entertain a lively sense of the inestimable benefits which must inevitably result from carrying the speculations of that learned man into a wider field, from extending his travels, and consequently enlarging his sphere of observation; to the advancement of knowledge, and the diffusion of learning.

"That with the view, just mentioned, this Association has taken into its serious consideration a proposal, emanating from the aforesaid Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C., and three other Pickwickians hereinafter named, for forming a new branch of United Pickwickians under the title of The Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club.

"That the said proposal has received the sanction and approval of this Association.

"That the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club is therefore hereby constituted; and that Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C., Tracy Tupman, Esq., M. P. C., Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M. P. C., and Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., M. P. C., are hereby nominated and appointed members of the same; and that they be requested to forward, from time to time, authenticated accounts of their journeys and investigations; of their observations of character and manners; and of the whole of their adventures, together with all tales and papers, to which local scenery or associations may give rise, to the Pickwick Club, stationed in London.

"That this Association cordially recognises the principle of every member of the Corresponding Society defraying his own travelling expenses; and that it sees no objection whatever to the members of the said society pursuing their inquiries for any length of time they please, upon the same terms.

"That the members of the aforesaid Corresponding Society, be, and are, hereby informed, that their proposal to pay the postages of their letters, and the carriage of their parcels, has been deliberated upon, by this Association. That this Association considers such proposal worthy of the great minds from which it emanated; and that it hereby signifies its perfect acquiescence therein."

A causual observer, adds the secretary, to whose notes we are indebted for the following account—a casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head, and circular spectacles, which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face, during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other, in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded. What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation: his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the perils of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries. On his right hand, sat Mr. Tracy Tupman; the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardour of a boy, in the most interesting and unpardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch-chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat, but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion. On the left of his great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely fitted drabs.

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* Perpetual Vice President—Member Pickwick Club.—Ed.

† General Chairman—Member Pickwick Club.—Ed.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the Transactions of the Club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celebrated bodies; and, as it is always interesting to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of great men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

“Mr. Pickwick observed (says the Secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny, that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings, (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of “No”;) but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference, effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his Swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated or it might not. (A cry of “It is,” and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honourable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he would reflect on the authorship of that production would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him, on this, the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was an humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honour, and of some danger. Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice “No.”) No! (Cheers.) Let that honourable Pickwickian who cried “No” so loudly, come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried “No?” (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of——

“Mr. Blotton, (of Aldgate,) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of “Order,” “Chair,” “Yes,” “No,” “Go on,” “Leave off,” &c.)

“Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He *had* alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

“Mr. Blotton would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent.'s false and scurrilous accusation, with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of “chair” and “order.”)

“Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know, whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club, should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

“The Chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

“Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

“The Chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

“Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying, that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

“Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)”

Here the entry terminates, as we have no doubt the debate did also, after arriving at such a highly satisfactory, and intelligible point. We have no official statement of the facts, which the reader will find recorded in the next chapter, but they have been carefully collated from letters and other MS. authorities, so unquestionably genuine, as to justify their narration in a connected form.

CHAPTER II.

The first day's journey, and the first evening's adventures; with their consequences.

THAT punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen, and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers; threw open his chamber window, and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell-street was at his feet, Goswell-street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell-street extended on his left; and the opposite side of Goswell-street was over the way. “Such,” thought Mr. Pickwick, “are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell-street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it." And having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes; and his clothes into his portmanteau. Great men are seldom over scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing, and coffee-imbibing was soon performed: and, in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great-coat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach-stand in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, Sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. "Here you are, Sir. Now, then, fust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's vorth, Tommy,"—cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three veeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him 'ome, on account of his veakness."

"On account of his weakness;" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down, when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so when he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowde to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on," said the cab-driver, sparring away like clock-work. "Come on—all four on you."

"Here's a lark!" shouted half a dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to vork, Sam,"—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman, "what did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick indignantly.

"Would any body believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd.—"Would any body believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain," (a light flashed across Mr. Pickwick—it was the note-book.)

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first—"and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on," and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half a dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pie-man.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers," shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vendor's proposition: and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

"A'n't you, though,—a'n't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd, by the infallible process of

of the military. It is truly delightful to a philanthropic mind, to see these gallant men, staggering along under the influence of an overflow, both of animal, and ardent spirits; more especially when we remember that the following them about, and jesting with them, affords a cheap and innocent amusement for the boy population. Nothing (adds Mr. Pickwick) can exceed their good humour. It was but the day before my arrival, that one of them had been most grossly insulted in the house of a publican. The bar-maid had positively refused to draw him any more liquor; in return for which, he had, (merely in playfulness) drawn his bayonet, and wounded the girl in the shoulder. And yet this fine fellow was the very first to go down to the house the next morning, and express his readiness to overlook the matter, and forget what had occurred!

"The consumption of tobacco in these towns (continues Mr. Pickwick) must be very great: and the smell which pervades the streets must be exceedingly delicious to those who are extremely fond of smoking. A superficial traveller might object to the dirt which is their leading characteristic; but to those who view it as an indication of traffic, and commercial prosperity, it is truly gratifying."

Punctual to five o'clock, came the stranger, and shortly afterwards the dinner. He had divested himself of his brown paper parcel, but had made no alteration in his attire; and was, if possible, more loquacious than ever.

"What's that?" he inquired as the waiter removed one of the covers.

"Soles, Sir."

"Soles—ah!—capital fish—all come from London—stage-coach proprietors get up political dinners—carriage of soles—dozens of baskets—cunning fellows. Glass of wine, Sir?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick—and the stranger took wine; first with him, and then with Mr. Snodgrass, and then with Mr. Tupman, and then with Mr. Winkle, and then with the whole party together, almost as rapidly as he talked.

(To be continued.)

From the Monthly Repository.

MEXICAN SKETCHES.

NO. II.—THE SHARK—NATIVE OFFICERS—SACRIFICIOS.

We caught a shark in the bay of Vera Cruz that measured upwards of sixteen feet in length. The rascal had followed us three days, and stolen several pieces of salt beef that were towing over the side to be freshened for dinner. When he had rolled about on the chain-hook a sufficient time, we fired half-a-dozen musket balls into his back to make him orderly and quiet, and then clapped on a tackle and ran him up to the main yard arm. He hung there above twenty minutes, and as he appeared quite finished we then lowered him upon the deck. He lay perfectly motionless till a crowd had gathered round him, when he suddenly gasped and lifted up his tail. Sharks have been known to break a man's leg by a blow of the tail under similar circumstances. We all gave him plenty of room in a moment. It seemed an abortive effort, however, and he again lay as if stone dead. The shipwrights had been at work upon the boats, and several of their tools being strewn about the deck, one of the main-top men, who knew how a shark would "finesse" in his last moments for the sake of his revenge, took up the carpenter's axe and cautiously shoved it towards his mouth. The insidious monster seized it in an instant, and clenching his teeth upon the blade, never moved more, and was soon pronounced by the Doctor—for otherwise none of the hands could be induced to believe the fact—to be *really* dead. I think I need not fear being accused of romancing in the assertion that positive indentations of the shark's teeth were visible in the steel blade of the axe, by this last reserved effort of its terrible nature, when we all know that the savage can cut a man's body in two with perfect ease, or chump off his leg as though it were a radish. But the power it possesses of preserving one vital spark, in spite of wounds and mutilation, for so long a time, is most wonderful. I have been at the death of many sharks, and have occasionally been almost induced to believe, in the very teeth of physiological science, that this power of a final effort exists by some law of its mechanism, even *after* the last spark is gone. I was of opinion at the time, in the case just described, that the creature died on making the effort of a blow with its tail. In short, I think the evil spirit of a shark, when it quits home, has yet the faculty of leaving its trap *set*. It dies; but its jaws remain at full-cock. It makes its will and departs, appointing its "fearful and wonderful" construction to be its own executor. Sailors call it a sea-lawyer.

We now bethought ourselves of turning the thief into "commodity," and accordingly the most tender parts of the monster were cut out and distributed to the stewards of the officers' messes, to be cooked. I tasted shark at three of them, and the difference of flavour was truly amazing. In the midshipman's berth it was the genuine thing: rank, coarse, discoloured, and so tough that the teeth could not chisel it up *against* the grain. In the gun-room it was like very old pithy shad or haddock, done up in butter and egg, and made palatable with fish-sauce and cayenne. In the state-cabin, at the Ambassador's table, it resembled fried turbot, or fillet de soles, or fricassee of chicken—there was no knowing *what* it was! In fact, his French cook, that wonderful professor, the laughter, glory, and nuisance of the ship!—used sometimes to dress, by way of showing his consummate art, the briny pork or mahogany beef of the ship's company, so as to make it almost too rich to eat. One grand point in his practice seemed to be that of extracting all the natural taste from the eatables, upon which he operated, by steaming them till they were reduced to a neutrality in that respect, and then conferring upon them any flavour he thought proper. And thus "custom could not stale his infinite variety."

There was much talk on board of the terrible heat of Vera Cruz. It was a common saying among the men that "there was only a sheet of paper between Vera Cruz and the infernal regions." But, as though the elements themselves intended to join in the disorderly ways of our ship, the nearer we approached the cooler the weather seemed to become. We also saw one or two water-spouts.

In the morning watch, just as it was day-light, we descried breakers ahead, and soon saw some tremendous reefs, with the waves foaming and leaping for their expected prey! If there had been a very little more wind in the night we must infallibly have gone directly upon them and have been wrecked. Nothing, under our peculiar circumstances, could have saved us; and as it was, we were near enough almost to throw a stone into the foremost of them as they roared after us while we were tacking about. It was pretty well known who had committed this error in the ship's course, for * * * had been upon deck in the middle of the night in a state of intoxication, and thus are hundreds of lives continually placed in the power of unworthy officers. It is, however, very singular that Mr. Bullock should have had an equally narrow escape of being lost upon the same reefs in his first voyage to Mexico.

We arrived and anchored at Sacraficios, an island within a league of the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa and the town of Vera Cruz, in the course of the afternoon. The weather was more chilly than we had felt it during the whole of the voyage.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, all that we had heard of the intense heat of Vera Cruz was amply justified. The sun's glaring eye was almost perpendicular above our heads, and appeared to send down one vast dome-like effulgence directly over us. The little flat sandy island of Sacraficios seemed alive with light, and the sea shot and glistened as the principle of heat was at work with it. We could see Vera Cruz, and the fort of St. Juan Ulloa directly opposite to it, at less than half a league across the Channel, and Mount Orizaba in the distance, its sublime head covered with snow, and towering above the clouds.

The squadron lying off Vera Cruz, so much talked about, the whole of which Captain S—— was to command, consisted of one eighteen-gun brig, and three dirty schooners, carrying a gun each. What pompous creatures to call it a squadron! In the evening the Commandant Lara, who had hitherto acted as admiral of all the Mexican sea forces, came on board our frigate to give us greeting. He was one of the native Indians, and almost black with constant exposure to the sun. His tawdry uniform and lumps of epaulets sat very clumsily upon his fat and uncleanly person, while his dark jovial face, large gold ear-rings, and matted locks, looked ridiculous enough under a huge cocked-hat, surmounted all round the edge with a broad fringe. He was just like the celebrated negro beggar of London, Billy Waters. Mr. J——, our purser, declared that he recollected this Admiral Lara very well in Havana ten or twelve years before, when he was a noted smuggler; and suspected, moreover, of doing a little private business in the piratical way. Howbeit, he was what is called "a great man" now. His language was a sort of Indian Spanish; or rather, execrable sea-port Spanish, with an Indian accent. We took him down into the gun-room, and "made much" of him with various hospitalities; but in vain, for he contrived, at the end of an hour and a half, in defiance of all his potations, to get into his boat without any ostensible difficulty. He had been accompanied on board by several officers from the garrison, as it was called, at Sacraficios. Their uniforms consisted of very coarse blue cloth jackets, turned-up with cuffs, collars, and tail-edges, of boiled-lobster red, overlaid with profuse bits of old gold and silver lace, such as we see in pawnbrokers and Jew-salesmen's shops in London, stuck about at random, and mystified by a confused host of frogs' eyes, button-holes, &c. Each of these gentlemen was accompanied by a sword of prodigious length. Their clothes were uncouthly cut, and so far from fitting the respective wearers, that one might have conjectured they had all changed habiliments expressly to produce that effect. They all wore white trousers, in shape and size like a wind-sail, or the long conduit bags in a flour-mill. The commandant of the fort, or garrison of Sacraficios, was a tall, thin, sallow man, who had two enormous epaulets, lopping in a slovenly way—to *our* eyes—over the *front* of his shoulders. Being habituated to the high-shouldered character, we of course thought the round *ditto* excessively unbecoming. Most of these cavalieros were evidently of Spanish extraction. They all wore cat-pointed mustachios—their dark hair very long, thin, and lanking down with oil—smoked incessantly—were very grave, and *grimaciously* polite.

General Michelena (the ambassador,) the Baron de Zant (a talented engineer,) and Senor Castillio (the treasurer, secretary, &c.,) left the ship a few hours after we had cast anchor, and were landed on the beach at about two miles distance from the town, not choosing to risk being rowed up to the mole, or pier-head, which was within such good gun-shot of the castle. It is to be understood that the Castle of St. Juan Ulloa was still in possession of the Spanish royalists.

On the fourth morning after our arrival I went ashore with Captain S—— and one of the midshipmen, to Sacraficios; and from its appearance one would imagine that pestilence and death had ruled over it time immemorial. It was a parched, sandy, desolate place, and along the sea-shore there lay an abundance of human bones. The sands glistened fiercely under the sun, and were burning hot to the feet. It was impossible to look at some of the sand banks and stony mounds, the light upon them was so intolerable. There are some *remains* of ruins upon the island; probably of ancient sacrificial temples; though I do not think there can be found any two stones put together in such and such a way, or a strange mark upon any stone, whereby the fact of what they originally were, can be proved. Human sacrifices (hence the name) are said to have been offered up here in former times; and some urns have been dug up. We went to the guard-house of the fort, and there found several poor wretched creatures, apparently diseased, lying asleep upon their rusty muskets, and presently after, three ragged, hungry-looking men passed us hastily, and made off to a stone hovel near at hand, but not without my recognising them as some of the gold-laced gentry who had recently paid us a visit aboard. We now asked a little mulatto boy, who was rolling about in the sun, to direct us to the Commandant's room. We followed him to a large dilapidated place, at the farther end of which the said personage was seated, with a long cigar, a short cloak, and no breeches. He rose from the bench, the only article of furniture in the room, and, nowise disconcerted, advanced to meet us with a grave, dignified air. And why not? He felt himself none the less a brave man because of the absence of his trumpery; but his long, scraggy figure was certainly very ludicrous. He received us with a perfect ease and self-possession that would have done justice to any local circumstances of rank and form; welcomed us to the island with a sententious compliment, invited us to take a cigar and a glass of aquadiente, and apologized for his morning deshabille, saying that "the weather was exceeding hot just at this time of day, and as to the sand-flies and musquitoes, he was used to them." Live and let live. Aquadiente is not a beverage at all to my taste, being a common sort of Spanish brandy, of a pale-yellow tinge, rank flavour, and like liquid-fire. This miserable garrison, and a grog-hut kept by an Indian and his family, constituted all the inhabitants of Sacraficios.

Captain S——— after this put us on board the frigate, and then pulled off for the town. He mounted a horse that was waiting for him on the beach, and instead of crossing the country, which was the shortest way, as well as the safest plan, he galloped straight along the beach, and passing directly in front of the castle, entered at the mole-gates. It was not likely that a single gun would hit him at that distance; nevertheless, if they had thought proper to fire a dozen "upon a spec," it would have reduced the chances in his favour most amazingly. Their glasses must have told them who he was, both from the direction he came in, and the style of his dress. They fired, however, on the litter, or truck, that was carrying the ambassador's baggage up to the town. It had been brought ashore in charge of the fourth lieutenant, who was escorting it, attended also by two of the general's servants, a black man, and a French boy. I landed on the beach presently after, having got a passage in one of the Victoria's boats, and was hastening to overtake them. When within a short distance I saw a ball come dashing along towards them, and strike the sand all over the truck. The French boy was perched upon the top of the baggage, and the instant he felt the sand he tucked his head between his knees, and binding them fast with his arms, rolled himself off from his dangerous position, and fell upon the beach like a wood-louse. The action was altogether so ludicrous that I was obliged to set down upon a stone to laugh. The lieutenant and the rest got under the lee of the truck, and made merriment at the boy's expense, quite as much as was prudent; the muleteer flogged on his cattle, and they got clear off, while I returned to the boat, because not being upon duty, and only amusing myself, I thought it just as well to wait for a better opportunity.

M. I. D.

From the Athenæum.

THE BALLOON EXPEDITION.

We deferred any mention in our last number of the extraordinary voyage of the Vauxhall balloon, in the hope that we might be able to lay before our readers to-day, a more complete and accurate account of it than we were then possessed of. The strong interest which has been felt in all parts of the kingdom in the expedition, demands as accurate a statement of the plan, and accomplishment of it, as can be obtained; and, we believe, the following account will be found to contain some facts with which our readers have not been hitherto made acquainted.

The undertaking originated with Mr. Hollond, and was agreed on about a month previous to the ascent.

The balloon belongs to the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and may be said to be under the command of Mr. Green, who unites much practical, and even scientific knowledge, with a cool intrepidity which is unrivalled. He had long entertained a desire to make a voyage from London to the continent, but hitherto had neither possessed a balloon of sufficient size to accomplish it, nor had met with any gentleman who was willing to freight his vessel. When the expedition was decided on, he immediately turned his attention to the rendering the balloon as perfect as possible, and providing it with such apparatus as he considered would be useful, and likely to diminish the danger of the experiment. It was Mr. Hollond's wish that the intended excursion should be kept secret, and nothing more was known (except by a few friends of the aeronauts) than that Mr. Green meditated a trip across the channel.

The balloon was newly varnished, in order to make it as air-tight as possible, and, in addition to the usual apparatus, was provided with some instruments which it may be interesting to describe. The unsteadiness of the wind, and the possibility of its changing before the voyage was completed, was the thing which the aeronauts had most reason to fear: they considered they could keep in the air for a fortnight, but it would be by no means agreeable to be travelling for a long time over an expanse of water, without knowing when they might have a chance of landing; and, to guard against this accident, they took with them a very clever apparatus, which has not yet been explained. It consisted of three thin copper vessels, each of them containing ninety-eight pounds of water, which served as ballast, and might be poured out when necessary; these vessels were attached to ropes connected with a windlass, which was fastened across the narrowest part of the car with a flat plank of wood, that might be used as a table. To the copper vessels weights were intended to be attached, whenever it was expedient to use the apparatus, the object of which was to anchor or to stay the balloon on the sea. Thus, if the aeronauts found themselves going at a rapid pace over the North Sea or the Atlantic, and considered it prudent not to continue their voyage, they intended, on a fitting occasion, (such as the approach of a ship,) to lower the copper buoys, exhausted of their water ballast, but with their weights attached to them, and, by letting out small quantities of gas, gradually to descend until the copper cylinders reached the water. As soon as they rested on the water, the balloon would be relieved of a portion of its weight, and would neither descend lower, nor ascend higher than the length of the rope to which the buoys were fastened; or if, by the gradual escape of gas, it showed a disposition to sink, it might be kept stationary, by throwing out from time to time, small quantities of ballast. The travellers would thus be enabled to hail a ship, and to receive assistance. The aeronauts also took with them a compass, a sextant, charts, a chronometer, an excellent day and night telescope, a speaking trumpet, a ship's lamp, which was suspended to the hoop, and some lights which were intended to assist them in ascertaining the country over which they might pass at night. These lights were to be fired, and suspended by a long rope to the car; and were said to be capable of burning with such brilliancy for several minutes, as to exhibit to the voyagers the earth at a considerable depth. We have heard that they were used at nightfall, as the balloon passed over the Channel, and were seen between seven and eight o'clock, over the opposite shore, when it was too dark to observe the balloon without their assistance; the atmosphere in which it was travelling was, however, beautifully illuminated, and the balloon, with its net-work and car, were distinctly visible. We can conceive nothing more beautiful than the appearance which it must have presented. Besides the instruments and apparatus which we have mentioned, Mr. Frederick Gye had constructed a very simple and useful little machine to ascertain at night whether the balloon was rising or sinking, with more nicety than could be found from the barometer. It consisted of a box partially open at the top and bottom, in which was inclosed a wheel, delicately hung on its axle, with one wing or paddle attached to it. The pressure of the atmosphere, in sinking, from below,—and, in rising, from above, would cause the wheel to turn in different directions, which was shown by an index, which it worked on a dial. The voyagers were also provided with passports to the different countries of Europe in which they were likely to descend, with an excellent larder provisioned for a fortnight, and with plenty of warm clothing for the night. The proprietors of the balloon were desirous that a third gentleman should make the voyage, considering that it was more likely to be safely accomplished by three persons than by two; and they proposed that Mr. Monck Mason should be of the party, to which Mr. Hollond readily assented.

After waiting several days, the morning of Monday, the 7th instant, seemed to be propitious; there was a favourable wind, accompanied by fine weather; and the inflation of the balloon commenced at half-past seven. The writer of this narrative, being a friend of one of the aeronauts, witnessed the ascent, than which few things could be more interesting, whether we consider the perfection of the machine and its apparatus, the novelty of the undertaking, or the desire which was felt for its success and for the safety of the intrepid voyagers. About half an hour was spent in arranging the ballast, apparatus, and provisions in the car, and in registering the exact weight of every article. It was almost ludicrous to see the carpet-bags and other accompaniments of travelling which were handed in; many of these were suspended to the hoop; and, after an excellent stowage was made, the three voyagers entered the car, about half-past one o'clock, in the best spirits, and with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure, and accompanied by the cheers of the few friends who were assembled around them, ascended, and were soon lost to their view.

The balloon, taking a south-easterly direction, crossed the Medway about three o'clock, was nearly over Canterbury at four, and about a mile to the eastward of Dovor at twelve minutes before five. Here the aerial travellers wrote a short note to the Mayor of Dovor, informing him of their progress, which they dropped in a parachute. About an hour afterwards they were seen near Calais, but from this time, until last Monday morning, no further tidings were heard of them. The interest which had been excited in the public mind was beginning to change into anxiety for their safety, when letters were received informing us of their descent, near Wielburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, at half-past seven o'clock on the morning after their ascent. They passed over the country near Namur, and must have crossed the Rhine, near Coblentz, about day-break. Two of the voyagers were well acquainted with this country, and we doubt not that they would recognise the Rhine and Ehrenbreitstein, and that they knew where they were going. It is singular that Frankfort was one of the cities near which Mr. Hollond was desirous of descending.

We look forward with some anxiety to the receipt of a more detailed account of this interesting adventure, the perfect accomplishment of which must have realised the most sanguine expectations of the gentlemen who undertook it. It is no matter of wonder that it should have excited the public attention with such a lively interest, for, to say the least of it, it has furnished a fact which is quite new in the history of man—that of his having travelled a distance of from four to five hundred miles in the short space of eighteen hours, or in other words, having travelled, in that period, a distance which is not usually accomplished in six times as many hours. And what could have furnished the mind with more sublime impressions than a voyage through the trackless air during the whole of a dark night, with the mysterious uncertainty, which the travellers must have felt, as to the region through which they were sailing, when nothing but the little car in which they were shipped, a portion of the magnificent machine above them, and a star or two twinkling above, was visible.

W. P.

Since the preceding narrative was written, the author of it has received from Mr. Hollond the following short, but most interesting journal of the voyage, in a letter dated Weilburg, Nassau, Thursday, Nov. 10, 1836.

This letter renders our narrative complete.

Time.

½ p. 1.......—Ascended.

12 min. bef. 3—Crossed the Medway, leaving Rochester about 6 miles to the left.

5 min. aft. 4—Passed 2 miles to the right of Canterbury.

¼ aft. 4. . . .—Saw the Sea.

12 min. bef. 5—Left England, about 1 mile east of Dovor Castle.

10 min. bef. 6—Over France, I think 2 miles east of Calais. It began to be very dark about 10 min. after we were over the Sea, but we did not lose sight of the lights of Dovor till we were nearly over France.

10 min. aft. 9—Barometer 21 inches and $\frac{7}{10}$.

20 min. aft. 9—Barometer 21 inches and $\frac{3}{10}$.

From 20 min. aft. 9 to ½ p. 11. } We passed over several large lighted towns, our altitude varying from a mile to 2 miles.—There were occasional flashes of lightning.

½ past 11.......—Over a populous district, lighted with numerous furnaces, which I thought to be the neighbourhood of Namur and Liege.

Midnight, by London time — Very dark—the earth being at the same time hidden from our view by an unbroken dense mass of cloud. The stars, which were bright above, showed the extent of darkness below.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

24 min. bef. 2—Barometer at 21 inches.

From ½ p. 2 to ½ p. 3 — The earth again obscured by clouds.

4 o'clock . . —The clouds having dispersed, we saw extensive plains of mist immediately on the earth, which had the appearance of water; the rustling of the forest leaves at the same time producing a sound exactly like the waves of the Sea. We were aware of each of these effects, and were also pretty confident that we were going in an easterly direction.

5 o'clock . . —There was a slight appearance of day-break.

10 min. aft. 5—We were at our greatest altitude—the barometer being at 20 inches.

20 min. aft. 5—Day-break began to dim the stars on the eastern part of the horizon—the morning star shining brightly about 25 deg. above.

¼ after 6 . . —The day-break was now beyond every thing magnificent. We had not descended above a quarter of a mile from our greatest altitude.

½ past 7 . . —Descended.

N. B. This is all London time.

Mr. Hollond says, "we have had a delightful excursion, and have been most hospitably received, the whole town being delighted with our having descended here. They have lent us the military riding school for the balloon. It is singular enough that Blanchard descended here about fifty years ago, when he ascended from Frankfort."

Mr. Hollond does not mention in either of his letters the cold experienced at night; but we hear that it was felt acutely by his fellow-travellers. The inhabitants of Weilburg were only convinced of the truth of the assertion of the æronauts, that they had left London on the previous afternoon, by their producing the London Newspapers of that day.

From the Athenæum.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MS. NOTE-BOOK OF A SOLITARY THINKER.

A good story is a good thing; but a story well told is a better. There is an old proverb concerning eatables, which says, "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks." A similar remark may be made concerning narratives or stories. What myriads of good ones are spoiled for want of being well told; and what an infinite variety of ways there are in which a good story, as well as a good dinner, may be spoiled. In proportion as a good story may be spoiled by being badly told, so may one which has nothing in it be made exquisitely interesting by being well narrated. Stories abound, super-abound—all the world is full of stories—every man, woman, and child that you meet in the streets, are but so many pages of anecdote, so many living romances. Shakspeare, who wrote plays, said, "All the world's a stage;"—so may a novel writer say, "All the world's a circulating library." People talk about the dull routine of ordinary existence—the quiet, commonplace monotony with which the mass of mankind pass though life;—there is no such thing as quiet, commonplace monotony—every life is full of incidents, and every heart is full of feelings; but they are not all published. *The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.*

* * *

When a man can no longer enjoy a holiday, he can no longer enjoy life—the world is to him a perfect blank. The blessedness of boyhood is in its holidays, and all our pleasant recollections of youth are the recollections of its holidays. We may grumble a good deal as we go rumbling along the rough road of life; but still we have some practical gratitude in our constitution; and we are tolerably apt to remember what was pleasant; for it is by the remembrance of the pleasant past that a man becomes a *laudator temporis acti*. It is on this principle that old people fancy that the summers of their youth were all sunshine, and their winters fine bracing frost and gloriously deep snow: they forget the long, shivering, cloudy weeks that frequently make more than half our summers; they forget the damp, drizzling days that compose the miserableness of winter. So is man's recollection of his schoolboy days; he forgets the Lexicon and the Gradus, the awful false quantity, the untranslateable classic; his recollection is of the long, joyful holiday, the boisterous outbreak from school, the luxurious bath beneath a glowing sun, the skating, and the manly wielding of the cricket bat—these are the school recollections, and these are holiday thoughts. Blessed be the memory of him who invented holidays! Man lives for holidays alone: he would regard the desk and the counter as no better than the tread-mill, were it not for his holidays: they are his life, they are the end and object of all his labour, and without them, the ordinary occupations of business would be an absolute punishment. Who does not remember—however he may forget life's literalities—who does not remember the holiday feeling—the sensation of an undefined rapture, when the sun has shone brighter than ever it shines now-o'-days—when the houses, and the trees, and the fields, and the horses, and the hedges, and the ditches, and the sheep, and the cattle, were all alive and laughing—when the world was a picture, and life was a dream—when the earth on which we walked was unfelt, and when everything without, and every feeling within, was just as it should be? I am really afraid that we are growing too wise, and that we are getting into the notion that nothing is useful but utility; and that the only object of utility is beef and broad cloth.

* * *

Many are man's hypocrisies, and countless are the conventional falsehoods that float about in the bustle of society, as unheeded as motes in the sunbeams, or as animalculæ in water; it is only when they are microscopically examined that we become sensible of their hideousness and monstrosity.

* * *

Every one has heard mention of the common herd; but it is not so easily found, marked, and defined, as it is talked about. It is gratifying to one's vanity not to belong to the common herd: but it would be more gratifying to one's understanding, could we clearly apprehend what is meant by the phrase, and who are decidedly included in it. With all due deference to superfine folks and superior people, I cannot help thinking that there is no such thing as the common herd. I have never yet met with an individual that belongs to it; for take any one you please, and examine him closely, you will be sure to find in him something that distinguishes him from the common herd. Good reader, did you ever read the advertisement of a novel, the keen-eyed publisher of which had detected in the reviews something of a merciful character? And have you not found that when nothing else could be said in praise of the book, it has been pronounced superior to the common run of novels? Perhaps there never was a novel published that was not pronounced by some critic or other, superior to the common run; and, in like manner, there is scarcely an individual in the world who has not, in his own eyes, or in the eyes of his friends, a something to distinguish him from the common herd.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Review.

OLD MEASURES.

The oldest measure of land on record in Scotland, is the *caracute*, which was as much as could be tilled by one plough in a year, and extended to eight *bovates* or *oxgangs*, an oxgang being thirteen acres. A small piece of land was called a *perticate*. The *acre* measure, which was introduced from England when the country began to adopt Saxon usages, is exceedingly ancient. The word acre is from the Latin *ager*, a field. The *rood* or rod is of equally great antiquity, and it became a well-known measurement in the case of smaller or borough tenements. *Merk* and *half-merk lands* are often spoken of in old writings, and refer to portions of territory rented, or in some measure valued in these sums.

In estimating the produce of the land in ancient times, the *sack* is mentioned as a measure of quantity, and we believe that this word *sack* is almost universal, being found in the most ancient as well as divers modern tongues. Next was the measure termed a *last*, which was from the Saxon word *Hlœstan* a burden. A last of skins was twelve dozens. The *thrave* was the common measure of corn in the field, as early as the reign of David I. The term was derived from the Saxon *threaf*, a handful, a bundle; or from the British *drev*, a bundle, or tye. It comprehended two shocks or stooks, which consisted of twenty-four sheaves.

A measure termed a *skep* is also of an old date. The word is from the Saxon *skyp*, signifying a portion or part. A skep is defined in an old record to consist of twelve bushels. In the present day it is entirely unknown, and never heard of; nevertheless it is curious to trace the word skep in its modern signification—a rustic straw fabric of a conical form, used as a hive or bee-house. The word *skyp*, a portion, as in heirship, or, as it is still familiarly spoken in the north, *heirskep*, has been naturalised in the English language. After the skep comes the chalder, or chaldron, also of English origin; next to which we have the boll, from the British word *bwl* (hence our word bowl,) a round vessel. The firlot, which is still known as a measure of four pecks, is also of old date, and was probably derived from the Saxon words *feower lot*, four lots or quantities. The peck and lippie measures are likewise both handed down from our Saxon ancestors, the word peck being derived from pocea (hence our vernacular pock,) a bag; and lippie, the fourth part of a peck, being from *leap*, a basket.

Thus it is perceived that the appellations of a number of our modern measures are traceable to a comparatively rude state of society, when vessels and other objects of daily use were employed to define the quantity of goods or produce passing from hand to hand, and when, as it would appear, precise accuracy was of little consequence. This seems to have been particularly the case with respect to two small dry measures called the lock and gowpen. The lock is one handful, or as much meal as one hand can grasp; whilst the gowpen is as much as can be lifted by the two hollow palms of the hands united. As a matter of course, as in the case of the Dutchman's foot, which was esteemed equal to a certain weight, a good deal would depend on the largeness of the hands employed in both cases; but in the "good old times," as they are called, this does not seem to have been regarded. Besides, the lock and gowpen were not measures by which sales were effected, but were used in respect of dues. The miller was entitled to his lock and gowpen out of each sack, as payment for grinding that quantity of meal to a customer, which formed an exceedingly convenient mode of remunerating himself for his trouble. The public executioner was also endowed with the right of going into the open market, every market-day, and taking his lock and gowpen from every sack there exposed for sale. This usage of a barbarous era is now practically abrogated, the exaction taking the shape of a pecuniary commutation. In Edinburgh the official who claims this emolument used to be styled the *locksman*.

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by the legislature and the magistracy, to abolish the use of the old Scotch measures, and to introduce the new imperial standard, the people continue to speak of measures which are legally unknown, and which an Englishman would not understand. The quart is still called a *choppin*, while the pint is nothing else but a *mutchkin*; and a mutchkin it will, to all appearance, remain, for many years to come.

The Bridges of Paris.—I can never tire of speaking of the bridges of Paris. By day and by night have I paused on them to gaze at their views; the word not being too comprehensive for the crowds and groupings of objects that are visible from their arches. They are less stupendous and magnificent, as public works, than the bridges of London, Florence, Dresden, Bordeaux, and many other European towns, the stream they have to span being inconsiderable; but their number, the variety of their models, even the very quaintness of some among them, render them, as a whole, I think, more interesting than any others that I know. The Pont de Jena is as near perfection in all respects, perhaps, as a bridge well can be. I greatly prefer it to the celebrated Ponta della Trinita, at Florence. Some enormous statues are about to be placed on the Pont Louis XVI, which, if they do not escape criticism, will, at least, I think, help the picturesque.—*Cooper's Residence in France.*

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

[These Notes of Sir Egerton Brydges on Wraxall's *Memoirs* will, doubtless, be estimated at their true worth. They have, indeed, equal value with the *Memoirs* themselves; being quite as original, if not more so. We sometimes differ from him in his views of men and things, but could not venture on any change. They are yet open to conservative correction, where expedient; and as to their interest, there cannot be two opinions.—O. Y.]

This is a much better book than I expected to find it. I had formed a prejudice that Wraxall was too fond of gossip, and had too much weak credulity. I have not discovered any traces of them here. His characters are generally correct, though, perhaps, rarely profound, and too often already familiar to us. All about the Duchess of Devon, Lady Duncannon, the Duchess of Gordon, and Lady Salisbury, is stale.

As the author belonged to the East Indian Clique when he sat in parliament, he betrays it in the political party he embraced, and in almost all his political opinions; and discovers too blind an adoration of Pitt, and too indiscriminate a censure of Burke, and even of Fox: while his panegyrics on the predominant genius of Sheridan, though of the same party, go beyond all reason. It must be a strange mind which can put either the genius or knowledge of Sheridan on a par with that of Burke.

A more extraordinary epoch in our history, than that in which such men as Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, who came in violent and bitter conflict, from the year 1784, perhaps never occurred. The reports of it by a sagacious commentator, himself actually present, are invaluable. However wonderful Pitt's abilities may have been, I do not believe that he *created* this crisis, but was led by it, and sailed upon the stream, and "*partook the gale.*" My opinions will be deemed heterodox when I venture to express my sincere conviction, that though Pitt had transcendent talents, he wanted genius. The *coalition* of Lord North and Fox, and Fox's East India Bill, *created* the crisis. At that epoch, the profuse riches of the East India squad had got a complete ascendence over the society of the British capital. Rumbold and Barwell, and Sykes and Benfield, and others, dazzled all eyes, and blazed through all the streets. Charles Fox's dissipated habits, disregard to decorum of manners, and addiction to the gambling-table, and consequent pecuniary embarrassments, had sunk him very low in the public estimation. But when, for the sake of place, he joined Lord North, whom he had been so vehemently opposing for so many years, with incessant threats of bringing him to the block, it bespoke an open disregard of political principle which no sound mind could overlook. Thus the storm was ready to burst on a ministry so formed, when Fox introduced his India Bill, which at once set fire to the train. By that bill, which laid hands on the Company's charter, it was apparent that the power now gained was to be rendered perpetual and uncontrollable.

But who saw this danger, and stopped it before the plot was completed? It was not Pitt, but the king himself, who had been put upon his guard by the Marquess of Buckingham. Then it was that Pitt's vast gifts were called into play, as the instrument, not the *originator*, of the defeat.

I very much doubt if any other combination of circumstances could have forced Pitt into such a display —at least so early.

Pitt had a most acute and reflective understanding, most systematically arranged, with a most cautious and imperturbable judgment. I do not say that these endowments might not fit him for an able, practical statesman, better than genius; but they are not genius. At the same time, my individual persuasion is, that nothing less than genius itself will make a truly grand minister. A man of talent, without genius, sees only what is presented to him by others. He does not pierce into internal light, and see the whole secret springs of actions. He is at the mercy of his advisers, and of those who prepare the materials for him. Pitt had to manage the spirit of the English nation at the time that the revolutionary frenzy was likely to overtake it. He had not at first the foresight of Burke; and saw not at once the mischiefs with which it was pregnant. But it was not long ere Burke's splendid prospects into the future let in a flood of blazing lamps upon him. He was, however, a somewhat unwilling gazer upon the distance.—France had always been our rival, and our enemy; and at first he was pleased with the anticipation of its eclipse and its downfal. Burke saw that it was a contagion, which, unless stopped, would soon spread to England. Pitt had the eloquence which directed popular opinion. The manner in which he came into power fixed his public ascendency; and all which he afterwards did confirmed and augmented it. The old aristocracy were not, in the modern change of manners, much beloved. Pitt had created a new one, more connected with trade and finance. The old Whig families had led the aristocracy with a good deal of haughty exclusiveness. Pitt opened the peerage to a less assuming class: in truth, Pitt inherited this principle from his father; but accidental circumstances brought it into more practical experiment. Fox, though of still more obscure descent, yet by his mother, and his own personal habits, had bound himself up among the high nobility. Pitt loved men of business; and thought of nothing but Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations.* Charles Jenkinson, old George Rose, Dundas, and Paul Benfield, were exactly fitted for the sphere in which Pitt delighted to occupy himself. These were a class of men who must have been odious to Burke, and even to Fox. Pitt's industry, and his love of the details of business, made him a great favourite with the city. It is Wraxall's opinion that the preponderance of talent, as well as genius, was on the side of the opposition; and so it undoubtedly was.

At this time Wraxall says that Addington, Dudley Ryder, Lord Mornington, and Lord Apsley, were but expectants of the premier's favours.

Three of the four survive; and the third has run a splendid career. Of the first, though an amiable and good man, the rise has been surprising.

Wraxall is convinced that Sir Philip Francis was the author of *Junius.* I do not yet believe it. He was too vain a man to let the secret die with him.

Lord Chatham had a hatred of the old aristocracy, and its exclusiveness. Whigs were not for the people, but only for their own power and rule. Pitt could bear "no brother near the throne." Wraxall often shows personal partialities and influences. Pitt was little acquainted with general and familiar life—too much addicted to view things with reference to the advantages of commerce or finance—too bigoted a disciple of Adam Smith—and was not profoundly acquainted with foreign politics. He loved power for power's sake, not for money. Pitt had many abstract notions, which were more plausible than profound. Eden was a shallow fellow, too much praised—fickle, treacherous, and selfish. Then came Jenkinson and Sir Grey Cooper. Lord Sackville saw the necessity of a union with Ireland. Surprising that Wraxall says nothing of Lord Middlesex, nor of Lord Malmesbury, nor of Lord Fitzwilliam, nor of Tierney. He makes Lord Surrey of too much importance. Pitt's strength was the fascination of eloquence and character. Pitt had a bold and enterprising spirit. He was not fearful of experiments, under the dread of their being innovations. He gave energy to all the subordinate functionaries; he made them all work by *one* impulse. His own sense of honour and integrity was pure and nice; but he overlooked a good deal of jobbing in his favourite subordinates. He chose men ready for their work, and not scrupulous. He had a rhetorical fancy, but he wanted imagination; and he had no sentiment. He prided himself in a judgment which could never be led astray. But on sternly refusing to be dazzled, he sometimes refused to be enlightened. He mistook truth for a meteor, or *shining vapour.* The extraordinary spirit of the epoch was in contradiction to the tendency of the principles in which he had been originally brought up. The native tendency of his mind was towards the *democratic.*

That Pitt refused his protecting shield to Hastings, was a great and unpardonable fault; as a statesman, he ought to have weighed his great merit against his misdeeds: there was something selfish and little in the compromising spirit in which he acted.

Pitt sometimes played with his oratorical gifts, and trusted too much to his power of leading the popular mind. The seeming prosperity of the country under his guidance made him believed infallible. But there was a good deal of hollowness in his system; his profusion of taxation, and his careless extravagance, were blind to remote consequences. That the facility of temporary credit, and new and rare productive application of capital, were a great national benefit, cannot be doubted.

Burke, and many others, never thought that Pitt conducted the war in a proper manner: he always looked to the commercial destruction of the enemy. Napoleon was fighting upon a more gigantic principle.

There is one remark on Wraxall that applies to all his work. He seems to take it for granted, that it is an incontestable proof of his excellence as a minister that he carried triumphantly most of his measures in parliamentary debate. This, no doubt, is one grand proof of superiority; but, with all this, one may be an unwise and bad minister. His measures may not be sound, and of lasting benefit to his country. Whatever temporary applause might attend them, I think that many of Pitt's measures now appear of equivocal good.

It was a grave defect in Pitt, that the subordinate men he selected for office were not men of primary talent or virtue. Look at Dundas, *et hoc genus omne!* Look at Bishop Pretyman, and Pepper Arden, and Mitford, and Eden! Look at Jenkinson, and George Rose, and Tom Steele! Look at your Vansittarts, and Wallaces, and Spencer Percevals, and Charles Pybuses!

William Grenville had the reputation of great talents, but they were merely acquired talents.* Lord Grenville had no original opinions. When he was joined to Pitt, he was an unbending Tory; and this was consistent with the impressions made on his infancy. When, on the death of Pitt, he became the minister of a coalition, principally of the *Whig* party, he veered right round; and, though he had been a strong coadjutor of Pitt in creating *the Sinking Fund,* he became in his last days one of the most violent arguers and writers against it. He was a man of extraordinary industry, and had all his faculties most methodically arranged; but he had no sallies of mind, nor any native force. He was a nice scholar of reserved habits, and a mere technical man of office—an excellent man to execute orders, but not to be a *leader.*

Thurlow, the chancellor, was never on cordial terms with him: each had a contempt for the other. Thurlow had an acute and powerful mind; but he was surly, perverse, and not very nice in his principles, political or moral. He was a constant thorn in Pitt's side. He was a Tory in power; ambitious and discontented before he had risen. He despised the littleness, versatility, and duplicity of Loughborough's mind and disposition.

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* See, in the *Life of Mackintosh,* by his Son, an account of a visit to Lord Grenville, and the opinion regarding Lord G. by that eminent man.

The Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Rutland, and Earl Gower (then created Marquess of Stafford), were mere puppets of fortune, chosen for show and wealth. Pitt wanted them as gilding, but he used them merely for the surface. I admit that such men are positively necessary to any administration: rank and property are indispensable ingredients to such a mixed constitution as ours. But the opposition added to this sort of aid, men at least equally noble and rich, with more habits of business, and, perhaps, better abilities: such as Portland, Fitzwilliam, Carlisle, Derby, Stormont, Bedford, Devonshire, Shelburne, North, &c.; with Coke of Norfolk, and many other powerful landed commoners.

The secession from this strong Whig party, caused by the alarm of the revolutionary doctrines and bloody events which were going on in France, weakened that party so much, and added so much to Pitt's power, that he kept the reins of government for seven years more; but not without many violent exertions and dangerous escapes.

One of his tendencies—though not, perhaps, with a clear and defined design—was to create a new aristocracy. It arose out of the early impressions which had taken hold of his mind. Probably he thought that where wealth changes hands, honours ought to change with it; and that it was dangerous to have a rich *bourgeoisie* in rivalry with a poor nobility. He thought the productive classes the only useful members of society.

Wraxall thinks that Pitt's confidence in his own powers often put the king at defiance, and followed his own opinions and measures. I strongly question this. I believe that the king had generally decisions of his own, and stood firm to them. The war with America was the king's own, not his ministers'; so was the rejection of Fox's India Bill.

But the great change effected by Pitt was the downfal of the aristocracy of the Whigs.

Pitt is considered an aristocrat: he was not a *true* aristocrat. He lowered the House of Peers, because he had not a just and profound sense of the real aristocracy. The persons whom he elevated to the peerage were not, for the most part, gentry of the prime quality—they were persons who had come obliquely into large fortunes and good names: as Dutton, Hill, Cocks, Douglas, Pelham, Basset, Rolle, and Calthorpe, &c. &c.; and he seemed to pay no regard to quality in the Irish peerages. These men had better have been kept in the House of Commons. I am quite sure this conduct alienated the powerful body of the Whigs.

Pitt's taste led him to commerce and finance; and this made him the great favourite of the city. He liked that class of men the best: he loved their society, and the peculiarities of their minds.

But commerce and finance are a *means*, not an *end*. What is the use of wealth, unless we have arms to defend it? Napoleon knew better in what the strength of states consists. The stream of time changes its channels, its direction, and its character. The composites of the House of Lords, which it would then have been necessary to preserve, perhaps it is now desirable entirely to alter. From the Parliamentary Reform Bill, the Lords are put in a new position.

The Lords ought now to be a numerous body, and the preponderance ought to be increased. But even here a greater discretion and reserve is necessary than has ever been used. Men without birth, fortune, or pre-eminent talents, ought not to have been selected. The chances are at last this will turn out a democratic assembly, and become unmanageable. At present they are of great use.

The most extraordinary thing is that the king should for the first twenty-two years of his reign be eminently unpopular, and then, all at once, become equally popular. Many have attributed this to the power and eloquence of Pitt. It seems to me that such an effect from such a cause is perfectly absurd. The stream had turned by its own force, and Pitt was fortunate enough to take advantage of it. Concurrences of circumstances undoubtedly added this happy lot to Pitt.

The suspicion of the people had been that the king entertained arbitrary notions of government, and that his ministers were actuated by nothing but selfish ambition and love of place. These notions had been propagated with the utmost industry and ability by Wilkes and Junius; and all the succession of placemen had, with the exception of the Rockinghams, given grounds for this belief. The Butes, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Graftons, Sandwiches, &c. were assuredly of this caste. Much may be said in defence of Lord North, who had great ability, and was of a very generous nature; but who, from his ductile temper, perhaps, gave way too much to the king's own measures. The king had far greater talents, judgment, and sagacity, than he has had credit for. His weakness seems to have lain in the choice of his servants. But a monarch in such a limited government as England has probably a very limited selection: he must take men who can manage the two houses of parliament; and could not for two days retain in their places those in whom his own will or opinion placed confidence.

It seems that there is too much reason to suspect that Lord Bute had a greater influence over the king's mind than his wisdom or principles justified; and hence the succession of Tory administrations that took place. Neither Lord Chatham nor the Rockinghams could retain their power. The mighty fault was in the dismissal of Lord Chatham. The Rockinghams were, as a party, with the exception of Burke, deficient in grand powers of mind; and they had committed themselves occasionally to some *ultra* Whig principles, which were found impracticable or dangerous.

The general national prejudice up to 1784 was, that the king had arbitrary notions of government; and that, therefore, he liked pliant and servile ministers. I am inclined to suspect that the character given of Lord Mansfield by Junius, though severe, is a just one. He rather inclined in his decisions to regard what he deemed the expedient, than the rules of law already settled. He was an entire politician in every act and opinion of his life. But he was not chosen for his situation by Geo. III.; the monarch found him already there. He was a very acute and subtle man; but, perhaps, not so brilliant as he was thought. When all his papers were burnt by Lord George Gordon's mob, in 1780, and some one was lamenting the loss to Dunning, "Pshaw!" he answered; "the destruction of the doctrines contained in those papers is a national good!"

As to America, what monarch would have given up so large a portion of his empire without a struggle? The contest was badly conducted: perhaps the king might have made choice of abler functionaries in all the departments, both civil and military!

There was one man who always moved with an impenetrable cloud around him—Lord George Germaine; but he was an able man—industrious, sagacious, and wise. His extreme gravity and melancholy were a contrast to the lightness and wit of Lord North; misfortunes sunk deeper into his heart, and he thought of future consequences with more fear and regret. But I believe that he had the good of his country on his conscience, and executed his duties with fidelity and skill.

Lord Camden had the luck to retain a popular reputation through life; he was considered a patriot, and out of the favour of the court. He came forward again to assist Pitt's accession to power, and never lost the good opinion of the public. He had the fame of more talents than he possessed; but was a generous, upright, high-minded man.

Whether Jenkinson possessed the king's ear to the degree supposed yet remains a doubt.

Kenyon was a man coarse and uneducated; brought up in the office of a Cheshire attorney of no reputation; but a man of native talents and unwearied labour, and thoroughly acquainted with the law. He had a rough integrity, and was supposed to be a fair interpreter of what he knew. But his want of literature and dignity were striking and mischievous defects. He knew nothing of the world, and his private habits were penurious and sordid. He was supposed to be, during all the early part of his professional life, the law-finder for Thurlow, who was idle, and a lover of pleasure. He was a perfect pedant in his professional treasures, and often ludicrous in his language and expositions. In all these respects he was the opposite to his predecessor, Lord Mansfield. I do not suppose that he had any fixed principles of politics, except such as his office imposed on him. He held the place about fourteen years, and was succeeded by Law, a man who was a direct contrast to him; fierce, contradictory, assuming, and wilful; and who made the law bend to his own humours; and in point of legal knowledge, or native abilities, not to be compared with Kenyon. He had been a violent opponent of Pitt in politics; and, though proud and overbearing, was democratic in the cast of his opinions. He was not appointed by Pitt, but by Addington, to whose strange patchwork administration he had been attorney-general at the time when the speakership was bestowed on Mitford, whose unfitness for it made it necessary soon to remove him to Ireland.

A minister must put up with such professional men as fall in his way in their due course. He cannot easily skip over an attorney-general. When Pitt returned to power, he could not be well pleased to find Law (now Lord Ellenborough) in his way—confronting him by his frowns and his sarcasms.

Loughborough was a man wily and oily as a snake, and entirely engrossed by his own selfish ambitions. He was always needy, and loved place and power; and had nearly secured his resumption of the chancellorship, had the Prince of Wales obtained the regency, when a few hours of delay gave symptoms of the king's recovery, and cast his golden hopes into the dust. He was intriguing, flexible, and dexterous; but his known character took away all weight from him. The Whigs would have had him, merely to get rid of Thurlow; but, when solicitor-general in North's ministry, he had been much more offensive to that party, and much more suspected in his principles than the other. Thurlow, however, had also been willing to come over to the prince, from love of place. This, indeed, is a black spot in Thurlow's character.

When we see by what means public men too generally gain their ends, and place their posterity in high stations of rank and wealth, our hearts ache, and the glories of ambition fade away before us. How was it that such feeble lights as were Pitt's satellites could gain the places they held?

There was one man, of whom Wraxall says scarce any thing, who began almost from his boyhood to seize a position, where he might derive reflected lustre, from the great luminary,—I mean Canning. He was a great rhetorician, a beautiful scholar, and a man of the loftiest desires. But I differ from the public very egregiously as to the soundness of his mind, and the profundity of his wisdom: all was metaphor, and trope, and splendid imagery, and rich and incomparable humour. The power of ridicule was his primary talent; but the hues in which he set things varied like the colours of the rainbow. As a boy, he was brought up an Ultra-Whig; as a man, he commenced public life by making himself one of the most Tory of Pitt's adherents. It was some time before he gained Pitt's cordial confidence; he was too *literary* for the strong-minded and matter-of-fact man. But at last, in Pitt's latter days, the haughty minister gave way, and Canning got a complete ascendant over him. Canning would have made up a ministry of Conservative members; but they would not join him; and then he vehemently and bitterly turned round. He seemed to sacrifice all consistency of principles to momentary applause and popular favour. His self-election, and confidence in his exclusive powers, made him soar sometimes on *Icarian* wings, and expose himself to the dazzle and melting heat of the sun. As an author, he was an elegant and accomplished writer, but not a great genius. He had more glitter than force, and more blaze than fire. He knew nothing of finance; but took his lessons from Huskisson—at best a very doubtful authority, and, in the present critic's opinion, *mischievous!* The late Lord Liverpool, the minister, was a much sounder man, though not so brilliant.

Canning was anxious to govern the world by the pen and the lips; but this will not do. His oratory always betrayed the lamp; and, with the intermixture of splendid and grand passages, was yet altogether tedious. It was a mixed and gorgeous robe of blinding gold patches; but it gained no faith; its impression soon melted away. It was equally flowery with Burke's speeches; but the flowers did not appear part of the essence of the thoughts,—they were *sewed on!* He always showed himself as an artist, not speaking under the involuntary impulse of inspiration!

One of the most extraordinary characters, to whom Wraxall gives far more space than he deserves, was the late Duke of Norfolk. To speak of him without indignation and disgust is impossible. But as he had no qualities but such as raised contempt and abhorrence, he could not be a spring in the political movements of the country. It could not be otherwise than a sore to the lovers of the aristocratical dignity of the ancient peerage that this man stood at the top of all its ranks. But the truth is, that his early birth and habits were cradled and nurtured in a different and more obscure sphere; he came from a younger branch of some generations who had passed their lives principally as Cumberland squires of moderate fortune, and who had allied themselves to no eminent blood, or great names. He was growing to a middle age when he succeeded to the dukedom, which had devolved on his father only a year or two before him, and who was almost equally low in his habits,—a drunkard, and a man of rude habits.

The late duke's neglect of his person,—his affected singularities and meanness of dress,—his delight in low company,—his fondness for the roar and intemperance of election feasts, and the loathsome merriments of inebriated and noisy electors,—were the taste of a mean and degraded nature, utterly unprecedented. But, added to all these, he united the most discordant contradictions: he was insufferably and unappeasably proud; he had the moving restlessness of an unquenchable ambition; he was a perfect intriguant both in politics and private affairs; he was a corrupt and busy boroughmonger; and he descended to all the arts of the lowest and most unprincipled attorney.

He was so active, joined to a great quantity of cunning, that he occasionally annoyed the minister, and made himself felt. The public gave him credit for some quickness and sagacity of natural talent; but, after having seen him somewhat nearly, I myself very much doubt this. He was almost illiterate. He had the cunning of a man sharpened by the necessity of getting his own bread.

He often interfered most humorously, malignantly, and ignorantly with the business of his office as earl marshal, and delighted to throw stains on the glory of other eminent families. Sir Isaac Heard, as garter king, was his slave, and dared not do any thing contrary to his directions or wishes. He was as envious and jealous of other pedigrees as the lowest *parvenu*.

Wraxall has given an account of the bestial dirtiness of his person.

He has been likened to his ancestor, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the collector, described by Lord Clarendon; but there was little similitude between them. He conformed to the Protestant religion for the purpose, it is supposed, of enabling him to take his seat in parliament; but no one believed that he was sincere.

The late Duke of Bedford was a far more important opponent of Pitt. Wraxall's account of his commencement in life is not accurate. He came to Cambridge almost as a boy, wearing his beautiful brown hair on his shoulders in a natural state, while all the other students were highly powdered, and curled, and queued. He resembled the portraits of his ancestors by Vandyke, and was a youth of most extraordinary symmetry, grace, and regularity of features. He was a man of energy, ability, and a public spirit; but at college he had the character of extraordinary penuriousness, while actually the possessor of one of the largest and grandest rentals of the nation. In politics he was violent, and an Ultra-Whig; and placed himself under Charles Fox, who led him into all extremes. By his illiberal attacks on Burke he brought down upon him an eloquence and force of remonstrance which will never be forgotten. The duke's encouragement of agriculture was a patriotic merit. His premature death was, with all his faults, a national loss.

The Duke of Devonshire, with his influential name, vast property, and princely rank, took no active public part,—unless his patronage, his hospitality, and his fêtes, might be called activity. But his character was little understood. He was shy and reserved, and gave no indication of what was passing within him. They who were familiar with him observed that he said more good things than any one; but in so heavy a manner that they appeared like dulness. Under the appearance of coldness and apathy he nourished a most romantic affection.

The Duchess was as attractive as she had been universally represented; but her imprudences and ductilities led her into difficulties which destroyed her dignity and her moral character, and finally broke her heart with mortification and self-reproach. An attached friend of the family, Dr. G——, said, "The Duchess of D. has done what it was thought no one could do; she has ruined the Devonshire fortune!" She could not do so beyond the duke's life, on account of the entails!

That immense fortune was principally accumulated by Sir William Cavendish,* who had been one of the supple servants to Henry VIII., at the dissolution of monasteries; and his widow, Elizabeth Hardwicke, afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury. But Sir William was not of obscure descent; he was derived from a chief-justice of the reign of Edward III.

Formerly, state ministers were taken principally out of the more elevated ranks. This has not been the custom of modern days. The wisdom of the old rule has not yet been falsified. The answer will be, "Read *Junius*. Do the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford appear less mean, servile, and selfish, than the modern *parvenus*, who have raised themselves from humble station, from obscure blood, and from abject poverty, to high office and lucrative places? New men at least work more freely, and have their wits sharpened by necessity." The reply is, "they may be sharpened; but are they not sharpened for mischief?"

If we look back to the great ministers from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, many of them have been men raised from the people,—as Burleigh, Clarendon, Somers, Chatham, Fox; and these, I think, were our greatest statesmen: nor did they derive any want of influence or essential power from their want of hereditary rank and wealth. There is a generous feeling in the public that loves those who have risen by their own force.

A love of ease, an incapacity to endure the crosses of business, are apt to attend the born possessor of distinction and luxury. Ability often comes with necessity; the mind *vires acquirit eundo*; and what nothing but the strongest impulses will commence soon becomes easy.

But the advantages of an elevated position from childhood are still very great, and not easily to be counterbalanced.

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* See the very curious tract, by the Rev. J. Hunter, under the title of *Who wrote the Life of Cardinal Wolsey?*

There was one leading fault in Pitt. He relied too much on himself. In general, where there are very powerful abilities, firm self-reliance is a good thing; but Pitt carried it too far. We must not shut out other lights, nor trust that ourselves can see every thing. It had, to be sure, the vast benefit of unity in his designs and orations. Pitt did not like any thing to be taken out of his own management. He, therefore, not only did not encourage the aid and interference of literature, but disliked it.

> "Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus estis."

His motives and the grounds of his opinions were

> "Hid in the dark recesses of his breast."

He chose, to have the choice of the reasons he put forth to the world, and not have them breathed upon and mangled by every babbler. Talkers and lovers of making speeches were his dread and his aversion; and if they were likely to continue noisy he stopped their mouths with places! In worldly adroitness there is skill in this, as well as defect; but it is unmagnanimous and mean. It lessened the love of his adherents for Pitt, and made him more respected than the object of attachment. The essence of Pitt's mind was practical; he did not choose, therefore, to rely on abstract truths, nor to be held by tests on which he had not acted. This position is strikingly illustrated by the grand *regency* question. That duty, by the king's incapacity, seems to me clearly to have devolved by right on the prince; but, practically, it was a piece of almost necessary policy to delay to confer it on him. Yet this could not be perfectly defended, either by the press or by parliamentary argument.

This reserve was not Fox's character or plan; he let out all his deliberate thoughts, and all even his temporary impressions; he not only told all that in the heat of the moment he believed, but sometimes exaggerated it,—not for the purpose of deception, but in the overflowing frankness of his heart. It was scarce possible for nature to have formed two men of stupendous talents in such opposite moulds, and with ingredients more dissimilarly mixed, than Pitt and Fox.

Pitt's excellence is generally supposed to have been most conspicuous in finance. On this subject, time, experience, and long reflection, have led me to be somewhat sceptical. He had great industry, great readiness, and a fund of ingenious resources in the investigation and arrangements of our national revenues. He came to the task with the purest views and the most resolved purposes. He cleansed the Augean stable of the public offices of many impurities. The effect was an immediate striking improvement of the revenue. This, added to the favour with which his accession to power had been hailed, secured to him great credit and confidence in the city. The funds began to rise strikingly; and, as the holders of public stock were scattered through the nation, almost all the holders of property through the kingdom were put in good humour by finding themselves richer. A stupifying despondence, which had resulted from the latter years of North's administration, was changed into hope and energy.

By the cessation of arms, the country was now at liberty to apply to agriculture and manufactures. The effect of the new debt created was to give to the productive part of the population a larger circulating capital; in brief, it added to *paper-money*. That money was now expended at home, instead of being wasted to support armies abroad. While England was thus emerging from her pecuniary difficulties, France, whose finances had long been declining, was every day falling into still greater distresses.

Now came the country banks, and the country bank-paper. The prosperous effect on agriculture and provincial trade was instantaneous, and almost magical. Objectors say that it was a fallacy,—that it was a mere increase of prices, not of commodities. This is the reverse of true; commodities were doubled, trebled, and sometimes quadrupled.

But Pitt seems to me to have conceived this error,—that heavy taxation is no evil, if the revenue is made equal to the demand. The effect of taxation is to raise prices; but how much it takes either from the wages of labour or profits of capital is a very nice question: it certainly adds to the cost of the commodity, whoever is the sufferer. The sufferer is, I suspect, in most cases, the owner of the *capital.* The grand evil is, the rapid change of property, which it forces from its ancient holders, and the ruin of the old and hereditary land-owners. For this Pitt felt no concern or regret. But the worst was this, that facility of taxation encouraged profusion of expenditure.

It was complained, that there could be found no limit to excess of *issue* of paper-money. And there were occasional and pernicious abuses in this way; but, surely, checks to this abuse might easily have been found. It is quite clear, that as commodities increase the instruments of exchange ought to increase proportionally.

But they who were inveterately opposed to the war with France, perceiving that the minister was thus enabled to carry on his belligerent measures, exercised all their ingenuity and hostility to defeat the system. This was the spirit in which was framed the report of the bullion committee attributed to Brougham and Huskisson. The opponents of the war thought, that if they could cut up the financial means they could cut up the war itself.

But the evils of this system were irresistible temptations to profusion and extravagance; and, worse than all, the liability to a sudden return to the old system, of which the revulsion was pregnant with distress and ruin. And this actually has happened. The late Lord Liverpool at last vacillated, and yielded to Canning, who, in political arithmetic, was led by the nose by Huskisson.

Pitt was accused of carrying on the war in a commercial spirit, rather than with grand political views, and grand statesmanlike combinations. This exposure seems to be not totally unfounded. He rose into power on the shoulders of the city, and commercial men had always his ear. This made the character and the furniture of his mind the reverse of that of his father. In fact, he was more of a Grenville than of a Pitt.

His mighty praise is, that he resisted the contagion of the French Revolution with unbending fortitude and firmness.

I do not think that Pitt had a mind which looked back to remote causes, or forward to remote effects; nor did he ever deal in idealisms. His sagacity lay in what seemed to be for the moment expedient. His mind and that of Burke were never sincerely congenial. They had the same ends in view; but they saw them through different media. Pitt thought Burke too fanciful, too visionary, and too sentimental and passionate. He had no enthusiasm for chivalry.

Whatever faults Pitt might have, if he had any, there is a proof of his extraordinary merits, which is resistless. The memory of other statesmen has survived scarce a few months, the time during which they filled their offices. Pitt's memory, after thirty years, still blooms in full vigour! This, perhaps, is caused, not only by the difficulties which he surmounted, but by the energies with which he inspirited the nation; and by the productive genius of the people, which he so strenuously encouraged. His popular strength was essentially commercial and agricultural. Former ministries, from the Revolution, were not of this cast: the government had been made up of an aristocracy, Whig or Tory. The Whigs had always remained powerful and predominant. The leading families were persons of princely estates, and, I may add, of haughty manners; and they had always a clique of their own, not very tolerant to others!—They kept themselves a good deal aloof from the court, as well as from the mob. They acted much in unity, and thus added to their strength: they had little respect for the *city*, and relied on the influence of landed property. Against this powerful party Lord Chatham had always had to fight, and always succeeded! But, by a combination of accidents, a heterogeneous mob of new ingredients rallied round the banners of William Pitt, in 1784. The merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers, the East Indians, the speculators, the unfledged ambition of the starting sons of *parvenu* wealth, the sprigs of new nobility, seemed to join him by acclamation. The cry had gone forth; it was the rage of the day; and the insolent club at Brookes's, paled their faces, and bent the brows they had been accustomed to bear aloft!

Like a young colonel undertaking to raise a regiment, when he found his ranks fill at once, Pitt was confounded with his abundance; and, perhaps, took some who offered, before he had learned how to discriminate profoundly. His choice did not lie with great orators, and men of distinguished literary genius: he wanted practical men, who would do the drudgery of office, while he took on himself the advocacy of all the necessary measures. He took a few scions of equivocal rank to fill up, now and then, a few vacancies by some short interlude.

One of his earliest adherents was Henry Bankes, of Dorsetshire, a leading commoner of good estate, descended from a chief-justice in the reign of Charles I., a fellow-collegian, if I recollect, of Pitt, and who always enjoyed a great intimacy with him: but Wraxall mistakes in saying, the minister always commanded his vote. He was a man of perverse temper, full of crotchets, and exceedingly tenacious of his own independence, so that Pitt was wont to complain, that he was sure to cross him where most he expected his support. I suspect, that the great ambition of his life was a peerage, which he thus defeated!

Wilberforce was an early and consistent adherent of Pitt: but he was principally engaged in a glorious service of his own, which he at last effected. He was a man of distinguished ability, whose religious zeal was crowned by justice, and whose sincerity cannot be doubted.

Bragge Bathurst long filled a seat on the treasury bench; but by the influence of his alliance with Addington, whose sister he married, rather than by any inherent claim of talent or station.

The Whigs and the coalition resorted to wit, ridicule, and literature. The person on whom the Club placed the editorship of the *Rolliad* was Richardson; a barrister, (a Cambridge man); a mild man, whose genius did not rise above mediocrity. I remember him creeping about, pallid and emaciated, on the verge of the grave, into which he soon afterwards sunk, at an early age. But a chief writer was French Lawrence, then a civilian, formerly of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—afterwards distinguished as the friend of Butler. He was a large man—of a coarse countenance—a great talker—of considerable talent; but whose aspirations went beyond his inborn powers. He was a Bristol man—the son, I think, of a jeweller in that city. His brother still survives—Archbishop of Cashell—a learned divine.

These pleasant fictions were, for a time, great favourites with the public; and made many characteristic hits, which the parties described were never able to shake off.

The hero still survives, at a venerable age, having been made a peer by Pitt in 1796, in defiance of all the gibes. His landed property in the west is very large; and he is descended from a venerable chief-justice of a former century, well known to lawyers. He was one of the few to whose elevation to the peerage by the ministers none could object.

Pitt had a haughtiness which affected to despise, and, perhaps, did despise, all this species of warfare: but he is said to have been sometimes sore at the stings of Sheridan, who was his opposite in every thing, and who, by the extraordinary placidness and good-humour with which he lanced his arrows, gave them double force; which, however, at last, from want of weight of character in the archer, were soon forgotten.

When the Whigs separated in 1797, Pitt gained the assistance of William Windham, of Norfolk, who was a man of a very original mind, great accomplishments, and a high cast of character. But I doubt if he had a congenial mind with Pitt: he was too metaphysical; but each knew how to respect the other. They were equally zealous in resisting the mania of the French Revolution—and this was a bond of amity which made them overlook all minor differences of sentiment. Pitt was now growing more enlarged and comprehensive by time and experience; and to appreciate, accordingly, the opinions and feelings of other great minds. He had learned that he could not have dominion over the tide of human affairs; and that in the growing movements, on which every thing became more and more heaved from the bottom, all heads, which were at once vigorous and honest, ought to be prized.

Pitt was so occupied with business, and loved it so much, that he lost little time in society, except with Dundas, who well knew how to turn to account the premier's familiarity with him. Pitt does not seem to have had any fund of deposited wealth in his mind.

Fox was a man of pleasure, who entered into all the gayeties and follies of life. Thus, his mind was more diversified, and his affections more alert. His politics were, of course, less stern; and his moral judgment more flexible. Perhaps we may cite against him a famous line of Milton,

> "License they mean, when they cry liberty!"

It is strange that the dreadful scenes of the French Revolution did not open his eyes to its false principles. He deluded himself by thinking that such were the blessings of unrestrained liberty, and that it was desirable to "*wade to it*," even "*through slaughter!*"

Pitt was born for the crisis;

> "To ride the billows, and direct the storm!"

His haughty head and inflexible courage, never gave way; while a *mania* overset the common intellect, and convulsed all Europe. That the great houses of Devonshire, Bedford, Lansdowne, Fitzwilliam, &c. who had so much to lose, and nothing to gain, should have yielded to it, is unaccountable! It shows how party-ambition will stultify; and, how willing the thoughtless are to play with firebrands, when all around them is of combustible matter! Burke, in his letter to the late Duke of Bedford, has admirably expatiated on this.

Sir John Scott, who now survives, in his eighty-sixth year, after having filled the office of lord chancellor for twenty-seven years, with a short interval, with unexampled ability and honour, by the title of Eldon, was the lawyer on whom Pitt had the most confidence. He acted as solicitor and attorney-general during a truly perilous crisis, when the spirits of the opponents to government was inflamed, even to a desperate frenzy; and when every thing was misinterpreted by designing calumny and satanic talent!

A powerful phalanx opposed Pitt with inveteracy. Sheridan, alone, was a host; and, having early got an ascendence over the self-possession of Pitt's aspiring intellect, he never lost it. Added to his inborn genius, he never forgot the management of his powers, or the fitting moment. Humour, which knows no abashment, is sure to carry the field: he was a droll, who, like Falstaff, turned every thing to his own account. Ridicule is a spear against which there is no shield! Scarce any one can stand a laugh. Moreover, there was a *bonhomie* in Sheridan's jokes which made them general favourites. The magic of genius is not always suited to a mixed political assembly of worldly workers: but Sheridan's wit, high-qualified as it often was, was of every-day use. Yet, after all, I am sometimes inclined to doubt whether much of Sheridan's charm was not tact, more than genius!

Whitbread was a very different man: he had a rude and bitter temper and disposition; but he had great labour and strong comprehension; he was turbulent and foamy, but yet he was powerful. Sometimes he saw things in original views: but yet there was a sort of twilight in those bursts, which left parts covered with vapour. He was a man of disappointed ambition, rendered splenetic by the non-fulfilment of his hopes: for, though a plebeian by birth and calling, his feelings were those of the proudest aristocracy; and, having married Lord Grey's sister, he aspired to a peerage.

Tierney was a man cast in a mould peculiar to himself: his oratory was colloquial, but acute and piquant: he examined the debated topics in detached fragments, and endeavoured, by distorted combinations, to show their absurdity: he always amused, but never convinced. He took the lead of the house, many years afterwards, when he was aged and worn out, and unfit for the task; but he had been, through a long life, a thorn in the side of his opponents. He was entirely connected with commercial people; but was, in fact, a political adventurer. His social qualities made him much caressed and followed; but he had a sarcasm and self-sufficiency about him, which was not quite pleasant.

Charles Grey, now Earl Grey, always acted a prominent and commanding part against Pitt, from the time he entered the House of Commons, about 1786. His father, General Grey, was a younger brother; but Charles looked to the fortune of his uncle, Sir Henry, who led a retired life in his house, in Great Ormond Street, London. The Greys of the north were of noble rank, on the borders of Scotland, from the time of the Plantagenets. They had been once ennobled by Henry VI., and again, a second branch, by James I. as Lord Grey, of Werk, whose heiress ended in the Bennets, now Earls of Tankerville: a still younger branch was the Greys of Howick, which the late premier represents: but they had sunk, for centuries, into provincial squires. The ambition of Charles was not to be so restrained: he felt within him the fire of higher duties and a distinguished name. The succession of Lord Algernon Percy to the Barony of Louvaine, opened the county of Northumberland to him: he embraced it, and succeeded. He took a high place in the house and the party opposed to the minister, and never lost it, though his family had been all Tories!

Grey was brought upon the stage by the party with which he enlisted, against Pitt himself. I cannot say that I ever saw any similitude in their powers, whatever might be the force of those of Grey. Grey was manly, unadorned, and always fixed upon solid and severe topics only: he had not Pitt's quickness of apprehension—his acute and unerring discrimination, nor his high eloquence. He was grave, reserved, and willing to take his thoughts and his measures in solitude and independence. He was a lonely tree of the forest, that stood frowning by itself, and casting its shadows apart. Whatever might have been his boyish political impressions, he now cast his eyes and his respect on all the democratic ingredients of the constitution; his business was to guard the people's franchise; and he became the advocate of the most liberal states, and looked to every reform, and every step that led to a reform, in all the political movements of Europe, with approval and acclamation. He, therefore, was a strenuous and warm defender of the French Revolution. His favourite measure in domestic politics was parliamentary reform: after half a century he carried his purpose. I doubt if the fruit has been such as his theory predicted, whatever might be the abuses of the old system—(and they were numerous and intolerable)—the new is pregnant with dissension, danger, and probable ruin. It has not yet worked well; nor is likely to work well! If Pitt had been living, I believe that nothing of this kind would have happened. Two fiery and conflicting ingredients are now thrown into the caldron, to battle and hiss: which will get the ascendant, no one can tell! I do not despair! Lord Grey is as inflexibly attached[*] to the constitution, of which he is now an ornament, as any Tory member of the chamber of peers: and he does not shrink from avowing it. In nothing do his many noble qualities show themselves more magnanimous!

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[*] The Greys of the North are of entirely distinct origin from the Anglo-Norman family of Grey, Earls of Kent, Marquesses of Dorset, Dukes of Suffolk, Earls of Stamford, Lady Jane Grey, &c. &c. The Scotch Barons Grey are of the same origin as Earl Grey: and from this family Gray the poet is supposed to have sprung.

Sir Francis Burdett was, of course, a violent opponent of Pitt; but he was not cordial with the Whigs: he went far beyond them. Unfortunately, Horne Tooke—as acute and powerful as he was cunning—had got possessed of his youthful ear. He is the representative of one of the most ancient and undoubted families of landed commoners of the kingdom.[*] To me, it appears unfortunate that Sir Francis fell, in his unsuspecting outset, into the discipline of such a man as Horne Tooke! He was destined by birth, and many original intellectual qualities, to adorn the highest and most elevated class of the political system? I am far from saying that, even now, with a mind often politically distorted, he has not occasionally taken a useful as well as generous part.

John Calcraft was the natural son of a man—an adventurer—who had made a large fortune in the commissariat, and by government contracts. The son was a man of talent, much above mediocrity; and would have been of some importance to the opposition, had he possessed more weight of character. As owner of the borough of Wareham, he could not fail to be of some consideration.

Sir Samuel Romilly, in the early part of Pitt's career, had not yet made himself conspicuous in politics. He was rising slowly, by the most acute, as well as most laborious abilities, to the head of his profession, to riches, celebrity, respect, and admiration. His conscientious integrity was the theme of every one's praise and worship. With the *Talents administration*, in 1806, he came into office! From that date, he was the ornament and anchor of the house. His argumentative powers, and his originality of talent, were singularly gifted, and such as have never since been supplied. He fell a victim to a morbid sensibility, of the most virtuous and amiable kind. He had nerves and a conscience far too tremulous for the wrongs and calamities of life. His oratory was powerful, especially for logic and sound matter; but had somewhat of a puritanic tone. He was, by conviction, and in his heart, a republican in politics. He died in 1818, while he was yet rising to the height of worldly fame, and the top of his distinguished profession. So mysterious are the ways of Providence!

The dissimilarity of talent in mankind, even when in two men it is so pre-eminent, that it is difficult to say in which it exceeds, is as discriminatable as it is infinite. What unlikeness between Erskine and Romilly! Erskine's genius lay in brilliance of illustration; in a glowing eloquence; in a beautiful combination of musical words; and in a voice of silver harmony: but yet great injustice will be done him if it is supposed that his merits end there! Whenever he found it necessary to exercise his ratiocinative faculties, his power of thought was original, his depth of reflection sound, and his conclusions just and incontrovertible.[†] His taste was light, and inclined rather to what was striking and coruscant, thanwh at was severe and naked; but, when his duty called, he could both detect a false argument, and elicit a true one. With this temperament of a fluctuating mind, he was

> "Every thing by fits; and nothing long!"

He was not a fixed star, but a meteor; he shot drawing after him a brilliant train; then passed through clouds, and was lost in vapours. When all was dark, the fire broke out again, and blazed the glittering marble with gold!

On the removal of Sir John Mitford, Charles Abbot, who had been patronised by Pitt, was promoted to the chair of the House of Commons.[*] He had won Pitt's favour by drawing up reports of finance committees. He had a precise and analytical head; and a neat manner of executing his work. His father was a clergyman, and schoolmaster of Colchester; and married the widow (second wife, I suppose,) of Jeremy Bentham's father, who was an attorney. The speaker had been educated at Westminster, and been a student of Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained the undergraduate's prize for Latin verses. He was a man whose genius lay in forms and etiquettes; whose memory was stored with precedents, and who had a pomp and precision of manner, which was excellently adapted to his duties; and, therefore, he made an excellent speaker. But his person was so diminutive, that to see him walk up the floor of the house to his chair, the mace before him, and his trainbearer supporting his tail, rendered it impossible to refrain from smiles. He was a man of the world; watchful, sagacious, and vain; and bent upon self-aggrandizement. Titles and wealth had a great influence over him; and he found some difficulty in concealing his contempt for those who were less fortunate. As his rise from an humble station was great, so it is not wonderful that his head became a little giddy from the eminence he suddenly gained. He loved epigram; and all his sentences, when he addressed the house from the chair, were an alternation of big words and studied terseness and point. He was a zealous Tory, and not afraid to avow his opinions. He was a classical scholar, of exactness and elegance. He had the merit of methodizing the records of the house, to which he was very attentive.

Of Colonel Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Hawksbury, and Earl of Liverpool,—the future administration, from 1812 to 1827, was long and important, and deserves a separate consideration. He was a slow man, but laborious, prudent, and well-informed; and rendered wise by varied and persevering experience, after having been cradled in affairs of state. He was a tory in principle; but mild, considerate, and flexible. He was, perhaps, of too fearful a temperament; and hence, sometimes vacillated—especially in finance. His family had been provincial baronets, in Oxfordshire, from the time of Charles II., but never rich; and his father was born without fortune, the son of a younger brother, who had retired from the army in a state of humble competence. The first earl had risen by his industry, and made his first entry into a public career as secretary to the Earl of Bute, when minister. He had spent his life in office; and had been of great use to Pitt, when, in his raw youth, he took on himself the complex reins of government. The accomplished minister knew his value, and what use to make of such a Mentor, without allowing his ascendant spirit to be dictated to, or even shaded! The son seems always to have enjoyed Pitt's favour, good opinion, and goodwill; though the eloquent and imperious leader sometimes, probably, smiled at his pupil's slowness and phlegm. Pitt, perhaps, reposed on young Jenkinson as a cushion, while from Canning he felt irritation and excitement.

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[*] See the Legend of N. Burdett in the historic poems, called *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

[†] See this illustrated in Lord Erskine's arguments on the Banbury case, 1812, 'compared with those of Lord Redesdale and Lord Ellenborough. See *Nicolas on Adulterine Bastardy*, 1836, 8vo.

[*] He must not be confounded with his contemporary, Charles Abbott, Lord Tenterden, also an Oxford man, and an eminent classic, who died October, 1832, aged 70.

When Jenkinson became premier, he followed mainly Pitt's principles, as far as the altered condition of the country, and of Europe, would allow; but he was better fitted for the stately oratory of the lords, than the furious and turbulent declamations of the commons. The commons were left to Castlereagh, who had more intrigue, and more pliability.

Soon after the accession of Lord Liverpool to the premiership, the tide of the political affairs of Europe took a sudden and almost unexpected turn. The fortune of the mighty Napoleon changed by the effects of his own rashness; and the world was left to wonder at the blindness of the giant who had seemed above human resistance. The minister of England had then a stupendous task to fulfil. The conduct of the allied powers of Europe depended on British direction: but England was never famous for its diplomatic genius. Much practical interference was committed to Lord Castlereagh. There are, who accuse him of being a dupe to the despotic and selfish principles and views of the foreign courts. Perhaps his concessions to them were too supple and favourable; but, was there not a paramount wisdom in the desire of peace; and that no obstinacy on minor points should delay that return of Europe to tranquillity, which twenty-five years of violence, rapine, bloodshed, and overturn of property and ancient institutions, had, as late as two years back, covered with despair? Russia and Austria returned to all the depths of their irrepressible wiles: in the inebriation of their liberation and triumph they, in a moment, forgot the perils and sufferings from which they had escaped, and were now scrambling among themselves for the prizes!

When Lord Castlereagh first returned from the Congress, and entered again St. Stephen's to resume his seat on the Treasury-bench, I never shall forget the acclamations with which he was received by the whole assembly, without a dissentient voice! The walls rung and shook; and the cry of joy entered the dignified nobleman's heart, and inflamed him with the unswerving and resolute firmness, and flow of momentary genius: his language became terse and vigorous; and not a word was involved or misplaced. A blaze of sunshine,—not to last!

The ministers had now a new sort of business: they had to wind up the expenses of the war. The escape of Napoleon from Elba plunged all again into the old contests. Then came the unrivalled struggle at Waterloo; and peace was sealed for the last twenty-one years!

Vansittart now held the purse of the exchequer. In all the measures taken for domestic management, there was, at least, great vacillation. The country felt the effects of exhaustion; and, instead of the golden harvests, which were expected when peace arrived, all was barrenness and distress. The landed population of proprietors, occupiers, and labourers, were the foremost to be the victims. The price of corn fell below the expenses of culture. This has never yet been accounted for, among all the numerous theories that have been so pertinaciously battled. I myself have a conviction that it arose from an improper and ignorant interference with the paper currency of the instruments of exchange. At least, an equal supply of bread must have been requisite for a population, not only undiminished, but yearly on the increase with wonderful rapidity. The glut in the market came from inability of the means of purchase; the producers had a more urgent necessity to sell, than the consumers had the means to buy. The parliamentary inquiries were conducted without skill, but with much puny caution; and aggravated the panic. The manufacturers, whose influence was great, and almost irresistible, conceived that their own prosperity depended on cheap bread; and that, if this was not reduced, even to the ruin of the grower, they themselves should be shut out of the foreign market. The corn committees were, therefore, made up, in great part, of the manufacturing interests. The most busy man in all these discussions was Huskisson; in whom I never could bring myself to have any faith. He had the ear and voice, if not the internal assent, of Vansittart, and, perhaps, of Lord Liverpool.

Capital for agriculture had been supplied, for nearly thirty years, by the country banks; and hence (and hence, almost alone, I believe,) its prosperity! If no absolute legislative repression was immediately put on the issues of the country banks, a fear of expected interference hung over their heads, and paralysed all their conduct. The machinery was withdrawn from the farmers, and they first languished, and then were ruined. The agricultural distress reacted upon the commercial. The half-wise, misled by gross selfishness, cried out for cash-payments: the monopoly of the market was with the Jews and ready-money capitalists. The national debt was now felt as crushing—even to death; and, at this very crisis, the government-measures insanely doubled the quantum of pressure; two quarters of corn would not now discharge the taxes which only one quarter paid for before! It was to withdraw all the wealth, duly distributed through the body politic, to the extremities, and collect all in pleurisies about the heart! The augmentation of nominal price is a delusion: all depends on positive price. It was urged that country-banks were often bubbles: there was nothing in their essential nature to make them so! Whatever abuses they were open to might have been repressed and cured by many simple laws. It is a mystery, why the government was so tender on this point! They were willing to cut up the system by the root; yet would not prune the fungus-branches! So much blunder, so much perplexity, and so much darkness, where all the organization and anatomy seems to me to have been so clear, puzzles me to an inexpressible degree! Were a true system found to-morrow, it would be too late: the sunk capital can never be restored! The deterioration of the soil, the wasted manure, the uncropped culture—all were lost labour—expenditure without remuneration! Manufactured produce at the expense of agriculture, is a deceitful gain! The most genuine riches of a country are rents from land formed by the surplus, after all costs are replaced. I include in costs the interest of capital, and the farmer's fair profits. Ministers are always embarrassed in a grand mercantile and commercial country like England, by the jealousies of those great and active bodies, who never fail to combine and conspire for their own separate interests; and, being resident in the very seat of administration, never leave the governing powers at rest, but beset them with their intrigues and remonstrances. They are yet as busy as ever; and, to the day of doom, will see things only in a partial point of view!

But the British empire is now brought to so very high a degree of artificiality in all its occupations, productions, customs, and bodily and mental acquirements, that scarce any relics of feudal organization are fitted for this late stage of society. The aristocracy of England, therefore, can be no longer feudal; nor an aristocracy of birth, and independent leisure, and pomp. The *parvenues* will force a dominion, in spite of all prejudices, and all remonstrances!

Pitt seems, early in his career, to have formed the idea of amalgamating the old Scotch and Irish peerages into the English. Yet, if the proportion fixed upon for the due number of representatives of those bodies was wise and sound, this practice of admitting the peers of these countries hereditarily into the English house—in addition to those elected into the representation of their respective nations—was entirely to overturn the prefixed proportion. Practically it does not seem yet to have produced any evil.

It was resolved, immediately after the Scotch Union, that Scotch peers could not be admitted to an English creation; therefore, the Dukes of Hamilton, Queensbury, and Argyll, were not allowed to take their seats by such a patent. This was at length overturned by Lord Mansfield's influence, about 1782. Pitt had created some powerful Irish peers into English honours before the Irish Union—as Beresford, Shannon, Donegal, Courtown, Broderick, and Clare. At the Union, and since the Union, they have inundated the house; as Drogheda, Ely, Sligo, Granard, Enniskillen, Limerick, Melbourne, Conyngham, Ormonde, Roden, Kingston, Longford, Strangford, Thomond, Clanricarde, Clanwilliam, Clancarty, Fingal, Sefton, Leitrim, Headfort, Meath, Ludlow, Cloncurry, Donoughmore. Thus the Irish peerage has, in almost all its vital parts, become English. What remain, have little else than mere titles to give them power, except those whose consideration puts them among the elected. Many of them have no connexion with Ireland; as Mexborough, Winterton, Lisburne, Kilmorey, Dawnay, Chetwynd, Barrington, Aylmer, Newborough, Macdonald, Kensington, Ongley, Rokeby, Bridport, Muncaster, Graves, Huntingfield, Hotham, Headley, Teignmouth, Henley, Henniker, Radstock, Rendlesham: and few of these, are, probably, in a way to attain English peerages.

A similar principle and practice has been applied to the Scotch peerage: almost all the powerful families have been made English. This has greatly added to the number, as well as greatly changed the quality, of the house of lords. They must now be viewed in new lights, and judged by new considerations. To an imaginative mind they have lost their charm, and their venerability: in a philosophical or practical regard, probably the change has been not only useful, but necessary.

The epoch is arrived when the lords must stand on their own strength. The O'Connels and the Melbournes are resolved to strip and sink them, with a stone about their necks! It is well that they should be rooted and ramified, not only among the high, but among the various interests of the people, as they are now bent and combined. The modern peerage is partly professional and partly official: among either of these classes birth is little thought of, and no one deems the less of them for want of it! while riches alone, however amassed, have aspired to the ermine robe and the coronet; and forced themselves into the possession of them. All this is well, in the course that human affairs have taken. Chivalry, the long line of glorious ancestors,—the altar-tomb, and cross-legged knight, with a hundred shields and blazons, are now but the themes of a song, and the visions of a dream! Are we less happy now? Is there less of zest in society?—less of virtue?—less of grandeur? To speak frankly my own impression, I think that there is! But as I will not allow myself to be solely *laudator temporis acti*, I must admit that the present time has many refinements, and many advantages. The old feudal baron, and the better order of country-gentlemen, were in enviable positions. But they had many prejudices, many narrownesses, and some indefensible pride. Their regard to descent was sometimes misplaced, and sometimes trifling: their airs of self-importance were not infrequently offensive: and sometimes they let their understandings sleep, and their blood corrupt! There was something in their manners and habits calculated to breed respect, if not awe, in the people; and thus had many moral and political advantages. The dispersion of the residences of the rich and well-educated over the provinces, was a great benefit to the most useful part of the population.

From the time of the establishment of the public funds at the Revolution, in 1688, the holders of personal property became of greater consideration than before. In fact a new capital may be said to have been created, which was, at least in part, however, taken out of the land! The loan, in its distribution, enriched new people; and the lenders yet retained their annuities from it. This began the great downfal of the landed aristocracy. The added possessors of wealth almost all arose from commerce; and the candidates for honours were no longer men of ancient descent or alliances. This is remarkably illustrated by looking to the history of the baronets which began to be created since 1688, compared with those so made from 1611 to that epoch; as Webster, Dashwood, Lambert, Styles, Milner, Elton, Blunt, Frederick, Clayton, Heathcote, Page-Turner, Ibbotson, Ridley, Lade, Cunliffe, Yeo, Colebrooke, Fludyer. The course of circumstances changed the stream; and drove it through new channels.

If Mr. Pitt went still further than these examples set him, it was because the change had now become more operative and rapid. Even if the minister's mind and taste had been instinctively imbued with the love and veneration of the bannered glories of chivalry, as a practical man, his judgment, the slave of the expedient, would not have allowed him to indulge in them. A strict adherence to feudal prejudices would have created a dangerous hostility to aristocratical distinctions. The rich will always have the influence; and he who represents the noblest splendour of blood will blaze in vain before him with an ineffectual light! It might be wise, therefore, to hold out the prize of the palm to the makers of their own fortunes! The *parvenus* thus became interested in sustaining the establishment of the order. Now came the Humes, the Lemons, the Duntzes, the Boyds, the Lloyds, the Wombwells, the Riddels, the Rumbolds, the Francis Sykeses, the Palks, the Kents, the Bevors, the Hoares, the Kennaways, the Lushingtons, the Calls, the Vanluttens, (now Pole,) Tapps, Chod, Baring, Prescott, Darell, Neave, Dallas, Boughey, Glyn, Elford, Stirling, &c. &c. &c. But, notwithstanding the prudence, and, perhaps, necessity, of this submission to the times, there are gleams and colourings of enchanted light, however delusive, we cannot but regret have faded away. Though Ovid says,—"*We must call nothing our own which we have not done ourselves*," it is an ungenerous maxim. Whether blood, the nutriment of virtue and intellect, is transmissible, many will doubt! When nothing new, of a counter ingredient, is thrown in, I am inclined to think that it is! Many families are negative in their character; but, in those that have been eminent, we may often see the same leading and predominant traits! Take Sidney, Fox, Pitt, Yorke, &c. &c.

We may speculate what would have been the result, from 1784, if the ministry had fallen on one less powerful in intellect, in eloquence, in judgment, in courage and patriotism than Pitt. I have said that I doubted if he did not rather follow than change the tide in its first impulses; but none, perhaps, but he would have followed, come up with, and led it on. It was the tide of a roused spirit of commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural energies. The Whig aristocracy, which would have swept all within its ambitious power, was met at the critical moment of its grasp.

How would the state of society and the distribution of office have met the mania of the French Revolution? Would Fox still have been its fervent and inebriated advocate? Would there not have been discontent in the productive but discouraged masses of the people? Pitt had given hope to all: the city had the minister's ear; the yeomanry and peasantry were full of activity and golden prospects; and trade and capital were circulating in the remotest provinces. The odious demarcations of society had been cast down. In this loyal state the French propagandists found the body of the British nation. All the odious part of French institutions and customs,—its privileged nobility, its partial taxations, its offensive etiquettes of court, its absurd requisites for qualification to military rank, and those absurd relics of kingly despotism which had been so much abused from the accession of Louis XIV.,—all these which were contrary to the spirit of the British character, had been more especially guarded against by Pitt. The people were Pitt's companions; all his mind was occupied by the business of the people. His own habits of life were plain and unaristocratical. He aspired to neither honours, nor riches, nor luxuries for himself. He associated little with those who in the fashionable phrase were called the great. Pitt spent not an hour in their idle, vain, and foolish pleasures. He smiled at their frivolous distinctions and mean modes of attracting attention. His relaxations were as simple as those of the humblest gentleman: he loved the air, horse exercise, and farming.* While he conferred titles and peerages, and ribands, and personal honours lavishly on others, he sternly spurned them all himself. He had a sublime pride when he stood in the pure nakedness of his own simple name. He never thought of money, nor any one selfish acquirement. He worked for his country, and his reward was sought in the consciousness of a patriotism which never for a moment swerved. In his habits he had the simplicity of a child: still his temper was reserved, and his address and manners more shy than agreeable.

It was a fault in him, that he gave little encouragement to literature. But he entered into the dry and thorny perplexities of politics before he had had time to cultivate it. Neither nature nor cultivation had enriched him by sentiment. He always, as Johnson said of Dryden, reasoned rather than felt. If leisure and the course of life would have allowed it, perhaps, he would have been a great reader; but this I doubt. He would have been a masterly and invincible lawyer. No other member of the robe would ever have been able to cope with him.

He had not his father's majestic countenance; his features were shorter, his nose somewhat upturned; and he had not the lightning of the eye. His person was tall, but meagre; and he had not grace in the movements of his body. He was a contrast in every thing to Fox, who was dark, fat, clumsily made, large-faced, and beetle-browed. While Pitt was solemn, measured, and equal in his delivery, Fox indulged in every variety of voice, language, and matter. Fox was sometimes familiar, and sometimes embarrassed,—especially at opening, even to neglect and faultiness; and, as he never measured his paces, he sometimes gave the reins to unbounded speed. His ideas were new, researched, and occasionally half-evolved. He often thought while he spoke, and drew out at the moment ideas which he had not himself foreseen. His propensity was metaphysical, and his subtleties were often more acute than his conclusions were just. Mild, ductile, and candid as he was in his intercourse with society, the heating progress of argument made him fierce in his opinions, and relentless in his deductions.

Pitt never ran himself out of breath. He seized what was malleable and manageable in his opponent, and left the rest to its own darkness. He marched straight forward to attack the great holds, and left the little fortresses to themselves. The perspicuity and rotundity, in which Pitt's speeches excelled, were singularly adapted to a mixed assembly, elected by the people, like our House of Commons. Such an assembly is fatigued with deep disquisitions and learned illustrations.

Within my memory, all the ancient impressions with regard to the orders and casts of society have declined in England, till at length, I think, that they are entirely gone. They bear the relics of the feudal system, commencing even with Charlemagne, and subsisting longer on the Continent than in England,—especially in Germany, where they are yet in force. In England, Pitt gave them the most rapid and effective blow. Something of his contempt of them he inherited from his father, whose lofty mind and proud ambition prompted him to scorn, assault, and defy the paltry combinations of the old Whig aristocracy. The phalanx was broken by him; and ministerial parties, during the first twenty years of the reign of George III., were more mingled and amphibious. But the Rockingham party still remained in compact. After Pitt's accession to power classes mingled, and even fashion became more democratic. In the immense additions to the peerage, few great landed proprietors, or ancient country gentlemen have been regarded. Still, a few of good quality have been chosen, as Anderson, Pelham, Woodehouse, Crewe, Cholmondely, Lambton, Wilbraham, Grey, Lowther, Stuart, Wortley, Bampfylde. But a great part have been Scotch or Irish peers; or army, navy, law, and men of office, as Vansittart, Long, Wallace, Grant, &c. I once thought that all this was an infringement on the sound principles of the peerage: I have altered my mind with the vast alterations in the political circumstances of Great Britain, and of all Europe. I still venerate ancient and history descent; but merely as an amusement of curiosity—a splendid plaything of the mind. The lords must now stand upon other merits, and more practical considerations. Did Pitt, fifty years ago, anticipate what has occurred, and prepare for it? I cannot give him the credit of that foresight. He was driven to the *novi homines* by the proud and stubborn exclusiveness of the Whigs. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, would have re-erected the court of star-chamber, if he could, with the aid of the gossiping, servile, and feeble, and nonsensical, Sir Isaac Heard,* and his busy imps.† His volumes of blazonry in the Herald's College exhibit the contradictoriness and frivolity of the age.

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* He rented and farmed the land of Westcliff, a few miles from Walmer Castle, which estate had formerly been the demesne of the Gibbon family. Here Matthew Gibbon, great-grandfather of the historian, was born, about 1642.

I believe that Pitt with an inborn taste and judgment that despised all but essences of talent and power, in the choice of his regard and favour, weighed nothing but personal qualities; and never admitted adscititious or reflected ingredients into the scale.

But had Pitt followed the prejudices of his predecessors, neither the nation nor the government would have been prepared for what has occurred. How Lord Lyndhurst must laugh at the mean and impotent attacks upon his origin!

The Duke of Norfolk had an aversion to Pitt; and, among other absurd grounds, because he considered him a *parvenu!*

Pitt had working subordinates, of great industry; who were the more useful, because they had none of the fine edge of intellect or manners. Dundas managed Scotland; and Dundas was as indefatigable as he was sagacious. Those were happy times, when all was smiling, and all was progressive. The great feature of solid prosperity, was the sudden and general improvement of agriculture. This, as I have said before, was entirely owing to the country banks. Pitt cherished them; and, no doubt, cherished all paper money. He was a great admirer of Adam Smith; but did not attend to all Smith's cautions and restrictions. Finance was his delight and his *forte.* He had a head and a surprising memory for figures; but it may be doubted whether his *sinking fund* was as profoundly devised as was for many years supposed. The regulation which ordered to buy back in peace part of what had been borrowed in war, had this great evil, that the nation redeemed at a high rate what had been borrowed at a very low rate: perhaps what had been lent at 50 per cent. was redeemed at 90. On the other hand, it forced economy, and brought a regular fund into the market to take off floating stock. Every government must sink at last under taxation yearly increasing. Pitt, under the pressure of the tremendous circumstances of the present, did not look enough to this. Napoleon was wise enough to search out, and direct his blows to the unsound part of our financial system; and even as early as February 1797, the necessity of the act for restricting cash payments showed that the minister had gone too far. It is often supposed that government expenditure does not impoverish a nation: but it does impoverish it, if it is expended in *non-reproductive* commodities; or, in great part, if it be paid in subsidies to foreign countries: though, in some degree, this last evil may be counteracted by payment in articles of home manufacture, which might otherwise have been a drug in the market. If paper will not buy in goods the amount of the sum which it professes to represent, it is a proof of an over-issue; subject, however, to the following qualification,—that there may be a temporary extra value in gold, as a commodity in the market, or to pay balances due to foreigners; not, perhaps, from the balance of trade, which is generally in favour of England, but more probably of the interest of capital bought formerly into our funds, when stocks were low, and all the rest of Europe convulsed, and not to be trusted as places of deposit. Temporary speculation, and the excess of purchase of raw materials, may for a little while cause the same effects; but the balance will soon right itself. For domestic purposes, the paper of sound banks is as good as cash. Every day this subject becomes better understood, though yet many theories are wandering about; but these are partly the cunning fictions of selfish cliques, who are endeavouring to work out some advantages to their own separate employments or pursuits. Thus the *pros* and *cons* regarding the new establishments of joint-stock companies; which, I suspect, will be dangerous, unless all the capitol is paid up. If they go beyond what the amount of Bank of England paper can redeem, the day of alarm and stoppage may come.

It is well to take the year 1784 as the commencement of a new epoch. The termination of the American war produced a crisis in France, as well as in England. The assistance which France had given to American independence brought back a revolutionary spirit, which acted upon a mine that had been for ages preparing. The Duke de St. Simon predicted the burst of a storm almost a century before. Louis XVI. was of all men the least fitted to face and outride it. He had the mildness of Charles I., without his active courage. His meekness was a fault; his patience went beyond human wisdom. He had men far more ferocious, unprincipled, profligate, and blood-thirsty, to deal with, than Charles had. Among Charles's opponents were some great and honest men.

In France, the people, long the victim of cruel privileges, were resolved to have *equality*, at any rate. Their exasperation had become inveterate and uncontrollable. The profligate courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. had demoralized the nation to a frightful and unexampled excess. The philosophers and encyclopædists had rooted up every seed of virtue; but the king encouraged the burst of the storm by his blind supineness. The court was infatuated; they saw nothing of the gathering tempest; they sported in frivolous luxuries; and revelled in a belief of power which ages had borne with a servile submission. The nobility and clergy abused their stations with a fatuitous heartlessness. The distresses of the finances of the kingdom now drove the ministers to means which set fire to the mine; while the British government was economizing its resources, and adding order to every department of the revenue. A virtuous monarch, with a firmness which was his glory, set an example of moral dignity, and simple and spotless manners. Great Britain rose into vigour by the loss of America, as if a crushing burden had been thrown off! The minister saw his own exhilarating position; but, perhaps, did not duly penetrate the rottenness of the rival nation, which had never ceased for a thousand years to pursue his fall! The self-sufficient but feeble William Eden was sent to contrive and conclude a treaty of commerce, which the superficial thought would be the pledge of mutual peace and profit. There was delusion from beginning to end in it: the French administrations were not in a condition to satisfy their own people! De Calonne and Necker were both charlatans. Pitt did not seem to be accurately acquainted with the French movements, nor whither they led. Burke had long watched what was going forward, and saw it all in the full extent of its dreadful consequences. But Burke was then a zealous leader of hostile opposition, and had nothing of Pitt's ear. Luckily, the burst came upon England in a sound and contented state. The propagandists were, however, furious and indefatigable. When Pitt's eyes were opened to the truth, he neglected nothing to ward off the danger.

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* One of the heralds, an *élève* of Sir Isaac, openly professes his desire of a resort to a vigour *beyond* the law.

† I have a great deal more to say on this topic on a future occasion.

The new-fangled notions of the rights of man were so ridiculous, that no sound mind could entertain them: but in every country there will be discontented and mischievous spirits, who try to brew up confusion, that they may profit by it. Such was Tom Paine. He who addresses the passions of the mob is sure to have an audience. The grand evil was that the French Revolution had advocates of power and eloquence in our own parliament. Fox defended it with all his popular oratory. Burke maintained, with a richness of argument, knowledge, and illustration which has never been equalled, that which he put forth with still more success in his inimitable writings. But his heart and zeal were so inflamed in the cause, that he lost his temper, and separated himself from Fox with such violence as drew Fox's tears. Fox was placable; but Burke was not. Burke said that he must forget personal friendship in a contest on which all the happiness of civilised society throughout the world depended. For eight years before his death Burke gave up his whole mind and soul to this discussion. No doubt he exhausted himself, and died a martyr to the cause. But such was the universality and perpetuity of his wisdom and inspired genius, that those writings still remain, and will ever remain, as interesting as when first promulgated.

It was a crisis of all movement and flame. The genius of French intrigue shook every throne in Europe to its base. The poison of disorganization was brewed with irresistible force. All old governments fell as much by intrigue and corruption as by the sword. In England, Pitt had a demand upon all his vigilance to defeat the contagion. The military spirit of the nation was roused to a degree never before known, and all became soldiers. This infused a habit of loyalty, and love of order. And in this state of temper, habits, and humours, rose the mighty and immortal Nelson, one of the most beautiful characters in the history of heroism which the world has ever witnessed. Pitt brought forth Wellesley upon the stage, and hence, finally, Wellington. The military and naval annals now became studded with light, and blazed with splendour. Pitt had infused his energies into every department. We have lived in fearful times. What numerous and awful changes do I remember! When I was a boy of ten or twelve years old, the American war broke out. I remember hearing at school the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill. There was a dull, abject spirit through the nation; every part of the ministry was languid, and unpossessed of the national confidence. Not one man of ascendant and magnanimous talents was among them. Lord North was a wit, a scholar, of quick and accomplished good-humour, and much beloved for his private qualities; but, from whatever cause, he was a feeble and unpopular minister. In every department of office there was a selfish sort of ease. The Tory families had all the favour; and the court was a scene of dull etiquette. Honours were sparingly distributed; and the peerage was little reinforced; for I suspect that the king himself was very economical of aristocratic distinctions. A small batch of peers was made about 1778, as Amherst, commander-in-chief; Ryder, son of a deceased chief-justice of a former reign, who died while his patent was making out, and before the great seal was put to it; Cust, son of a deceased speaker; Foley, collateral heir to the large estates of a peer just extinct; and Pitt, of Strathfieldsay, apparently by court favour; with Lord Polworth, son of the Earl of Marchmont. There could be no objection to those men; but none of them were brilliant.

Rodney, long retired in pecuniary embarrassment, was destined to repair the glory of the British flag over the seas. The generals, Burgoyne, Gage, Grey, Cornwallis, made no great figure. The debates in Parliament were angry, but never splendid or powerful; except the memorable occasion of Lord Chatham's dying speech.

Literature partook of the general debility and palsy; though Johnson retained his reputation, and the force of his moral genius. But the commencement of a great work of history broke forth: Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* enlightened and dignified the historic department. Gibbon inherited from his father, who had sat in parliament, a diminished fortune. His grandfather, who died 1736, was a South Sea director, and involved in that iniquitous adventure. This director was the son of a citizen of London, a linen-draper, who was one of the many younger sons of Thomas Gibbon, a Kentish squire, of Westcliffe, near Dover.*

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* The family are entered in the Herald's Visitation of Kent, 1663.

erudition this history is a stupendous work, and illustrates the name of Gibbon.

London was gay with East Indians and West Indians; but commerce was dull, and agriculture pined. The national debt of that day, compared with its present extent, appears a mere trifle; but it was then felt as such a burden, that the new taxes fell short in their produce one-half of the amount for which they were imposed. The prospects were every where gloomy. Then came that mighty change in the vigour of the body politic which followed Pitt's accession to power. It was like the rising of the dead from the last faint, low breathings of approaching death. New blood was poured into the veins, and life began again.

Whether nations rise or fall by the exertions or faults of an individual, or a few individuals, may be doubted by some. There must indeed be concurrent aids, or proper ingredients, to work upon. But still it may be the work of an individual, as in the vast successes of Napoleon.

Whatever might be owing to the accidental combination of political circumstances, the course which things took in England could not have been affected but by such powers and dispositions as Pitt's. Had the old routine of office been followed, all would have sunk. Had the *élèves* of the fashionable members of Brooke's been placed to the discharge of public duties, the aristocratical favour, or Whig combination, the disease of consumption, which was now at its height, would have been irredeemable. But Pitt came into power free from almost all shackles. He stepped at once into the premiership before long official habits had perverted his freshness. The Augean stable was cleansed, and men of business were put to do practical duties.

Society, in all its ramifications, felt this change. The creatures of old etiquette, moulded by custom, were uncomfortable and offended; but the general cry of applause stifled their wailings. I saw the old nobles, a prouder class of gentry—of hereditary arrogance—grow sulky, or heard their bitter invectives. New men shoved the commoners out of parliament, and nabobs and tradesmen took their places. I remember an apothecary and a paper-maker elected into towns which had hitherto returned prime gentry. At that time the people stared; they would not stare now. There was both evil and good in all this. Pitt had risen above old prejudices long before the public mind had risen above them. But this change was most fortunate for the crisis. It was a preparation to meet, which soon occurred in France; and which would have occurred, in spite of whatever took place in England. The French outburst was the result of nearly two centuries of intolerable abuses of government by the French monarchs and their myrmidons. Had the English nation been found by the French propagandists in a state of discontent with the existing organization of English society, they would eagerly have drunk the poison, and waded to equality through confiscation and slaughter. But Pitt had put aside all the pomp of office, and the insolence of birth. No man qualified for high duties felt himself barred by want of birth; and the peerage was as open to a *parvenu* as to a Howard or a Manners. This was Pitt's principle, and his practice. Pitt had been taught that all merit lay in personal qualities, and personal conduct. Perhaps he looked with too much coldness, or contempt, upon the past, or even on the future, as far as distant political events were concerned. I have said before that I do not think he had imagination; therefore all his views and all his considerations were bent on the present, and the actual. To make him the object of the highest sort of mental admiration, he should have had more sentiment. But I have examined him as fitted for the epoch into which he was born; and I believe that he gave the turn, the shape, and the colours to all that has since taken place in England. But all his principles have not been adequately pursued, nor bent to the occasion.

It cannot be questioned that he laid the foundation of the present state of the House of Lords. On that state depends at present the existence of the British constitution. The House of Commons has a radical majority, by means of *O'Connell*, and his well disciplined train of Irish Catholics. The safety lies in the Lords; and, knowing this, the revolutionists bend all their artillery and all their abuse against it. But they show the Satanic schemes and the Satanic mode of warfare too plainly for success. Their cries and their roarings have passed ineffectually, and, I trust, unfelt, over the heads of the lords. They now stand on their political functions,—not as the representatives of ancient splendour. Lord Lyndhurst, by his manly and courageous understanding, by his sonorous voice, his uncompromising spirit, and his lofty and imposing eloquence, can do more in the new character and new combitions of political events, and social manners, than all the union of ancient and noble blood, with large property, could do for the Clintons, the Seymours, the Spensers, the Nevilles, the Talbots, the Courtneys, or the Cliffords. I once lamented the change; I lament it no longer. With the fall of chivalry and the feudal gradations of society, all must accommodate itself to the utter change of times, manners, occupations, and events.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE IRISH INSURRECTION OF 1803.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Among the memorable events of Irish history may be justly ranked the insurrection of July 1803, of which little has been recorded, if we except a mere numerical account of those who perished on the scaffold. The following relation is intended to supply this omission; and is chiefly gleaned from those who were actively occupied in that wild enterprise.

To render the narrative intelligible to those who may be but partially acquainted with the history of that eventful period, we are compelled briefly to revert to the years 1796, 7, and 8, in the political movements of which years the chief persons of this insurrection had been assiduously engaged.

In the autumn of 1798, even while Arthur O'Connor, and the other state prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham, were negotiating with the government for their lives, a plot was in forwardness for their liberation. This plot embraced an ulterior view of still greater magnitude, namely, the effecting of a subversion of the existing government of the country. Though devised with the utmost secrecy, the plan was frustrated by the imprudence of one of the conspirators having committed some part of their designs to writing, which was seized. Soon after, sixteen of the chief state prisoners in Dublin, and four from Belfast, were transmitted to Fort George, in Scotland; while Robert Emmet, the chief agent in this meditated rebellion, effected his escape to France.[*]

On the peace of Amiens in 1802, the prisoners at Fort George were enlarged; but generally on condition of their never returning to Ireland, nor entering the dominions of Great Britain. A few of those exiles halted for a time at Hamburgh, but the greater number proceeded to Paris, from whence several of them soon after removed to the United States of America. Among those Irishmen, who continued in Paris, were William Dowdall, Michael Quigly, William Hamilton, and Thomas Russel. As these persons make a conspicuous figure in our history, we shall give some account of them before proceeding further.

William Dowdall was a native of Mullingar; but, for several years prior to 1798, he had resided in Dublin as an itinerant clerk, and was deeply engaged in the political events of the period. He had been secretary to a popular society, called, "The Whigs of the Capital;" and was also for a short time registered as proprietor of the *Press* newspaper, on Arthur O'Connor's name being discontinued. About April 1798, he went on a special political mission to England; and the same year he was arrested at Liverpool, on his return from attending the trial of Mr. O'Connor at Maidstone. He was forwarded a prisoner to Dublin, where he remained in confinement until sent to Fort George.

Michael Quigly was from Rathcoffey, county of Kildare. He was by trade a bricklayer, but had been for some time a builder in Dublin, in which business he had become insolvent. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798, he was a captain in the insurgent army; but, on their defeat, he surrendered himself on condition of his life being spared. He was afterwards liberated, on giving security to transport himself out of the British dominions.

William Hamilton was a native of Enniskillen, and son of Mr. Johnston Hamilton, a solicitor of that town. At an early age he was distinguished for his attractive manners, literary attainments, and gentlemanly accomplishments. His convivial habits rendered him a welcome guest in the best society of Enniskillen; and by his exertions an amateur theatrical party was established there, in which he was distinguished as the *star*. The company did not confine themselves to the productions of others: they joined hands, and brought out a little piece, called *The Lough Erne Farmer*, in which some songs were introduced, written by Hamilton, and sung in character by him.

About this time, at a public dinner given in his native town, he attracted the notice of the Earl of Enniskillen, who soon after obtained for him a letter of service to raise men for a commission in the army. Unhappily, he had previously formed an intimacy with persons deeply infected with the revolutionary mania of that day; and, at a meeting held in Enniskillen, for the purpose of promoting some popular measure, he delivered a speech of such an inflammatory tendency, as to place for ever a bar to any further patronage from his lordship. From that moment all thoughts of the army were abandoned.

Soon after he bade adieu for ever to Enniskillen, and repaired to the Irish capital in search of kindred spirits. Those, it is probable, he soon found. He afterwards married a sister of Thomas Russel; and, like him, embarked in revolutionary schemes. In May 1795, he visited Belfast, in company with Theobold Wolfe Tone, then about to depart for America; and we find him attending the sittings of the disaffected in that town, who, in imitation of the French, had formed a junto called, "The Executive Directory." This legislative body met in the upper room of a public-house in Sugar-house Entry, under the name of "the Mudlers' club;" and to cover their plans, above the fireplace of the room where they sat, a number of fictitious rules were exposed, all of which related to drinking. Here the reports from the baronial committee were received, remittances made of the money collected, secret service and other expenses paid, and instructions issued. At this time a civic festival was held "on the summit of M‘Art's fort," Cavehill, in honour of Mr. Tone. Hamilton, Russel, and a select party, were present, who "took a solemn obligation" "never to desist" in their efforts, until they "had subverted the authority of England" over Ireland, and "asserted her independence."[*]

On the departure of Mr. Tone,[†] Hamilton remained for some months in Belfast, and afterwards returned to Dublin; where, though actively engaged in the united system, he continued to have the good fortune to evade the vigilance of the government. He was afterwards despatched on a confidential service to England; but becoming alarmed for his safety, he effected his escape from that country into France, about the time that Mr. Arthur O'Connor was arrested at Margate.[‡]

In October, 1798, he was on board one of the French ships when taken by Sir John B. Warren's squadron off the coast of Donegal. More fortunate than his companion, Mr. Tone, he escaped detection by feigning himself sickly, by his fluency in the French language, and by exchanging his name and dress with a French grenadier.

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[*] The prisoners from Belfast were, Robert Hunter, William Simms, William Tennant, and the Rev. Steel Dickson, Presbyterian minister of Portaferry. Three of those sent from Dublin also belonged to Belfast, viz. Thomas Russell, Samuel Neilson, and Joseph Cuthbert. The others were, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas A. Emmet, William Dowdall. Wm. J. M‘Nevin, Mathew Dowling, John Sweetman, Roger O'Connor, John Sweaney, Hugh Wilson, John Chambers, Joseph Cormick, Edward Hudson, and George Cumming. Four of these were Roman Catholics; the others, Protestants of various denominations.

[*] The *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone.* M‘Nevin, in his *Pieces of Irish history*, mentions that on the 10th of May, in the above year, delegates from seventy-two societies of the United Irishmen met in Belfast, to improve the United system.

[†] Mr. Tone sailed June 13, 1795, having previously arranged with the leaders of the United Irishmen, in Belfast, his plan on landing in America, namely, to obtain from the French Ambassador a passport to go to Paris, for the purpose of promoting an invasion of Ireland.

[‡] He was arrested February 28th, 1798.

The Irish government were early apprised that Hamilton and ten other Irishmen were on board the enemy's fleet. On the arrival of the French prisoners in England, the soldier with whom Hamilton had exchanged names, and five others, who were called after the like number of Irishmen on board of the French ships were transmitted to Dublin for the purpose of being identified. No discovery, however, took place; and soon after Hamilton was exchanged with other prisoners, and reached Paris in safety. He afterwards served in the French army of the Rhine, but in what rank we have not discovered.

Thomas Russel was born in Fermoy, county of Cork, and was the son of a captain in the army, who, on retiring from the service, settled near Dublin, While yet a stripling, he went out a cadet to India; and distinguished himself in the army under the Marquess Cornwallis, he was presented with a pair of colours. He was afterwards an ensign in the 64th regiment of foot.

In the interim between those appointments, in the summer of 1790, he resided with his father in the vicinity of Dublin, spending much of his time in the company of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, from whom he probably imbibed those revolutionary principles which ultimately proved his ruin. Be this as it may, Russel, on joining his regiment at Belfast, in the spring of 1791, mingled freely with the leading political characters of that town, and became a member of several clubs, in which the science of government was frequently the chief subject of discussion. It is here worthy of remark, that it was at one of those convivial meetings a plan was matured for the extinction of parties, by the formation of a society, which afterwards became so famous under the name of United Irishmen.*

In those social hours, devoted to political disquisitions, Russel soon became tired of the restraints and duties of a life, to which his opinions, as regarded allegiance to the government of the country, had become so much opposed. He therefore sold his commission; and, paying off some debts imprudently contracted as bail, he returned to Dublin, to study in private the theory of government, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Tone. In the October of 1791, these persons visited Belfast, for the purpose of being present at the formation of the first society of United Irishmen, which took place on the 14th of that month. Of this society, and of its secret committee, both were original members.†

After passing several weeks in Belfast, of which Mr. Tone has preserved some interesting details in his *Diary*, our travellers returned to Dublin. On the 9th of November, they were also present at the formation of a similar society in that city, which adopted the resolution that had received the approbation of the parent society in Belfast, that—"We have no national government."

Though of regular and economical habits, Russel soon found that, from his slender means, he must relinquish, at least for a season, the pursuit of the "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," and the society of Mr. Tone. Reduced to his last shilling, and without any employment in view, he was, through the interest of the Hon. George Knox, with whom he had been acquainted in India, and whom he had frequently met at Tone's, appointed to the seneschalship of Dungannon, and was in the commission of the peace for Tyrone.

An office so dependent on its patron, and limited in its emoluments, was evidently ill calculated to soothe the mind of one who had imbibed the most extravagant ideas of the rights and high immunities of man. His conduct, however, as a magistrate and seneschal, was marked by the strictest justice and impartiality. He was respected by the people, and by the Knox family treated with the most marked attention. Thus far all were pleased; but, differing with his brother magistrates regarding the delinquency of the Peep-o'-day Boys and Defenders, who disturbed that district, he resigned his situation, and went to Belfast, which at this period he appears to have regarded as his home.

For several weeks after his arrival, his time passed in a constant round of festivity. He was hailed as a martyr to the popular cause, and promoted by public courtesy to the rank of captain, by which title he was afterwards usually known. To render his life as little irksome as possible, through the kindness of his friends he was appointed librarian to the society for promoting knowledge, the salary attached to which office was now advanced from thirty to fifty pounds per annum.

Of studious and religious habits, for some time he attended regularly on public worship at the established church. Afterwards he changed his mind, and went on Sundays to a Presbytarian meeting-house of the *old light*, the pastor of which took an active part in the revolutionary movements then going forward.*

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[*] It is, however, evident that a comprehensive union on the plan of the United Irishmen, was in contemplation so early as 1779: see the *Letters of Owen Roe O'Neill*, p. 42, written by Joseph Polluck, Esq. Newry. Again, in the *Letters of an Irish Helot*, by Dr. William Drennan, we read, "Oh! let me conjure those among different descriptions of religion, whether of the established Church, of Presbyterian, or Catholic persuasion,—let me conjure them, at this most trying hour, to form *one grand association*, one great fund of virtue, good sense, and patriotism, which may yet sustain our tottering credit."—[The efforts of Mr. O'Connell, for a similar purpose, are no doubt in the memory of our readers. O. Y.]

[†] This society consisted originally of thirty-six members. The first prospectus was written by Mr. Tone, and widely circulated in Dublin, in June 1791, commencing with the following paragraph: "It is proposed that, at this conjuncture, a society shall be instituted in this city, having much of the secrecy and somewhat of the ceremonial attached to free-masonry—with so much secrecy, as may communicate curiosity, uncertainty, and expectation to the minds of surrounding men—with so much impressive and affecting ceremony in all its internal economy, as, without impeding real business, may strike the soul through the senses; and addressing the whole man, may animate his philosophy by the energy of his passions."

[*] The Rev. Sinclair Kilburne, minister of the third Presbyterian congregation. Sunday, March 10, 1793, this gentleman preached to his congregation (who upon this occasion were mostly Volunteers in uniform) with a loaded blunderbuss lying on the end of the cushion before him; while Volunteer emissaries, also in regimentals, perambulated the country, calling upon the people to rise in arms. About four hundred and fifty armed Volunteers were also assembled at this time in Belfast. On the previous evening there had been a military riot in that town, but on this day all was quiet.

His reason assigned for this change, were the passive obedience and submission to the higher orders of society, inculcated in the doctrine, homilies, and service of the former.

From this period his manners and conversation were more reserved, particularly on religious subjects, which he had always treated with the most reverential attention. At times he appeared quite absorbed in biblical meditation; and in the mornings, when the hour of breakfast arrived, he was often sent for to his room, where he was usually found musing over the scriptures—perhaps pondering on the dogmas of his newly adopted creed, amidst the perplexities of election, and the strange doctrine of Calvinistic predestination.

Still, amidst his biblical studies and seclusion, he found time to attend to his favourite political pursuits. He was present at every measure of importance adopted by the the leaders of the United Irishmen in Belfast, or its neighbourhood; and occasionally deputed into the country on matters deemed of the highest importance to the common weal. In September 1796, he published, in Belfast, a small pamphlet, entitled, *A letter to the people of Ireland, by Thomas Russel, a United Irishman.* It is a strange medley of religion and politics, in which it is declared, that whatsoever human laws were made in contradiction to those of God, "should be resisted;" and that mankind should "pay no regard or obedience to any men or institution which is not conformable to His will." Four days after its publication, he was arrested in Belfast, with nine of his political colleagues,* on a charge of high treason, and transmitted to Dublin, where he remained in custody, until removed as already stated. We now proceed with the narrative of the rise, progress, and overthrow of the insurrection of 1803.

At the time that these persons were in Paris, Robert Emmet† also resided in that city; and, from a similar train of reasoning and misfortunes, they had become endeared to each other, so that between them the most confidential friendship was maintained. They even contrived to keep up a correspondence with their friends in the British dominions; and they appear never for one moment to have relinquished their favourite project of separating Ireland from England, and of establishing a republic.

In September, 1802, intelligence was received by these exiles of the most cheering description, being no less than the successful progress of the conspiracy of Colonel Despard for assassinating the king and overturning the government. On the receipt of this news, a meeting was convened of such Irish exiles as could then be collected. After some debate, it was agreed that Dowdall, whose return to the United Kingdom had not been prohibited, should proceed to London to glean further particulars, and, if possible, to promote the intended explosion.

In a few days, Dowdall set forward by the way of Hamburg, and reached London in safety. He presented his credentials, and offered his services to Despard, and was received with the most cordial satisfaction. Matters between them were soon arranged; and Dowdall, having communicated the result of this interview to his friends in Paris, departed for Dublin, in order to concert measures for an active co-operation.

In Dublin he found the great number of his old acquaintance exactly as when he had seen them last, and discovered that enough of the embers of rebellion still remained to afford a hope that another explosion might be excited. Thus far, matters were decidedly favourable; but, on his becoming explicit regarding the service in which he was engaged, he found that, though many were willing to countenance his views none, except those of the lower orders, were disposed to embark in such a dangerous undertaking. He was not, however, to be deterred from his purpose, by what he deemed merely the gloomy surmises of the few: he set about forming a band of brothers, in whom he could confide; and, with the money that had been furnished him, confidential workmen were engaged in various warlike preparations. Vast numbers of pike-heads were forged, and handles provided, cut for them into proper lengths. But these were not rounded off; so that, if discovered, their use could have been only conjectured.

Though Dowdall continued indefatigable in the discharge of the perilous duties in which he had engaged, yet he appears to have wanted, at least, one great essential for such an arduous and important trust. In his better days he had mingled freely in those convivial meetings which had characterised the advancement of the united system, and in his progress had become rather a *bon vivant.* Vain of his present office, he was often remarkable for his volubility of speech, especially after dinner, which several times had been the cause of no little uneasiness to his friends. On one of these occasions he talked openly of the intended insurrection, when a known Orangeman sat at table. This imprudence is believed to have only escaped observation by a feigned dispute, got up for the purpose of drowning his ill-timed harangue.

For some time after, affairs were considered in such imminent danger, that all operations were suspended; and Dowdall, being threatened by "a visit from *Moiley*,"* deserted his charge. So great was the alarm excited, that a letter was despatched to Despard, signed "*A Friend*," entreating him to desist, as it was feared that his plans were discovered. From the government having been previously in possession of the intended movements of Despard, it is supposed this letter never reached his hand.

Soon after, Dowdall having found means to pacify his associates, and promising to be more circumspect, business was renewed. But on the apprehension of Despard in London, on the 16th November, all operations were again abandoned. Dowdall was so seriously alarmed, that he disappeared from his former haunts; and though inquiries were frequently made by his friends, he kept so completely secluded, that they were unable to discover his retreat.

In the midst of this fearful state of things, when all except a few of the most sanguine adherents deemed matters lost, Robert Emmet and William Hamilton arrived in Dublin from Paris. From their arrival at this critical juncture, it is more than probable that, at their setting out, they had contemplated being present at the grand co-operative movement to be made in favour of Despard.

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* Their names were, Samuel Neilson, woolen-draper, and editor of the *Northern Star* newspaper; Henry Haslet, Samuel Kennedy, Rowley Osburne, Daniel Shanaghan, John Young, James Barclay, Charles Teeling, and Samuel Musgrave. The last two belonged to Lisburn.

† Brother to Thomas A. Emmet, barrister-at-law, one of the prisoners sent to Fort George.

* A cant term for assassination. The writer has often heard the word, *Moiley*, thus applied: but he has been unable to discover the origin of its application as a term for murder.

Mr. Emmet, under the name of Hewit, put up at an obscure lodging at Harold's Cross, in the vicinity of Dublin, where he soon learned the disorganized state of those preparations which had promised so favourably to his views. In this dilemma, a meeting was convened of the most influential of those who had countenanced the late undertaking; and, Mr. Emmet offering to embark his talents and fortune in the enterprise, it was resolved that a subscription should be entered into, to enable him to perfect a military organization throughout the kingdom.

From this period the warlike preparations were renewed with redoubled vigour, and workshops and Magazines were established in several obscure parts of Dublin, in which upwards of forty expert workmen were employed. About this time Mr. Emmet shifted his quarters to Rathfarnham, where he and Dowdall lived in the greatest seclusion, the former under the name of Robert Ellis.

Hamilton was now despatched to Paris for Thomas Russel; who soon after arrived, accompanied by Quigly, the former under the assumed name of Fraser, and the latter of Graham.

An executive council was immediately formed, over whose deliberations Mr. Emmet always presided. The members were, Russel, Hamilton, Dowdall, Quigly, and Nicholas Stafford; and occasionally Thomas Wilde, Redmond, M'Intosh, Allan, and a few others of less fatal notoriety. Their meetings were usually held in the grand depot, Mass Lane, off Thomas Street. Here all important measures were arranged; the various forms of government propounded and discussed; and, among other visionary schemes, even the wild theories of the Spencean school[*] appear to have engaged their attention. On one occasion a motion was made that, on the revolution taking place, a proclamation should be issued by the government, forbidding all payments by persons, except for value actually received—and declaring the soil free to the cultivator, the tenant founding his right of exclusive possession on his improvements. This proposal was, however, rejected with indignation by Mr. Emmet. "I would rather," said he, "cease to exist, than live to witness the confusion and misery such a measure would bring on the nation. Let that afterwards be the people's work, if they will: it shall never be mine."

Sometimes the discourse turned on the blood about to be shed, which Mr. Emmet always declared should flow as sparingly as possible, consistently with the common safety. Russel was also eloquent, at times, on the sparing of human life, making frequent allusions to the wisdom and dispensations of Providence; displaying, by turns, the gloomy zeal of the fanatic and the piety of the saint.

Early in March, a letter was received in Dublin, from friends in Belfast, anxiously inquiring into the political state of the capital, and whether all hopes were relinquished of wresting the "*Green Island*" from her tyrants. The letter concluded by expressing a hope, that some great effort would yet be made to place old Ireland in that pre-eminence to which she was so justly entitled, as

> "First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

This communication was immediately submitted to the junto in Mass Lane, where the contents diffused the liveliest satisfaction. The letter was read again and again, amidst the most enthusiastic approbation; and it was unanimously agreed that Russel should repair to the "*Black North*," to promote by his presence a co-operation in that quarter.

In a few days Russel departed for Belfast, accompanied by a confidential agent from that neighbourhood. To evade observation, they took a circuitous route; and reached their destination in safety on the evening of the third day from their leaving Dublin. On the following day their arrival was announced to their friends, and a meeting appointed. About twenty persons attended, when, after mutual congratulations and inquiries, Russel proceeded to lay before them the object of his mission, with a brief detail of the prosperous state of affairs. He particularly dwelt on the number and respectability of their friends, the secrecy and despatch with which all their plans were conducted, and the certainty of the success of the undertaking; concluding by a eulogium on the patriotism of Belfast, and expressing a hope that no time would be lost in organizing the veteran patriots of the North.

To this proposal no direct objections were made; yet, from the silence observed for some time after, it was evident that the greater number of the assembly were rather taken by surprise. However, the most influential of those present assenting to his views, it was agreed that they should assemble on the second night after, to deliberate on the plans now submitted for their consideration.

During the stay of Russel and his friend at Belfast, excursions were made by them into the country, for the purpose of establishing a safe and confidential communication among their adherents. At Knockbracken, county of Down, meetings were held in the house of James Witherspoon, clerk to the covenanted congregation of that place; this sect, as in 1797–8, evincing the most inveterate hostility to the government.[*] The only meeting held by Russel in the county of Antrim, except those of the town or vicinity of Belfast, was at the Trench, near Roughfoot. From the thinness of the attendance, no other meeting was held at that place, though a correspondence was kept up with some active partisans in that neighbourhood.

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[*] A name taken from Thomas Spence, a native of Newcastle, who, about the year 1800 published several political tracts in London, in which he asserted that all land belonged in common to the people, and could not be sold nor alienated; and that the rents should all go for the benefit of the state.

[*] M'Nevins *Pieces of Irish History*, p. 19, in noticing the progress of the rebellion of 1798, states that the Covenanters were "republicans in religion and descent," and "the most active promoters of the system." In the spring of 1797, one of their ministers, named Gibson, perambulated the county of Antrim, preaching up treason and rebellion to thousands assembled in the fields. He was succeeded by another minister, named Orr, who traversed the country in a similar manner, but commonly chose more secluded stations for his missionary labours. In September, 1798, he was made prisoner after preaching near Gleno, and, we believe, had afterwards to give security to leave the country in a certain time. In 1797, the

About a fortnight was thus spent in looking out for proper agents; establishing a council of war in Belfast, to forward affairs in their absence; and devising means for maintaining a safe and expeditious intercourse with Dublin. These matters being satisfactorily arranged, Russel and his companion returned to make their report in Mass Lane, without having excited the slightest suspicion that any rebellious movements were contemplated.

In the meantime dispositions for the meditated insurrection in Dublin were proceeding with secrecy and despatch. Pikes continued to be prepared; blunderbusses, pistols, and swords were purchased, but in small numbers, lest the demand might excite suspicion. Gunpowder was procured in a similar manner; and two laboratories were established for the manufacture of rockets and grenades. As these several preparations were perfected, they were secreted behind a false, or double wall, erected some feet from the outer wall, and which extended around the house. This magazine was a contrivance of Mr. Emmet's; and, as the building was of considerable width, seemed well calculated to elude a cursory search. Some of the other stores were also furnished with secret magazines. In that of Patrick Street, a kind of pike was made, the shaft of which had a hinge to double like a lady's parasol. These could be carried under a great-coat: if necessary, they might likewise be fixed across streets or lanes; thus forming a formidable barrier, especially against cavalry.

About this period it became imperative to hasten on the insurrection. For some time there had been an unaccountable falling off in the subscriptions, though the eventful task fast approached completion. The want of money was, therefore, seriously felt; and Mr. Emmet had been obliged to rely chiefly upon his own resources. It was soon found that he could not continue to supply the constant drain of expenses; nor could they be diminished without risking materially the chance of success. At a special meeting of the council it was, therefore, agreed that Russel and his former colleague should again proceed to the North, to take the command of the patriots, who, from accounts recently received, were believed to be "burning with ardour for the contest." Hamilton, who some time before had been despatched on a particular service to the Roman Catholics of a wild district in the county of Cavan, was instructed by letter to head them in Belfast; and the hour of trial was finally fixed for the night of Saturday, the 23d of July, 1803. This night was selected, because on Saturday evenings a greater number of the working classes are abroad in the streets of Dublin than at other times. Hence, as many friends were expected from the country, it was supposed that they would escape observation until they actually appeared in arms. On the capture of the city, this success was to have been announced by the appearance of three rockets in the air; and afterwards was to have been communicated by fires raised on hills in the distance, and so to others. By this arrangement, it was supposed that the glad tidings would be known to their friends throughout the kingdom in one hour after the event had taken place. These fires were also to have been the signal for the people to rise in arms.

Preliminaries having been thus satisfactorily digested, the northern emissaries set forward by Ardee, avoiding the direct road to Newry. On their way thither the following accidents occurred, which, though of trivial import, are given here, as they prove the disordered state of the mind of Russel, and his unfitness for the arduous service in which he was engaged. Having gone into a field, on returning over a fence he slipped and fell, but received no material injury. He appeared much distressed by this accident, observing that it forboded ill luck; and, notwithstanding the raillery of his friend as to omens, he continued to brood over this casualty the remainder of their journey. Passing Jonesborough, they observed in the distance a number of persons on horseback advancing from Newry, who, from their moving in rather a compact body, were mistaken for dragoons. Russel immediately exclaimed, "All is lost! we are betrayed—it is the will of Providence—we'll submit—it's vain to strive against a host." Against this conduct his comrade remonstrated with some warmth. "We have each," said he, "two cases of loaded pistols; let us sell our lives as dearly as possible: it is cowardly to submit, no matter how great the odds. Be their numbers what they will, let us fight. Whatever be the issue, I shall ever prefer the chance of the field to the ignominy of the scaffold." By this time those on horseback had come so near as to be distinguished from dragoons, which put an end to this unpleasant altercation.

Leaving Newry, they took the road to Downpatrick; afterwards passing through Ballinahinch and Saintfield; they announced their arrival to a few friends, and appointed a meeting at Knockbracken,—the old precentor being by letter made aware of their approach.

On convening a meeting in Belfast, it was found that affairs were far from being in that prosperous state which had been anticipated from the accounts lately received. The council appointed had not followed up their instructions; neither stores nor arms had been provided. Except in a few cases, the correspondence with their friends had been neglected. Hence, to many deemed favourably disposed, their designs were unknown; while, to the mass of the people, even the idea of an insurrection was a complete mystery.

This unlooked-for neglect was succeeded by a series of equally ill-omened events. It was discovered that already fears and distractions had thinned their ranks. Several, having had time to reflect, had withdrawn from the society, on one pretence or another; while some seemed less ardent in their professions of attachment to the cause. A few, however, remained firm, and, if possible, were more enthusiastic than on their former visit. These talked much of the ardour and devotion of the people to the cause of *liberty* the moment the rising should become known; and proposed that Belfast should be secured at the same time as the capital. In furtherance of this project, it was proposed to surprise and disarm the military in their barracks. The discussion of this measure occupied the attention of the meeting

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Rev. William Stavely, covenanted pastor of Knockbracken, was for some time confined in Belfast, charged with seditious practices.

till a late hour, when they adjourned without coming to any determination.

On the following evening, Russel and his colleague attended at Knockbracken, where they found about twenty persons assembled, and the glass passing freely round. The chief person in this group was James Drake, a horse-jockey, from Lochinsland, a district about four miles from Downpatrick. Though Drake possessed no peculiar qualifications for a leader, he yet was a person of some influence among his numerous acquaintance. He was one of those rollicking fellows who are seen occasionally figuring away at country horse-races and fairs—flourishing a huge horsewhip—shaking hands with almost every person he meets—and equally ready, as occasion might serve, to break a head or crack a bottle.

Mutual salutations having passed, and the General's health (meaning Russel's) having been drunk in a bumper, he, having shaken hands with every brother in the room, proceeded to lay before the meeting the great object of his present visit to the North. He gave a brief detail of the secrecy and despatch with which all their plans had been conducted, the weakness and pusillanimity of the government, the distracted state of the country, and the devotion of the people to the cause in which he was embarked.

This address was received with the most hearty approbation. "*Erin go bragh!*" resounded in full chorus; and, at the end of each verse, the stamping of feet upon the floor, clapping of hands, and thumping of fists upon the table, made the glasses reverberate, and shook "the lonely spider's thin gray pall," which tapestried the rafters of the old precentor's room.

During this ebullition of patriotism and hilarity, Russel untied a bundle, and took from it a splendid military coat, green, edged with white and trimmed with gold, which he put on, and, bowing to the company, took several hasty turns across the room. Perhaps never before was a general so disappointed in the disposition and ardour of his troops. The very sight of those appointments silenced at once the confusion of tongues—the table was no longer in a roar—the fall of a pin might have been heard. Not one word was uttered by Drake, who the moment before had been so vociferous. Even the jugs and glasses ceased to perform their several rounds; while each person sat staring at his neighbour, as if inquiring, "What shall we say to this?" In fact, the company were quite taken by surprise. Up to the appearance of the uniform coat, they had considered the meeting merely as one of those drinking bouts which had marked the progress of the former rebellion, when, for years previous, the chief business had been to assemble, drink, and sing songs from "Paddy's Resource." No wonder, then, that they were astonished when they saw their general before them in the gorgeous livery of war, and were informed that the night of the ensuing Saturday was to be the *turn-out*,* and asked what number they could bring to assist in the *national warfare*.

The silence was at length broken; but though the glass began again to circulate, there was evident sluggishness in its movements, and the gayety of the company continued overcast. Some even proceeded to find fault with what they called too hasty an arrangement, and proposed that the insurrection should be put off until the arrival of the French. This they were informed was incompatible with the public safety, and that the rising could not be deferred. Soon after this intelligence the greater number of the party retired, on one pretence or another, leaving Drake and a few more in consultation with the general. At the parting of these, it was agreed that on to-morrow they would sound the dispositions of the people in their respective neighbourhoods, and again meet to report the result on the following night in Belfast.

The council had scarcely assembled, when Drake, with those who had been traversing the country, arrived, and gave rather a favourable account of the numbers and disposition of their friends in Down. Again the attack on the different barracks was brought under consideration, and again constituted the chief subject of debate, in the course of which a strange variety of wild and conflicting schemes were produced. It was, at length, agreed that the old barrack should be taken by the people of Belfast, and the new barrack by those from the country; the latter to meet at Shankill graveyard, and to be led on by Stephen Wall.* It was also determined that the insurrection in the counties of Down and Antrim should take place at the same time as that in Dublin, and commence by a general disarming of the military and those attached to the government. The signal in Belfast for the advance of the different corps was to have been the discharge of a six-pounder cannon against the gate of the old barrack. To keep its advance from being heard in the streets, the wheels were to have been wrapped about with hay ropes.

A new difficulty now arose, who was to lead the assault on the old barrack, which from the reluctance of several to this service, appears to have been considered a kind of forlorn hope. This difficulty produced some debate, during which various new plans were suggested; but no arrangement was made, and the council adjourned till the following evening.

In the interval a disastrous fact was disclosed, which for some days had been rather suspected. This was the defection of a person of considerable influence, who signified his intention to have nothing further to do with the affair. The misfortune was the more severely felt, as up to this time he had taken a lively interest in the undertaking. His cottage had been the chief place of Russel's retreat; who had only been secluded from the festivities of his mansion lest he should be recognised by some of his domestics. It was also discovered that his apostacy did not even end here. He had forwarded letters to the principal of those who had taken an active part in the proceedings, cautioning them against a rising as circumstances had just occurred which must bring those who attempted it to the scaffold. One of these letters was despatched to a surgeon in Ballymena, who was to have had a high command, another was forwarded to a Mr. S. in the Glynns, and a third to a farmer in Glenravel.

Though the gloom was evidently thickening fast,

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* The name commonly given by the Irish people to the rebellion of 1798; who appear to have a rooted aversion to calling it an insurrection or rebellion.

* Formerly sergeant in the Tipperary militia, then the keeper of a public-house in Belfast, and afterwards permanent sergeant of a yeomanry corps in that town. He died at New York.

Russel was the first person at the appointed place of meeting. The council had scarcely assembled, when they were seized with a panic, on which they retired by different routes to a house in Barry Street. Again a sudden terror came over the party, and they hastily removed, in fearful silence, to a house off High Street, where they resumed their deliberations, if such their distracted reveries may be called.

Though Russel must have felt no little chagrin from the series of disappointments to which he had lately been subjected, his manner seemed firm and unruffled; and, after some brief observations had passed, he arose and addressed the company with a considerable degree of confidence and ostentation. "The love of liberty," he said, "was almost coeval with his existence—it had 'grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;' and in her sacred cause he had braved the buffets of fortune, and endured, amidst a host of privations, the loss of friends, the scoffs of enemies, and the horrors of a prison. Still, under those difficulties, he had never been for a moment without hope; but at present he must draw a veil over the past, and attend only to the future. At this time he firmly believed the utmost wishes of his soul were on the eve of being realized. He was still confident that the good citizens of Belfast would be found at their post in the hour of trial, and that, from the effective measures arranged, little difficulty would be found in securing the barracks. For himself he was about to take the field: he had no fears whatever for the result. The green flag would be again unfurled: he trusted that all would be found well—that none would let slip this favourable opportunity. His only call was 'To arms!' his war cry, 'Liberty or death!'"

To this harangue no objections were made; and matters connected with the rising continued to be discussed, particularly the meditated capture of the barracks. By a strange fatality, every time this attack was talked over, new difficulties seemed to arise, till at length it was proposed that the insurrection should be postponed till a more fit and proper season. Russel immediately declared that it was too late to retreat or deliberate on that subject; and, the assembly not being likely to come soon to any determination, he and Drake took leave for Lochinisland. Just before their departure, Russel shared the contents of his scanty purse (four guineas) with his former colleague, now about to accompany Hamilton as aide-de-camp and guide. His words were "I have shared with you the contents of my military chest." They were scarcely gone when the council broke up, leaving affairs in the same uncertainty as when they had met. It was, however, agreed that they should assemble next morning at a cottage on the Antrim shore, lately the asylum of Russel, and still regarded as head-quarters.

About the hour appointed, a few persons met at the cottage; but, on their proceeding to discuss the matters connected with the project, their views were found still more discordant than on the preceding night. The attack on the old barracks, the principal subject of debate, continued to distract their councils.

Their deliberations appeared to savour much of those in the fable of the mice, when devising means for hanging a bell round the neck of the cat; and, like them, though all approved of the measure, none were disposed to lead the attack.

Disgusted by such trifling, Hamilton and his staff, amounting to two persons, departed for the neighbourhood of Craigbilly, leaving a messenger in waiting to forward the final result of the council. This person was not long kept in suspense; they could not agree, and soon after adjourned, we believe, *sine die*.

Just before their departure, a few thoughtless, illiterate fellows, were sent about the country with proclamations, headed, "Thomas Russell,"[*] calling upon the people to rise in arms. These papers were wet from the press, and were to have been kept secret until some favourable intelligence might be received. The persons, who had them in charge, however, had not proceeded two miles, when, through an ill-timed zeal, they distributed them freely to almost every person they met. At Carnmoney and Ballyclare, some of those proclamations were posted up, and meetings held in furtherance of the scheme. These assemblies were less numerous than had been expected, though the orders to attend were usually accompanied with imprecations and threats. In Carnmoney, the few adherents determined to proceed to the camp, as the place of intended rendezvous was called; and early on the following morning some straggling parties of about half a dozen persons, armed with pikes or muskets, set forward for the vicinity of Broughshane. Those of Ballyclare were more circumspect. On consulting together, they despatched a messenger to inform the General that they would not attend, until account should come to hand of the success of the rising in Dublin. Meetings of a few disaffected persons were also held in several other places of the county of Antrim; but the people generally refused to take any part in the affair.

In the evening Hamilton and his party reached the village of Kells, where they halted to take some refreshment; after which one of them went in search of some old acquaintances, who, like himself, had been engaged in the warfare of 1798. A few friends were found, to whom was disclosed their perilous mission. They were much surprised—wondered if it were possible their plan could succeed—declared their attachment to the "*good old cause*"—and the next moment questioned the policy of the undertaking. While they declared their own principles unchanged, they said that the people were far from being so unanimous in their politics as before "*the turn-out.*" The "troubles" of that period were still fresh in the recollections of many: there were even Orangemen in that county, where formerly none but true patriots dared to be seen. They were therefore certain that the people would not turn out, unless some favourable intelligence was received beforehand. In reply, they were assured that there was not the least doubt of Dublin being in the possession of Mr. Emmet before twelve o'clock—that Belfast, and the principal towns in Down, would be secured at the same moment; but, for their part, no movements were intended until the arrival of favourable news.

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[*] The following is an exact copy of the proclamation:—

"THOMAS RUSSEL.

"Men of Ireland!—Once more in arms to assert the rights of mankind and liberate the country! You see, by the secrecy with which this great effort has been conducted, by the multitudes in all parts of Ireland who are engaged in executing this great object, that your provisional government has acted with wisdom. You will see that in Dublin, in the west, the north, and the south, the blow has been struck in the same moment. Your enemies can no more withstand, than they could foresee, this mighty exertion. The proclamation and regulations will show that your interest and honour have been considered. Your General, appointed by that government to command in this district, has only to exhort you strongly to comply with these regulations. Your valour is well known. Be as just and humane as you are brave, and then rely with confidence that God, with whom alone is victory, will crown your efforts with success.

"The General orders that hostages shall be secured in all quarters; and hereby apprises the English commanders, that any outrage, contrary to the acknowledged laws of war and of morality, shall be retaliated in the severest manner. And he further makes known, that such Irish as, in ten days from the date of this, are found in arms against their country, shall be treated as rebels, committed for trial, and their properties confiscated. But all men behaving peaceably shall be under the protection of the laws.

"*Head-quarters, July* 24, 1803."

This last information renovated the spirits of their Kells friends, which the moment before had been evidently on the wane—perhaps from a recollection of their perils and hairbreadth escapes during the late rebellion, when several of their associates had met with an ignominious fate. Now nothing was heard of but readiness to prepare for the rising. Some even talked of wiping off the disgrace incurred at Antrim, in the battle fought in that town, June 7, 1798, from which it was acknowledged the regiment of Kells had made a very precipitate retreat. The contents of a few tumblers having been swallowed, with at least an equal number of toasts, about "*crushing tyrants,*" the "*sovereign people,*" and "*rights of man,*" it was agreed that those persons, with as many friends as could be collected, should repair on the following morning to a bog between Craigbilly and Broughshane. These were also apprised that a council of officers was to be held there at an early hour, by which time it was supposed the expected intelligence might arrive.

On parting, Hamilton and his followers crossed the country to Skirry, where they halted for the night; but their host, though he welcomed them to his best, refused to take any part in their proceedings. At their entreaty, however, a messenger was despatched to the Glynns and Glenravel, to notify to the leaders of the disaffected in those places that their General was come, and anxiously expected their presence on the following morning.

Hamilton passed the night in contemplating the situation of the mountains, bogs, and defiles, of the county of Antrim, as laid down on a large map unrolled before him. About sunrise the party repaired to the ground appointed, and were there joined by a few persons, chiefly from Kells or its neighbourhood. Soon after other stragglers also arrived, whose spirits were kept up by details of the numbers expected immediately from the Glynns. The numbers assembled never exceeded above twenty persons; for, as some arrived, others, alarmed at so thin a muster, retired without even the ceremony of taking leave.

Presently two of the leaders expected from the Glynns and Glenravel arrived, but without any troops,—a disappointment as severe as unexpected, the chief strength for the insurrection in Antrim having been supposed to lie in those districts. Hamilton was quite disconcerted by this new disaster, but said little; while with a hurried pace he spurned at the rushes as they lay in his way, and his downcast eyes and disordered looks testified his deep and violent perturbation. Their numbers not seeming likely soon to increase, and the people beginning to talk, it was proposed that they should separate for the present, for fear of exciting an alarm. It was also agreed that the general and suite should retire to Broughshane, and there pass for smugglers; their Glynn friend being well known as one deeply engaged in the contraband trade. Two persons were to remain on the field, to signify to such friends as might arrive that their leader was at hand, and would again appear on the receipt of expected despatches.

In the evening a lad arrived in Broughshane from Ballymena, with intelligence that considerable alarm prevailed in that town, in consequence of a report that there was going to be "*another turn-out,*" and that the yeomanry were in arms. On this information, the party immediately decamped, taking the road to Glenravel, but separating soon after, each person shifted for himself; while Hamilton and his colleague returned to their former quarters in Skirry.

By the following day reports were in circulation that Dublin had been taken by the rebels; but in the evening a boy who had been despatched to Belfast, arrived with a verbal account of the total failure of the insurrection. The General and his colleague again determined on changing their quarters, and removed to a farm-house in the vicinity of Clough, which from the high loyalty of its owner, was not likely to be subjected to a military visitation.

Here they passed several weeks without molestation, though at times alarmed by fears of a discovery, or of their being betrayed. During the day, they usually remained at some distance from each other in the fields. At night, while one slept, the other kept watch in front of their lodgings, armed with loaded pistols.

In a few weeks the excitement created by this insurrection having in a great measure subsided, the wanderers, early one morning, bade adieu to their hospitable host. Joining the people going to market at Ballymoney, they passed through that town; and, again mixing with those on their way home from market, they crossed the river Bann into the county of Derry, and continued their route into Monaghan, where they parted for ever. Hamilton retired to the house of a Mr. D——, who had been his chum at college; while his trusty comrade proceeded to the county of Meath, and hired with a farmer for the harvest. A few mornings after, the hamlet in which he resided was surrounded by a body of horsemen, under the orders of Major Sirr, who searched minutely every house for some person evidently deemed of high consideration. During this search the reapers assembled were permitted to go to their labour; and our hero, in his working-garb, with hook in hand, passed close to the major, who was little aware how near he was to the object of his pursuit.

Of rambling and convivial habits, Hamilton soon tired of that seclusion to which he was now compelled, 300*l.* being offered for his apprehension.* He cidentally dislocated one of the fingers of his right hand. He was immediately taken to the Castle and identified. He seemed no way cast down—talked freely of the cause in which he had lately been engaged, and his readiness to support it in the field or to die for it on the scaffold. Soon after, he was transferred for trial to Downpatrick, where we shall leave him, and proceed to notice the dispositions made by Mr. Emmet in Dublin; whose failure probably saved much bloodshed in the North.

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* In the reward offered he is thus described: "He is about six feet high, slender make, fair complexion, strong

From the departure of Russel, affairs connected with the meditated insurrection were continued with redoubled despatch, when an accident occurred which it was feared would have led to a discovery, or at least to have again retarded the operations. Several artificers were employed at No. 26 Patrick Street, in a laboratory of rockets and grenades, one of whom let fall from his pipe a spark of fire upon the floor, which had become incrusted by the frequent drippings of inflammable matter, as conveyed from a furnace to a table in the room. An explosion immediately followed, accompanied by a tremendous crash.* The floors were torn in pieces, and the house rent to the foundation. One of the workmen was killed; and several so dreadfully wounded, that they had to be carried to the nearest infirmary. The adjoining houses were all more or less injured; and during the alarm which succeeded, the police repaired to the ruin, and found it strewed with copper ladles, nitre, and other inflammable materials, supposed to have been employed in the making of gunpowder. Contrary to the fears of those concerned, no further inquiry was made. By this explosion the pikes with handles like parasols were destroyed; a circumstance much regretted by Mr. Emmet, as, from his limited time, they could not be replaced.

From this period Mr. Emmet seldom left the grand depôt. He even slept there at night—inspected every preparation—read or wrote by turns; and, when tired, threw himself on a mattress which lay in a corner on the floor. The state of his feelings at this time cannot be better described than in his own words, taken from a paper in his handwriting, afterwards found in the magazine:—"I have little time to look to the thousand difficulties which still lie between me and the completion of my wishes. That those difficulties will disappear, I have an ardent and, I trust, rational hope. But if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection. And if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition, which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to the visions of happiness that my fancy formed in the air."

Hope has been defined the dream of one awake; and probably never could hope be more truly depicted a dream than by the above reverie, evidently the delusion of a distempered mind, labouring under a strange infatuation. The following were the projected arrangements.—The operations were to commence by a general assault upon the barriers, or outposts of the city. The Pigeon House, lying at the greatest distance, was the first to have been assailed. Two hundred men were appointed for this service: to assemble at low-water on the strand between Irishtown and Sandymount, and to pass between the Pigeon House and Light House. The four hundred men, destined for the attack upon Island Bridge, to meet in a quarry-hole, opposite to a burial-ground: a party, for the same purpose, were also to have been secreted near the Coal Quay. On a concerted signal, these bodies were to rush forward, to seize the sentinels, and secure the cannon. The attention of the military in barrack was to have been diverted by a false attack made on their rear.

The assault on the Castle was to commence by the entrance of two job-coaches, with six persons armed inside of each; which were to drive in at the upper gate, and to halt in the yard. Those inside, and the postilions, then to alight, turn back, and with the assistance of one hundred men from the depot in Patrick Street, to seize the guard. In case of failure, a person was to rap at the door of Mr. Lamprey, and on its being opened, to secure it, and admit others, who were to descend into the Castle-yard by ladders from a window near the roof of the guard-house. At the same time a brisk fire was to have been opened on the military from the windows of a house in Ship-Street. For the purpose of covering these several attacks, feints were to have been made on other posts held by the military in the city.

The streets or lanes, by which it was supposed the troops in garrison would attempt to pass through on the alarm, to be blocked up by massive chains fastened across, coaches, cars, carts, drays, and butcher's stalls, overturned in promiscuous confusion. To assist in this blockade, the inhabitants of some lanes are said to have agreed to carry their most bulky furniture into the streets. The corner houses at these barriers to be occupied by their friends, who were to pour upon those who should attempt to remove the blockade a shower of stones and other missiles. The battery and magazine in the Park to be taken at the same time.

Among the preparations were hollow beams, formed of the outside slabs of planks, nailed together, to resemble solid timber. These were filled with stones, shot, and inflammable materials; and were to have been put on carriages, and conveyed to certain places in the streets, and exploded by a fusee. Bottles filled with gunpowder, and embedded in stiff clay, stuck closely about with musket-balls, and covered with canvass, were to have been cast by the hand as grenades. Massive boards, about nine feet in length, were braced together by bars, and studded with iron spikes, for the purpose of being laid upon the bridges over the Liffey, to stop the progress of cavalry. Grappling-irons and scaling-ladders were in preparation; and at least forty thousand ball-cartridges were prepared.

To carry these several designs into execution, at least four thousand men belonging to the city were expected to unite, and about the same number from the country in its vicinity. The latter were to assemble at Costigan's Mill, and to wait there for the signal to advance. Three hundred were to arrive from the county of Wexford, four hundred from that of Kildare, and two hundred from Wicklow; all of whom had seen active service during the late rebellion, understood both attack and defence and were therefore considered veteran troops.

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* The chemist was George M'Daniel, a blue-dier, who *afterwards* became an informer.

retired, and endeavoured to surprise the Coombe barrack. On this occasion several of the rebels advanced close to the guard, and discharging their pieces, wounded two of the men; but being briskly fired upon in return, they retreated, leaving several of their party dead. The watchhouse in Vicar Street was attacked twice in the course of the same night, but with no better success.

While these things were passing, a police-officer named Wilson, having heard that a mob was collecting, advanced at the head of eleven men into Thomas Street. Hearing some shots fired in the direction of the Marshalsea prison, he concluded that it was assailed, and hastened by Dirty Lane, in order to take the mob in their rear. On his arrival, he was surprised to find himself within a few perches of the head of a column of armed rebels, amounting to between three and four hundred men. Determined, however, to assume a bold tone, rather than to make a precipitate retreat, he called on them to lay down their arms, and was answered by being severely wounded by a pike. Firing immediately commenced between the parties, by which one of the watchmen was killed, and several of the rebels; but the latter opening their ranks, in order to bring those who had fire-arms from the rear, Wilson hastily retired to the Coombe.

In the meantime a picquet of the military, consisting of between forty and fifty men, who had been despatched into Thomas Street on the report of the assemblage of a rebellious mob, arrived at the head of the above street, near James's Gate. On passing an entry, a shot was fired from it, which mortally wounded one of the soldiers; and at the same time a bottle was thrown from a window—probably one of those charged as a grenade—but it did not explode. Hearing loud huzzas in front, and a tumultuous noise of people advancing, with the cry of "Loyal Pikemen, charge them—here they come!" the officer in command told off his men into sections, ordered them to prime and load, and, after the first volley, each to fire as fast as he could. On the first fire the insurgents fled; and on receiving two other volleys, they entirely dispersed, leaving some prisoners in the hands of the military. After this a few shots only were heard; no further resistance was made, and each person shifted for himself as he could.

A party of the army, in pursuit of some fugitives, entered Mass Lane, where, by the light of a flambeau, they proceeded to explore the depot, to which they were directed by its open doors, and the vast number of pikes scattered about. Here they found eight thousand copies of two proclamations of the provisional government. One of these was addressed to the people of Ireland, in which they were informed that nineteen counties were ready to take the field, and that their object was "to establish a free and independent republic in Ireland." To this was annexed a plan of the future representation of the kingdom.* The other proclamation was addressed to the citizens of Dublin, and began as follows:—"A band of patriots, mindful of their oath, and faithful to their engagement as United Irishmen, have determined to give freedom to their country, and a period to the long career of English oppression." Upwards of thirty-six thousand ball cartridges were discovered, with grenades, chains, scaling-ladders, and grappling-irons: the three last-mentioned articles were in an unfinished state. About eight thousand pikes were lying scattered around, a few green flags, several uniforms, and some cloth, of the same colour; and, in a desk, some papers in the handwriting of Mr. Emmet, and a manuscript volume, entitled, "*Elements of War.*"

On the total failure of this enterprise, Emmet, Dowdall, Quigly, Stafford, and eleven others, who, it is presumed, were also leaders, sought refuge in the wilds and recesses of the Wicklow mountains. Early on the morning of the 26th they entered the house of a farmer named Doyle, at Tallagh, about seven miles from Dublin. Mr. Emmet still wore his military dress; as did some of the others. They were armed with blunderbusses, and seemed in high spirits; amusing themselves by talking gibberish to their host, and calling one another French generals. After breakfast some of the party went to bed, and slept several hours; and about nine o'clock in the evening they all retired, and again sought the fastnesses of the hilly district.

During their stay on the mountains, dispositions were made by the friends of Mr. Emmet for his leaving the kingdom; when that wayward fatality, which appears to have attended all his steps, induced him on the 30th to return to his old quarters at Harold's Cross. This strange proceeding is said to have been for the sole purpose of having a farewell interview with Sarah, daughter of the celebrated Mr. Curran, to whom he had paid his addresses during his late unhappy preparations. We have not learned that he attained his object. But be that as it may, on the evening of the 25th August he was made a prisoner at his lodgings by Major Sirr. He attempted twice to escape, but was secured; and being put upon his trial for high treason, was found guilty, and suffered the extreme penulty of the law in Thomas Street, on the 20th September. His speech, when asked, on his trial, in the usual manner, why judgment of death should not be pronounced upon him, has been generally considered a piece of matchless eloquence, and, perhaps, stands unrivalled by any one in his situation; but as it has been often published, we forbear its repetition.

Of Mr. Emmet it has been observed, that "although few would ever think of justifying his projects or regretting their failure; yet his youth, his talents, the respectability of his connexions, and the evident delusion of which he was the victim, have excited more general sympathy for his unfortunate end, and more forbearance towards his memory, than is usually extended to the errors or sufferings of political offenders."*

The alarm excited by the proceedings of the disaffected in the counties of Down and Antrim having attracted the notice of the government, several persons were apprehended in those counties, and committed to prison; and on the following October a special commission was issued for their trial.† In the county of Down, bills of indictment were found against Thomas Russel, James Drake, James Curry, Fergus M'Cartan, Michael Maguire, James Smith, Patrick Doran, and James Fitzgerald. Only the three first were put upon their trial, who were found guilty and executed. Maguire pleaded guilty and was afterwards transported. M'Cartan's trial was put off, and he was afterwards liberated on bail. The others were admitted evidence for the crown.

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* The county of Antrim was to have sent thirteen *members; the* town of Belfast, eight: the county of Down, *sixteen members; Londonderry, nine.*

* *Life of John P. Curran*, by his Son, vol. ii.

† Among the persons confined at this time, charged with treasonable practices, were Isabella Shaw, Dundalk, and Margaret Monroe, Lisburn, imprisoned in the county of

The trial of Russel took place on the 19th October, but he made no defence. After the statement and evidence had been gone through on the part of the crown, he spoke as follows: "I shall not trouble my lawyer to make any statement of my case: I consider myself precluded from making any, as a man of honour. There are but three possible modes of making defence: first, by calling witnesses to prove the innocence of my conduct; secondly, by calling them to impeach the credit of the other witnesses; and thirdly, proving an *alibi*. As I cannot resort to these modes of defence without involving others, I consider myself precluded from any."

Previous to the charge of the judge, he asked if it was not permitted for a person in his situation to say a few words, as he wished to give his valedictory advice to his countrymen in as concise a manner as possible, being well convinced how speedy would be the transition from that vestibule to the scaffold and the grave. He was told the proper time was previous to the sentence. In that period he spoke in an energetic, but rather an unconnected manner, for the space of about twenty minutes.[*]

From his arrival at Downpatrick, he occasionally inquired if the French had landed in Ireland. Even on the morning of the day of his execution, he made

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Antrim jail, Carrickfergus. They were liberated in January 1804.

[*] His speech:—"Before I address myself to the audience, I return thanks to the gentlemen on the part of the crown for the accommodation and indulgence I have received during my confinement. I return my thanks to the gentlemen of the jury, for the patient investigation they afforded to my case; and I return my thanks to the court, for the attention and politeness they have shown during my trial.

"In what I intend now to say, I shall advert to two things: the first, apparently trifling, my dress; and secondly, my political sentiments and conduct. The attorney-general has been pleased to consider my dress in a ludicrous point of view: I should wish that he could turn tragedy into farce. The dress in which I now appear, this black silk handkerchief, I always wore, even when I went into evening parties. As to my political sentiments, I shall express myself in as brief a manner as possible, not wishing to engross the time of the court. I look back to the last thirteen years of my life with entire satisfaction, being the period in which I have interfered in the transactions of Ireland. Though for my own share in them I am about to die, the gentlemen of the jury having by their verdict put the seal of truth upon the evidence now given against me—whether at this time, or in this country, situated as it is, it may be safe to inflict the punishment of death upon me for the offences with which I am charged, I leave to the gentlemen who conduct the prosecution. My death may, perhaps, be useful in deterring others from following my example: it may serve for a memorial to some, and in trying occasions it may inspire others with courage. I can now say, as far as my judgment enables me, that I have acted for the good of my country and of the world. It may be presumptuous in me to deliver my opinions as a statesman; but as government has singled me out as a leader, and given me the appellation of a General, I am in some degree entitled so to do. To me it is plain that all things are verging to a change, when all shall be of one opinion. In ancient times we read of great empires having their rise and fall; and yet do the old governments proceed as if all things were immutable. From the time I could observe and reflect, I perceived there were two kinds of laws—the laws of God and the laws of the state. By the former I have always endeavoured to regulate my conduct; but that laws of the latter kind exist in Ireland, no one who knows me, I believe, can deny. That such laws * * * * * have existed in former times, many and various examples clearly evince.

"The Saviour of the world, Christ, died by the Roman laws; by the same laws his apostles were put to the torture, and deprived of their existence, in his cause. By my conduct, I do not consider that I have committed any guilt: I have committed no moral evil. I do not want many and bright examples of those who have gone before me. But did I look for this encouragement, the recent example of a youthful hero, a martyr in the cause of liberty, who has just died for his country, would inspire me. I have declined into the vale of manhood—I have learned to estimate the realities and delusions of this world;—*he* was surrounded by every thing that could endear the world to him, in the bloom of youth, with fond attachments, and with the fascinating charms of health and innocence. To this death, even in this state, I look back with rapture. I have travelled much, and through various parts of the world, and I think the Irish are the most virtuous nation on the face of the earth: they are a good and a generous people, and, had I ten thousand lives, I would yield them in their service. If it be the will of God that I suffer for that with which I am charged, I am perfectly resigned to submit to His holy dispensation; but I know that, without He will it, not a hair of my head can be touched. As the soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, I will bow me down to whatsoever I may be ordained to undergo in this mortal world. I do not wish to trespass much more upon the time of those who hear me; and, did I do so, an indisposition which has seized me since I came into court would prevent my purpose.

"However, before I go from this to a better world, I would address myself to the landed aristocracy of this country. The word, aristocracy, I do not mean to use as an insulting epithet, but in the common sense of the expression. Perhaps, as my voice may be considered as the voice of one crying from the grave, what I now say may have some weight. I see many around me who, during the last years of my life, have disseminated principles for which I am about to die. These gentlemen, who have all the wealth and power of the country in their hands, I strongly and warmly exhort to pay attention to the poor:—by the poor, I mean the labouring classes of the community, their tenantry and dependants. I advise them, for their own good, to look into their grievances, to sympathize in their distresses, and to spread comfort and happiness through their dwellings—it might be that they will not hold their power long; and, at all events, to attend to the wants and distresses of the poor is their truest interest. If they hold their power, they will thus have friends around them; and I am sure, unless they act thus, they never can be happy.

"I shall now appeal to the right hon. gentleman, in whose hands the lives of the prisoners are, that he will rest satisfied with my death, and let that alone suffice for the crimes into which it may be supposed I have deluded them. I trust the gentleman will restore them to their friends and families. If he will do so, I can assure him that inquiry to that effect; and, on being answered in the negative, he expressed his surprise. He was executed at Downpatrick, on the 21st October. He said nothing on the scaffold, further than expressing a hope that he died in peace with all mankind. On the body being taken down, no provision had been made for its being decapitated; and it was carried into the jail-yard for that purpose. Soon after, the executioner made his appearance on the scaffold, with the head between his hands, the hair being too closely cropped to suspend it by. The corpse was interred at the parish church, Downpatrick; where a plain slab marks the spot where rest his remains, on which is inscribed:

"THIS IS THE GRAVE OF RUSSEL."

The front of this stone has been several times turned down to the ground, and as often again replaced in its proper position.

At the assizes held for the country of Antrim, bills for high treason were found against David Porter, Andrew Hunter, John M'Owen, John Owen, and Joseph Thompson. Only the two first were put upon their trial, who were found guilty and executed. The others, who belonged to Ballymena, were some months after liberated, on giving bail.

In October, Quigly, Stafford, and a person named Perot, belonging to Lucan, near Dublin, were made prisoners at Ardfry, county of Galway. They were not brought to trial; and some years afterwards were liberated.

A few persons connected with this rebellion, belonging to the county of Down, were confined in Belfast. On the night of the 20th September, 1804; they effected their escape by undermining the walls of their prison. One hundred pounds reward was offered for the apprehension of each; but none of them were taken.

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breeze which conveys to him the prayers and blessings of their wives and children will be more grateful than that which may be tainted with the stench of putrified corpses, carrying with it the cries of the widow and orphans. Standing, as I do, in the presence of God and man, I entreat him to let my life alone atone for the fault of all, and that my blood alone may flow.

"If I am therefore to die, I have two requests to make. My first is, that, as I have been for some time engaged in a work, possibly of some advantage to the world, I may be indulged with three days for its completion.* Secondly, as there are ties which even death cannot sever, and as there are some who have a regard for me after death, I request that my body, mutilated and disfigured as it may be, may be delivered, after the execution of the law, to these dear friends, that it may be conveyed to the ground where my parents are laid, and where these faithful few may be permitted to grieve. And now, about to pass into the presence of Almighty God, I declare I feel no enmity in my mind to any being—none to those persons who have borne testimony against me—none to those who have conducted the prosecution—none to the jury, who have pronounced the verdict of my death."

The judge then pronounced the sentence of death, to which he listened with the greatest composure, bowed respectfully to the court, and retired.

* This is understood to have been a commentary upon the Book of Revelations. After his death, all his papers *were forwarded to Dublin.* His request respecting his *body was not complied with.*

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., from a variety of Original Sources.* By James Prior, Esq., F. S. A.; Member of the Royal Irish Academy; and Author of the Life of Burke. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1836.

2. *The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., with a variety of Pieces in Prose and Verse, now included for the first time.* By James Prior, Esq. London. 4 vols. 8vo. 1836.

WE have satisfaction in observing that the enterprise of the booksellers has at length taken a bent which we several years ago told them would be found more beneficial to themselves, as well as to the public, than the rage for new 'libraries' *de omni scibili.* The monthly volumes which then threatened to pour upon us to the crack of doom, had the advantages of convenient form and cheap price, accompanied with elegance of print, and not unfrequently with lavish ornament in the way of engraving; but, to say nothing of real thought or talent, they, with few exceptions, reflected but little credit on the industry, and less on the honesty, of the compilers. That flimsy manufacture, the steam-tambouring of literature, seems to have made room for the less showy speculation of preparing, under the direction of graver persons, carefully annotated editions of those *classics* of our country, whose writings may afford manly aliment to the understanding, and pure examples to the taste of the rising generation. Among the undertakings of this better order which have recently come under our view, we must allow a distinguished place to these labours of Mr. Prior, whose Life of Burke was criticised at some length in one of our numbers for 1826. Ever since that time he has been seduously engaged in collecting materials for a biography of Goldsmith, on a scale somewhat commensurate with his merits; and having, in the course of his researches, discovered many pieces, both in prose and verse, which, though worthy of his reputation, had never been included in any collection of his works, Mr. Prior at length resolved to prepare an enlarged and corrected edition of his distinguished countryman's *Miscellanies*, to be issued from the press at the same time with this memoir. We have the two books now before us—and proceed to notice, more briefly than we could wish to have done, the very considerable accession to our knowledge for which this modest and diligent man may demand the thanks of every student of our literature.

It is not to the honour of England, least of all is it to the honour of Ireland, that sixty years should have passed after the death of Goldsmith before any attempt was made to give the events of his life in accurate detail. Till now, however, there had been put forth, professedly to gratify curiosity on this head, nothing more valuable than one of the most meagre of prefaces. It was drawn up, indeed, by a person who received some verbal communications from two or three of the poet's surviving friends; but, except their half dozen anecdotes, a single loose letter on his adventures by his eldest sister, and such trivial specimens of his own familiar correspondence as hardly sufficed to fill three pages, the nameless preface-writer produced almost nothing that could throw any real light on his subject. In fact, the personal character of this delightful author has been abandoned to the casual notices of Boswell—who, for whatever reason, bore him little good will, sets down nothing that might tend to counterbalance the ludicrous stories in which he introduces his name, and betrays a lurking disposition to undervalue even the talents for which his own great idol took every opportunity of expressing the highest respect. Mr. Croker and his coadjutors, more especially Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh, seem to agree that Boswell, among many more pardonable weaknesses, all along regarded Goldsmith with a fretful jealousy. He, to the last, envied him his fame; but in the beginning of their intercourse he envied him above all things the avowed esteem of Johnson. From an early date Boswell had resolved to attempt, if he should outlive Johnson, the task which he ultimately executed, in so far as Johnson was concerned, with inimitable success. But his *Doctor Minor* was twenty years his *Doctor Major's* junior; he found them living in habits of familiarity in London, while his own visits to the capital were, and were likely to be, but rare; and Mrs. Thrale's information, that when Johnson was asked who ought to write his life, the answer was, 'Goldy would, no doubt, do it the best,' seems not only to have hung and rankled in his mind while Goldsmith lived, but to have left its traces in the last, long subsequent, labours of his pen. This is a painful and pitiable feature in, what we consider as, on the whole, the best-natured, as well as the most amusing, of books. But we are conscious that when we devoured Boswell in our boyish days, we were little prepared to discriminate and cross examine; and, we are sorry to add, we doubt whether all the counter-working of Mr. Prior's zeal will be found sufficient to modify, to much extent, the impression which familiarity with the charming pages of Goldsmith's habitual detractor has spread over the minds of our own coevals. On the race that is preparing to push us from our stools, his labours will perhaps produce an effect more adequate to his anticipations.

Goldsmith happily called one of the arts in which he has never been surpassed, that of 'building a book;' but the most studious of his admirers does not shine as a compiler. We could hardly praise too highly the sagacity and patience with which he has hunted every hint of information, whether oral or documentary, but he has seldom shone skill in his manner of putting together the results. His minute accounts of the way in which he traced out every item of novelty that he presents ought to have been given in his *preface:* they belong—not to the history of Goldsmith—but to the history of Mr. Prior's book. His episodic chapters on Goldsmith's obscure literary associates and forgotten antagonists should have been first cut down very considerably—and then thrown into so many articles of an appendix; and the new and valuable illustrations of the early career of Burke, which he has crammed head and shoulders into the midst of Goldsmith's story, should have been reserved for another edition of his Life of Burke. There are, moreover, some clumsy repetitions—and heavy disquisitions, both moral and critical, which it is impossible not to wish away altogether. To balance these defects and errors we recognise throughout Mr. Prior's main narrative a candid mind, kept active by a generous enthusiasm in the cause of virtue and genius, and a plain, unaffected style, never disfigured by tinsel garnishing, and now and then rising into a certain sober dignity which we are oldfashioned enough to prefer to either the point of wit or the pomp of rhetoric. But the solid worth of the biography consists in the striking anecdotes which Mr. Prior has gathered in the course of his anxious researches among Goldsmith's few surviving acquaintances, and the immediate descendants of his personal friends in London and relations in Ireland; above all, in the rich mass of the poet's own familiar letters, which, by the help of these allies, he has been enabled to bring together. No poet's letters in the world, not even those of Cowper, appear to us more interesting for the light they throw on the habits and feelings of the man that wrote them; and we think it will also be acknowledged that the simple gracefulness of their language is quite worthy of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. We may differ from many of our readers as to all the rest, but we are confident that, if Mr. Prior had done, and should do, nothing else, the services he has rendered to literature by recovering and recording these beautifully characteristic effusions, would be enough to secure honour to his memory. And who will not be rejoiced to hear that in one instance at least the best secondary monument of a great Irish genius has also been erected by an Irish hand?

The origin of Goldsmith's family is obscure; the first ascertained ancestor being his great-great-grandfather, the Rev. John Goldsmith, rector of Borrishoull, in the county of Mayo, who narrowly escaped perishing in the Popish massacre of 1641. The then Bishop of Killala, with this gentleman and sixteen others of his clergy, having witnessed the shocking scene at Castlebar, betook themselves to the residence of the Viscount Bourke, a Roman Catholic peer, who had married a Protestant lady, and claimed his personal protection. Lord Bourke invited Mr. Goldsmith to remain in attendance on his wife, and thus he was safe. He then gave the rest of the party a safe-conduct to Galway, and himself accompanied them part of the way thither; but so soon as he left them they were set upon, and the Bishop and almost all his train murdered.* The services and losses of this rector of Borrishoull procured a small grant of land and considerable promotion in the church for his eldest son, who died in 1722 Dean of Elphin. His second son, Robert, the poet's grandfather, obtained also a beneficial lease of some crown land, and lived on it as a gentleman farmer. Charles Goldsmith, the poet's father, was Robert's second son, one of a family of thirteen children; he was of Trinity College, Dublin, took orders on leaving it, and immediately married the daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of a school at Elphin, where he had received his preliminary education and formed this attachment. The young couple married against the will of both their families, and without having any means of support at their own command; but Mr. Green, an uncle of the bride, who was rector of Kilkenny-West, provided them a farm-house in his parish to live in, and by-and-by her mother, Mrs. Jones, made over to them fifty acres of land, procured at a nominal rent by the exertion of that species of address which an Irish tenant still sometimes plays off upon an Irish landlord.

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* History of the Irish Rebellion, by Sir John Temple, 1698, p. 10

The Rev. Oliver Jones had held these and other lands on a life-rent lease from Mr. Conolly, one of the Lords Justices. His wife, on his death, found that Mr. Conolly was not disposed to grant a renewal, and determined to try the effect of a personal application. She mounted on horseback behind her only son, and travelled straight to Dublin. Mr. Conolly persisted in his refusal, until the old lady drew out a bag and showered its contents, one hundred guineas, upon the table. This was a temptation not to be resisted; the landlord immediately granted a fresh lease of *half* the lands on the same easy terms as before—and she used afterwards to say that she wished she had taken another hundred with her, and so secured the whole. An accident on this journey cost the spirited dame the life of her son: she returned home, as the old song says, "Sitting single on her saddle;" and in the mercy of sorrow, handed over the hard-earned lease to her rash daughter and son-in-law.

The farm-house in which they had found shelter was that of *Pallismore*, the property then and now of *the Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown*;—and here they continued to live for about twelve years, on the scanty income of Mr. Conolly's fifty acres, which it adjoined. Five children were born to them at Pallismore, the last being Oliver, who, according to the first leaf of the family-bible, saw the light on the 10th of November, 1728, three years earlier than the date on his monument in Westminster Abbey. He had one brother, Henry, six years his senior, two younger brothers, and three sisters; but before all these came into the world, the father succeeded to the living of Kilkenny-West, then worth from 150*l.* to 200*l.* a year, and removed to a good house at Lissoy, in that parish. Oliver was only two or three years old when they went to Lissoy; and in Lissoy tradition has uniformly pointed out, and Mr. Prior fondly recognises, the original of

> "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

A relation of the Goldsmiths, one Elizabeth Delap, widow of a farmer, kept a little school in this village, and under her Oliver learned his letters. Dr. Strean, the present venerable rector of Athlone, remembers Mrs. Delap well; she outlived her celebrated pupil, and used, when boasting of their connexion in her latter days, to add, nevertheless, that he was one of the dullest boys she ever had to deal with. At six years of age he was transferred from the Dame's school to one kept by Thomas Byrne, an old soldier, who had risen from the ranks to be quartermaster of a regiment in the wars of Marlborough. Byrne was, it seems, not only a fair scholar, but a wit, a humourist, the chief oracle of the village alehouse,—and a poet. Mr. Prior quotes, without remark, the testimony of one of his pupils, given so late as 1790, that "he could translate Virgil's Eclogues extemporaneously into Irish verse of *at least equal elegance!*" Young Oliver listened to this original's stories of the wars with unwearied zeal, and appears to have imbibed all his enthusiasm about "*Carolan the Blind*, the last and best of the Irish minstrels," so designated in the little essay which Goldsmith many years aftewards dedicated to his memory. Byrne carried the boy to visit the famous harper at Athlone; a circumstance which we consider as more important than the tradition that in that school, as at the former, he attracted no sort of notice by aptitude or ardour for its proper studies. Byrne, however, found that when he could once read with ease to himself, he was very willing to read for his amusement. The "History of the Rogues and Rapparees," the lives of pirates, robbers, and smugglers, which constituted, as they still do, the library of an Irish cabin, were devoured in the evenings by the light of the old quartermaster's peat fire. Neighbours dropped in and told their wild tales of fairies and witches, so many of which have now obtained a permanent record from Mr. Crofton Croker. Oliver became noted for his love of these legends, and repeated them among his playfellows. He became musical too, and used to delight his parents with his singing of some of those pathetic old ballads, the very names of which, he said, when past the meridian of life, would still bring tears into his eyes.

An attack of small-pox, which had nearly cost him his life, and left its marks on his face ever after, caused his removal from the quartermaster's care, and on his recovery he was sent to attend a school of a superior sort at Elphin. Mrs. Piozzi, we think, mentions a rhyming repartee which was remembered as having contributed to his rising reputation here. A youth, playing the fiddle while Oliver danced an Irish jig one evening, was suddenly so much struck with the grotesqueness of his figure and attitudes, that he exclaimed, "Oliver puts me in mind of Æsop." Oliver, if the tale be true, halted in his capers, and turned the laugh against his critic, by pronouncing in a solemn tone,

> "Our herald has pronounced this saying,
> See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing:"

—a couplet as deserving of record certainly as that about "the duck which Samuel Johnson trod on."

When he was eleven years old, his father resolved that his education should be completed with a view to mercantile life, and he was sent first to a commercial academy at Athlone, and from thence to the school of Edgeworthstown, near the place of his birth, where the master had the reputation of superior skill in mathematics. For the art of book-keeping, however, and all others connected with exact science, Oliver soon betrayed unconquerable disgust; and his new teacher, being also a classic, winked at his negligence of what he had been sent to study, as he showed, on the other side of the account, a zeal hitherto undeveloped about his Latin scholarship. Love of Ovid and Horace now took place of his Rapparee manuals, and divided his time with the game of fives and angling, in both of which he exhibited meritorious expertness.

He began also to be noted as a rhymer, and his zeal in this nobler art was, it seems, quickened by the local celebrity of a volume of verse by one Lawrence Whyte, a neighbour and acquaintance of his family, which was published in 1741. This Whyte described rural manners, and especially the grievances of the Irish tenantry, in many thousands of couplets, now forgotten, which passed in their day for successful imitations of the style of Swift; but Mr. Prior notices them, and particularly a piece in four cantos, called "The Parting Cup, or the Humours of Deoch an Doruis," on account of Goldsmith's confession to one of his eminent literary friends that this rustic bard gave his mind its first strong impression of the cruelty with which the Irish poor were treated, and suggested some of the most striking passages in The Deserted Village. It is curious, at all events, to observe that the themes of Whyte's indignant doggrel were exactly those which an Irish patriot of the same class would probably select now that Whyte has been near a hundred years in his grave. A short specimen will answer our purpose. Of absenteeism he says—

> "Our squires of late through Europe roam,
> Are too well-bred to live at home;
> Are not content with Dublin College,
> But range abroad for greater knowledge;
> To strut in velvets and brocades,
> At balls and plays and masquerades.
> To have their rent their chiefest care is,
> In bills to London and to Paris.
> Their education is so nice,
> They know all chances on the dice;
> Excepting when it is their fate
> To throw away a good estate;
> Then does the squire with empty purse
> Rail at ill fortune with a curse.
> Their mansions moulder quite away,
> All run to ruin and decay.
> Where wild fowl may with safety rest,
> At every gate may build a nest—
> No smoke from chimneys does ascend,
> Nor entertainment for a friend;
> Nor sign of drink, or smell of meat,
> For human creatures there to eat."

And again, of the hardships of poor occupiers—

> "Not knowing which, to stand or fly,
> When rent-rolls mounted zenith high,
> They had their choice, to run away,
> Or labour for a groat a day.
> Now beggar'd and of all bereft,
> Are doomed to starve or live by theft;
> Take to the mountains or the roads,
> When banished from their old abodes;
> Their native soil were forced to quit,
> So Irish landlords thought it fit;
> Who, without ceremony or rout,
> For their improvements turned them out;
> Embracing still the highest bidder,
> Inviting all the nations hither,
> Encouraging all strollers, caitiffs,
> Or any other but the natives.
>
> "Now wool is low and mutton cheap,
> Poor graziers can no profit reap;
> Grown sick of bargains got by *cant*,
> Must be in time reduced to want.
> How many villages they razed,
> How many parishes laid waste,
> To fatten bullocks, sheep, and cows,
> When scarce one parish has two ploughs!
> Instead of living well and thriving,
> There's nothing now but leading, *driving*—
> The lands are all monopolized,
> The tenants rack'd and sacrificed;
> Whole colonies to shun the fate
> Of being oppressed at such a rate,
> By tyrants who still raise their rent,
> Sail to the Western continent:
> Rather than live at home like slaves,
> They trust themselves to winds and waves."

Of Goldsmith's Edgeworthstown rhymes nothing has been discovered. They no doubt had their effect in persuading his father that letters, not ciphers, suited the turn of his mind. The good man easily gave up the commercial scheme he had planned; and it was agreed that Oliver should succeed to the place which his elder brother Henry had shortly before vacated, in Trinity College, Dublin.

But it was easier for the rector to sanction this alteration of views than to provide the requisite means. Henry came home with his degree, and forthwith, with the usual prudence of the family, took to himself a penniless wife. His father procured him a curacy in the neighbourhood, and he found also a few pupils to board with him. One of these fell in love at first sight with Catharine Goldsmith, his wise preceptor's eldest sister, and they too eloped. Mr. Daniel Hudson, the hero of this new romance, was the son of a family "of good property near Athlone;" and they, bitterly resenting his rashness, accused Mr. Charles Goldsmith and his son of having violated their confidence, by promoting, or, at least, conniving at the young man's advances. Mr. Prior tells us, that "to remove all suspicion of being privy to the act of his daughter, Mr. Goldsmith, *influenced by the highest sense of honour*, made a sacrifice detrimental to the interests of the other members of his family." He immediately settled on Mrs. Hudson a marriage portion which he could never pay—and thus the little landed property he held passed wholly in the sequel into the hands of the runaway girl and her husband: a result tantamount to the infliction of actual beggary on such of his other children as might chance to be young and without professional establishments in case of his own death. In the issue another daughter (Miss Jenny) eloped with a youth as poor as herself —and *that* couple never emerged from distress. One of the poet's younger brothers, again, lived and died a working cabinet-maker; and Mr. Prior has more details of the like complexion. But the first and immediate consequence of the rector's headlong generosity to Catharine was, that he found himself utterly destitute of means to support Oliver through an academical career at Dublin. It was presently suggested that he might enter as a sizar; but in those days that situation was burdened with the discharge of menial offices long since abolished,—for example, sweeping the college courts, and carrying up the dishes for the fellows' dinner,—and Oliver's spirit rebelled against reappearing among old schoolfellows with a badge of inferiority. A year elapsed before these scruples gave way to the remonstrances of a most kind relation, the Reverend Thomas Contarine, who had married one of his aunts.* This respectable clergyman, though of not only gentle, but noble blood, had himself passed through Trinity as a sizar. Had he not done so, he told his nephew, he could never have formed the friendships to which he owed the success of his after life; and some of the highest ornaments of the Irish bench (he might have added of the English) had not blushed to wear the tuftless cap when undergraduates. Oliver yielded, and was entered as a sizar in June, 1745, being then in the 16th year of his age.

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* The grandfather of Mr. Contarine was a younger son of the great family of Contarini at Venice, who, being himself a priest, was detected in an intrigue with a noble nun, escaped with her to France, and there married her. He ultimately settled in Ireland, and, conforming to the Protestant church, obtained some preferment in the diocess of Elphin.

Of his college history, previously all but a blank, Mr. Prior's diligence has recovered more details than we should have expected at this distance of time; but they are details of no great consequence. A passage marked with the deepest feeling, in his Essay on the State of Literature in Europe, published in 1759, shows that he had not then subdued his resentment of the degrading circumstances of his position in Trinity, and some of his letters of still later date convey the like impression. He was, moreover, unfortunate in having for his tutor a Mr. Wilder, noted for savage temper, who had the ungenerosity to treat students of the subordinate class with peculiar harshness. Wilder might, perhaps, have treated Oliver better, had his turn been for mathematics and the scholastic logic, in which alone he himself excelled and delighted: but Oliver never concealed his dislike of these studies, and for his proficiency, to whatever it may have amounted, in the ancient languages and their elegant literature, the tutor cared little or nothing. In writing the Life of Parnell, Goldsmith no doubt drew from himself, when he said:—"The Poet's progress through college was probably marked with little splendour: his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius;" and we may take along with this a sentence in his Essay on Polite Literature—"Mathematics are, perhaps, too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, 'All men might understand mathematics if they would.'" But he gives in that Essay not a few hints at other sources of academical obscurity than dislike to the severer sciences.

> "Our magnificent endowments," he writes, "at best, more frequently enrich the prudent than reward the ingenious. A lad whose passions are not strong enough to mislead him from that path of science which his tutors and not his inclination have chalked out, by four or five years' perseverance, will probably obtain every advantage and honour his college can bestow. I forget whether the simile has been used before, but I would compare the man whose youth has been thus passed in the tranquillity of dispassionate prudence to liquors that never ferment, and, consequently, continue always muddy. Passions may raise a commotion in the youthful breast, but they disturb only to refine it."—*Works*, vol. i. p. 431.

The youthful sizar was a poet, and we need not doubt that his passions at this period fermented with sufficient commotion. His father died before he had been two years in college, and from that time, though he received occasional supplies from his uncle Contarine, according to the statement of a companion, "his poverty was generally squalid." Despondence leads to idleness; and idleness leads many men to worse vices than ever seem to have stained poor Goldsmith. He was, however, remembered by his contemporaries, as one that would never refuse to join a party of pleasure; who emerged from his comfortless cell to exhibit animal spirits of apparently the maddest hilarity—who told his story well and sung his song better, and when he had no other means of paying a tavern reckoning, would indite a ballad for the street-singers, and carry it "to the sign of the Reindeer in Mountrath-street, where he found a ready sale at five shillings each." The Mr. Beatty, his *chum*, whose son furnishes these particulars, used to add, that Oliver "exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung, and marking the degree of applause which each received." Mr. Croften Croker announces a collection of Irish ballads; and we share Mr. Prior's hope, that in the course of his researches he may detect some of these early effusions of Goldsmith. The poet himself made no allusion to them in his conversation with Malone on the subject of his college life—when, however, he mentioned, that "though he made no figure in mathematics, he could turn an ode of Horace with any of them."

The registers of Trinity furnish evidence of many irregularities; and among the rest Goldsmith figures as aiding and abetting a riot of May, 1747, which began by pumping a bailiff at the college cistern—and ended with the students heading the rabble of the town in an attempt to force Newgate and liberate the prisoners. This frolic was a very serious one—the jailer fired, and three were killed and several wounded. Five of the gowned ringleaders were expelled, and Goldsmith and four others were ordered to be *admonished* "*Quod seditioni favissent et tumultuantibus opem tulissent.*"

In the month after this, Oliver, anxious to recover his ground, made a considerable exertion, stood for one of Erasmus Smith's exhibitions, for which, though then producing only thirty shillings a-year, there were numerous competitors, and acquitted himself at the examination so well as to attain his object. Elated with this first and last of his academical distinctions, he invited a party of young people *of both sexes* to a supper and dance in his chambers. Mr. Wilder, astounded with the noise of the unlawful fiddle, entered the room, expostulated warmly with Goldsmith, and probably receiving an intemperate answer, struck him. Upon his sensitive spirit this unwarrantable violence produced a violent effect. After brooding all night over his disgrace, he sold off his books* and quitted the university, resolving to embark for America, and never revisit Ireland until he had made a character and a fortune for himself in another region. He loitered about Dublin, however, until he had just one shilling left, and then set out for Cork. On this shilling he supported himself, by his own account, for three days, and then, having sold most of his raiment, was reduced to such extremity, that "after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of gray peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast he had ever made." Fatigue and famine did what advice would probably have attempted in vain. Reaching the neighbourhood of his brother Henry, he sent him notice of his plight—was kindly received, reclothed—and at length carried back to college, where his brother effected "a sort of reconciliation" between him and his tutor.

Of the rest of his college life there is nothing to be said, but that he seems to have resumed his old courses, and obtained in February, 1749, an undistinguished degree of B. A. One incident preserved by his relation and fellow-student, Edward Mills of Roscommon, may probably have lost nothing in the telling—it is, however, sufficiently in keeping with all that has been ascertained :—

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* One of these books, a Scapula's lexicon, is now in Mr. Prior's possession. It had been presented to Oliver by his uncle Contarine. The leaves are here and there scrawled over with characteristic autographs, such as "*free*—Oliver Goldsmith." "I promise to pay, &c. O. G." &c. &c.

"Mills, possessing a handsome allowance at the university, occasionally furnished his relative with small supplies and frequently invited him to breakfast. On being summoned on one occasion to this repast, he declared from within to the messenger his inability to rise, and that to enable him to do so they must come to his assistance, by forcing open the door. This was accordingly done by Mills; who found his cousin not *on* his bed, but literally *in* it, having ripped part of the ticking and immersed himself in the feathers, from which situation, as alleged, he found difficulty in extricating himself. By his own account in explanation of this strange scene, after the merriment which it occasioned had subsided, it appeared that while strolling in the suburbs the preceding evening, he met a poor woman with five children, who told a pitiful story of her husband being in the hospital, and herself and offspring destitute of food, and of a place of shelter for the night; and that being from the country, they knew no person to whom under such circumstances they could apply with hope of relief. The appeal to one of his sensitive disposition was irresistible; but unfortunately he had no money. In this situation he brought her to the college gate, sent out his blankets to cover the wretched group, and part of his clothes in order to sell for their present subsistence; and finding himself cold during the night from want of the usual covering, had hit upon the expedient just related for supplying the place of his blankets."—*Life*, vol.i. pp. 95, 96.

This blind promptitude of generosity Oliver inherited with his blood, and it stuck to him while he breathed. There is no doubt that in his sketch of the "Man in Black" he depicted his own father :—

"His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself: for every dinner he gave them they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army influenced my father at the head of his table: he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world; and he fancied all the world loved him. . . . We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard the *human face divine* with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress. In a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing."—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 108.

In conversing with three different branches of the Goldsmith race, in as many different quarters of Ireland, Mr. Prior tells us that from each he had the same story in nearly the same words—"The Goldsmiths were always a strange family: they rarely acted like other people; their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing any thing but what they ought."

When Oliver left college he was only twenty-one, and must wait a couple of years before he could comply with the wishes of his family, by applying for orders. In the meantime he took up his quarters in the humble cabin to which his mother had retired on his father's death, contributing to her means whatever pittance his brother Henry could afford to give him for occasionally assisting in his school. Mr. Prior has dug up some of the old lady's household bills, which afford evidence enough of the penury to which she had been reduced. One item is, "*To half an ounce of green tea by Mr. Noll, threepence halfpenny!*" For two years "Mr. Noll" lounged thus about his native district, during which he was considered by his relations to have added nothing to his accomplishments, except the attainment of great facility in speaking French. This he owed, no doubt, to his familiarity with some of the "foreign breed" Romish priests, and it was very serviceable to him in the sequel. Of his ecclesiastical studies we only know that when, at the proper age, he went to be examined for ordination, at the residence of Dr. Synge, then bishop of Elphin, he was rejected; that according to family tradition his reception there was not improved by his choosing to appear before the diocesan in a pair of *scarlet breeches*;* and that he never afterwards made any attempt to retrieve this mishap. He probably, even at this early period, had some conscientious misgivings as to his own fitness for the church. In his latter life, when asked to read prayers in a friend's house, he always declined to do so, on the plea that "he did not think himself good enough."

The law was now to be his destination—but the want of funds to maintain him at an inn of court presented a formidable difficulty. One year more was spent in idleness, and very much, as may easily be believed, in the enjoyment of such company as might be afforded by "George Conway's inn at Ballymahon," mentioned fondly in a letter of long subsequent date. Here being, as he says of his own Dr. Primrose, "by nature an admirer of happy human faces," he enjoyed the eccentricities and shared the merriment of peasants and beggars; not unconscious even then perhaps of the truth stated in one of his essays, that "in pursuing *the humorous* we are apt to be led into the recesses of *the mean*." He was long remembered, among other things, as the gainer of a prize for throwing the sledge-hammer at the fair of Ballymahon!

He next obtained the situation of tutor in the family of a Mr. Flinn, a country gentleman of his uncle Contarine's acquaintance. But the restraints of such a position soon disgusted him; and he took again to his old scheme of emigration. Mounted on a good horse, with 30*l*. of Squire Flinn's money in his pocket, he proceeded to Cork. At the end of six weeks he returned on a wretched Rosinante, styled by him Fiddle-back, and without a penny. His mother received him with some severity—he withdrew to his brother's, and thence addressed to her a letter, which is now first published, but which must have been before his sister Hudson when she drew up her memorandum for Malone. The letter is exquisite, but as his sister had given the substance of its contents, we shall not extract it.

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* This reminds us of not a bad story of a recent *English* ordination scene. Among other candidates appeared a gentleman in white duck trousers and a black silk neckcloth. "You will forgive me for hinting," whispered the bishop, "that your pantaloons are not quite of the canonical colour." "My lord, my lord," said the young man in much confusion, "I can assure your lordship that they have been *washed white*." "Ay," said the bishop, smiling, "I see how it is: they had been put into the same water that washed your cravat black."

According to Mrs. Hudson's statement, Mr. Contarine now presented him with 50*l.*, and he set forth for Dublin on his way to London, where he was to keep terms at the Temple; but an old acquaintance seduced him into a gaming-house—at one sitting he lost all his money, and returning once more to his mother, found her patience at last exhausted. His brother Henry once more sheltered him—but after a few weeks some new folly produced such remonstrances as Oliver could not brook. He left his brother's and repaired to his uncle Contarine, whose good nature and kindness nothing could ever disturb. Observing the sharpness with which his nephew, while fishing and shooting with him noted such phenomena of natural history as they encountered, he suggested that medicine would suit his tastes better than law, and that, moreover, the education for that profession was less expensive. Oliver readily agreed. A little purse was made up among his relations, and in October, 1752, he appeared in Edinburg at the age of twenty-four, to be entered on the boards of that university as a student of medicine under the elder Monro.

He remained two winters in Scotland, but left it without taking a degree, and according to his fellow-student there, Mr. Lauchlan Macleane, (one of the many *authors of Junius*,) his departure was hastened by the danger of being arrested for the debt of a companion, whose security he had become. According to the same testimony, he had led a very dissipated life in Edinburg, constantly frequenting taverns, and not seldom the gaming-table. Only one of his Scotch letters had until now been recovered; Mr. Prior gives some more, from which we find that he made a tour into the Highlands, and that he had by some means found an introduction to the noble family of Hamilton, with whose hospitality, however, his pride took offence. The society of an Irish medical student at Edinburg is usually so remote from the circles of fashion that this circumstance may seem strange; but the Duke of Hamilton had just about this time married a celebrated Irish beauty, Miss Gunning, and her Grace had perhaps had some casual opportunity of appreciating her young countryman's humour. These Edinburg letters are all to his uncle Contarine: we extract a few paragraphs:—

"*Edinburg May* 8, 1753.

"Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to every body, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do. Apropos, I shall give you their names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Monro, Professor of Anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician, but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner, that the most unlearned may understand him. . . . . . You see, then, dear Sir, that Monro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read with satisfaction a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labours are *but a relaxation,* and, I may truly say, the only thing here *that gives me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends* stand in no need of my assistance! I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse, of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands; but this letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 145.

"*Edinburgh, December*, 1753.

"Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric? for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture: if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.

"As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis 20*l.* And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you——but I stop.

"I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician."—*Ibid.* p. 157.

Goldsmith, by his own account in a subsequent letter, embarked at Leith for Bourdeaux, with the intention of beginning his continental studies, not at Leyden, as he had originally designed, but at the then celebrated school of Montpellier; but being forced by stress of weather into the Tyne, he was arrested at *Newcastle*, on suspicion of belonging, like most of his fellow-passengers, to a party of Highland Jacobites, recruited for the military service of the French King. His friend Macleane said this was a *romance*—that he was in fact arrested at *Sunderland*, on the suit of an Edinburgh tailor, one Barclay, who chanced to hear of the vessel putting into Tyne—and that he was ultimately set at liberty by the benefaction of himself and another college friend, Mr. Sleigh. However this may have been, (and we incline to adopt Macleane's version, (Goldsmith had shortly afterwards found his way to his original destination, Leyden. Of the letter in which (May, 1754) he communicated his arrival there to his uncle, Malone gave the first biographer only the *romantic* paragraph; Mr. Prior prints it entire, and we subjoin a specimen of the part that is *new*:—

"The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in every thing imitates a

> Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seventeen waistcoats, and nine pair of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.
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> "A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. For my part, I generally detach myself from all society, and am wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty: wherever I turn my eyes, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, present themselves; but when you enter their towns, you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here: every one is usefully employed.
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> "Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here, 'tis all a continued plain. There, you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox."—*Ibid.* p. 164.

Goldsmith remained nearly a year at Leyden, but left that university also without taking any degree. We have but few anecdotes of his stay there. In one of his essays he tells us that when talking one day with Gaubius about the diminished number of English students, the Doctor asked whether the Edinburg professors were rich? "Their salaries," said Goldsmith, "seldom exceed 30*l.*; all the rest depends on the number of scholars they can attract to pay them fees." "Poor men," said Gaubius; "I heartily wish they were better provided for: while their salaries remain at this rate, they will continue to draw all the English to their lectures." Some other particulars were supplied to Mr. Prior by the late Matthew Weld Hartstonge, of Dublin:—that well-known and amiable enthusiast about literary matters had noted them down from the conversation of Dr. Ellis, one of Goldsmith's Leyden fellow-students, who ultimately became clerk to the Irish House of Commons, and died in 1791. According to Dr. Ellis—

> "He was often in great pecuniary distress, and obliged to borrow small sums from any body that could help him; occasionally he gained a little by giving lessons in English; and sometimes he resorted to play, the forlorn hope of the necessitous, as well as the amusement of the idle. Such poverty and such habits interfered but little, however, with his good-humour; he was usually gay and cheerful, and when taxed with imprudence for risking such small sums as he possessed, admitted the fact and promised amendment. In all his peculiarities it was remarked that there was about him an elevation of mind, a philosophical tone and manner, which, added to the information of a scholor, made him an object of interest to such as could estimate character."

Having had a successful run at play one night, Goldsmith called next morning on Ellis, and counted a considerable sum, which he said would now enable him to travel over the continent in comfort. Ellis congratulated him, and advised him to keep it untouched for the purpose he had in view; but Goldsmith, the same evening, was seduced to the old haunt and lost every guilder. Seeing his penitence and distress, Ellis advanced him something on condition that he should immediately set off, and thus break from his dangerous associates. Goldsmith agreed; but walking into a florist's garden, remembered his uncle Contarine's love of tulips, and purchased on the spot a parcel of roots to be sent to him in Ireland, which "effort of affectionate gratitude," as Mr. Prior calls it, again reduced him so low that he ultimately quitted Leyden, "with scarcely any money, and but one clean shirt."

These travels, in the course of which Goldsmith is supposed to have taken the degree of bachelor in medicine at Louvain,* carried him through a considerable part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and as far as Padua in Italy; and how well he observed nature, both animate and inanimate, in spite of all the disadvantages and distresses to which his progress must have been exposed, we have ample evidence in his beautiful poem of the Traveller, and in various detached passages of his works on Natural History, which Mr. Prior has brought together with considerable skill. Of the letters which he is known to have addressed to his Irish friends during this wandering year Mr. Prior has recovered nothing. We know that he travelled almost always on foot,† mainly depended, every where but in Italy, on the supplies by which the grateful peasants repaid his flute, and in Italy gained something by maintaining a thesis at a university, but more from the kindness of Irish priests and monks: it seems also to be certain that for a time he acted as tutor to a wealthy young Englishman; he never stated the fact distinctly, but if it had not been so, we should be quite at a loss to understand by what means he could have found access to such distinguished society as he represents himself to have occasionally mixed in while at Paris. In one of his essays, for example, he mentions having dined with Voltaire one day "in a large company at his house at Monrion," when he observed that "the English exhibited prodigies of valour at Dettingen, but soon lessened their well-bought conquest by lessening the merit of those they had conquered;" and again, in his sketch of Voltaire's Life, he says:—

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* The records of this university perished during the revolutionary war.

† In his essay on Polite Learning, 1759, p. 161, we read:—'A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions—*haud inexpertus loquor.*' But when this essay was to be reprinted with his name, the confession in Latin was omitted.

> "As a companion no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His meager visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty, every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness.
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> "The person who writes this memoir, who had the honour and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who was unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation turned upon one of his favourite topics.
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> "Fontenelle continued his triumph till about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his revery. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance, mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess that, whether from national partiality or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 224.

From Switzerland, Goldsmith sent his brother Henry the first sketch of his "Traveller," about eighty lines; and he also sent to a friend in Dublin a detailed journal of his excursion, which struck several who read it as a most remarkable performance, but which perished soon after in a fire. He seems to have landed at Dover in a thoroughly forlorn condition on the 1st of February, 1756, and a week later is found wandering about the streets of London, soliciting employment of any kind among the druggists. Ten years afterwards Goldsmith astonished a brilliant company at Sir Joshua Reynold's, by beginning a story with "When I lived among the beggars of Axé Lane ——:" it was most probably to this painful period that he referred. An obscure chemist at last took compassion on him; and the author of the "Traveller"—anno ætatis 28—was too happy to earn his bread by spreading plasters and pounding in his mortar. The late excellent Richard Sharp, of Park Lane, remembered being carried in his early life by a friend of Goldsmith's (then recently dead) to see the shop, which was at the corner of Bell-yard, near the Monument.

Several months had passed in this way, when, hearing accidentally that his Edinburgh fellow-student, Sleigh, was in London, he went to call on him; and he afterwards told the story in these words to his friend Mr. Cooke: "Notwithstanding it was Sunday, and I had on my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew *me; such* is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. *However, when he did recollect me,* I found his heart *as warm as ever, and he shared* **his purse** with me so long as he remained in London." By this gentleman's assistance, Goldsmith was enabled to set up as a *physician*, somewhere on the Bankside, in Southwark; and one of his Trinity *chums* already named, the Rev. Mr. Beatty, being in town soon after, met him in the street, "in a suit of green velvet and gold, but with a shirt and neckcloth which he must have worn for a fortnight," when, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, and said he was now practising his profession, and "doing very well." Mr. Prior quotes a lady still living for a story that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to tell of this period. The green velvet coat had been bought second-hand; he discovered presently an unseemly patch, and one of his patients was highly amused when, after several visits, he discovered why the doctor always placed his hat over his left breast while delivering his opinion.

We should think his patients were not likely to be critical as to such matters. One of them, and probably the most useful he had, was a journeyman-printer, in the employment of the author of "Clarissa," and by this man's means he was introduced to Richardson, who, finding that the ill-paid doctor was a scholar, suggested that he might fill up his vacant hours by acting as *reader*, or last corrector of proof-sheets, in his office. Many good scholars are still found employed in this manner, and more fortunate men of letters must confess their frequent obligations to the intelligence with which such persons discharge their functions.

With Goldsmith's just estimation of himself, however, the employment must have been sufficiently irksome; and it is not surprising that he should have soon abandoned both it and his medical practice even for a situation so humble as that of usher to a school at Peckham, in Surrey. He met in the streets another of his old Edinburgh acquaintance, by name Milner, whose father was at the head of this establishment, and his young friend, discovering the state of the Bankside physician's affairs, easily persuaded him to go down with him in this capacity. The elder Milner and his wife were kind people, and did what they could to make him comfortable beneath their roof. Mrs. Milner seems to have speedily penetrated his weaker point, for she proposed to take care of his money for him, and he answered placidly, "Indeed, Madam, I have as much need that you should do so as any of the young gentlemen." The trickery of the said young gentlemen, however, with the dulness of his drudgery by day, and last, not least, the misery of being obliged to sleep on the same pillow with "a Frenchman, who stunk him dead with rancid pomatums," presently completed his disgust. He returned to town, made another medical attempt and again failed, and then went back once more to Peckham, where the Milners again found or made room for him. In this way passed another miserable and uncertain year. In the Vicar of Wakefield, and others of his subsequent works, we have many sad and bitter allusions to the pains of usherdom.

From Mr. Prior's chapter on Peckham we must take a couple of anecdotes:—

> "One of the pupils particularly noticed by him for possessing promising talents, and who ever after felt a strong regard for his tutor, was the late Samuel Bishop, Esq., of London, in whose family a few traditional notices of his peculiarities are still remembered. Always sociable and ready to join in whatever was going forward, his good-

nature led him to mingle in the sports of the boys, and submit to their wit or even their reproof for occasional want of dexterity. In such a rude community, however, familiarity has its disadvantages, by the opening it affords to youthful insubordination or impertinence, an instance of which is recorded. When amusing his younger companions during play-hours with the flute, and expatiating on the pleashres derived from music, in addition to its advantages in society a gentleman-like acquirement, a pert boy, looking at his situation and personal disadvantages with something of contempt, rudely replied to the effect that *he* surely could not consider himself a gentleman; an offence which, though followed by instant chastisement, disconcerted and pained him extremely.

> "Of that simplicity or absence of mind so well known as one of his characteristics, Mr. Bishop mentioned an amusing instance when they met several years afterwards in the streets of London; for which and the preceding anecdote the writer is indebted to his son, the Rev. H. Bishop, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin:—
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> "'After an interval of some years, my father, while walking in London with my mother, to whom he was just married, met Goldsmith, and addressing him, an immediate recognition took place. The tutor was delighted to see his former pupil, and expressed great pleasure at the introduction to his wife. Still the associations in his mind of their former school connexion were too strong to be overcome. 'Come, my boy,' said he, addressing my father by his Chistian name, I am delighted to see you; I must treat you to something; what shall it be? will you have some apples?' and immediately turned to the display of fruit furnished by a basket woman who stood near.
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> "'In the course of conversation, he mentioned his picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which had been recently engraved; and immediately added, 'Have you seen it, Sam? Have you got an engraving?' My father, not to appear negligent of the rising fame of his old preceptor, replied that he had not yet procured it; he was just furnishing his house, but had fixed upon the spot the print was to occupy as soon as he was ready to receive it. 'Sam,' he said, with some emotion, 'if your picture had been published, I should not have suffered an hour to elapse without procuring it.' After some further conversation, the sense of this seeming neglect was appeased by apologies.'"—*Life*, vol. i. p. 218.

The elder Milner was a dissenter, and an occasional contributor to the Monthly Review, then conducted by its projector and proprietor, the bookseller Griffiths. One day Griffiths dined at Peckham, and Goldsmith's conversation made such an impression on him, that he asked him to try his hand on *an article*. Goldsmith did so—and Griffiths invited him to come to London, and assist him regularly in his Review, boarding and lodging in his house, and receiving moreover a certain sum by way of salary. The agreement, dated in April, 1757, was for a year; but they parted by mutual consent at the end of half that period. Goldsmith complained that his articles were twisted about and interpolated, not only by the illiterate bookseller himself, but by his still more ignorant and presumptuous wife; and they on their part alleged, that though by his account he wrote every day from nine till two, and often all the evening besides, he did not produce the stipulated quantity of MS. in the month. Mr. Prior, however, having made prize of Griffiths' own copy of his journal, in which the names of the different authors are regularly inscribed, has now been able to father on Goldsmith various short essays, well deserving a place in his works; they embrace a wide range of subjects, are written uniformly in a candid and generous strain—and, if he did not as yet compose with rapidity, he had mastered the art of concealing his labour. With elegant little papers of the same description he continued from time to time to supply Griffiths after the close of their original paction; but Goldsmith, having no longer his board and lodging provided for, soon fell into straits again; asking petty sums in advance, he was presently in the bookseller's power, and subjected consequently to a long series of humiliating mortifications and perplexing embarrassments—Mr. Prior's detail of which may furnish the materials of another melancholy chapter to the next edition of The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors.

By contributions to the Monthly Review and *six* different magazines (all long since extinct), Goldsmith supported for some months this uneasy existence; but ambition was not deadened by his poverty, and he stole time enough to prepare a separate work, by which he hoped to raise a name, and emancipate himself in some measure at least from his bondage. This was the "Enquiry into the State of Polite Literature in Europe;" having finished part of it, he carried the MS. to the benevolent Robert Dodsley, who encouraged him to go on, agreed to publish the book, and advanced him various small sums on account of it. Still his distress was great and urgent; and the letters in which he communicated his views to Irish friends, whom he thought capable of assisting him in procuring subscribers, paint his feelings and struggles in a manner so interesting, that we cannot but extract two or three specimens of them. The first is addressed to the husband of his eldest sister; —but we must explain its allusion to his younger brother, Charles Goldsmith. The poet, when first established under the roof of Griffiths, where he met of course some literary men of established name, appears to have written of his new position in terms of such elation that this young man conceived his literary brother was now not only beyond the reach of difficulties, but able, if he chose, to make the fortune of another. He came over to London to be patronized, he cared not exactly how, by some of Oliver's "great friends," and found this friend of the great scribbling for bread in a garret.

> "*Dec.* 27, 1757.—You may easily imagine what difficulties I have had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.
>
> "I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment; and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.
>
> "Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very country comes in for a

share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du païs*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

“But now to be serious,—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? no. There are good company in Ireland? no. The conversation there is generally made up of a toast or a song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh, Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare there one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the Opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's ‘Last Good Night,’ from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in—to me—the most pleasing horizon in nature.

“Before Charles came hither, my mind sometimes found refuge from severer thoughts among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that Lishoy and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex.”—*Life*, vol. i. p. 251.

A year later he thus writes to Mrs. Lawder, the daughter of his uncle Contarine:—

“I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances, that all my endeavours to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe indeed you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favours might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart for a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles. It is true, this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all, know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less—for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. Is it to be wondered, that he should once in his life forget you, who has been all his life forgetting himself?

“However, it is probable you may one of those days see me turned into a perfect hunks, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and cheek my grate with brick-bats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen; of which the following will serve as a specimen:—‘Look sharp:’ ‘Mind the main chance;’ ‘Money is money now;’ ‘If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides, and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year;’ ‘Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.’—Faith! Madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you; but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.

“And now I mention those great names—My uncle!—he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its abode; for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition! He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here, which he so well deserves hereafter.

“But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish a book entitled ‘The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe.’ The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labour to myself. I must therefore request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given Mr. Bradley in Dame Street directions to send to him.—Now see how I blot and blunder, when I am asking a favour.—*Life*, vol. i. p. 272.

We must quote also part of a letter of about the same date to his cousin, Mr. Bryanton, of Ballymahon.

“I sat down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks I have forgot that resentment already. The truth is, I am a simpleton with regard to you; I may attempt to bluster, but like Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet now I think on't again, I will be angry. Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pierced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me! Think of that! I must own my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honours I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief-weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me, they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labours, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected! If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence.—Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback.* Well, now I am down, where the devil *is I?* Oh, Gods! Gods! here in a garret writing for bread, and expecting every moment to be dunned for a milk-score! However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,*
Temple Bar, August 14, 1758.

"Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something the most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favourite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it."—*Ibid.* p. 266.

When the Enquiry was in progress his most intimate companion was Grainger, author of the "Sugar Cane," then struggling like himself; by whom he was introduced to Smollett—who at this time edited the "Critical Review," the rival of the "Monthly." Smollett enlisted Goldsmith in his troop, but strongly concurred with Milner, in advising him to turn his views to obtain some professional appointment in the army, the navy, or the colonies. Goldsmith applied to some of his Trinity friends who were now prosperously established in life, and he at length obtained a nomination in the East India Company's service. In writing, on this occasion, to request some pecuniary assistance from his brother-in-law, Hudson, he says—

"I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want?—what can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big-bellied woman's, who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller who employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions?

"Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very different idea of a man who writes for bread, though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer who has abilities to translate a French novel that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life; when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my sentiments.

"I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I expect to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 278.

What answer Mr. Hudson made to this application we know not—but when the day of the preliminary examination approached, it found Goldsmith much at a loss how to put his outward man in case fit to appear at Surgeon's Hall. He applied to Griffiths, their connexion still lingering on, and the bookseller agreed to be his security for the loan of a suit of clothes, to be returned the day after. In these borrowed garments poor Goldsmith underwent the ordeal; but he had, we fear, neglected more important preparations for it. The following is an extract from the books of the college:—

"At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st Dec. 1758—James Barnard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto."

This rejection brought with it other miseries. In his confusion and distress he appears to have been driven to pawn the clothes which he ought to have returned, and Griffiths, who had probably heard, in the meanwhile, of his alliance with Smollett, was not to be pacified by four articles for the "Monthly" which the unfortunate debtor immediately sent to him. He took and printed the papers, but threatened instant arrest unless the whole debt were discharged within a given number of days, and demanded back on the instant some books of his lent to Goldsmith, which also he suspected him of having carried to the pawnbroker. Of several letters which passed between the parties on this occasion, Mr. Prior has recovered one which bears no date of time or residence, but is endorsed by Griffiths, "Received in January, 1759." This touching document is as follows:—

"Sir,—I know of no misery but a gaol to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour—as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a gaol that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is, to me, true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the tailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my debts one way, I would willingly give some security another. No, sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

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* "A common phrase among schoolboys in Ireland now, in ridiculing an unskilful appearance of their companions on horseback."

"I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain; that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money: whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment. It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professionss hall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

"You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honour; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am,

"Sir, your humble servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"P.S. I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions."—*Ibid.* p. 286-288.

The matter was in so far made up with Griffiths, by Goldsmith's executing for him the short but elegant Life of Voltaire, which was published anonymously in February, 1759; and is now at length placed where it ought to be, in the collection of his works. But the "Monthly Review" soon began, and long continued, to insinuate bitter things against Goldsmith's moral character, and he had abundant leisure to lament "the meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it."

From a long and most characteristic letter written at this time to his brother Henry, we extract a few paragraphs. It is dated in February, 1759; but he either had not entirely given up his East India scheme, or wanted courage to confess under what circumstances it had been dropped.

"I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child.

"Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a *parcel of cool* designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside—for every occupation but our own?—this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate?

"The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar, are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure,) he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned, that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him but your own.

"Above all things let him never touch a romance or novel: these paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous—may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear sir, to your son, thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes.

"My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not, for, to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it would add too much to my splenetic habits. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper. It requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him from me not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy."—*Ibid.* p. 301.

About the date of this inimitable letter, he was introduced by Grainger to the Reverend Thomas Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who soon formed for him a lively affection, which lasted with their lives, but was at this period hardly better provided with worldly goods than himself. Many years afterwards the bishop thus described to Malone his first visit to Goldsmith at his lodgings in Green-Arbour Court, a little nest of poverty-stricken tenements, near the Old Bailey.

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* Jenny Goldsmith, the younger sister, who had eloped with a Mr. Johnson, in very poor circumstances.

> "The Doctor was employed in writing his Enquiry into Polite Learning, in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a courtesy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'"—*Life*, vol. i. p. 325.

Mr. Prior has given some further particulars of Green-Arbour Court from an humbler source. Seeing a few years ago the first edition of Goldsmith's Essays (1765) in the window of a little shop on the Clapham Road, he entered into talk with a fresh old woman who attended at the counter.

> "By her account she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-Arbour Court, and at the age of seven or eight years went frequently thither, one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweetmeats given to her and other children of the family, by the gentleman who lodged there; these they duly valued at the moment, but when afterwards considered as the gifts of one so eminent, the recollection became a source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. He was usually, as she heard when older and induced to inquire about him, shut up during the day, and went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visiters. One of the companions, whose society gave him particular pleasure, was a respectable watchmaker residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found. His benevolence, as usual, flowed freely, according to my informant, when he had any thing to bestow, and even when he had not, the stream could not always be checked in its current; an instance of which tells highly to his honour. The landlord of the house having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources; a new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised, proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. It would be a singular though not an improbable coincidence, if this story, repeated to the writer by the descendant of a person who afterwards became his tailor, and who knew not that it had been previously told, should apply to that identical suit of apparel for which he incurred so much odium and abuse from Griffiths; and that an effort of active benevolence to relieve a debtor from gaol, should have given rise to a charge against him resembling dishonesty."—*Ibid.* p. 328.

The Enquiry, though he had taken too wide a field, and betrayed, of course, incompetent resources as to fact, and considerable crudeness here and there of speculation, was still a performance exhibiting such easy strength both of thought and expression, that it might well have excited curiosity. It can hardly be said to have done so; but in the same humble lodgings Goldsmith wrote various pieces which fared considerably better. Those miscellaneous Essays, now classed with the happiest even of Addison's and Steele's, began to appear about the close of 1759 in sundry vehicles, particularly in a weekly sheet entitled *The Bee*, the Lady's Magazine, the Literary Magazine, and the British Magazine—this last a speculation of Smollett's, in which the chapters of his Sir Lancelot Greaves were originally published. Goldsmith's contributions to these works were plundered liberally by others of the same class, and by newspapers; but though the ability of the hand was thus recognised, the author's name still remained obscure; and there are several circumstances that lead us to agree with Mr. Prior, that Goldsmith painted himself at this period when he put the following words into the mouth of his George Primrose. After mentioning the old but by no means exploded trick of soliciting subscriptions for books never meant to be printed, this adventurer is made to say—

> "Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a *second attempt for fame*, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause, but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed, than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Phileleutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I."

Next year, however, one series of Essays, to which a regular plan gave unity and cohesion, by degrees fixed general attention; and before the close of 1760 the Chinese Philosopher—the Citizen of the World—had greatly enlarged the estimate of his friends and not less excited the curiosity of strangers. Goldsmith now found himself courted by several of the men of letters who enjoyed established reputation; and Johnson above the rest was eager to show his admiration of his talents, and to cultivate his friendship. Through him the access to Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, and the rest of that memorable society was easy, and, though Goldsmith's pecuniary difficulties never ceased, he was thenceforth cheered by the confidence of minds stronger than his own. Doomed still to earn the bread of the passing day by compilations to which even his genius could rarely give any dignity, his self-respect was sustained by their approbation and authority; and he gallantly rescued from repose and relaxation sufficient time to produce at intervals the various original works in prose and verse to which, after and above the Chinese Letters, he owes his station among our classics.

In May, 1761, he exchanged his garret in Green-Arbour Court for lodgings of a better description in Fleet Street, and it seems that the first visit Johnson paid him was at a supper which he gave on taking possession of them. Percy, as their chief mutual acquaintance, conducted Johnson, and was struck with the then unusual trimness of his attire:—

> "'He had on,' said the Bishop, 'a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and every thing so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse

of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, Sir,' said he, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example.' "—*Life*, vol. i. p. 377.

In the course of that year Goldsmith formed his first connexion with Mr. Newbery, a kind-hearted bookseller of St. Paul's Church-yard, now chiefly remembered for the multiplicity of his little publications for children. Setting up the newspaper which still exists under its original name of The Public Ledger, he applied to Goldsmith for occasional literary contributions, and found him so adroit and withal so diligent, that he charged himself thenceforth for several years with providing occupation for his pen. In the course of 1762, Goldsmith produced for him a pamphlet on the Cock Lane Ghost, for which he received three guineas; a History of Mecklenburg, 8vo. (suggested by the marriage of good Queen Charlotte,) 20*l.*; seven volumes, 12mo., of an English Plutarch, 45*l.*; an abridgment of the History of England (the first and tiniest of *four* such abridgments from his pen,) two guineas; a Life of Beau Nash, 8vo., fourteen guineas; and miscellaneous papers sufficient to raise his revenue, from St. Paul's Church-yard, in all to 120*l.* These items would prove this to have been a year of severe exertion: yet there seems reason to believe that they do not exhaust the list of its performances; and we have plentiful evidence that all its industry had not relieved him from the most tangible degradations of penury. We need not repeat the story of Johnson's finding him in a spunging-house for a petty debt, and releasing him by the sale of his Vicar of Wakefield for 60*l.* to Newbery. Boswell fixes the incident in the spring of 1763. That delicious little novel had been no hasty effort. Every version of the anecdote shows that he had kept it by him to be taken up as his "Labour of Love," whenever he could shift off the yoke of translation or compilation for an evening during the preceding year—perhaps during 1761 also.

Newbery had probably been offered the tale before, and when he did give 60*l.* for a copyright which must have put thousands into his pocket or that of his heirs, did so in deference merely to the favourable opinion of the Dictator Johnson. And he still clung to his own doubts—for the novel lay near two years in his desk, and was not published until after the poem of the Traveller, put forth with the author's name in 1765, had been crowded with universal applause, and there was a rush among what is called *the trade* to collect his fugitive essays, and partake *per fas aut nefas* in the lucre of a new celebrity However, Newbery was also the publisher of the poem, and the sum he gave for it was twenty guineas!—to which Goldsmith stooped not to solicit any addition in the then usual shape of a dedication fee, for he inscribed it to his affectionate brother, the obscure curate contented with his obscurity—

> "And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

We extract, as a favourable specimen of Mr. Prior's manner, part of the chapter which he devotes to the Vicar of Wakefield—

"The Vicar secured friends among every description of *readers; with the old by the purity of* its moral lessons, and *with the young by the interest of the story.* With the popular productions before him of Fielding and Smollett, he studiously avoided their track by excluding variety of adventures, immoral scenes, and licentious intrigues, which, under the plausible plea of exhibiting human nature, almost necessarily corrupt the minds of youth by familiarizing what it is never prudent wantonly to display. He was equally regardless of the example of Richardson, of his prolixity and sentimental refinements, however he may have honoured his morality. . . . . But its great charm, as of all the productions of Goldsmith, is close adherence to nature —nature in all its commendable, not vicious, points of view. The Primrose family is a great creation of genius; such a picture of warm-hearted simplicity, mingled with the little foibles and weaknesses common to the best specimens of humanity, that we find nothing like it in the whole range of fiction. Each of the individuals is nicely discriminated without apparent art or effort; we can anticipate what either will do, and almost will say, on any given occasion. The unwearied benevolence and submission to the will of Providence under all his distresses of the good pastor; the self-satisfied cleverness and little female devices to accomplish favourite purposes of his wife; the liveliness and indiscretion of Olivia; the more considerate and sedate turn of Sophia; the pedantry yet simplicity of Moses; and goodness of all, present a piece of moral painting of great beauty and of rare skill. . . . The conduct of the story has the merit of never once leading us from the main design of exhibiting the family in all their trials from the commencement to the conclusion, excepting the episode of the adventures of the son. The style is peculiarly easy, perspicuous, and simple, free from all attempt at fine writing or ambitious ornament, and without even one of those epigrammatic smartnesses which the apprehension of being considered dull led him occasionally to introduce into his Essays. This, among its other merits, has contributed to render the Vicar of Wakefield perhaps the most popular of all English books on the continent of Europe.

"For some of the incidents he unquestionably taxed his recollections of early life. The primitive habits of Lissoy and Kilkenny-West furnished hints, which when applied to the interior of an English vicarage, were thought and perhaps truly inappropriate or overcharged. As usual also we find much of himself. The adventures of George Primrose were without doubt nearly similar to his own. He makes Sir William Thornhill also travel over the continent of Europe on foot and return about the age of thirty, his own age nearly when the same feat was performed. . . The character of the vicar is a more extended draught of the pastor in the 'Deserted Village,' and was meant as was said by the family, for his father. The private marriages of two of his sisters may have supplied hints in detailing the conduct of Olivia. Burchel was the name of one of his connexions by marriage."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 117.

When these beautiful performances at length placed Goldsmith in that high station which the lapse of time has left undisturbed, he was in the 37th year of his age, and had struggled for nine years with the worst miseries of an author militant. The attainment of fame, had it come earlier, might perhaps have found character and manners comparatively plastic, and he might have emerged into the upper world with the ability, as well as the desire, to adopt its habitudes; as it was, the boon came too late for this. Such as he had been in the darkest periods of his humiliation, he now and ever after continued to be; or if he changed in any thing, it was but to resume some of those lighter features of his own original temper and taste which had been for a time obliterated under the pressure of calamitous anxiety. He was spoken of and invited out; but though many did justice to his worth and kindness, his manners carried the broad stamp of a prime chequered with mean sorrows and cheap indulgences; and his amiable simplicity itself, furnishing easy merriment to intellectual inferiors, was as easily connected in the mind of his social superiors with the notion of a sort of moral imbecility that would of itself frustrate any efforts of protection. It will always however, be a deep stain on the dispensers of royal patronage in that age, that Goldsmith, after he had so nobly vindicated his right to their favor, was permitted to consume so great a part of the brief remainder of his life in the actual servitude of literature. The excuse that ease induces indolence,—that he who toiled because he must have bread, sinks into listless inexertion when secured against the iron gripe of necessity,—this excuse, so often repeated, and it must be owned countenanced by some sad examples in our own literary history, can never be more idly alleged than in the case of Goldsmith. He had in his mature years thrown off all, or almost all, the *vicious* irregularities which distracted his youth. He had, as all who have left any records of their acquaintance with him in the latter period agree, entirely abandoned excess in drinking. He had subdued an even more perilous propensity; he continued to like a hand at whist, and lost and won like other people among friends; but there is no trace of his ever having tampered with games of hazard, entered a gaming house in London, or in short, as *the* Dr. Goldsmith, done any thing to bring him within the category of *gamester;* even in this matter therefore we must allow him to have exhibited considerable fortitude, though less than as to the pleasures of the table, which he continued to enjoy keenly, and yet had learned to partake in blameless moderation. For society he ever had a lively appetite, but it was only as the relaxation from labour; he never considered it as the serious business of life. But the solid and unanswerable argument remains; his greatest works, all those which one has no pang in connecting with his name, were produced in obedience to pure and generous love of literature and ambition of fame, in the midst of the grievous round of task-work to which he looked for provision against positive want. Who will believe that if he wrote his novel, his poems, and his comedies for the sake of his genius and his name, when beleaguered by printers' devils for the daily dole of compilation, he would not have left us many novels, many poems, and many plays, had his morning and his evenings, during the ten last years of his life, been his own to do with as he listed? It is hard to say any thing for the excisemanship of Burns; but it is harder still to turn over any page of any pension-list (Whig or Tory), and remember without worse than indignation, the long library of booksellers' catch-pennies on which the inoffensive and unrepining Goldsmith wore out his strength, until exhausted nature gave way at forty-five.

We have quoted so largely from Mr. Prior's first volume, that we must not attempt to follow him minutely through the second, in which he details the history of these later years with the same accuracy of research. Until we perused the book, we had formed a most inadequate conception of the amount of drudgery to which Goldsmith submitted *after* he had come to be the established favourite of the public—filling, after all, a place only second to Johnson, even in the pages of Boswell. A mere list of the works which Mr. Prior, affiliates on him, by the sure evidence of his own and his booksellers' accounts and receipts, would fill several of our pages, and prove incontestably that he who, had no biographers told his personal story, would probably have passed with posterity for some gay lounger who diverted his leisure by half-a-dozen brilliant master-pieces, was in truth the most diligent slave that ever toiled in the mill of Grub-street. It is true that even in the execution of tasks so unworthy of him, he displayed—he could not but display—occasional flashes of the genius which shines clear and unbroken in the unforced effusions of his happier hours; but the consolation is a sad one; indeed, the more varied the evidence of his genius, the more melancholy must be our regret for its perversion.*

He went through all this sort of labour, no doubt, with far greater ease to himself than will ever attend the penman incapable of higher things. His MSS., of which Mr. Prior has examined many, confirm Bishop Percy's statement that "his sweet prose flowed from him with such happy facility that sometimes there was hardly a correction from the beginning to the end of a quire." Even in his case, however, this was, and could only have been, the result of much discipline; and sweet as the prose is which he could at length produce with such rapidity, we must not think that it would stand comparison with that over which he passed and repassed at intervals a cool eye and a correcting pen. The *curioso felicitas* of such apparently artless narrative as we have in *The Vicar* is a thing of another class. No man kept his verses longer by him, and retouched them with more anxious carefulness than Goldsmith; and could he have done as he liked with his prose, we may be sure he would have bestowed corresponding attention upon it all. He used to say that he owed his early ambition of neat and elegant execution to a rebuke which a slovenly school-boy's letter produced him from his elder brother. "Dear Oliver," Henry's answer began, "the less you have to say, there is the more reason that you should try to say it well." And how reluctantly he followed the dictates of necessity in abstaining from revision of his larger works for the press, may be gathered from a casual expression of his to a young gentleman of fortune, who showed him a MS. towards the close of his life. The sheets were covered with interlineations and minute amendments. "Ah!" said Goldsmith, "while you can take all this pains to do yourself justice, think of me, that must write a volume every month."

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* We are tempted to extract, as a specimen of the gems which Mr. Prior has had the merit of discovering among Goldsmith's anonymous and utterly forgotten lucubrations, a brief character of Beau Nash, the celebrated Master of the ceremonies at Tonbridge Wells, and afterwards at Bath. *Mutatis mutandis* we suspect it might stand for a faithful portraiture of the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of any of our modern Little Peddlingtons: so true is it that if the *manners make the man*, it is the *place* that makes the manners:—

"None could possibly conceive a person more fit to fill this employment than Nash: he had some wit, but it was of that sort which is rather happy than permanent. Once a week he might say a good thing—this the little ones about him took care to divulge; or if they happened to forget the joke he usually remembered to repeat it himself. In a long intercourse with the world he had acquired an impenetrable assurance; and the freedom with which he was received by the great furnished him with vivacity which could be commanded at any time, and which some mistook for wit. His intercourse among people of fashion had let him into most of the characters of the nobility; and he was acquainted with many of their private intrigues. He understood rank and precedence with the utmost exactness, was fond of show and finery himself, and generally set a pattern of it to others. These were his favourite talents, and he was the favourite of such as had no other.

"Some of the nobility regarded him as an inoffensive useful companion, the size of whose understanding was, in general, on a level with their own; but their little imitators admired him as a person of fine sense and great good breeding. Thus people became fond of ranking him in the number of their acquaintance, told over his jests, and Beau Nash at length became the fashionable companion."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 266.

We are not, however, to confound with the humbler productions of Goldsmith the "Letters on English History, from a Nobleman to his Son,"—the question as to the authorship of which has at last been settled by Mr. Prior. The clap-trap title-page had full effect, and these admirable letters, at first ascribed to Lord Chesterfield and subsequently to Lord Lyttleton, were never disowned by the latter nobleman, and still go by his name. Our biographer, however, has clearly proved, from the publisher's books, that they were wholly Goldsmith's, and adduces also a note of Bishop Percy, in which he describes Goldsmith as laughing at the title-page at the time, but adding that "he hoped this book would live." It has lived, and will continue to do so. Within similar compass no equally clear, comprehensive, and instructive survey of our annals ever has been, or is ever likely to be, written.*

Goldsmith wrote it in 1764, at a widow's house at Islington, where he had taken a lodging near the country-residence of his friend Newbery, who settled with the good woman quarterly, exactly as if the author had been in a condition of pupilage. Mr. Prior does not disdain to quote several of their accounts—from which it appears that Goldsmith's board and lodging cost 12*l.* per quarter; that his extra expenses were quite trivial; and that the landlady, from the regard she soon conceived for him, allowed him now and then to invite a poor brother-author to dinner, without making any claim for his entertainment. When wine was produced, which did not happen above once or twice in a month, Goldsmith was charged 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle, and no one evening is burdened with two bottles. His usual beverage in this retreat was a slight decoction of *sassafras*, "which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood;" and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Except when he went to dine in town on Fridays, with *The Club*, such was his simple fare. He read in the morning certain chapters of Carte, Rapin, &c., strolled away into the fields to arrange his reflections, came home to his early dinner, and then sat down to write for the evening. His chief amusement seemed to be playing with the children, who had always free access to his only room, and teaching the dog *to beg*. Whenever he had done enough of the letters to keep the press a-going for a day or two, he turned to some *child's book* for his employer; and if the author of Caleb Williams, himself long a children's bookseller, was not misinformed, one of these *opera subseciva* was the tale of "Goody Two-Shoes."

Goldsmith made two attempts to escape from this mode of existence. He drew up a memorial to the prime-minister, suggesting that if a competently qualified traveller were provided with the means of spending three or four years in the East, he might bring back some useful practical hints as to mechanical arts, and especially some chemical secrets serviceable to our manufacturers; and tendered his own services for such an expedition. Lord Bute appears to have taken no notice of his application. Johnson's sarcastic observation, "that if Goldy had gone he would probably have brought back a harrow or a hand-loom," is condemned by Mr. Prior as unjustly severe; but he has nothing to say as to a subsidiary point in Goldsmith's programme, which referred to transcribing the sculptured characters of what are called the *Written Mountains*. Goldsmith was ignorant of all the living as well as dead tongues of the East; and neither he, nor any other man, could ever guess to what language those mysterious inscriptions might belong. It has been reported that he received soon after an invitation to *write for the ministry*, and that being, though on principle a Tory, old and wise enough to shrink from the tumults of partisanship, he at once declined any such service; but Mr. Prior leaves this matter much in the dark. The other attempt was, once more to establish himself in his profession in London. This occurred in June, 1765, and was, it is said, advised strongly by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He took apartments in the Temple, hired a man-servant, (a Patlander, of course,) and appeared suddenly metamorphosed into "a smart physician, with a professional wig and cane, purple silk small-clothes, and a scarlet roquelaure buttoned to the chin, charged in his tailor's bill at four guineas and a half" (vol. ii. p. 104); but imposing as was this attire, it earned the Doctor more jests than fees, and he soon retreated again to his Islington lodging and Goody Two-Shoes. He ever afterwards, however, retained his chambers in the Temple (No. 2, Brick Court, up two pair of stairs.) His subsequent works were produced partly here and partly in different country lodgings—and here he died.

The next of Goldsmith's classical works was the comedy of The Goodnatured Man, which Garrick declined, and which the rival manager, Colman, was with much difficulty persuaded to risk upon the stage of Covent Garden. Its success justified Johnson's prognostic, and covered both managers with confusion. Boswell gives some amusing particulars about the author's simple display of anxiety on the occasion of its first performance, and he is quite corroborated by Mrs. Piozzi.

> "Dr. Johnson, who had been in his company the evening on which the play was performed and witnessed his distress, heard the avowal of that distress with surprise at the Chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, when both were dining with Dr. Percy, and censured it as silly, saying that 'no man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity,' a harsher remark than the matter deserved. Most dramatic writers would have felt as acutely as Goldsmith, though few might so unreservedly have avowed it.
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> "Returning home one day from dining at the Chaplain's table, says Mrs. Piozzi, Johnson told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very comical and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings when his play was hissed; telling the company how he went to the Literary Club at night

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* One of the daily journals, much to its advantage and credit, drew largely from these letters during the agitation of the Reform Bill. A new addition of them was in consequence called for, and, we believe, rapidly disposed of.

and chatted gaily among his friends as if nothing had happened amiss; that to impress them still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song about '*an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon*;' but 'all this time I was suffering horrid tortures,' said he, 'and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that; and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart; but when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a crying, and even *swore* that I would never write again.' 'All which, Doctor,' said Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world.' "—*Ibid.* pp. 166-168.

We must leave untouched Mr. Prior's remark on this comedy, and also his historical and critical chapters on the subsequent works which sustained and increased Goldsmith's reputation:—the Hermit, the Deserted Village, Mr. Prior's account of which will be particularly interesting to all Irish readers; the comedy of She Stoops to Conquer; the admirable compendiums of Greek and Roman History; and the View of Animated Nature, which, as Johnson predicted, he had rendered "as interesting as a Persian tale," and which—though undertaken, unlike his novel and poems, with little higher ambition than that of earning a certain number of pounds—from the subject happily coinciding with the author's habitual tastes, engaged such a share of his better enthusiasm, that it is, in all respects, worthy to be ranked among the permanent monuments of his genius. A good edition of this work, in which minor inaccuracies should be corrected, and subsequent information shortly and distinctly conveyed, would secure its popular usefulness, in spite of all the more pompous performances now-a-days puffed and placarded. This was the only one of Goldsmith's heavier exertions for which he received even a decent remuneration from the booksellers. For the eight volumes he got 800 guineas. His Deserted Village brought him only 100*l.*—the same sum that Hannah More received about the same time for her worthless ballad, Sir Eldred of the Bower. By his first comedy, between theatrical profits and copyright, he appears to have netted about 500*l.* Upon the whole, during the last eight brilliant years of his established fame and unwearied diligence, his income does not seem to have averaged more than from 200*l.* to 300*l.* His first biographer (the preface writer) speaks quite at random when he talks of his having made in one year, 1800*l.*

But if poor Goldsmith had gained sums much larger than it ever entered his head to dream of, his open and reckless generosity would have prevented them from making him, at the end of any one of these years, a richer man than he had been at the beginning. He was, in truth, in his own exquisite expression, "a machine of pity." Mr. Prior, among the numberless pretty anecdotes, tells one of his rising abruptly from a dinner table, and running out in the street to give all he had in his pocket to a ballad-singer. Some of the company observed and remarked on his lavish bountifulness. "Oh," said he, "you were all saying she sung sweetly—but you did not perceive the misery of her notes." He was continually practised upon by the fraudulent mendicants; the hour after he detected an imposter found him as ready as ever to be imposed upon; and his natural compassionateness, quickened, no doubt, by the remembrance of unrelieved distresses of his own, gave rise to the only bitter strain of sentiment that pervades his writings. His verse and his prose have very often for their burden, "Man's inhumanity to man;" and Mr. Prior quotes with more disapprobation than we should have expected, even such passages as the following:—

"There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature, the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters; whilst they have no share even in their own possession, but the choice of their market. I cannot bear to hear the rich crying out for liberty, while they thus starve their fellow-creatures, and feed them up with an imaginary good, while they monopolize the real benefits of nature."—*Animated Nature*, vol. iii. p. 8.—Ed. 1774.

Whatever money Goldsmith had was always kept lying loose in an open drawer. When a laundress's bill was brought to him one morning at breakfast, a friend heard him say, pointing to the drawer, "Well, Dennis, why don't you pay the poor woman?"—and ventured, when the man withdrew, to suggest that this was exposing the servant to undue temptation—"What!" cried Goldsmith, "my dear fellow, would you take Dennis for a thief?"

But the great and eternal drain was his compassion for the humbler serfs of literature—and especially the ragged adventurers from Ireland, who, now that his name was up, flocked to him for countenance and support. Mr. Prior has himself conversed with several persons, subsequently holding respectable stations in different professions, who told, with gratefulness, anecdotes of this description. But for the following, which illustrates his simplicity as well as his generosity, we are indebted to the late Mr. Richard Sharp, who had it from the lips of Mr. William Cooke, known from the title of a poem he wrote, as *Conversation Cooke*. That *Conversation Sharp* should have preserved *Conversation Cooke's* story, is an amusing coincidence. He says—

"To this gentleman, while yet but a stranger in town, and his supplies occasionally short, Goldsmith had more than once offered the use of his purse, which Cooke at length accepted, the temptation of an evening at Marylebone or Ranelagh Gardens with several companions being irresistible. On applying to the poet, however, he was told very seriously, and no doubt truly, that he had not a guinea in his possession. This being considered an evasion, something like a reproach escaped the applicant, that he regretted having made such a request where, notwithstanding voluntary offers of assistance, there existed so little disposition to afford it. Nettled by the remark, Goldsmith, as evidence of his desire to oblige, borrowed the money. In the mean time, Cooke, provided from another quarter, had locked his chambers and proceeded to his amusement, but returning at an early hour in the morning, found a difficulty in opening the door, which on examination proved to arise from the sum he had requested, in silver, being wrapped in paper and thrust underneath. On being thanked for this proof of sincerity on the following day, but told that the money might as readily have fallen into strange hands as those of him for whom it was meant, he characteristically replied, 'In truth, my dear fellow, I did not think of that.' "—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 139, 140.

Another anecdote was told by Dr. Veagh M'Donnell, a physician of some reputation in St. Marylebone, who died but a year or two ago—

> "It was," said Dr. M'Donnell, "in the year 1772, that the death of my elder brother in London, on our way to Ireland, left me in a most forlorn situation; I was then about eighteen: I possessed neither friends nor money, nor the means of getting to Ireland, of which or of England I knew scarcely any thing from having long resided in France. In this situation I had strolled about two or three days considering what to do, but unable to come to any determination, when Providence directed me to the Temple Gardens. I threw myself on a seat, and willing to forget my miseries for a moment drew out a volume of Boileau. I had not been there long when a gentleman strolling about passed near me, and observing perhaps something Irish or foreign in my garb or countenance addressed me, 'Sir, you seem studious: I hope you find this a favourable place to pursue it.' 'Not very studious, sir, I fear; it is the want of society that brings me hither; I am solitary and unknown in this metropolis;' and a passage from Cicero,—Oratio pro Archia,—occurring to me, I quoted it.—"Hæc studia pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.' 'You are a scholar too, sir, I perceive.' 'A piece of one, sir; but I ought still to have been in the college where I had the good fortune to pick up the little I know.' A good deal of conversation ensued; I told him part of my history, and he in return gave his address in the Temple, desiring me to call soon, from which, to my infinite surprise and gratification, I found that the person who thus seemed to take an interest in my fate was my countryman, and a distinguished ornament of letters.
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> "I did not fail to keep the appointment, and was received in the kindest manner. He told me smilingly, that he was not rich; that he could do little for me in direct pecuniary aid, but would endeavour to put me in the way of doing something for myself; observing that he could at least furnish me with advice not wholly useless to a young man placed in the heart of a great metropolis. 'In London,' he continued, 'nothing is to be got for nothing; you must work; and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another, for here labour of every kind commands its reward. If you think proper to assist me occasionally as amanuensis I shall be obliged and you will be placed under no obligation, until something more permanent can be secured for you.' This employment which I pursued for some time was to translate passages from Buffon, which he abridged or altered according to circumstances, for his Natural History.
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> "It has been said he was irritable. Such may have been the case at times; nay, I believe it was so; for what with the continual pursuit of authors, printers, and booksellers, and occasional pecuniary embarrassments, few could have avoided exhibiting similar marks of impatience. But it was never so towards me. I saw him only in his bland and kind moods, with a flow, perhaps an overflow, of the milk of human kindness for all who were in any manner dependent upon him. I looked upon him with awe and veneration, and he upon me as a kind parent upon a child.
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> "I was abroad at the time of his death, and wept bitterly when the intelligence first reached me. A blank came over my heart as if I had lost one of my nearest relatives, and was followed for some days by a feeling of despondency.—Poor Goldsmith was himself subject to frequent fits of depression, as I heard from those around him."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 344.

Among these young Irishmen Goldsmith was usually styled "Our Doctor;" he appears to have had a levee of them almost every morning at breakfast; he did what he could to get work for them among the booksellers; and whatever they wanted, and he had, was always at their command. To the worst sufferings of their tribe he had been himself no stranger; but Mr. Prior is of opinion that he refers particularly in the following touching page of his "Animated Nature" to the fate of an old associate of his, the translator of the *Henriade*, on whom he wrote the well-known epitaph—"Here lies poor Ned Purdon, a bookseller's hack, &c."

> "The lower race of animals, when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man: his mind anticipates distress, and feels the pangs of want even before it arrests him. Thus the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die in reality of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in common language, is often called a broken heart. *Some of these I have known myself when very little able to relieve them.*"

The truth is, however, that Goldsmith found the amusement most to his mind in the society of these poor dependants. Whenever he felt himself at his ease, and with a little money in his pocket, he used to say, "Come now, my lads, let us have a shoemaker's holiday." This ever welcome signal meant that the day was to be spent in a long ramble about the beautiful lanes to the north of London—and that the whole party should dine at his expense on bacon and eggs at some little ale-house of Kilburn, Islington, Hendon, or Hornsey.* In such haunts and with such companions Goldsmith probably enjoyed himself greatly more than he would have done at the best table that was ever enlivened by the wit and eloquence of his Johnsons and Burkes. Here "OUR DOCTOR" (not "Goldy," or at best "little Goldsmith") was the king of the club—his jokes were sure to shake every side, his songs to be chorussed and encored—and his wildest rhapsodies (even Boswell confesses that he liked *to hear Goldy rattle on*) were received as the oracles of a wisdom above criticism.

The weakness that leads one man to delight in low company, is not, after all, so pitiable, as that which tempts another to haunt the society of those who, he must feel, consider their admittance of him as a condescension and a boon. The frailties are however kindred, and they are often combined in the same person; but though Goldsmith had his part in most of the follies of vanity, there was a touch of pride about him, sufficient with the genuine tenderness of his heart, to make him prefer *taking his ease in his inn* among eager feeders who but for him must have had short commons.

Boswell's story of the new bloom-coloured coat in which Goldsmith exhibited himself on the 16th October, 1769—Garrick's merriment upon his self-satisfaction therein—and his indignant rebuke of Garrick, ending with the assurance that the tailor had particularly requested him, if any body admired the coat, not

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* Few readers, we hope, have forgotten the exquisite account of a *tour* of this kind given in the "Citizen of the World."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE THREE WISHES.

An hour before day, Dinarzade awaked her sister, and says to her, you will be so good, madam, as to tell the story of the third old man. The Sultan consented, being equally anxious to learn the Merchant's fate; and Scheherazade, resuming her discourse, thus pursued her narrative.

"Great Prince of the Genies," says the third old man, "though I must confess to have listened with the most lively pleasure to the wonderful stories you have just heard, yet I cannot help feeling that your lordship will consider such feats as the changing wicked ladies into black bitches, and the population of unruly cities into little fishes, as too much within the compass of that order of events which is familiar to your lordship's own experience, to be thought very wonderful."

The genie put on a knowing expression of countenance.

"You see before you one whose fate, and the adventures of whose life are altogether without parallel in the history of human events and changes. I am, or rather *was*, the only son of a physician of great eminence in the renowned city of Cairo.

"My father had arisen to the greatest eminence in his profession: he was consulted by the greatest kings, and seldom failed to despatch every patient with the greatest imaginable satisfaction. Yet, amidst all this great success there seemed among the more eminent members of his own profession, to exist a strong dislike to him, the cause of which I did not then understand. For my father was a regularly bred doctor, who was always accustomed to kill or cure his patients, according to the most approved methods of Averroes and Avicenna. But, with all my father's fame, Calumny, which, like the thunderstroke, will select the loftiest marks, did not leave him free. He was, though no direct proof could be given, suspected of being more addicted to magic than to his lawful art. And, in confirmation of this, it was observed, that he was unsocial and solitary in his habits,—that he was accustomed to absent himself whole weeks, no one knew why or wherefore. Strangers, too, of a mysterious and unusual appearance were constantly observed to come and go about his house. It was also noticed, that although he lavished the most enormous sums on mere curiosities, and thought the purchase of a province not too much to give for a frog with two heads or none at all,—yet his table was penurious, his wife ill-drest, and that I was the worst bred youth in all Cairo. My mother, who was of as amiable and communicative temper, as any other discreet matron in the town, was not able to throw any light on this curious riddle,—which your lordship must acknowledge was the lawful property of every curious person in Cairo.

"These things, as your lordship has easily divined, were not without their effect upon a mind like mine.—I was one of a lively and restless temper, full of curiosity and ambition, who wished to come at the bottom of every one's secret, and thought nothing above my deserts.—As my father's only son, I naturally supposed that his whole power, in which I fervently believed, would sooner or later be employed for my promotion. This fancy was my whole comfort.

"Under the influence of this feeling I was, of all, least alive to the common troubles of the family. I was mostly wrapped up in fancies, and often forgot the scanty meal before me, in the imagined ragouts of kingly tables. My lowly stock-bed was surrounded by the splendours of the magnificent Haroun. And as I walked the streets of Cairo, an object of pity to the wise, and contempt to the gay, visionary chariots of mother-o'-pearl and gold, whirled me with the speed of light, through distant realms, to scatter admiration and terror over a conquered world."

The genie stared.

"To counterbalance these exaltations, which, I protest to your sovereign lordship, I now believe preferable to any reality the world contains, I was often made to feel the contempt of my relations, among whom I felt very like a prince in disguise, who resents being treated like a common person. Insensible to the benefits which my gorgeous fancy generously showered upon them all, they seemed to grudge me the poor crust, which but too often fell to my lot, while I was dreaming of lamb and pistachio-nuts, washed down with the purest vintage of Schiraz.

"But my great standing grievance was, the cruelty of my father, who hated me as none but a rancorous father can hate, and who penetrated and availed himself of my amiable follies with the skill of a doctor and the power of a necromancer. Day after day, would he cross me in my most ecstatic exaltations, with some withering sarcasm, or terrifying threat, or some degrading employment. Was I engaged in audience with the ambassadors of Samarcant or Cathay, he would ask me if I had fed his frogs,—or if I loitered, in the trance of imaginary music, over some rare and costly banquet, he would send me to prepare some compound revolting to the nostrils of a scavenger."

The genie grinned with delight.

"In a word, my father treated me with neglect in every way but one, which was to torment me to the best of his abilities. He worked me like an Ethiopian, for which my sole recompence was abundance of kicks and cuffs. If I but made a wry face over a pounded polecat, it was enough to draw down upon me the whole weight of his paternal aversion. Often after a merciless drubbing, would he sneeringly assure me that, such was the fitting discipline for those who were to govern others: he used, with a grave shake of his head, to assure me, that it would endow me with a merciful sympathy with the nether members of the people who should be blest with such a king. Strange to say, my ambition,—which had, I think, more lives than all the cats in Egypt,—converted his cruel jest into a serious prediction."

At the simile about cats the genie wisely shook his head.

"That my father had also some causes for complaint, I must frankly confess to your lordship. From the pestle and mortar I was a sad truant: my father could scarcely take his eyes off me for an instant. As he was used to absent himself for long intervals, I never failed to take advantage of those occasions to be as idle as it was in the power of any ingenious youth to contrive. Money, to be sure, I had not: the doctor took care of this: and I was, consequently, necessitated to keep clear of those haunts where more fortunate youths spent their days in the pleasures of a great city. For this, however, I made myself amends, after a way of my own. For, not to say that it was to me a supreme felicity to exchange the confined and medicated vapours of a little, gloomy cell, for the fresh air, bright sunshine, and glorious prospect of my favourite seat, half way up, or sometimes at the summit of the tallest pyramid —it was on these sublime stations, my custom to indulge myself on the most magnificent visions of power, grandeur, and felicity. For this purpose alone, I had been industrious in obtaining knowledge in all that appertains to the state and pleasures of the greatest monarchs,—and exhausted the whole of this knowledge in building and rebuilding palaces of splendour, and serais of luxurious ease:—and I am not sure that these delicious ecstacies were not much enhanced by the lurking apprehension of the sound drubbing, which seldom failed to succeed them.

"In such a mood I sat, one delicious evening, on the summit of the highest of the pyramids. The land of Egypt lay beneath me, like one of the maps of the renowned Al Hasen,—a long-drawn and glittering valley, that shone like an emerald set in the encircling Nile. But my thoughts went far over Mount Gebel and the Red Sea, to the powerful kingdoms and sultanies of the East. I was, indeed, just engaged in ordering off the heads of some half dozen couquered princes, when a slight rustling noise suddenly called me to myself. Looking round—my eye was caught by the fixed gaze of my father's large leaden eye; the fixed cold gleam of its contracting ball gave him something of the look of an irritated reptile. I was spell-bound, as by some hideous object in a dream.

"Seizing my hand, he muttered some confused and gibbering sounds—and we sunk down together into a long, dreary corridor, through which we seemed to glide with noiseless steps, along a downward slope, which impelled us rapidly on. It seemed to pass far under the city of Cairo, and, I would venture to affirm, many leagues beyond. Our way was faintly lighted by a dim and colourless light, which seemed to come from no particular place,—nor to belong to any particular species of luminary that I ever heard of, the effect of which was to impress the spirits with a gloomy foreboding.—As we went along this dismal descent, we passed, now and then, some dimly-seen apartment, in which grim and official looking persons, looking very much like the understrappers of some great court of justice, seemed busily engaged.—and from these some faint mockery of human voice would now and then seem to flutter upon the silence-audible of our shadowy walk, during which I repeatedly whispered to myself,—'It must be a dream.'"

The genie here gave the old man a look of sly and sagacious penetration.

"It must, assuredly, be a dream, said I, as a clear and amply illumined space burst, all of a sudden, upon my startled sense. In all my visions of royal splendour I had never imagined any thing so awfully and so vastly magnificent. Its ample dome, sustained by pillars of black marble, which might have propped the world, lifted up its spacious concave through the whole depth we had for hours descended, and rose an equal distance above it, through the heart of some lofty mountain. One single shaft of sunshine which I mistook at first for a column of gold, fell from the summit far above, upon the silver, gold, and ivory flower-work, with which the floor lay thickly inlaid. This beam was rendered brighter by the solemn, but rich gloom, shed over the ample space, from the black pilasters around, as well as the sable drapery which festooned the immense mirrors between with curtains that were worthy to have been spun by the queen of darkness herself.

"'It is the Hall of Destiny,' said my father, as he stopped short, and surveyed me with a curious and searching glance. He looked like one who desired to enjoy some triumph, drop by drop, and not to let one atom pass, until he had fully sated his heart. I was astonished, and tried to look it all. I felt my danger was not passed: there was the reserve of a cruel purpose visible in the compression of his lip, and in the contracted look, which gave a serpent expression to his eye. I felt as if I was to be made to feel the force of some terrific power."

The genie chuckled with delight.

"'Huckabac,' said he, in that soft and silky tone which made my skin creep,—'Huckabac, my dear, I confess that I have done wrong in controlling and fretting your lofty spirit—you were not born to pursue the drudging path of homely industry, or to be distressed by the sight of that penurious board, which is felt to be good enough for the vulgar taste of your mother and your poor-spirited brother. It is unmeet that your royal temper should be disturbed by the reproofs and humours of a poor Cairo doctor, who has the undeserved honour to be your father; and it would be unfit that you should sully your dignity by drudging over the labours of a science, which, as you see, has no reward for the poor ignoramus that follows it. —It is time to do you justice, and to enable you to follow your ambitious will, and realize your high destinies.—But you must first behold and choose.' I stood paralysed;—but while I was hesitating, my father again said—'The knowledge which you have slighted empowers me to grant you three wishes,—but it is my intention to limit you to choose, according to the fancies in which you have buried your duties through life. You have made yourself familiar with the history of famous kings,—I have power to transport your spirit from this hall, into the persons and situation of any three of them in succession. Should any of those chances, from which kings are not exempt, frustrate your first choice,—your body awaits you on that spot where the sun shines on the centre of this floor; and in like manner, for the rest. Consider well before you choose, and look well into those mirrors. When you are decided, ring that little silver bell.'—I looked in vain to see the bell. When I turned my head my father was gone."

The genie awoke with a snort.

"I now felt myself prodigiously relieved from my fears. 'So,' thought I, 'instead of being changed into a cat or a dog, I have gained the summit of my desires; from a poor, starved hut, I shall be transported into some earthly paradise of enjoyment. I shall scatter gold like dust, and cut off heads like thistle tops, and swim in sparkling rivulets of wine of Shiraz. Shall I possess a hall like this?'—I was wonderfully elated, and in a perfect fever of delicious expectation. With an airy step I paced along the broad pavement, equal to a spacious plain in extent; and for some time could scarcely bring myself to sufficient coolness to perform the prescribed acts which were to realize my brilliant visions.

"'I prithee friend put a little more life into thy story,' whispered the merchant; 'the genie sleeps, and I am yet in jeopardy.

"'Never fear,' said the old man.

"I now bethought me of the mirrors, and directed my steps to the first. As I approached, I read over it in large capitals, 'The City of Samarcande.' 'Ho, ho!' said I, as I surveyed the polished plane, on which a moving picture showed itself. I looked upon the suburbs of a vast metropolis, out of which the whole world seemed to pour itself, round a smooth-shaven meadow on the centre of which was a royal pavilion, of spacious dimensions, richly decorated with royal ensigns, streaming on the sunny air,—while music, fuller, deeper, sweeter, than I had conceived of the immortal strains of the houris, poured out upon the ears of the listening wealth, rank, and beauty, of that grand city.' I was maddened by the delicious combination. 'I will be the King of Tartary, said I,' aloud; but how to proceed next is the point; where is this little bell? As I looked round I saw, near the spot I had first left, a small table, which I approached, and having reached it in a few minutes' smart walking, I saw upon it a diminutive little bell, not bigger than the cup of a small lily. 'So all goes right,' thought I.—I paused in the luxury of expectation!"

The genie gave a still wider yawn. The merchant was in a copious perspiration at the sight. The old man went on undisturbed.

"I hesitated on the first step of anticipated enjoyment,—more keenly to feel the change by contrast.—From penury I was to be raised to wealth,—from humiliation to glory,—from subjection to power,—from the empty banquet of ambitious fancy to the enjoyment of luxurious reality. With a slow, yet eager and tremulous hand, I seized and rang the little bell, and listened, in mingled suspense and awe to the fairy sound which slowly left my hand, yet echoed loudly back from the far off summit of the concave vault. My suspense did not last long; the echoes had scarcely died, when light steps echoed on the pavement, and a lady of the most stately and queenlike beauty stood before me with a gracious and captivating smile upon her lips.

"'Will it please your Majesty to taste this cup from the hands of your lowliest slave?' said she.

"'If such be the slave, fair one,' said I, 'what must be the highborn bride?' as I took from a little silver tray of exquisite workmanship, a small diamond cup filled with rich wine, the fragrance of which, expanding itself around, came upon my nostrils with a rich foretaste of its exquisite contents."

The genie smiled,—the two dogs smacked their lips.

"In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—I was in a dark, low, vaulted cell, breathing an atmosphere thick with a loathsome and clammy dew; a charnel odour fell upon the nostril so lately bathed in the fragrance of the blest. I could not see an inch. I tried to move,—I was bound hands and feet.

"'In the name of Allah,' said I, 'what is this for? This seems more a dungeon than a palace. But, perchance I am sick, and they have swathed me down to keep me still. I could not imagine what had happened. I worked one of my hands free, and felt over my attire. I was satisfied that my person was changed from a pigmy stature of five feet, to a tall, slight figure of six. My dress was costly, too. I felt the diamond ornaments, and the rich shawls. I am, after all, a king, thought I. I must await the entrance of some officer of state. I will change my bedroom henceforth. There was a stir in a neighbouring apartment. 'Ho, ho!' said I, 'they are slow in attending the King of Tartary,—heads shall drop for this.'

"Presently, a ponderous little door turned on its hinge, with a fearful grating noise, and two gigantic blacks entered, one of whom carried a little brazier, filled with live coals, which cast a vivid red gleam over the black-stained vaults, within a few feet above me as I lay: the other had some iron utensils in his hand: the third seemed to be a person having some authority. This person, I thought, is the vizier, who comes attended by the physician: I shall now learn all. It may be some ceremony of state.

"'Who is there?' said I aloud, willing to discover who I spoke to, before I expressed my desire: 'Who is there? I have been expecting you this hour.' The blacks stared on me with surprise. The officer answered in a gentle tone:

"'O King, I am glad to see you so prepared,—these fellows are seldom thought too slow. Hasten, slaves, to your duty; see you not his highness grows impatient.'

"'If my hands were untied, meanwhile, I think I should be more at ease.'

"'Grieved I am that I cannot comply with your highness—until these have done their work.'

"'How, slave?' said I authoritatively.

"'It is against the rule; and I am responsible to the King.'

"'How,—how,—what King, slave?'

"'His Highness—your Majesty's royal brother—who deposed your Majesty last night, now sits on the throne of Tartary.'

"'Then I am really in a dungeon?'

"'Your highness should know the spot,—your royal father prophesied your fate, as you witnessed his last struggles here.'

"'What are you now about to do, good sir,' said I in a softened tone.

"The mutes smiled hideous, as they rolled their eyes with fearful significance on each other,—my flesh began to creep.

"The officer, too, smiled; but raised his shoulders, so as to express surprise.

"'Your highness is not to be taught the customs of this court.'

"They are about to dress me for the hour of prayer thought I,—it may be no more.

"While this conversation was going on, the two blacks had lit a fire with the coals brought in, and were busily engaged blowing it to the brightness and heat of a furnace. They now left off, and one of them came and stooping his vast figure over me, and presently turning me as if I were no more than a dried log, again drew the loosened ligatures round my arms and legs, so tight that the circulation was impeded. My terrors, for some time rising fast, were now beyond endurance. I was not able to speak, nor could I recall my scattered thoughts. I saw that they were preparing some instrument of fiery torture, and felt that I was in their hands, without reprieve or resistance. Could nothing be done? Nothing. I recollected that I had a second and a third choice;—but through what fearful trial, beyond fleshly endurance I must pass to the next, I could not divine.

"There had been silence for a few minutes, when one of the two mutes, (for such I now perceived them to be,) made a slight sign that the operations, which they had carried on with a quiet, practised celerity, were now completed.

"One of them, approaching me, raised me up, and placed my head between his knees. The other approached with a bright plate, a little concave, and red with intolerable lustre, from the furnace. I shut my eyes, but could not again help opening them to gaze on that horrid light. When I did so, it was within six inches of my eyes, and cast a heat beyond endurance. I roared aloud for agony, and again closed my eyes. This poor resource was soon denied me.

"'Will your Highness open your royal eyes,' said the officer, 'or the mute must burn his fingers.'

"But I spare you the scene of horror and pain beyond describing. Without the power of moving my head a hairsbreadth to the right or left, my eyesight was toasted out of my head, and I was left in darkness. Again, quivering in every tortured nerve, and breathing the burning and putrid air, until, no longer able to endure such complicated and severe suffering, I sunk into a state of insensibility."

The genie here broke out into a loud fit of laughter, which very much raised the merchant's hopes of escape.

The next morning Dinarzade awoke her sister at an early hour, and having obtained the Sultan's consent, Scheherazade proceeded:

"Sir, when the genie had ceased laughing, the old man went on:

"How long I remained in this condition I could not tell; but at last I came to my senses. I felt myself in a state of extreme suffering, the effect of which was much increased by a painful sense of extreme thirst, which had been, I believe, the means of awakening me. I was not, however, long in this state, when the voice of the officer who had superintended the sufferings I have related, spoke just close to my ear—

"'O King,' said he, 'I have good news for your Highness. The people of Samarcande have arisen in your favour, and insist on your being produced.'

"A ray of consolation beamed across the darkness of my despair.

"If I cannot have enjoyment in this state of mutilation, I shall at least have revenge. But I knew it was not yet time to betray my true intent; so I merely answered, 'Messenger of good news, cannot you lead me forth at once; and when I shall have retaliated upon the real author of my miseries, you shall not long await your reward.' While he was about to reply, I heard a noise of approaching footsteps, and he had just time to whisper, 'the Sultan!' in a tone of alarm, when a crowd of persons surrounded me.

"'Brother,' said a harsh voice, 'I am forced to bring you forth to the people and the troops.'

"'Well, your Majesty,' answered I, 'may depend on my speaking as you desire.'

"'That we must ensure,' said the Sultan.

"I became alarmed. 'You cannot doubt me now,' said I; 'I am not fit for the enjoyment of power; I only desire to die in peace.'

"'You shall have your wish,' said the Sultan; 'we come to ease you of a painful life.'

"'I prithee, brother, do not let me die by violence,' said I; the instinct of nature prevailing over pain.

"'My dear brother, the troops must see you dead, and you shall be killed without the smallest pain.'—'Canst thou,' said he to some attendant, 'execute thine office without inflicting pain?'

"'Pleasure, rather, your Majesty.'

"'Then, prithee, be quick.'

"As the last word was uttered, a horrid hand was busy about my neck; it was immediately followed by the pressure of a sharp cord. A momentary sense of suffocation, drowsiness,—sleep.—I was dead."

The genie chuckled with delight.

"My lord genie, the change that instantly came upon me surpasses all the marvels of fable. The sensations of life again rushed through my frame with the rapidity of the fierce and fiery torture of a furnace. For a moment I thought that the angels of the tomb had possession of my burning body, under the ruins of Babylon, and were punishing my sins, done no doubt in the body of the Sultan of India."

The genie looked learned and contemptuous.

"I could not help feeling that it was a hardship to be blinded, bow-strung, and tortured after death, for sins of which I am guiltless as your lordship."

The genie hemmed loudly.

"The pain began to subside, and I felt myself lying on a soft couch, unbound; and opening my eyes, a flood of splendour rushed upon them, by which I was nearly blinded again. Inuring myself gradually to this, the well-known objects of the Hall of Destiny gleamed, one after another, on my sight. I was myself again.

"I now fell into a state of the most profound composure: a sense of repose, after the pains and horrors of so many dreadful sufferings, flowed around me. I never before knew so much bliss. Of the lapse of time I had no sense.—This happy state, too had its end. The pains of hunger came upon me,—they were worse than all. Unable to endure this new anguish, I arose from the couch, on which I had lain for the length of three days and nights. This I had discovered from an enormous clock, which marked the lapse of hours, while its gigantic pendulums of adamant swung with an everlasting monotony from end to end of the lofty and spacious dome of the hall.

"I was resolved to search narrowly around, to discover if there was any thing to be eaten. I now felt that faith in my father's promise, which assured me I was not to die of this horrible want. The search was too easily made; for, notwithstanding the vast size of this great edifice, it was quite unfurnished. The broad circle of its vast floor, stretched to the utmost extent which its dark pillars permitted the eye to reach; all was vast, uniform, and monotonous, unless where some of the huge mirrors, as I changed my position, cast a doubtful reflection of the opposite arch of the cupola above. There was, to be sure, a shelf of ponderous volumes, into which I should have been curious to look; but they were most tantalizingly a few feet above my reach; and could I reach them, they appeared too ponderous to be opened by any person, less in stature than the prince of the genies."

The genie squared his shoulders, and grew twice as big.

"There was nothing to eat, and hunger, I can tell your lordship, is worse than fire or cord. For a moment my pains were diverted. As I passed the mirror of the kingdom of Tartary, I saw an immense crowd collected around a mighty platform, on which was laid out a venerable form. This I presently perceived to be the form I had but recently died in. The people lamented with loud outcries; and the king, whom I instantly recognised, appeared sunk in the most profound affliction: this I knew to be but feigned, and vowed vengeance in my heart. But I was now in the very last stage of inanition—I had enough to do to stagger to the sofa, on which I fell exhausted.

"At this moment my father stood beside me; he bore in his hand a large dish of solid gold, out of which he took four others of precious stones, all different.

"'Rise, my son,' said he with a voice of much compassion, 'rise and eat.'

"I precipitated myself on the nearest dish, with the fierceness of animal voracity; and devoured until my father, whose patience was worn out, stopped me. 'Huckabac, my dear, I fear for your health; I must not allow you to overcharge your stomach, rendered delicate by the luxuries of royalty.'

"This allusion recalled all my sufferings; I was silent with renewed anger; but my father, affecting ignorance of every thing that had occurred, made me recite to him the whole history of my sufferings. To this narrative he listened with an air of one surprised; but I could perceive that all his questions were suggested by the liveliest professional curiosity. He would know every sensation, and the precise part in which it was felt; he advised me to keep my eyes quite open should it ever be my lot to be blinded again; and seemed to lament, that instead of the bowstring I had not been impaled. He was minutely inquisitive on the sensations I felt in recovering; and seemed deeply interested in the trial of hunger I sustained.

"But I was still much imposed on by the vehemence with which he entered into my wrong, in the person of the King of Tartary. 'Let it be our first care, my son, to avenge ourselves upon his guilty successor. At this moment the King of Georgia has levied a numerous host for the purpose of subduing the kingdom of Tartary. You shall wish yourself at its head; and enjoy the pleasures of retaliation. Should he fall into your power fail not to send me word, as I should wish to feel his pulse while his eyes are burning!' So saying, he presented me with a sparkling cordial, which I had no sooner swallowed than I felt tenfold appetite for revenge possess me.

"I was again alone; I approached the Georgian mirror; a splendid figure stood near, having on his head a crown of solid gold of exquisite workmanship —he seemed to be the most beautiful and complete young prince I had ever seen. I was inflamed with ardour to exchange my frightful little form, which your lordship must know was about so high, for that stately person. Ambition, vanity, and revenge rose together in my heart. I forgot my sufferings, and burned again to leave the poor little body which I would now give all my goods to see again.

"I looked again—the distance showed a far extended and glittering line of cavalry ranged across an immense plain; and already in fancy I was its possessor. I walked towards the table in the centre, and as I went, resolved to guard against the disappointment of my former choice. 'I shall,' thought I, 'adopt my father's very words—the king may be in a dungeon—I will wish to command that army—this may serve for himself or his successor.' Thinking myself most sage, I touched the little bell. Again the sweet and solemn chime came with a subduing tone from the high roofed vault of the Hall of Destiny. Again that beautiful fairy stood before me with her discreet and thoughtful eye and sparkling cup. Again the strange transforming cordial chased through my veins, and I sat with a triumphant feeling upon the back of a splendid war-horse, surrounded by a numerous band of officers, some of whom I could perceive to be persons of rank. I did not know their names, and therefore resolved to be reserved and discreet until I could obtain this knowledge.

"I was treated with much deference by every one; yet it was not exactly the kind of respect I had expected; it seemed to be little more than a slight surface of external form. 'I must,' thought I, 'depress the aristocracy here; they shall by and by learn who they have to deal with.' I assumed a stately deportment, and looked as awful as I could. This, to my surprise, rather increased the familiarity of some; they conversed with each other in a manner totally inconsistent with the respect due to a royal presence. I felt resentment swelling in my bosom. There was a tone of innuendo and sarcastic allusion; which but that it seemed inapplicable to the monarch and a handsome youth, I should suppose designed for myself. 'What it is to be a general,' says one.

"'It makes old men young,' says another.

"'And slaves proud,' observed a third.

"'And Tartars handsome,' added a fourth.

"'And a —— look like a man;' 'at least it makes one look as if he thought so,' struck in a fifth. Turning round with stately condescension, I said, gaily enough, 'you are merry gentlemen.' I was startled at my own voice—it was harsh and shrill, and quite unsuited to the youthful beauty of the figure in the glass. 'How, now, Gabor,' said the foremost of my companions merrily; 'you seem more frightened at that sweet voice of yours than at the onset of the Tartar; come, my friend, rally your scattered senses and be yourself.' I was confounded at this licence; 'they are accustomed to be free,' thought I; 'I must tolerate them a little. I put on a laughing air, and we chatted as we rode along the ranks; my spirit warmed towards my companions, who were now not only respectful but seemingly cordial; and I began to give way to the contemplations of prosperous ambition, when a loud cheer arose from the ranks with deafening power. I was hesitating how to acknowledge this mark of real respect, when my eye caught a splendid train of horsemen, all glittering with such splendour as I had not hitherto dreamt of, coming in full gallop across the plain—there were about forty persons, all who seemed to be of the highest rank. 'This,' thought I, 'is some imperial visiter or guest; we must receive him like a brother king;' and seeing that those around me drew up in a posture of respect, I took the hint and did the same. The stately company was now drawn nigh; in the front rode a gallant youth mounted on a milk-white steed, all streaming with golden housings. On his head the youth wore a jewelled cap; on the front of which one phœnix plume, the only one I had ever seen, luxuriantly rich and glowingly bright, fanned the air with the motion of his steed."

The genie chuckled derisively.

"I now bethought myself of some well turned sentences which migh texpress the respect of one monarch to another; and when he came up I singled out, with a majestic air, recollecting my own splendid figure as I had seen it in the glass.' 'Now,' thought I, 'the army will be comparing this foreign monarch with their own lord:' to support the comparison, I mustered all my good looks as he approached, and holding out my right hand with a careless air began: 'Sir and brother.' I had spoken no further when I was checked by a sharp pang which went like lightning round my wrist, while a suppressed titter broke upon my ears—I looked at my wrist—the hand was gone."

The genie laughed aloud.

"I looked at the mischievous youth who had served me this unaccountable trick. 'He is in my power,' thought I, 'if the soldiery is not as lawless as the nobles.' My lord, you may conceive my surprise—it was the youth I had seen in the glass."

The genie roared with outrageous merriment.

"I was then once more cheated; but how I could not conjecture. Was it possible, flashed upon my mind, that I had a twin brother; I had no time for thought. 'Why, honest Gabor,' said the youth, thy command has turned thy brains;' I begun to faint from pain and loss of blood. On seeing this, he said, 'we must not let him die outright; apply the cautery, and bring the slave to the serai.'

"I was now burned with a red-hot iron, the sight of which made me quiver to the centre of my frame, and the touch made me roar like a buffalo-bull. I felt I was no king; and the truth began to dawn upon my mind. I questioned the officers who remained around me, and excited by my interrogations much more surprise than I received from the replies.

"I dwell not on the painful interval of my convalescence, or the more painful information which I soon received of my whole misfortune. I had been one of the eunuchs of the Georgian court, whose great courage, prudence, and wisdom had obtained me a continued promotion from one great post to another, till I had been the week before raised to the command of the troops destined to attack the Tartar king. But the deformed person alone remained—the spirit of prudence was gone; and by my first inevitable mistake I was now in disgrace. I was pardoned, in consequence of the punishment I received at the hands of the king; and soon received visits from the officers of state, and even from the king. They tormented me beyond measure; the chief subject of their conversation was the singularly vain manner I displayed on the day of the review, which they attributed to the effect of my elevation. When I was able to appear in court, every look I met conveyed a taunt; and I could perceive that I was become the object of universal derision. The exasperation of wounded vanity overcame the little prudence I had by nature; and I so insulted one of the chiefs, that the enraged dignitary caused his slaves to throw me down and administer the bastinado so unmercifully, that for a week I was unable to stir. And to make the matter worse, such was the nature of the insult, that I dared not seek redress, or make the matter known to any one.

"Still I thought myself commander of the troops. But the day before they were to march, there came reports of preparation from the court of Samarcand, which caused increased levies to be raised; and the young king resolved to command in person. At the same time, the impression made upon his majesty and his wisest councillors, by my recent demeanour, and the fear that I might harbour a desire for revenge, caused an alteration in my situation by no means to be desired. The command was assumed by King Malek; and to make me some amends, I was entrusted with the command of an important fortress on the Tartar side of Georgia.

"To this position I was directed to march on with a small army; and to take immediate possession of it with a sufficient garrison, leaving the rest to form an encampment in the vale of Kortene. This order, which I justly attributed to hostile counsels in the cabinet, was evidently for the purpose of degrading me by the mere arrangement of circumstances; as it was plain, that, when the whole army should join as was designed, the command of these troops must fall to some general commanding in the field.

"The same evening, at an early hour, my little host set forward; and, my imagination long exercised in such scenes, made me feel more at ease than another could have felt in a situation so new to him. I was also proportionally elated, for the martial scene that moved around me as I went was quite congenial to my ambition and love of earthly dignity. I was for the present, at least, freed from the overshadowing splendour of King Malek—the taunts of the courtiers, or the commands of superiors in office. My genius for command disclosed itself in all its grandeur."

Here the old men smiled and the genie laughed immoderately.

"Accustomed as I was to reflection, and now experienced in the trials of life, it is true, my lord, I could not help also being struck with a sense of the instability of human greatness, and the insecurity of my situation. And I will freely confess to your lordship, that while military music came like a voice of glory upon my ear, and the long-drawn martial train with steed, and plume, and steel-clad rider crowded on my eye, the royal dungeon, the burning plate, the bowstring, the bastinado, and the sharp scimitar in the reckless hand of a despotic boy, mingled painfully with my reflections. I thought of the thin partition between the chambers of life and death—between glory and the grave."

The genie stared.

"We rode on for some days through a varying district, chiefly along the skirts of Caucasus; sometimes ascending where the road wound on high over some rocky ridge; at other times descending into the rugged bed of some scanty stream. The heat on these occasions accumulated in the concavities of these oblong vales, reminded me forcibly of the burning plates in the dungeon of Samarcant. Occasionally we forced our way through deep thickets, the underwood of tall forests, and suffered extremely from the close and smothering air; the lacerating briers, and the alarms of the savage monsters which prowled among them. I found, my lord, that glory, and honor, and high station, precarious as they were, were also of rather doubtful enjoyment in the possession; and that it was, perhaps, after all, better to dream of thrones, truncheons, and judicial robes in the quiet penury of Cairo, than to be thus toasted and tossed about for their sake. While I was thus thinking, the power of thought was nigh driven from me by a roar, that echoed more loud than the loudest thunder through the dimness of the hollow woods: a whole regiment of cavalry—I know not if it was owing to the terror of the horses or their riders, or perhaps both—rushed in tumultous confusion into the leafy steep which descended on the quarter opposite this alarming sound. But you may judge my alarm—O mighty prince of the genii—when in another moment, while I was debating where to fly, the same awful roar increased to a deafening loudness, rushed by my ear, and in an instant I was extended on the ground, while within two small paces before me, upon the carcass of my valuable warhorse, lay an enormous lion of Causasus; the switching of his tail struck me on the leg so hard, that a few more blows must have broken the bone or disjointed my knee. Happily his back was turned; so that I was enabled to rise and creep aside quietly into the bushes. Many men and horses were killed or sadly disabled by falling down the steep; but when the cause of the tumult was clearly ascertained, the terror was soon allayed, and the monster was pierced with the arrows and spears of a thousand valiant warriors."

The genie smiled contemptuously.

"Occasionally we had the pleasure of reaching a town; the smoke of which, rising afar, gladdened our hearts. When such was the case, we took possession of the houses from which the inhabitants mostly fled. And as we did not fail to help ourselves to every thing that could be either eaten up or carried away, we were in some degree compensated for their want of hospitality to the army of their sovereign.

"Not to fatigue your lordship; after several days' laborious march, we arrived at our destination. It was a fortress, situated on a commanding eminence about three hundred fathoms in perpendicular height, rising steeply up from a valley so broad that it seemed like a spacious plain, on which the caliph might encamp with all his powers; and the sultan of the Indies not lack room for all the armed principalities of the south.

"A few words will convey to your lordship an exact idea of the situation in which I stood. One narrow footway led us up the steep, which was strongly fortified on every side, but that which leaned from the steep immediately above the valley. In this high enclosure, lay a small town, well provisioned and having copious cisterns of rain water. A house of no very ample dimensions was set apart for the military commander. Of this fortress I took possession with a thousand men, the utmost it could hold without inconvenience. The remaining troops took up their ground within the narrow gorge on the northern side of the hill.

"For two days all remained in unbroken rest, though not without the excitement of hourly rumours and the surmises of curiosity and fear. The little street was filled with groups of the soldiery and inhabitants, inquiring, retailing, and I believe inventing reports, so various and contradictory were the shapes that rumour took. One sense seemed prevalent, among the officers of the different regiments, who mostly assembled on the height to watch more easily what might appear in the distance of the vale. They agreed that the importance of this position, must cause the first operations of the King of Tartary to be directed immediately against us. So that it was a question of the most anxious suspense which might first appear —our force, or that of Tartary. With this anxious doubt, little else was thought of; the wine cup lost its allurement; the chess board its interest. Hourly were our eyes strained over the far expanse which lay before us—the field of a deeper game."

The genie looked contemptuosly at the old man.

"On the third morning, as we were overlooking the plain, a long loud blast of some foreign horn came faintly mingled with the breeze. It was speedily conjectured to be the Tartar trumpet, which can be plainly heard at the distance of twenty leagues; but by the loudness of the sound, we perceived that it must be less than half that distance. And, accordingly, ere noon, a long line of gleaming light, which was obviously in motion, plainly intimated that the Tartar army would soon be drawn up beneath us. The alarm was, indeed, very great among the scanty body that was to be exposed to the first attack. Fresh scouts were sent out to meet and hasten the main army of Georgia, which could not now be far off. I wished to send our small host forward to intercept the enemy; but I had the presence of mind to perceive the surprised looks of the officers, and to recollect that I knew nothing about the matter; so, appearing to reflect, I said they had better remain as they were, until reinforcements should arrive. Every hour seemed, I must confess, to add to the contempt which I inspired among the officers whose rank allowed them to approach me; and I began to rejoice that I had been thus tacitly degraded from a command in which my real ignorance would quickly appear. Should the king arrive in time, I hoped to be a mere looker-on. If not, I could perhaps make terms with the Tartar; the alternative was not uncheering. Having more natural wit than most of my officers, I was enabled to conceal much ignorance, and to draw their opinions from unintentional hints and unwary conversations, so that I still kept some shadow of respect. My most dangerous enemy was the physician, who lived in the fortress, and who watched me with all the keen intelligence of that observing class—indeed his looks put me not a little in mind of my father. I took the first opportunity to order him the bastinado, which moderated his prying zeal, and kept him for some days out of the way."

The genie gave an approving nod.

"The scouts brought back word that the Georgian army would be up in a few hours. The Tartars had by this advanced to the edge of a deep morass, within half a league of the fortress; from this, dividing into seven bodies, they took up their ground between that and a bend of the river Irtish, which was there very wide and deep. Our officers were much alarmed when they discovered the advantages of the position; and I scolded at them, swearing flatly that it was to prevent this, that I had ordered out our small army, as I ascertained that our army could be attacked in detail as it came up along the Irtish. I now resolved on sending round my small host to await at the mouth of the rocky gorge, in order to frustrate any movement of theirs by the seasonable demonstration of an opposite force.

"Night came on; but it was spent in anxious watching; close beneath us lay the van of the Georgian host. Before us, so near that we could hear every sound that rose from their camp, the Tartars held their position; innumerable fires told the vastness of their host; the bright illumination from a group of tall pavilions towards the rear, that the King of Tartary commanded in person.

"A little after midnight I entered my house to take a half hour's repose; but I had not yet lain down, when I was told that a little old man from Cairo desired to see me. At once conjecturing who it was, I commanded him to be introduced. It was my father—he eyed me with a keen glance.

"'How did you discover me, O father,' said I.

"'I inquired, my son, among the Georgian host if any one had suddenly lost his wits,' answered the old man with his cold sarcastic voice and ambiguous smile.

"'Nay, father,' said I, alarmed, 'did'st thou see the king?'

"'Foolish boy, I did; I thought you had made sure of his person and throne; I found my mistake without having committed myself; but I fancy he quickly divined the honour that we intended him; for he told me the whole history of your conduct on the plain of Teflis. As he laughed himself into good humour, I think you need not fear.'

"'Father,' said I, 'kill me on the spot, and set me free from this vile carcass.'

"'All in good time, my son; it would not be safe to slay one of his majesty's officers in the centre of his troops. A Tartar broadsword will serve your turn before this time to-morrow night; and if not, you are not much out of the way as you are—*have but a little patience.*'

"As he spoke these last words with an ironical drawl, many subduing recollections stole over me; my eyes flashed; my throat cramped; my feet glowed; my wrist sent burning pangs; an imaginary stake went through me, and a Tartar spear made my entrails shrink into the smallest compass—'how,' thought I, 'shall I stand before the Georgian?'

"The morning dawned; heavy clouds floated overhead; and a gleam of steel lay like a harvest of spears and helmets, over the remoter half of the plain. The Georgian king had sent half his army along the semicircular gorge to reach the further end; two thousand men with frequent discharges of arrows, stones, and liquid fire from the fortress, were deemed enough to keep the other pass, where the Irtish bent within a hundred paces of the hill.

"When this arrangement was effected, a body of twenty thousand cavalry swept with a sound of thunder across the plain, and precipitated themselves with many a shout upon the Tartar centre. The shock seemed considerable, as the vast shoal of feathered heads nodded forward, when they stopped short before the Tartar square. A cloud of dust arose, and presently hid from our sight the movement of the combatants. But we heard the clashing of scimitars and the crashing fall of many an iron mace; and war steeds having empty saddles came rushing from the cloud of battle. The hoarse murmur of striving thousands was also wafted across the interval; and now and then a loud and breathless call, the chiding of heroes as they rallied each other to the points of danger. This attack lasted for nearly half an hour when the Georgian squadrons appeared to give up the point, and to make rather a disorderly retreat towards the nearest pass where they entered in much disorder, pursued by a squadron of Tartar horse. While this had been going on, thirty thousand Georgians had been drawn up four deep along the hill, who saluted the Tartar with a cloud of arrows as they passed; and the Georgian horse turning about upon them while they were in confusion, cut them up in a manner frightful to behold—in a word, they left two thousand men upon the field.

"All was now quiet for awhile—if it could be called quiet with such a field before us. It was enough to make any reasonable man sick of military honours for the rest of his life. I never rejoiced so much that I had been set aside from my command. The very nearest object almost directly beneath me was the Georgian who had led on the charge, a headless trunk; his armour streaked with the blood which oozed through its chinks, his head no where to be seen. Around him lay distinctly perceptible, though so far beneath, forms of horses and men in all the stages of death, and twisted into every attitude of agony. It was—as my father, who stood beside me on the parapet, remarked—an ample table for the study of the physician; or a stage for the actor to learn the most difficult portions of his art. My heart sickened at the cruel remark. 'Brother,' observed the Armenian doctor who stood next him, 'could we not procure that head which lies a little this way towards the Georgian line.'

"'My son,' said my father, 'you hear my friend's desire; can you not send out a messenger?—we are very desirous to obtain a head.'

"Almost maddened by the disgust and horror which I felt, I sternly refused the impious request. My father, I could perceive, was seriously offended, and muttered bitterly between his teeth, you shall repent of this my son.'

"The awful blast of the Tartar horn Kerrenay now rose above all other sounds, and turned our eyes again to the field of death beneath us—the prospect was changed. The Tartar and Georgian host seemed to have mingled on different parts of the field which was now filled with the noise, fury, and violence of a raging combat between two vast armies; all order seemed lost; the battle raged like the torrent of some mighty inundation, broken into whirlpools by the rocks and eminences on its way. Here two squadrons stood, as with balanced fury, exchanging tremendous strokes of scimitar and mace. A little further, hasty and precipitous flight was followed on the heels by mad pursuit. Fear and fury, slaughter and overthrow —the shout of rage and the shriek of sudden mutilation, mingled horribly. It was a sight no man can conceive without actual experience—I could scarcely believe they were men."

The genie looked sublime contempt.

"My lord genie, not the least imposing effect of this awful scene, was one which no one might have foreseen. The day was fair, but cloudy; and broad shadows and gleams of sunshine seemed to course each other, as if in play, over this scene of agitation and fury. It seemed as if the geniis or spirits of the upper elements were unconscious of the strife below; and looking on it as I did then far below where I stood, I thought I could never congratulate myself enough that I was out of the fray.

"At length the scattered squadrons of Georgia became more scattered; and those of the Tartar more collected and condensed; and as they came onward like a gathering wave of war, by the time they reached the base of the hill there was no enemy before them.

"With breathless ardour had I looked upon the contest; I was deeply absorbed in speculating on the best course of conduct for my own interest and safety, and had resolved on betraying the fortress to the Tartar in time to secure his favour, when a voice close to my ear said, 'the king orders you to man the parapet, and to shower fire and arrow on the enemy while he rallies his scattered host—be quick, man, are you awake?'—I had made up my mind. 'Hamjac,' said I, 'I will do no such folly. The King of Georgia will ere night be in the power of the Tartar; and my head, my friend, will answer for any damage I may cause to the conqueror's army.'

"'I quite agree with your wisdom, O Gabor,' said the Georgian; 'and if I might offer a fool's advice, you will not content yourself with letting yourself be taken, in which event your merit will not be allowed for; but you will send a special messenger to the Tartar King with your offer.'

"'I take your advice, my best friend,' answered I; 'and to convince you of the respect with which your wisdom inspires me, I entrust yourself with this delicate affair—go, my friend, and may Allah speed you—I shall wait your return with impatience.'

"The Georgian left me.

"'Thy conduct is wise, O son,' said my father; for your life is no longer safe with the Georgian prince; he has, by the help of the Armenian doctor, who is a great magician obtained a knowledge of your history, and is fully aware of your intentions and mistake. There is a plot against you, which I have appeared to assent to in order the better to counteract it.'

"'I hope Hamjar will prove faithful,' said I, trembling from head to foot.

"'I hope he may, my son; but these courtiers are not to be trusted.'

"'Can I not fly, O father.'

"'There is but one avenue, O my son; and it is already in possession of the Tartar.'

"'How then did Hamjar come; and how shall he reach the king?' At this moment the Armenian entered—he had been evidently listening at the door.

"'I just heard your question, my son,' said he; 'there is a private way that leads far out among the hills; it is known to but few; I am just prepared to escape, and have come here in the hope to induce my brother to accompany my flight. The Tartar will spare no one, and there is now no hope from King Malek.' This he said with a look of haste and terror so natural, that I had no doubt of his sincerity.'

"'Haste, my son,' he added; 'thine enemy, with five hundred men, is in present command—he has orders to behead thee—come.'

"'Whither?'

"'Follow me.'"

(*To be continued.*)

From the Metropolitan.

TEMPER:

OR, AN EXTRACT FROM AN OLD MAID'S ALBUM.

THE idea of an Album is a complex, but certainly not an innate, idea. Let us analyse it as the philosophers say. Sangnine shades of murdered roses—myriads of forget-me-nots, as blue and flat as if cut out of a china plate, each particular blossom staring at you with its one yellow eye—Indian ink imitations of the maid of Athens—pencil sketches of incredible mountains and unattainable cottages—sublime effusions arranged in lines, each commencing with a capital, and which, according to the definition given in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, "*tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers*," may be conscientiously styled verse, since most assuredly they are not prose; and which according to the degree in which long words, love or brimstone, predominate in them, may be classed into Miltonic, Byronic, or Satanic. Add to these the fair mistress of the treasury, with blue eyes, upturned beseechingly, and red lips softly supplicating. "Do pray, write something—any thing, in my album!" and you have the beau real, if not of an English, at least of an Irish, album. The contributors to these precious perennials are, for the most part, promising young gentlemen, who never keep their promises further than by enunciating a few flaming speeches in a debating society, or penning a few sweet verses for the corner of a newspaper, and fledging geniuses who "own the soft impeachment" of flirting occasionally with the old maids of Parnassus, or as Denis O'Shaughnessy calls them, the "nine female Heliconians."

But an old maid's album! What a strange production must that be? What hope that any clever young gentleman will woo his coy, and too often cruel muse, at the instance of any mortal maiden of sixty-three? There is none whatever; and therefore will I fill mine own album, and I may say without vanity, (a phrase which, as in the present instance, generally indicates a superabundance of it,) that it will be better worth a reading than that of any young lady of them all.

There is not in the world a more romantic creature than an old maid who has preserved even a tolerable share of good-nature. Her "side intelligencers" are ever agape to catch any current tale of true love crossed or crowned, and having herself passed without the pale of rivalry, she is made the confidante of many delicate distresses, especially if she be a discreet person such as I. It will be seen that I have had more opportunities for seeing life and human nature as they really are than are usually afforded to the ladies of the creation. I have been long among my fellow-creatures "taking notes," and am determined to "prent them," publishers permitting, and public approving. To this bold step I am urged neither by "hunger, nor request of friends," but by a notion, new-found though somewhat of the latest, that I can make better stories out of the raw material of real life, than some that I see in type; nay, I confess I should not be very much surprised, some short time hence, to find myself a very remarkable woman, possessed of talents of a high order and the sought for by all publishers.

Under the spell of the *afflatus*, (by which term our poor ignorant ancestors doubtless meant to indicate an unsually protuberant bump of self-esteem,) I feel inclined to prose a little before I tell my story. Indeed I have always remarked that an author bestows his tediousness most abundantly in the first volume; but so soon as the last skein of the plot is unravelled, he hastens off, conscious that he has no longer a peg on which to hang the reader's attention. Tale-readers, to use an old-maidenly illustration, very much resemble my sleek brown cat. So long as I hold in view, but out of her reach, some tempting morsel of flesh or fish, she patiently watches all my motions; but as soon as she has swallowed my dainties, the ungrateful quadruped turns her back on me, coils herself up, and takes unto herself a comfortable nap.

As, however, I have unwillingly acknowledged that there cannot be a matrimonial catastrophe to the tale of which I am the heroine, I must not hold my gentle reader too long by the button or bracelet, but proceed to solve its own mystery, namely, how I, living so long among the brisk and gallant Emeralders—once young and pretty—still rich and witty—and having had suitors *ad libitum*, should, in this present year of grace, write myself an old maid, instead of an old wife.

To begin. I will first give you a brief sketch of my birth, parentage, and education. I was born in the lovely city of Dublin. My father was an eminent physician and a benevolent man. My mother and he had been taught different roads to heaven, and as neither would quit the accustomed track, they entered into a compromise, which was made the more readily, as our family contained equal portions of the fair and the unfair sex. In consequence of the said treaty, my mother and her two daughters rolled safely and easily along the loyal rail-road of the Establishment, while my father, with his two sons, crept stealthily along the Pope's proscribed by-paths. At an early age my sister Julia, who was two years my senior, and I, were sent to Mrs. Primer's boarding-school, to receive what, fifty or sixty years ago, was considered fashionable education. In those days of samplers and spinets, setting up a piano was considered as strong a step as setting up a carriage in those who were not born to the manner. Dustmen and coalheavers were not then esquires, nor were their daughters pianistes, nor their sons poets. The mamas of that age might go to school to the babes of this. There were then no infant universities, there were no astronomers in swaddling clothes, no mathematicians in petticoats. There were no albums, no nerves, no writing made easy; there was more knitting and fewer blue-stockings, more spinning and fewer spinsters, more love and less learning, much fun and no philosophy; in short, as the old ballad says,

"Now is now, and then was then."

When I recall the happy years I passed under Mrs. Primer's dull and gentle reign, I feel a strong temptation to become lackadaisical, and run into the style of young gentlemen labouring under the first access of poetic fire and fury, as thus:—"Days of my youth, ah! whither have ye fled? Why am I left alone and broken-hearted in the cold, hollow, cruel world? 'Tis true I smile and mingle in their sports, and shallow worldlings deem that I am even as they. They know not that my heart is blighted—withered—crushed—they know not that the light laugh rises from despair."

I have often thought that if these miserable smilers were closely questioned, they would be brought to reply with the old hypochondriac in the farce, "O yes! I eat well—drink well—sleep well; but that's all—that's all, I assure you." But how well soever the pathetics may suit a young gentleman with a fine Roman nose, a *brow*—(forehead is a term too gross to indicate the summit of his ethereal countenance)—a brow of marble whiteness, and locks of raven darkness; yet an old woman ordering her wings, and soaring off to cloudland, would be more absurd than picturesque; besides, I must take care to avoid getting on stilts, from which, in the progress of my narratives, I should be often obliged to hop down with more agility than gracefulness. The natural footing on *terra firma*, is the best on which to mingle in the varied dance of life, whether the measure lead us through the merry jig, the graceful waltz, or the solemn minuet. My pen has many tales of many moods to tell, each of which shall have a separate chapter, long or short, in my album, and be distinguished by a suitable title; but I must hasten, if I can, over those introductory portions of it which relate to myself and my own family.

I shall not dwell on my school days. Every one calls them the happiest of his or her life; but does not the chief part of that happiness arise from delighted anticipation of the untried pleasures of the world? Mrs. Primer's school was a large one, and contained many pretty, interesting girls, some of whom I met in after life; but of others I soon lost sight in the intricate mazes of society. Two only, of all these companions, I will particulary mention here, as their subsequent histories are worthy of record, and were, in some sort, connected with my own.

The first of these was Jessie Logan, a lovely little Scotch girl. When she came to school she was dressed in deep mourning for her mother. She was very pale and fair, and her almost incessant tears betokened an affliction much deeper than is usually felt at her age, which was about nine years, the same as my own. Every child in the school was interested by her sorrow, and loaded her with kindness; but I was her selected comforter, and in a short time her confidante. I shall never forget the sadness and surprise I felt on hearing Jessie's simple tale. It was to me the very first revealment of the darker and rougher passions of mankind. Reared amid caresses, and domestic harmony, I knew nothing of hatred, still less of family discord and violence, and the tears that I mingled with Jessie's, sprang not only from pity, but from terror, at this, the first glimpse I had as yet had of the hideous aspect of wickedness.

For almost as many years as Jessie could remember, she and her mother, though living in the same house, kept apartments secluded from the rest of the family, and never saw her father's face, except in anger. They trembled to hear his step; for he never came that he did not revile, and seldom that he did not strike, his unfortunate wife. On such occasions he accused her of some crime, the nature of which the child could not comprehend, but which the unhappy lady always denied with solemn words and tears. About a month before her death the cruel husband came to her apartment late one night, highly excited with wine. Jessie had been asleep, but awoke at his entrance, and lay tremblingly still. Every word of the short but bitter dialogue was repeated to me by the child, whose acuteness had been prematurely developed by painful sympathy with her mother's sufferings.

"So, madam, I trust time passes pleasantly in your solitude." Then, gnashing his teeth, "Ah!—wretch—wretch—what a ruin have you made of my peace!"

"O! Richard, do not be cruel to me! I am very weak and ill. I shall not trouble you long, and I would fain part in peace."

"Ay, that is your cant. Always pretending that you are dying. Vilest of women, it is my death you hourly pray for."

"Never, unkind husband, never did I wish the death of any living creature, except indeed my own; and for that, may Heaven forgive me, I have longed, O how earnestly!"

"Ay, since you lost your pet; but not before. Deception that you are, and always were, I loved you better than soul or body, but you—— Tell me truly," and he approached her with menacing gestures, "was not your whole heart another's when you married me? Speak, or I will murder you."

"Alas! the day, it was—it was."

"Fiend, in the likeness of an angel, is that my answer?" and he grasped her small throat in his nervous hand, nor did he relax his fatal hold, till Jessie's appalling cries had brought Mrs. Logan's favourite attendant to her assistance. She was then conveyed to bed, from which, in less than a month, she was carried to her grave. Her death, and a letter which she wrote him a few days before, converted the rage of the wretched husband into remorse. In compliance with her mother's dying request Jessie was sent to Ireland for her education; and her father added his strict orders that she should wear the deepest mourning until he should send for her home, which he did not propose till she had reached her fifteenth or sixteenth year. I mention these particulars here, because, a few years afterwards, I unexpectedly received an elucidation of the causes of Mrs. Logan's domestic unhappiness.

My other favourite school-fellow was eight years younger than myself. Our affection, which was more like that of a mother and her child, than of school-mates, commenced in this manner.

One day, during school-hours, as I was in the reception parlour, singing and practising on the guitar, a lady and gentleman entered, accompanied by a little girl, and desired to see the principal of the school. The gentleman was a tall, noble-looking person, his wife a very young creature, of exquisite, but of evidently foreign beauty, and the child a most charming fairy of about five years, more like the sister than the daughter of her youthful mother. Her fair brown hair, long, silken, and elaborately curled, hung, graceful as a veil, round her plump little shoulders; her delicate fairness seemed drawn from her father, and her singularly dark and brilliant eyes were miniature copies of her mother's. Her infant cheek had the soft, rich pink of the moss-rose, and so engaging a figure did the little cherub present, that I could not avoid kissing her little merry, cherry lips, though the next moment I blushed at my own forwardness. But the proud, fond mother was pleased, and addressed me in Italian. I pleaded incapacity, for, though I had an Italian master, my progress had been as slow as a fly-coach in the seventeenth century. She then spoke broken English mixed with French, inquired if I were a *pensionnaire*, and recommended her *cher enfant*, Melanie L'Estrange, to my kindness. Mrs. Primer coming in, I was obliged to withdraw, but when, a few days after, Mrs. L'Estrange brought the little Melanie to reside among us, she asked to see the school-room, and taking me apart, begged a few minutes private conversation with me in the garden. She then informed me that her husband, who was in the army, had been ordered abroad; that she was to accompany him, but that they were afraid to expose their child's health to the vicissitudes of climate which they must themselves expect to undergo. Then turning suddenly to me, she said, *Vous êtes Catholique, Mademoiselle O'Donnell, n'est ce pas?*"

I, of course, replied in the negative.

"*Ah, quel dommage?*" sighed the gentle bigot.

"But, madam," I rejoined, for I saw she was about to withhold the expected confidence, "I trust you will not, therefore, hold me unworthy your esteem."

"*Non, chère demoiselle*, but you will not do this which I wish. *Ma chère Melanie* has so much of youth, that she will forget *les prières de notre sainte église;* many young misses will mock her, and *ma pauvre petite* will become a *hérétique*." She then asked whether there were not some "*bonne demoiselle Catholique*," who might become the keeper of the little Melanie's conscience. I told her that there was not one such in the school, but promised myself to guard her religious liberty.

In consequence, I took the little papist under my protection; but, indeed it was little required, for Melanie's religious observances, to which she adhered with a strictness remarkable in a creature so young and so vivacious, excited curiosity rather than ridicule. Sometimes, indeed, they would smile, but always with good-nature, when the infant penitent would smite her breast with her tiny hand, and confess herself a most grievous sinner, or when, on any surprise or alarm, she would cross herself and ejaculate, "Sancta Maria!" or "Sancta Anastasia!" Every evening she used to sing the service of the Virgin, "To procure," as she said, "her papa and mama a safe voyage and happy return." The foreign words, and the sweet music, caught all our fancies, and many a young scion of Protestantism joined the little syren in warbling strains that Luther never sanctioned.

Dear Melanie! what an interesting, what a noble creature she was, whether as child or woman! A person in which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand" had blended the best of Irish and Italian beauty, and a heart and soul to which one country contributed mirth and both tenderness and genius. Her story will be found worth the telling, and it will be a pensive pleasure to me to record her trials; they were nobly borne, and, therefore, I may not call them bitter; but this is not the place or period to detail them, and I must not anticipate.

When I had attained my fifteenth year, I left Mrs. Primer's with a light heart and unstuffed brain, equally guiltless of sin and grammar. Julia being so much my senior, had left school two years before, and was now a reigning *belle* and beauty. She had already made me her confidante in an *affaire du cœur*, which I thought so very interesting that I determined to have one of my own the very first week I should emerge from the school-room.

In the interim, however, a cross old bachelor uncle, Mr. George Hannan, arrived from India with a large fortune, and insisted on having me to live with him. My mother, who knew his temper, and did not yet know mine, hesitated, from a fear that he would spoil my disposition, but was at last prevailed upon by his promise of making me his heiress, and by his taking a house in M—— Square, next door to her own. I had often heard my mother speak of this brother as a being spoiled by early indulgence—possessing the warmest heart and loving all in whom he was interested with wild fervour, but the slave of a passionate temper, often inspiring fear where he most wished for love. She said his early manhood had been clouded by an unfortunate attachment, which, after embittering many years of his life, at last drove him into exile. He had been my sponsor in baptism, and, at his request, I was named after his beloved mistress. I often tried to learn who this lady was, or why my uncle's attachment to her was unfortunate, but my mother replied, "that I was too young to understand the story." This only sharpened my curiosity, and I determined to learn it, if possible, from my uncle himself. Certainly it appeared for a long time highly improbable that I should ever do so. He was, indeed the very crustiest old genleman I have ever met with; and you were obliged to penetrate through a husk as rough and strong as that of a cocoa-nut, before you could discern the overflowing milkiness of his innermost heart. I was very happy, but often very angry, while I lived with him. There was something very flattering to so young a girl in the pomp with which I was surrounded, and in the unlimited command of money which I possessed. But then, it was very provoking to be scolded vociferously for such nightly crimes as snuffing out a candle, pinching his monkey's tail, or leaning the weight of rose leaf too heavily on his gouty toe. His grondatory organs were certainly strongly developed, and many a rebellious toss I gave my saucy head while they were in full diapason. I soon began, indeed, to find that I had a great taste for liberty, and a natural abhorrence of tyrants, among the first of whom I mentally classed my respectable uncle. I was, besides, a little bit of a Tartar myself, though in a quiet, lady-like way. Accordingly, I espoused the cause of the oppressed, vindicated the offending menials, and sagely attempted to convince an angry man of the unreasonableness of his anger; but I only succeeded in drawing down the lightning on my own daring head. At last, he threatened to rescind his testamentary dispositions in my favour, but I was invulnerable, armed in proof by my contempt of money. It would be well if all the champions of liberty could say so much. I became eloquent with lofty scorn of the vile yellow dross. "No, sir; to weakness, to age, or to sorrow, I might and would bend, but before my own interest—never! I shall leave you sir, since I cannot please you. You will find many who will fawn, and flatter, and tremble at your frown, but I will not be one of them. Were I rich and you dependent, the case would be different; then, indeed, I would strive to bear with your humours."

The rich and desolate love to find a disinterested heir: thus they often disappoint their toad-eaters, and reward those who have neglected them. My uncle saw that if I could be brought to bear with him, it would be for his own sake. He was also afraid of losing me, and from henceforward evidently struggled to restrain the turbulence of his temper in my presence. My occasional absences, however, served as so many safety-valves, which prevented the pent-up choler from absolutely choking him; and I sometimes caught him bestowing certain very energetic pedal and manual commentaries on negligent or impertinent servants. The constant forbearance which was requisite to keep this resolution I found a most salutary discipline for my own temper, and as my uncle's good qualities became gradually known to me, I formed a very warm attachment to him. When, however, I looked upon the burly proportions of his figure and his wrinkled and often fretful countenance, red with other redness than of beauty, I often thought, "Cato's a proper person" to be the hero of a love-tale.

"I have been thinking, Lily, that had I always encountered spirits as resisting as yours, I might this day have been a happier and a better man. My poor, lost Lily, could she have been firm as you, soft as herself, what a perfect creature she had been!"

I eagerly seized this opportunity of soliciting his confidence, and drew my chair closer, in expectation of his compliance, but he declared that he could not enter into a *viva voce* detail of his faults and sufferings, but promised to write it for me; and, as I knew from his letters, that he possessed a fluent and ready pen, I was even better pleased to have it in this form. As I am upon the subject of my uncle, I think I had better transcribe his manuscript here, lest, should I defer it, the gentle reader might require to be reminded of the old gentleman's existence.

UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

Oh, Waly, Waly, gin love be bonny,
  A little while when it is new;
But when it is auld, it waxeth cauld,
  And fades awa' like morning dew.

Experience, though the most valuable, is the most despised product of human labour. Our friends and neighbours offer us theirs gratis, though they have themselves suffered long in its acquisition; but we will accept of none that is not the purchase of our own toil and tears. Still it is not wholly useless to record those instances where human passions and faults, not fate, have wrought out human misery. In this belief, I will recall sorrows which time has softened, without obliterating any, even the minutest trace.

I will not commence the confession of my errors by imputing any share of them to my beloved mother, who strove, though with too feeble and too fond a hand, to check that impetuosity of temper, which has been the main cause of every sin and every sorrow of my life. There is little in my existence to interest, except that period of it in which I acted as the evil genius of one far dearer and more worthy than myself. To this period, therefore, I shall limit my details.

I met Miss Montgomery, for the first time, at a subscription ball in the Rotunda. She was chaperoned by her aunt, a lady with whom I was slightly acquainted. I would fain indulge myself in a description of her charming face and person, but I know that when finished, I should turn from a commonplace catalogue of eyes, hair, height, and shape, which might delineate fifty other women as well, but which would not convey the slightest image of the picture in my heart. Words can no more describe the varying shapes and shades of beauty than they can explain to one born blind how "star differeth from star in glory." Alas! it had been well for poor Lily Montgomery if her mild and modest beauty had never met my gaze or won my heart. On that, the very first evening of our meeting, I devoted myself to her worship. Worship I may call it, for my love soon became a wild and passionate idolatry, and as such I doubt not it was punished. I resolved, with all the vehemence natural to me, that she, and none other, should be my wife. I neither knew nor cared what were her rank, circumstancces, education, or who her relatives. I saw that goodness and loveliness were legible in every lineament, and these were all I valued. There was, indeed, one consideration that made me pause and tremble: this was the fear that the pearl of price, her virgin heart, might be already bartered. Her tender age, however, (she was scarce seventeen,) and the blushing bashfulness of her general manner, re-assured me; for I have always remarked, that women whose affections have set up their rest in some chosen haven, regard all other men with an abstracted indifference equally remote from timidity and boldness. My almost extravagant homage could not escape the charming Lily's observation. I danced with none but her. When she danced with another, I stood by and gazed my soul away; and when she sat I hovered near, like an attendant spirit. The gay and numerous company flitted before me like a gallery of moving pictures, but my eye still sought the one pure, fair face, that alone seemed to me to bear the impress of the "hand divine."

The cheerful, social intercourse maintained in this pleasant city between young people, facilitates a gentleman's introduction to any young lady whom he may admire. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, I became a guest and frequent visiter at Mr. Montgomery's, a prosperous silk mercer in Dame Street. This man whom, were I not a Christian, I should hate with all the bitter fervour of which my soul is capable, was upright in his dealings, but of a gloomy, tyrannical temper, and an inflexibility of will which had never been known to yield. His stern features never softened, except when gazing on his child, whom it was his pride to adorn with a magnificence that, in any place but Dublin, would have been considered above her rank.

Mrs. Montgomery was a kind, quiet woman, the mere echo of her arbitrary husband. By his command she underwent the fatigue of accompanying his daughter to places of amusement. He never went himself, but he loved that Lily's beauty and rich apparel should be seen and admired. He seldom discouraged any tolerably eligible admirer. The possibility of his daughter's disposing of her heart without his sanction, never even occurred to him; and it seemed to me that he gloried in the adulation which so many fine young men paid him for the sake of his fair child. Had not my heart been surprised by love while pride was asleep, I should have scorned an alliance with a mercer's daughter. I ranked in the higher class of merchants, and had a long struggle between false dignity and necessity, before I could prevail on myself even to enter that class. My family was as honest, and almost as poor, as that of a Spanish hidalgo; but as I was beginning to prosper in business, I was gradually shaking off that silly dislike of trade which is too prevalent among the Irish gentry. Such petty distinctions are always lost in love's republic. Lily was not to me the mercer's daughter, she was the queen of my fate, the mistress of my happiness, and the slightest symptom of even her indifference would have been more terrible to me than the heaviest sentence of any earthly tribunal. The demonstrations of my sincere and lively passion were in time repaid by a deep, but silent attachment on her part. It seemed impossible for her to give her feelings voice, and it was not till grief had destroyed timidity that passion found a language. When I spoke of applying to her father, she anxiously implored me to *defer it*, as I now believe from a fear of my failure, and a desire of watching a favourable opportunity, but, as I then feared, from wavering affection.

I had been seized with a sharp and dangerous indisposition, which confined me for a week. Mrs. Montgomery had every day sent her servant to inquire for me, and this politeness I fondly imputed to Lily's solicitude. Impatient to see her, I hastened to Dame Street, the very first day I was able to leave my bed. She was alone in the drawing-room, when I entered. Surprised out of her reserve by grief at the paleness of my countenance, she ran towards me, both hands outstretched, and yielding to a tenderness deepened by my danger, burst into tears. Transported by this strong, involuntary proof of love, I pursued my advantage, and obtained her consent to an immediate application to her father. That hour, which I became assured that I possessed her undivided heart, was, I need not say how joyful. I looked on it as the beginning of happiness—alas! it was almost the end of it; first doubts, then tears, and lastly, a wretched, wretched, certainty succeeded. That very day I laid my proposals before Mr. Montgomery. He stopped my professions of regard by an inquiry into the amount of my capital. I thought this but reasonable, and made a candid statement of my circumstances and prospects. The latter were better than the former, but neither had much attraction for cupidity. Mr. Montgomery's manner was cold and unsatisfying: he did not accept, but neither did he reject my suit. He spoke of me, though, to my face, in the depecrating style of a bargain-maker. I had embarked in some brilliant, but hazardous speculations, the fate of which a year would determine. On their success his consent to my marriage with his daughter was to depend. Meantime I was permitted to visit as usual. Only conceive the cruelty of suffering his daughter to become attached under such circumstances. But I verily believe it was only a pretence, for I had not been so blameably absurd as to risk the stability of my regular business on these contingencies; even in the case of failure, I should have enough to satisfy moderate desires. But I saw, with scorn I saw, that I was to be caressed or spurned in proportion to the low or high fortunes of succeeding suitors. Relying on Lily's disinterested love, I consented to wait the probationary year, and, careless of consequences, gave myself up to the enjoyment of the halcyon days of courtship.

After a few months had elapsed, a formidable rival, at least in Mr. Montgomery's eyes, appeared. He was a young and wealthy Scotchman, who visited Ireland three or four times a year on business, and of whose commercial worth Mr. Montgomery was well assured. He had manifested unequivocal admiration of Lily, but I took care to pay her such attentions as should lead him to believe her pre-engaged, and he returned to Scotland without declaring himself. The hope that he would do so, however, had already caused Mr. Montgomery to look askance upon me, a caprice which I bore with much impatience.

One evening I had obtained permission to attend Lily and her mother to a public assembly. By agreement I went before tea, in order to spend the early part of the evening with them. My dear girl was already adorned for the ball when I entered. Her dress was, I remember, a pale blue brocaded silk her ornaments pearls and white roses. I was in high spirits, and rallied her on the depression of hers, so little accordant with the gayety of her attire. Ah me! they were truly prophetic, although the result of superstition. I believe I have not mentioned that she was of a most imaginative temperament, the veriest thrall to her own fantasies, a dreamer of dreams, and an observer of omens. I had often rallied her on this peculiarity, but warm and solemn fancies derive so much pleasure from superstitious feelings, that they often wilfully encourage them. In her, however, they were combated in some degree by firm religious principles, and she seldom, as in the present instance, suffered them to prèy upon her spirits.

"O George, I have had such a strange, such a frightful dream!"

"And what was it, my queen of lilies and roses? A frightful dream must indicate something pleasant; for dreams, you know, go by contraries."

"It is not so much the dream itself, as the strange presentiment of evil it has left upon my mind, that affects me. I am sure you will think me weak, but perhaps when I have told it, I may be able to shake off the impression it has made. I thought I was in St. Patrick's cathedral, alone, and at midnight. I heard unearthly voices whispering, 'Poor thing, poor thing! she is coming among us.' And I knew that they were ghosts, telling my doom, and looking up I saw, through the gloom, the wafture of their white robes as they passed the narrow apertures in the friar's walk. Suddenly at the farther end of the long aisle appeared a huge mirror, shining, as it were, by its own light, in which I saw my own figure from head to foot, dressed in long, black garments, my hair streaming loosely over my shoulders, and my face pale as ashes. Then I thought I fell on my knees to pray, but instead, found myself borne along with inconceivable swiftness, and when the motion ceased, I was standing beside you, at the foot of a lofty altar. My father was standing at the top, and was, I thought, about to unite us, when, instead, he came towards me, and began to bind my hands and feet with black cords. Looking back, I saw a deep, dark grave close to me, and called to you for help, and you came nearer, but instead of releasing me, you assisted my father to throw me into the horrid grave. My struggles and dreaming grief awoke me, but I cannot recall the terrible vision without a shudder."

Such was the solemn earnestness of eye and voice with which she spoke, that I, for a moment, shared the infection of her visionary fears, but unwilling that she should perceive it, I said gaily, "This is a charming dream, dearest. It shows that you will be too cruel in delaying my happiness, and that your father and I will join in binding you with the sweet and snowy bands of Hymen. Why, Lil, I thought you better skilled in dreamer's lore, than to be ignorant that death means marriage. and black white."

She smiled incredulously, and hearing her father's step, moved, as, it were instinctively away from me, and busied herself about the tea-equipage. Mr. Montgomery had this evening learned the failure of a Dublin house, by which he was a considerable loser, and was in consequence in a very bad humour. As, however, his general manner was somewhat morose, I, not observing him closely, perceived no change. He talked as much as usual, and the conversation by some mischance led to the national character of the Scotch and Irish. One would think that this was not a very dangerous topic between two Irishmen. Almost, however, before I was aware, it became a masked battery on either side; under cover of which he vented his dissatisfaction with his daughter's Irish lover, and I my jealousy of her Scotch one. Poor Lily, who saw the biting sarcasm evident in both our countenances, joined playfully in the conversation, supporting now one, and now the other party, endeavouring to turn it into jest.

"Now, I am sure, papa, you do not like to deal with the sawnies, coming back perhaps a dozen times before they will buy any thing, saying, 'Weel, sir, will you no throw off the odd shullins?'"

He did not even smile at her playful attempt to mimic the Scottish dialect, but replied, "Yes, child, I do like to deal with them, for at least, they pay what they promise. Our gay Dublin gentleman would scorn to haggle. They are off-hand, clever fellows, little solicitous about the price of goods for which they never intend to pay. I wish we had fewer fine coats, and more hard honest men than are to be found among our Dublin popinjays, from whom the Lord deliver me and mine!"

I was deeply stung by this manifest sneer at me, and at the elaborate elegance of my gala dress. My quick temper was already in a flame. Lily, who saw the angry flush overspread my features, and who knew by the tinge of ghastly white stealing over her father's cheek and lip, that his dark spirit was slowly rousing itself to some act of tyranny, glided unobserved behind his chair, and raising her white arms, stretched her clasped hands towards me, while her eyes said more eloquently than her words, "For my sake forbear!"

I was a wretch to disregard her mute prayer. But what is so selfish as anger? Secure of her love, and despising her father's gold, I indulged my temper at the cost of her peace. I replied tauntingly, and with marked emphasis, "Yet I trust, that even under these despised fine coats, we should find few hearts base and mean enough to traduce their father-land."

"Doubtless they will, Sir Knight Errant, do nothing so base as tell the truth. They will only drink, and dress, and cheat their creditors, and swagger, and bully, and beat out the brains that shall dare to think that they are swindlers and spendthrifts. They will not give their country a bad name, but they will sell their countrymen. Our much lauded Hibernians have not earned even the poor praise of standing by each other; we all know the adage, 'Put one Irishman on a spit, and you will find another to turn it.'"

"And I vow to Heaven!" said I, with ungovernable transport, "that did all Irishmen deserve it as well as you, I would myself become a turnspit."

I rose as I spoke, and so did he. "I think," he said, with treacherous mildness, "that you, Mr. Harman, some time since proposed honouring my daughter with your hand. Since, however, your regard for me is of so fiery a nature, I beg in her name to decline now and for ever the proffered condescension. Permit me, sir, to request that you will now leave my house, and never again enter it."

"Your house I shall certainly leave with all alacrity, but my right to your daughter's heart and hand I will assert in face of heaven and earth."

"As you please, sir. And, let me tell you, the sooner you assert your rights in heaven, the greater my content."

I had reached the door, choking with rage, when I heard Lily murmur low and brokenly, "Oh, most unkind, most cruel George, you have destroyed us both."

I looked back. Our eyes met, and my heart sank with an ominous foreboding, as I encountered her wild upbraiding glance. Her father seized and shook her violently, exclaiming in hoarse, suppressed accents, "What! minion, do you dare to weep for the insolent wretch who could so grossly insult your father?"

I returned to rescue her from his grasp; but before I could reach her, she screamed out, "Leave us instantly, if you would not have me hate you." I obeyed her then, when my obedience was of little avail. The fatal mischief was already a-foot. Reason soon returned under the sobering influence of the cool night air, but I strove to deaden the growing sense of self-blame, by persuading my conscience that all was for the best, and that passion had, once in my life, befriended me. For I did not doubt my power to persuade Lily to a clandestine marriage, in which case, my happiness would be much accelerated; while, but for the pain I knew it would give my bride, I would have rejoiced at the breach between her father and me, as it promised to free me from his society. Thinking it possible that her father might insist on her fulfilling her original intention of going to the ball, I went there to seek her, but she was absent. Her aunt, however, was there, to whom I related the circumstance, and implored her to procure me an interview with Lily at her house the ensuing day. This she promised.

When, however, I hastened there at the appointed time, instead of Lily, I found a brief note in faint unsteady characters. It ran thus:—

"I am made miserable for life. An awful impediment is placed between us. My aunt will give you particulars. I will not reproach you. Your sufferings will, I fear, be cruel as my own. As soon as I can go abroad I will see you at my aunt's; but, O! dearest, dearest, George, it must be for a last farewell."

Agonized by apprehension, I learnt from her aunt that, as soon as I had left his house on the preceding evening, Mr. Montgomery walked quietly up to his own room, and returned in a few minutes, bringing with him the large family Bible, upon which, with shocking impiety, he vowed the most appalling curses upon his daughter, should she ever, either before or after his death, unite herself to me. His unfortunate child fell into a long and death-like fainting fit, and had since continued very ill; but my informant added, that such was her brother-in-law's inflexible obstinacy, that he would see his child die by inches rather than revoke his horrid imprecations. This I did not doubt; but I could not believe that Lily would sacrifice her own love and mine to a few words of wicked breath. I was sure I could convince her that curses recoil upon the heads of the guilty utterers, and cannot reach the innocent. I could not, however, avoid owning to myself that there was something shocking to human nature in the idea of a parent's curse, and I vainly wished that I had restrained my turbulent temper.

It was an entire fortnight before I again saw the gentle girl, and then how wan, how wasted, yet how more than beautiful she looked! Never before was she so kind, so tender. Her soft and uncomplaining love overflowed in tears and words of eloquence; but never shall I forget her gaze of horror when I proposed to her to elope with me, and brave her father's baneful curse. She needed not to speak, that one glance told me that I had lost her for ever. My reliance on her yielding nature was misplaced. She was indeed wax in the hands of her stern father, and of all who sought their own will at the price of her peace; but from what she considered crime, she revolted with irresistible strength.

But, although compelled to resign all hopes of bringing her to my views, I determined that no earthly power should prevent my seeing and conversing with her. Accordingly, by her aunt's connivance, I occasionally met her there. Things went on in this state of hopelessness for a few months, when I was one day stunned with a report that Miss Montgomery was about to be married. I flew to her aunt, and learnt, to my utter consternation, that the detested Scotchman had returned; and perceiving that I no longer visited at her father's, had made his proposals, and was strenuously supported by her father. "And he will force her to accept them!" I exclaimed, in a frenzy; "he has only to curse her into compliance. And is she then not only lost to me, but given to another? O! that I should have given my happiness into the keeping of a creature so tame and unresisting!"

I had not seen Lily for some weeks, and I found it almost impossible to procure an interview; while, on very side, I heard of the eligible match which the beautiful Miss Montgomery was about to make, and several of my own intimates unconsciously tortured me with such observations as "Why, Harman, I once thought you would yourself be the happy man —but *mutabile fæmina.*"

At last, maddened by uncertainty and jealousy, I wrote to Lily, demanding, rather than entreating, an interview; and threatening, in case of refusal, to brave all hazards, and visit her at her father's. This had the desired effect. She came. I addressed her with constrained calmness, "Is this true, Lily, that I hear of you? Are you faithless, and is all our hapless love forgotten?"

"Oh! that it were forgotten, or that it had never been, or might from henceforth cease to be!"

"Cruel girl! And can you wish that our great love should cease?"

"Can I do otherwise when, a week hence, I must be the wife of another?—when a week hence, even the dark remembrance of that love will be a crime?"

A dizzy faintness seized me at this stunning intelligence; I sank back in my chair speechless, tearless, almost unconscious. I was first roused, from this torpor of affliction by seeing Lily cast herself at my knees. She took my chill, motionless hands in hers, and her bright tears fell fast and heavily upon them while she spoke. "O! dearest George, do but hear how I have been wrought upon. My father declared (and none who knew him could doubt that he would keep his word) that if I did not marry Mr. Logan, he would sell all that belongs to him; and leaving my mother and me to our fate, would go to some foreign land where we should never see him more; and this he would also do if, by any confession of reluctance or of prior attachment, I should induce the gentleman to withdraw his proposal. I withstood his threat—O! George, indeed I did withstand it, for my inmost soul loathed the thoughts of marriage with another than you; but my good, tender mother, knelt to her unworthy child. Yes, with tears and anguish she knelt to me, and prayed me not to part her from the husband of her youth—the father of her child. She adjured me not to put asunder those whom God had joined."

"And, Lily," I replied, "has not God joined us? Have not our hearts been united in his sight?"

"Ah! what is our imaginary union, who, eight months since, were strangers to each other, compared to the sacred nuptial bond cemented by the joys and sorrows of twenty years."

"Then I am to understand," I said, my temper again rising, "that, of your own free will, you cast me off, and marry with another."

"Surely you do not call it free will to be reduced to an alternative so frightful. Heaven knows how gladly I would exchange lots with you. You need not wear a mask. You are not obliged —— Oh! my heavenly Father," she added, casting her streaming eyes upwards, "how shall I go through this dreadful—dreadful task?" My fierceness melted before her overwhelming grief, and I in turn attempted to comfort her. After a short pause she said abruptly, "George, *my dream is accomplished:* This fatal marriage is the grave of the vision, and O! is it not too true that you have helped my father to cast me into it? Had your ill-temper not caused the breach, he must have waited the result of your speculations; and had you retained your place near me, Mr. Logan would never have addressed me. Your speculations have been fortunate you tell me, but it is now too late—too late! *The dream is accomplished.*" Conscience, "the solitary seer in the heart from whose eye nothing is hid," pleaded guilty to every word of the indictment. I was silent, and she proceeded. "I would not heedlessly reproach you, but you must feel that you owe me some atonement. Let it be this. Give me, back my promise, forgive and bless me, and I may yet know a melancholy peace on this side the grave."

Distracted at the thought of losing her sweet presence and society for ever, I stipulated, as the terms of my consent, that she should promise to receive a visit from me, once each year of her life. She refused this strenuously, until I protested that I would attend at church and forbid the banns, even should the consequences be death to me and ruin to her. She then reluctantly consented: I wrote out the promise that she might conceive the higher idea of its solemnity. She wept bitterly as she signed it, saying, "These violent spirits sway me at their will: but I tell you, George Harman," she added, rising with dignity, "I tell you, in the spirit of prophecy, that days will come when you will mourn and repent in your heart of hearts for this act of tyranny." Alas! alas! she did indeed speak in the spirit of prophecy.

Despite her displeasure, she parted from me with lingering tenderness and assurances of everlasting friendship,—she would not say love.

I did not see her again till I saw her in her bridal dress, a decorated victim. I had discovered the church in which the ceremony was to be performed, and could not resist the morbid desire I felt to witness it. By bribing the sexton, I was suffered to screen myself behind the curtains of the organ-loft, from which I had a full view of the bridal-party. In thinking of the scene since, or, rather of Lily's appearance in it, for I saw none but her, I have always recalled a verse of an old ballad describing a bride.

"And when she cam into the kirk,
She shimmered like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone."

I strove to catch the bride's responses, but the silvery tones were lost in weeping. Once, when all was over, I saw her fixed and lifted eye gleam with an expression of unutterable misery, and for a moment I lost all consciousness of my own bereavement in painful pity for her unmerited affliction.

It was in the month of June, just one year after Lily's marriage, that I embarked for Scotland. On arriving there, I hastened to the neighbourhood of Mr. Logan's summer villa, where Lily was then residing. I put up at a small inn in a neighbouring village, and wrote to her, reminding her of her promise, and requiring to know when and where it would be fulfilled. Her nurse, whom she still retained about her person, brought me her brief and indignant answer.

"Unrelenting persecutor! I see you are determined to exact the full penalty of your bond. I thank you for thus changing my former regard into fear and resentment of your conduct. You shall not cross my husband's threshold in his absence, and without his knowledge. Since I must meet you, it shall be on the beach between seven and eight o'clock."

I repaired to the sea-shore long before the appointed hour. It was a lovely and secluded scene. A broad firm beach of yellow sand edged the blue, boundless ocean, which was the only object visible, the view of the surrounding country being shut out by shelving rocks. The distant hum of rural voices, and the low dirge of the everlasting waters hushed my warring passions, and lulled me into a dreamy patience while I awaited the arrival of her whom I still madly loved. Towards eight o'clock she appeared at the upper extremity of the little bay, accompanied by her venerable nurse. Leaving her seated on a rock at a little distance, she advanced towards me with an ease and loftiness of carriage I had never before seen in her. The descending sun shone on her bright pale features, "severe in youthful beauty." I felt that she was changed and sanctified since I had seen her last. New and holy hopes had dawned upon her. Though still a child in years, she was now a mother and a matron, the mistress of a family, and the guardian of its peace and honour. I felt that I dared not address the offended wife as I had the tender and tearful virgin, and for a moment I repented that I had disturbed the serenity which she had evidently attained. She spoke first, and without any courteous greeting.

"Let me know in brief, Mr. Harman, what you propose to yourself by such an interview as this."

The coolness of her tone and manner thrilled every nerve with anguish, and I exclaimed bitterly, "Heartless, unfeeling girl, why did I squander my affections on such a mere automaton? Is then one hour, out of the many thousands the year contains, too much to give to pity for the misery you have caused?"

"That *I* have caused! but I will not recriminate.

I will show you the state of my heart, in hopes that when you know it, you will cease to torture me. I will reveal it to you, as clearly as it is revealed to Heaven, I will go back to my wedding-day. My husband imputed my wild grief to my separation from my parents. All that the most considerate tenderness could suggest was done to solace me: still no answering tenderness repaid his care. Often, in the very height of my selfish indulgence of sorrow, my heart smote me when I saw the cloud of disappointed affection steal over his honest countenance. The pang of conscious ingratitude is a dreadful pang. I could not endure it. I prayed incessantly that God would tear from my heart the sinful love so deeply rooted there: I seconded my prayers by my own best endeavours, and I succeeded. It is my firm belief that none ever so strove in vain. Now I do indeed love my husband as, before Heaven, I promised to love him; and but for your persecutions, I might enjoy a calm and happy conscience."

Maddened by the irresistible conviction that she no longer loved me, my passion was, if possible, increased by mingled adoration and envy of the angelic mind that could so nobly reconcile inclination to duty. Exasperated by her praises of her husband and censure of me, I was deaf to her urgent and even humble entreaties that I would cease to molest her. Then, finding petitions vain, she declared that she would no longer consider her promise binding, wrung from her, as it was, by terror, and that she would never again meet me. But I knew too well how to subdue her gentle spirit: I vowed that, if she would not willingly meet me, I would visit her openly at her house in her despite and in her husband's, and bade her beware, lest by such a step she might be made a widow or her husband a man-slayer. Aware of my resolute and restless character, she submitted to necessity, and the hour being expired, she parted from me in anger and in tears. Would to Heaven she had rather braved the utmost my vile temper could inflict!

For a long time these annual meetings continued, and every year during that time poor Lily lost one of her beloved infants. Before they had learned to lisp her name, almost before they could distinguish her by the first sweet recognitory smile that gladdens a mother's heart, they were successively cut off. These repeated bereavements her superstitious fancy ascribed to a deserved judgment on her clandestine interviews with me. In vain I represented that our conversations were such as might be published to the world with honour to her, and that they were all that enabled me to endure a miserable being: still, the mystery, the secrecy with which they were attended, wounded her tender conscience. Her youngest and only child, Jessie, I think it was called, had lived several months, and gave promise of a healthful constitution, when, at the usual time, I paid my visit. Anxiety and fear had thrown the fond mother into a low nervous fever, as the period of my coming approached. She was confined to her bed when I arrived, and sent her nurse to inform me of her inability to see me, and to intreat my forbearance, at least, this year. I complied, and the event seemed to justify her former fancies, for her child continued to live. I myself began to fear that uneasiness of mind, fostering an inherent delicacy of constitution, might be the remote cause of her trying calamities. Touched with compassion, and doubting the permanence of my favourable dispositions, I resolved to put it out of my own power to harass her further by going to India. Accordingly, I wrote to her, stating my determination to quit these kingdoms on condition that she would permit me to take a last farewell of her. I received her joyful, grateful assent, and we again met, for the last time on earth.

She sat beside me in a small recess formed by the rock, considerably above the beach, and almost on a level with the adjoining valley. As I gazed on her faded cheek and altered eye, I rejoiced that I had agreed to her wishes before it was too late. Misjudging fool! it was already too late. She spoke to me more kindly than she had ever done since her marriage; yet I perceived that she was solicitous to shorten the interview. When about to leave me for the last time, she held out both her hands to bid me farewell. I seized and pressed them to my lips and heart, shedding sadder, but purer and sweeter, tears than any I had ever known. Suddenly a sharp tread rung upon the rocks above us, and, before I could look round or recognise the intruder, I received a pistol-shot in my right arm.

"Base villain!" shouted the infuriated Logan, "has it not reached your wicked heart? Oh! for another weapon!"

The wound I had received rendered me faint but not insensible. Lily remained motionless as the rock on which she sat. I saw with horror and ineffectual remorse the fatal effects of my passionate and selfish conduct. I valued not my life, could I but restore my hapless victim to her husband's confidence. I attempted to explain, to state the simple truth: as well might I have talked to the raging sea. Some officious, but, perhaps, well-intentioned person had acquainted him with our correspondence. He had hastened up from town and witnessed what he thought an assurance of his wife's attachment to me. He knew I was once her admirer; he had heard that we had met often since, and he found me now at her feet, her hands clasped in mine. These things had an aspect black as guilt could wear.

He furiously demanded instant satisfaction. I refused it: I submitted to be called *coward:* I was patient now, when patience availed so little: inexpressible contempt for me seemed to restore his self-possession: he turned from me as from a reptile unworthy hatred, and folding his arms, looked sternly into the face of his mute, but heart-stricken wife. "For you, fair serpent, you shall live as long as Heaven will let you. From this day I devote myself to your punishment. The world shall not know your shame, for your shame is mine and my child's: you shall live under my roof, but you shall neither know peace nor rest: my ears shall be deaf to your prayers, my eyes shall be blind to your beauty. I divorce you from my heart henceforth and for ever. Penitence may serve you in another world, but I am no God, that I should forgive so black a wrong as this."

The mistaken but not, therefore, less miserable man, after uttering these words with almost maniacal vehemence, rushed down the rocks towards the beach. Lily rose to follow him, saying to me in a changed hollow voice, "Are you much hurt, unhappy man?"

"Ay, to the heart's core with vain remorse. How you must hate me!"

"No, oh no, indeed, you are not more guilty now than you were five minutes since, when I called you my friend. Be still my friend, and to prove it, leave these kingdoms instantly. You have my pity, for your misfortunes have far outweighed your crimes: farewell, and may God bless you! My prayers shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

Ah! noble and tender heart that never yet was pierced, but it gave forth balm.

She hastened after her husband, fearless in her innocence, and in her noble simplicity convinced that truth had but to speak and be believed. Her low but clear tones were borne to me by the balmy evening breeze.

"Dear Richard, what frenzy is this? Am I not your own loved and loving wife?"

"Fawning hypocrite, begone! Dare not to touch me!"

"Richard, as I hope to meet my heavenly Judge, I am innocent in thought—in word—in deed."

"Devil! but I will not kill you. I will not put you out of pain. My revenge shall be as deep and lasting as my torments." He threw her slight, clinging form, from him with a violence that prostrated her on the sand; then raising his hand menacingly towards me, cried, "Pitiful poltroon! if Scotland holds you to-morrow, the earth shall be rid of you or me before to-morrow night."

Having said this, he strode out of sight. Faint with grief and loss of blood, I sat listening to Lily's convulsive sobs as she lay on the spot where her unhappy husband had cast her. I dared not approach to offer assistance. At last she arose, and waving her handkerchief to me in adieu, pointed to the sea in intimation of her wish for my departure, then proceeded slowly towards her changed and melancholy home.

In less than a month after, I was on my voyage to India. I had been there five or six years, when I read in an old newspaper that—"Lily, wife of Richard Logan, died of a lingering disease, esteemed and lamented by all who knew her."

I wrote to my sister, requesting her to learn from her nurse the particulars of Lily's death, and of her husband's treatment of her. She did so, and the intelligence infixed still more deeply the deadly arrows of remorse. Logan kept but too fatally his vow of vengeance. His incomparable wife, loving him sincerely, and compassionating a mistake which, with her usual heavenly indulgence, she considered an ample apology for his worst harshness, tried every feminine, every affectionate art, to win back his esteem and love. With trembling solicitude she adorned her lovely person, in hopes to catch one favouring glance, she sent humble and loving messages by the lips of their only child, but he was immovable—nay, savage. Doting on her as he had done, he was stung to madness by the fact, which she could not deny, that she had married him while her heart was mine; and he laughed to scorn her assurances of after love for him, knowing, as he did that she had privately continued her former acquaintance with me. Still he was careful of her reputation, and perhaps it was with the intention of accounting to the world for his changed conduct to her, that he rushed at once into habits of intoxication. Perhaps he might have originally encouraged them as a refuge from painful thought, but they gained strength; and when, shortly before her death, his once loved wife wrote him a long, exculpatory letter, imploring forgiveness and a last embrace, he was *incapable of reading* or comprehending it. She died *(and terrible to her it must have been* so to die) unpitied and deserted; and the love and justice which she had so long and vainly craved were lavished without measure on her memory.

There is no need "to point the moral" of my tale. All may read it in my childless, hopeless, and unhappy old age. It was perhaps more the fault of another than my own that I lost the object of my early affection, yet even then happiness was not placed beyond my reach. When the impassable barrier was placed between my lost love and me, had I left her alone with her destiny, she would soon have made it a happy one. For myself, absence, and the death of hope, would have been the death of passion, and I might, in time, have made another and more fortunate choice. But I spent the prime of manhood in madly cherishing an attachment which finally drove me into exile, haunted by a remorse which left no space for gentler passions.

It may seem strange that being so conscious of the source from which my misfortunes have sprung, I should still yield to the transports of a temper which render me a plague to myself and to my friends. To this I can only reply that age, and sorrow, and disease, are sorry sweeteners of a temper that was not sweet even in the "morn and liquid dew of youth."

Youths and maidens, if you would choose a wife, if you would choose a husband, let temper be your first—second—and third consideration.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE HISTORY OF A RADICAL.

NO. II.

SECTION V.

True use of the Press.

"Antony. There many then shall die; their names are prick'd,
"Octavius. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
"Lepidus. I do consent.
"Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.
"Lepidus. Upon condition that Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Marc Antony.
"Antony. He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him."

Julius Cæsar.

Again the all-seeing Shakspeare prophesieth of our time. The views of the triumvirate—Crabtree, Brainworm, and Pounce (I put them in the order of their intellect and their energies)—were now so congenial, that no day passed without a *séance*, in which were settled the attack and defence of parties, principles, and private characters. No praise or censure was spared, just or unjust, according as the great object was supposed to be benefited. There was the proscription of the one side, and the elevation of the other, which would not, in cool determination, have yielded to the proscriptions of Rome itself. And can we be surprised? for were not our three heroes as emulous of dividing the Republic between them, when they should have established it, as Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus themselves! Indeed, they much remind us of the virtues of those bright characters, whom they only wanted a proper field fully to equal. Swords, and bucklers, and legions they had not;

but slander and flattery they had at command in the Reform paper of Pounce. Pounce was the Lepidus of the party—"a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands"—but having five legions, meet to be courted and trusted too. Brainworm, though not in age, seemed the Octavius; Crabtree, the Antony.

At one of these meetings, Brainworm, notwithstanding his views for his son upon the courts of Mr. Melton, to show his patriotism, proposed an attack, through the pen of Crabtree, upon the whole of the Melton Hall family.

"They are incorrigible Conservatives," said he, "to the backbone. They have not a public virtue belonging to them, and I know that the old man before he died had views upon the peerage."

"Quite enough," said Crabtree, "I suppose you can furnish me with materials for paragraphs, either in a heavy column of attack, or a few rockets. As a total stranger to the family I must trust to you for this."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Brainworm, "the matter is not so easy; for the family has been so long so well reputed, that a direct overturn could not be expected. I think we must begin by sap. And here it is rather lucky you are a stranger, as it would not perhaps be so creditable (such are still the foolish prejudices of people) for me to come forward, exclusive of my views for Jack."

"His father put you to school, I think," said Pounce.

"He did so," returned Brainworm, reddening; "but what of that?"

"What, indeed!" added Crabtree. "Gratitude, in itself a doubtful virtue, becomes a vice when it stands in the way of reform."

"But he helped you to all your business at first!"

"And what then?" cried the patriot. "It is now all gone, for which I may thank the aristocracy, of which this family are leading members. Still it might be inconvenient for me to appear, for it might even hurt your 'Mercury,' and there would be the devil made of it in the 'Conservative Advertiser.'"

"How so?" asked Crabtree.

"Why, there is rather an awkward bond of mine for money expended on Jack's education, to say nothing of the courts."

"These are the cursed private obstacles," exclaimed Crabtree, "that prevent public virtue from showing itself."

"I have a letter, too, for the 'Mercury,'" added Pounce, "that they have lowered their rents twenty per cent.'"

"More fools they," remarked Brainworm; "but that article ought to be suppressed."

"Undoubtedly," answered Pounce; "and as Mr. Crabtree is now ostensible manager, we need not appear. I only mentioned it."

"Have you nothing else against these Meltons?" asked Crabtree.

"Nothing we can lay hold of, and still less prove," said Brainworn; "though I have from my father's and my connexion with them ransacked, and have a pretty good insight into, all their transactions. In truth, it goes against me rather to be a party to this: but my duty to the people is paramount. As long as the Squirearchy remains, there is no freedom for the country."

"None at all," said Crabtree. "*Delenda est*; and it can only be done by a vigorous press, of which it would show the true use better than any practical illustration we could make. We will commence our attack on the Meltons immediately. I suppose they are very proud?"

"Not in the least," returned Brainworm; "and with their own hands they give away bread and meat to their cottagers at Christmas."

"That," said Pounce, "might be easily turned against them, by being set down to the account of ostentation."

"I agree," said Brainworn, "provided the articles in the 'Mercury' do not appear to come from me. But then if I abandon the Meltons, whom I have perhaps foolishly protected, my friend Pounce must give up the Seagroves, whom he never would let me attack, though so vulnerable."

"Who are the Seagroves? how are they vulnerable, and why does Mr. Pounce protect them?" asked Crabtree. "I suppose they are aristocrats?"

"They are baronets, and vote against the people," said Brainworm.

"Quite enough," answered Crabtree. "But have they no faults?"

"None at all," answered Brainworm.

"But why then does Pounce protect them?"

"They have promised to speak for him to be distributer of stamps," replied Brainworm, "as the late Mr. Seagrove procured it for his late father."

"I am sure," returned Pounce, "you can't accuse me of deserting the people's cause on that last account."

"I am sure I have not a friend in the world, let alone a mere benefactor, that I would not sacrifice to restore the people's right, and contribute to that end by the sale of the 'Mercury,'" said Brainworm, with a sneer.

"Well, I give them up," replied Pounce, "and you may insert the verses you wrote against them whenever you please."

"I could wish for something tangible," said Crabtree. "Do they never commit poachers?"

"O, yes!" answered Brainworm.

"That will do," said Crabtree. "And are the poor-rates high?"

"Certainly, but they do all they can to lower them."

"Either will also do," concluded Crabtree. "If they raise them, they oppress the farmers; if they lower them, they oppress the poor!"

"Excellent," said Brainworm.

"You have forgot that Melton's father was a placeman," observed Pounce.

"And you want to be one too," returned Crabtree.

"Ay, but that must not be mentioned."

"Well, but what was this place which makes his son fatten on the sweat of the poor?—I think that is the phrase," said Crabtree.

"I believe he was a lord of the bedchamber," answered Pounce, "and had 3000*l.* a-year, for doing nothing but putting on the king's shirt. Fine doings when kings can't shift themselves, without paying 3000*l.* a-year for it; and they say there are ten of them, which makes it 30,000*l.*"

"Pooh!" said Brainworm, better informed, "you are but a fool, Pounce, for all your printing-press, and will ruin the 'Mercury' if you believe every thing an old woman tells you. There are but six lords of the bedchamber, and they have but 1000*l.*"

"We can say, however," observed Crabtree, "that some Conservative misinformed Mr. Pounce, in the hope he would excuse his ignorance; and I could descant a good deal upon the rascally malignity of the Tories."

"Good," answered Brainworm; "but Mr. Melton neither was nor could be a lord of the bedchamber. Sure I should know what he was, from being his friend. He was *gentleman* of the privy chamber, and had no salary at all."

"Well, but he had a place," observed Crabtree.

"Yes!"

"And the very place called him gentleman?"

"Yes!"

"Quite enough. You see he even had the impudence to twit us with his superiority in the very name of his place; and as to his having no pay, that need not be mentioned; it has perhaps been whispered that he had 1000*l.* a-year, and the public will believe what they like about it."

"I am afraid the 'Conservative' will contradict it," said Pounce.

"Nobody believes contradictions; answered Crabtree; "every body, assertions."

"You will make an excellent Radical editor," said Brainworm.

In this way the patriotic conclave proceeded; and, to make all the easier for the new editor, it was agreed that Pounce should collect, and Brainworm arrange, (the said Pounce being more ready with his tongue and ears than his pen,) all the froth and scandal, right or wrong, and all disparaging anecdotes, founded or unfounded, that could be applied by Crabtree's ingenuity to any, high or low, who professed Conservative opinions, in the neighbourhood. The baseness of this, if it ever struck them, which is highly problematical, was soon got rid of, by the conviction in which all were sincere, that the end ennobled the means, and that there was no end so glorious as to enlighten the people, and restore them to the positiom which Nature had intended for them, and in which there was to be no distinction of rank, or, if possible, of fortune.

In a conversation which Crabtree some days afterwards had with Brainworm alone, he expressed his regret as well as surprise that so poor a creature should have fortuitously been intrusted with so powerful an engine, for the direction of men's minds, as the public press. In this the reader has perhaps anticipated me in supposing there was some other motive in the forecast of Mr. Crabtree than mere anxiety for the public weal. Zealous, nay furious as he was to pull down, he was equally anxious to build up again in his own person. In other words, if sincere in his wish to destroy all above him, (which he certainly was,) he was equally desirous of obtaining a little profit to himself in the scramble. And this, thought he, neither honour nor patriotism forbids: so that if the weapon of a printing-press is too heavy to be wielded by this magnanimous Feeble, (for so he soon came to denominate his first ally, Mr. Pounce,) and if the interests of the cause require that it should be taken from him, it will be but a simple consequence that the same interests should place it in my hands as the successor. He had not been many days at his coadjutor's without being impressed not only with the necessity, but the possibleness of such a change. There were only two obstacles—want of money on his part, and possible objections on that of Brainworm; who, as has been told, was a partner in the concern. To this worthy member of the triumvirate, therefore, he resolved to open himself, at first at a distance; for a very few hours discovered to him that he and printer Pounce were very different men. He therefore commenced his approaches with somewhat more caution than he might have used towards Pounce himself, though the principal party interested.

"Some men," said he to Brainworm, "have greatness thrust upon them, and our friend there seems one of the number. But do you conceive that the great objects we have in hand can ever prosper under such a leader?"

"Leader!" exclaimed Brainworm, surprised, and eyeing Crabtree with much earnestness.

"Director, if you like it better," said Crabtree. "I mean, do you, with your abilities and great views, feel comfortable with intrusting such an engine as the press in the hands of one so timid, and evidently so indiscreet, as this mere shopkeeper?"

"With our principles and views," returned Brainworm, still uncertain what to make of the address, "we must not despise shopkeepers."

"Despise them! No!" answered the stickler for equality; "they are excellent tools, and we cannot do without them in the warfare we are about to wage. But having used them, it would be absurd to suppose their level is equal to ours, which makes me fearful of some blunder under their management, if to manage they are allowed."

"You think, then," returned Brainworm, drily, "there are more levels than one? that one which we have agreed to preach to all the world?"

"Yes! to all the world," replied Crabtree; "till the crusade is accomplished against the present usurpers!"

"After that, what?" asked Brainworm.

"Why, you and I, and all others whose nerves and education fit us for the rule, may find *a higher level*—that is all," observed Crabtree.

Brainworm said he now understood him, and quite agreed there would be no harm in making people change places now and then.

"I, for example, a lawyer rather down in the world, should have no objection to be Lord Chancellor, if writing down a chancellor would raise me up. But must we not take care that this design should not appear? or that there should be one level common to all, while people stand in our way, but two or more as soon as they are got rid of? We may otherwise be reminded of what Harry Martin, roundhead and regicide as he was, exclaimed, when Cromwell had mounted to a *new level*—'If we were to be governed by a single man, the last was as proper a gentleman as any in England. No! no! Pull down as much as you please, but no building up again with perhaps less sound materials than we have already. All must be equal, or all as we are.' You see, Mr. Crabtree, I am more of a real republican than yourself."

Crabtree was a little disconcerted, and said he had been misunderstood, since all he meant was, that the tools they worked with ought to be good, which might not be if such a man as Pounce had such a sway in the paper: that as to the tenet of equality, if that meant in rights, nobody could go beyond him in abolishing every thing like privilege, title, precedency, or even fortune, if overgrown; but as to equality in every thing—talents, merit, virtue, strength, health, et cætera—that was impossible. "A strong mind like Mr. Brainworm's," he said, "must, for instance, ever take the lead of, and direct such a puny one as Pounce, and he was really alarmed to think that, because he was a proprietor, he should have any thing to do with the press."

"His money has paid for it," said Brainworm, "and I see not how you could hurt him. Have you money to purchase him out?" He said this drily, and with something like a sneer; for, as may have been seen, he was by no means a shallow fellow, and though he had not Crabtree's learning, he had more knowledge of things. And though he was an equal enemy to every thing above him, he was by no means disposed to elevate those below him, as he certainly felt an expelled servitor to be. He saw as far, therefore, as another, into the bent and drift of Crabtree's opening, and asked the critical question he did, with a view of deciding the thing at once, by bringing it, as he thought, to an impassable point. Crabtree felt this, and that there was no alternative but to renounce the design, or to show something feasible to accomplish it. Not willing to quit it, therefore, he said he thought Brainworm himself might be able to buy out Pounce, (which was a gross falsehood, for he knew his small means,) or by his credit procure funds to enable himself (Crabtree) to do so, to be repaid by instalments out of the profits of the paper. The truth being thus out at last, Brainworm could not suppress his spleen, and having muttered something about old birds not being caught with chaff, said, rather gruffly, "In short, my dear sir, the thing is not possible, and would not, in my mind, be advisable if it were."

Thus rebuffed, the apostle of liberty and ambition was forced to revolve other plans for success in those objects of his aspiring brain, which he was now so keenly pursuing.

SECTION VII.

Progress of Radicalism.

"Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier means to re-dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it!

"Holland. So he has need, for it is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

"Bevis. O! miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

"Holland. The nobility think scorn of leather aprons."
Shakspeare, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

Our hero now entered into his full career of politics, which spite of rebuffs, gave him far more pleasure than ever did his career of letters. He had neither dean nor proctor to exact from him obedience to a discipline to which his vanity, or, as he thought it, his superior worth would not permit him to stoop; nor were there constantly at his elbow a number of young men who tore his heart to pieces by reminding him of his inferiority in station. It was this that sharpened his democratic tusks more than any of the other public evils of which he complained, and was resolved to redress. For what could not a man who had a printing-press at his command redress or alter in this age of printers and reform? It has been well said, We were once priest-ridden; then law-ridden; now press-ridden; nay, in France, there was a peer who edited a newspaper. What a glory to this Gracchus in his own opinions (Tiberius or Caius, I don't know which.) But though he certainly did resemble them in their insurrectionary spirit from hatred to the patrician order, I am afraid we must take our leave of them as examples. Affability and softness were perhaps unworthy the aspiring of so high a mind, and perhaps might have interrupted the soaring flight of his patriotism. Hence we will not blame him too much for not better concealing his contempt for poor Pounce, even at his own table, or for the tyranny of his treatment of the poor shop-boy. A hero and patriot has not time to be condescending, his thoughts being always too sublime for what is called the *petite morale* which makes inferiors happy. To be sure this does not absolutely defend, but it may, with the considerate, palliate a small indecorum he happened once in a moment of abstraction to be guilty of, in kicking the above-mentioned shop-boy out of his room, for not having cleaned his shoes. To be sure, also, there was another point, in which the Gracchi might be thought not to have been the object of his imitation.

His friend Hartley, now by special recommendation become the private tutor of a wealthy young man just entered at college, having heard of what he thought Crabtree's forlorn situation, in having left his father's house, had sent him a ten-pound note in a letter; from its kindness worth double the sum. This act called up all the fierceness of the proud liberator (if proud the sequel will allow us to call him:) he answered the letter, not merely with thanklessness, but reproach. He asked tauntingly what right Hartley had to presume to relieve him, supposing him to be in want, which he was not? There was a beautiful flourish about the pride of a real patriot, who ought only to accept of pecuniary aid, if he needed it, from his country at large. He, however, congratulated his old chum upon having so successfully entered on the horse in a mill-path he seemed so pleased with; but for his own part he was not sorry to have discarded such menial pursuits. Finally, he said he would send back the money *the very first opportunity*, and made a dignified request that he would never offend in the same point again.

The opportunity never arrived; for, on second thoughts he rather repented of his *fierté*; and finding that his five guinea bonus from Pounce had been expended in some shirts, a pair of trousers, and other necessaries, which apostles of reform must wear as well as other men, he began to hesitate as to the immediate return of Hartley's despised gift, at least till quarter-day came round; and then discovering that from inadvertance he had forgotten that his receipt amounted only to fifty shillings, he put off the restoration, (how could he help it?) nor, that ever was discovered, has the money been returned to this day.

Except with this little mortification from his brother servitor, Mr. Crabtree's days were now happy, and his prospects good. The progress of reform indeed was slow, slower than he had expected, if it had not even retrograded; for people were, many of them, foolish enough to think enough had been done. Not so the more enlightened and high-minded Crabtree. The king was still on his throne; the lords still in their house; and country gentlemen, nay even clergymen, still on the bench. They were without pay indeed, but so much the worse; for they indubitably paid themselves by favouritism, power, patronage, and self-importance—all at the people's expense. This was not to be borne. Magistrates ought to be paid like other public servants, and as that was by the people they ought to be *elected*, not appointed by the king. This was argued with all possible reform violence, to say nothing of reform falsehood, in the reform paper. The lords-lieutenants were accused, both as a body and individually, of unfitness, from imbecility—of injustice, from partiality—of gross corruption: from party views—and of intolerable oppression, from contempt of the people. Some magistrates were inculpated for actual plunder to an immense amount. The lie concerning Mr. Melton's pay of 1000*l.* a-year, where there was not a farthing received, was renewed; and, when contradicted, not retracted. If a hard-working official, worthy of his hire, had presumed to pocket his salary, it was plunder; and if he had happened to have worked long, say forty years, the forty salaries were added together, the compound interest calculated, and the functionary held up to the country as a plunderer to the amount. Thus a deserving servant, who had spent the earnings of his office, (say 500*l.* a-year) for forty years, quietly and honestly, thinking he had a right to it, is accused to the people as having cost them, not 500*l.* a-year, but 50,000*l.*! What clerk of the peace, or scribe however laborious—even what parish priest, however conscientious—could possibly be worth to the country 50,000*l.*? What, indeed! says the farmer or the shopkeeper who pays taxes whence these sums are taken. Is the statement dissected? its fallacies explained? the length of service detailed? Yes! but nobody believes it; nobody has read the answer, every body the attack! But O! fortunate Radical! if any one of these 50,000*l.* delinquents happens to be a magistrate, or related to a man of birth or power—see, fellow-countrymen, how you are insulted! how your money, wrung from your industry and toil, is wasted, and made the wages of corruption, and all because the swallower of 50,000*l.* is an aristocrat, or connected with aristocrats! making them regorge this plunder is nothing! Is the gallows too much for such robbers?—Such was the language of this hero of truth, and martyr to oppression, who soon found, in his new occupation, how to make these things tell. To be sure every mouthful of his bread was the bread of slander—at every stroke of his pen "a reputation died," and this he knew; but the bread choked him not when he reflected that it was in the cause of the people, who were so dull, perhaps so just, as to be of themselves blind to common exhortation, and must therefore be *forced* into energy by uncommon falsehood. And this jesuit of politics adopted the same creed as the jesuit of religion; he did evil that good might come of it, of which good he made himself the sole judge. Both were rascals as human creatures, but the cause of liberty and religion make both of them divine.

Mr. Pounce's "Mercury" profited much under this consummate administration of its new editor, so fully bent upon success, so little restrained by principle. Aspiring little men who wished to be great, and even those who were great already who wished to be greater: all whose genius, talents, and public virtue were kept down by the jealousy and tyranny of the higher orders were cordial admirers of this people's friend. When asked, indeed, what was meant by the higher orders they could not tell, except that all agreed that it meant every body and any body higher than themselves. When asked who were privileged? there was some difficulty in answering, till the apostle told them it was the House of Lords. For could it be endured that a couple of hundred of mere men with legs and arms exactly like themselves—to whom eating, drinking, and sleeping were as necessary as to the lowest cottager—should have the power to resist the opinion of a whole nation? If asked where that opinion was to be found? the answer was oracular—in Mr. Pounce's "Mercury." The oracle went on to define certain abstruse abstract ideas, made plain and easy to the poorest man's comprehension in the way of catechism. What was a king? A lump of flesh and blood in a human shape, fat or lean, with or without brains, as it might be, but always clothed in purple and fine linen; always well fed while the poor are starving, and always surrounded with battle-axes to murder the people if their distress made them troublesome. These lumps of flesh and blood could perpetuate themselves, being not even elective, as they ought to be, by the people; but they got many children for the people to maintain, though the poor-rates were far from sufficient already. So much for the abstract of a king. Then what was a throne? A large arm-chair with three steps before it; lined with crimson velvet, bordered with gold fringe, the legs gilt, and extremely well-cushioned, for the Royal body to repose, while others were at work for it.

Such accurate descriptions and patriotic excitements now covered the windows of that champion of liberty, Mr. Pounce; and soon, by way of *bonne bouche*, were added to it pictures of Bishops in their robes and mitres hanging on gibbets; Ministers and ex-Ministers (particularly the Tories,) drawn to the life in the act of house-breaking, or robbing shops and hen-roosts, with farmers and shopkeepers swear-at and knocking them on the head, to the great diversion, and edification too, of all the real farmers and shopkeepers, who stopped, in passing, to improve themselves in the science of good government. How many incendiaries followed these exhibitions we know not, but they had obviously increased; and when the savages who perpetrated them were tried and condemned, the whole strength of Mr. Crabtree's skill and eloquence, with most admirable powers of mystification, were put forth, if not to defend the act, to mitigate the sentence. The judges were ridiculed in their persons and dress; Jefferies called the thousandth time from his grave to give strength to the picture; and the jury, being connected with agriculture, denounced and threatened for partiality. The chief blame of the crime however was, as usual, laid upon the rich; their selfishness and their grinding of the very bones of the poor, who, in the mild and sentimental language of the sympathizing editor, were called the *poor rural incendiaries*. The atrocity was softened because of their ignorance, and how could they be wise when all education was denied them? for ministers even seemed to revel in taxes upon knowledge. In answer, indeed, the public were called upon to remember the hundreds of thousands voluntarily expended by the rich upon the education of the poor. It was not admitted; being evidently not charity, but ostentation, to keep up their pride and influence, and at any rate an insult, or at best a return of part, a very small part of what they had defrauded the poor of in times aforegone.

The pathos, as well as stirring language of these ebullitions, made their due impression upon the class of people intended to be moved by them, and though the criminals were hanged, Mr. Crabtree had the happiness of perceiving that he had made great progress in the art of exciting discontent in those classes which he thought would be most useful, when all should be ripe for it, in effectuating the great designs he had in view. Hence, as nothing would be so successful with the mob, no prisoner was ever tried for any crime that might interest their sympathies, but he immediately advocated their cause with as much zeal as if he had received a brief and fee for it as counsel. It was a pity that there was now no treason to exercise his powers. The war was over—there was no hooting or stoning the king—no rebel to be tried or defended. However, a most revolting murder had been committed in his county, by one of the most disgusting ruffians that ever stained society. He, however, had been a known and active incendiary, though acquitted from failure of proof. He had also headed several mobs on the part of Radical candidates at elections, and had now murdered his friend in cool blood, in order to take his purse. All the lower world that could, went to see him in goal, under the pretence of comforting a poor unfortunate. Our political philosopher went to give countenance *to a great man in distress.* His paper teemed with accounts of his magnanimity, his indomitable spirits, his cool self-possession in planning his defence; and when at the bar he was called upon by the Judge, it was now—said the report in the "Mercury"—it was now that he felt ALL THE DIGNITY OF HIS SITUATION.*

This report was eagerly read, and differently spoken of. It was written with great warmth of imagination, in fancying what the great parts in the murderer's character might have led him to, if he had been an innocent man, and not plunged in debauchery as he was by the hardness and injustice of the times. "It was this," said the editor, "that impelled him from very hopelessness to become, first idle, then sensual, then bloody. How different might he have been under a different form of government!" Mr. Crabtree was praised and blamed for this report; but his praise lay among the lower ranks, whom he wished to debauch; and for the upper, whom he meant to reduce, he did not care. It was remarkable that neither of his principals (or coadjutors, as he called them) were favourable to it. Pounce had become lately timid, if not cowed, by the superiority and boldness of his ally. He was restless and uneasy, and gave many hints to Brainworm of a wish to recover the direction of the paper, even though he might part with his writer. Brainworm told him to look at the sale, and say nothing; that notwithstanding the lies, the abuse, and the poison, the course was a right course to bring them both profit and consequence—witness the many hats that were taken off to them by men their superiors in fortune, who now bowed from fear, if not from hope, though formerly as stiff as iron. Nevertheless, Brainworm did not altogether approve so much dignity being given to a murderer; he thought assassination and robbery by a supposed friend might not be a pleasant thing, and began to be a little alarmed to find such a wretch as the perpetrator of it, who was at first execrated, could now be talked of with composure, and almost with respect. He mentioned this to the would-be-tribune of the people, to whom he attributed this change in the English character, and cautioned him against the repetition of such a mistake. At this Crabtree, though he regarded him very differently from Pounce (giving him credit both for more nerve and more experience). began to question both; so much tact and knowledge of the mob—those brilliant tools he had to work with—had he already derived from the experience he had acquired of their fluctuating nature. "See you not," said he to the equally designing, but more cautious lawyer, "to what all this, paradoxical as it may seem, ultimately tends? Are we not engaged in the Herculean endeavour to loosen—not an ill-framed wall, standing singly by itself, and totally unsupported by others—but a ponderous, massive, ond deep-founded edifice, the work of ages; and only the more cemented and dovetailed together by the *old* character of the people, and their veneration, their unprejudiced veneration for the laws."

"Well, Sir," cried Brainworm, eyeing him with scrutiny, and not a little astonished; "and what then?"

"Well," returned the wily aspirant, "can this be so easily done while that character remains? If they continue so alive to right and wrong—so abhorrent of crime—and so indignant at a criminal, as to view his death with satisfaction, what uphill work will it not always be to induce them to become criminal, and incur punishment themselves? Were it not for this inconvenient attachment of even the lower ranks (I speak not of the mere mob) to order and obedience, and their aversion to the breach of them, our task of changing them would be comparatively easy. Break down their prejudices, and we may succeed. Keep them up, and we shall fail."

"Allowing this," said Brainworm, "and giving the fullest scope to our system of slander and sneer, which has done wonders in beating down the ridiculous respect for our hypocritical betters, as they call themselves, I see not how your scheme can be assisted by holding up a murderer of the blackest kind, not only as deserving pity, but praise."

"I am sorry, though so much older," replied the expelled servitor, "to see you less advanced than myself towards a knowledge of what may best assist our great objects. If people are so afraid of the very name of a murderer—if they still continue to think him little less than a devil incarnate, as they at first called this wretch (whom, with a very little more proper mystification, they would soon be persuaded to canonize,) how think you they would feel under the name of rebels, which may one day be plentifully bestowed upon them by our enemies, and which might imply a hundred murders?"

"Yes; but assassination is the worst kind of murder," said Brainworm, "and would certainly hurt our cause."

"Call it *sacrifice*," returned the prince of Radicals, "and what will become of your scruples? Was Brutus the assassin of Cæsar? or Timoleon of his brother? Or turn to modern times, and ask the most canting friend of order, if he thinks the illustrious Charlotte Corde a murderess, because she killed Marat? I could multiply instances: the two Dukes of Guise, grown too great for the State; the Prince of Orange, too great for Philip II.; and of Henry III. of France. Do you think Jaques Clement would not have been canonized by the Pope, if the Pope had dared? I say nothing of Archbishop Sharpe's slayers, for I will not, any more than the Covenanters, call them murderers; but I must wind up by asking you if you think harm of the judges of Charles I. or Louis XVI.?"

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* This language was actually used in some of the reports of Thurtell's trial.

"The last cases are totally different," said Brainworm; "and as to the others, I do not know your exact object."

"I have two," returned the patriot: "one remote—one immediate."

Brainworm stared with a mixture of fear and admiration, for he found himself far surpassed already by this tyro, as he had thought him, even in his radicalism. However, Crabtree went on to say, that by the first he only meant to observe that the idea of murder was by no means always the idea of guilt—that guilt which inspires horror—but is often thought justified by the cause; for which he would only refer him to the famous pamphlet of "Killing no Murder," by Colonel Titus, which frightened Cromwell out of his wits. Then, as to his second and more immediate object, he would relieve his alarm by saying that he had no specific proscription in his thoughts; but as the time seemed approaching, when the insolence and folly combined of the Lords, might call down upon them some severe chastisement by the people, probably their annihilation, which could scarcely be effected without blood, the more that horror at blood could be done away with among the people, the less difficult the task to excite them.

Upon my word, young man," said the astonished Brainworm, "I cannot but admire your wonderful genius for the regeneration of a State, and the destruction of all obstacles that might stand in the way. The gunpowder plot was clumsy, in comparison to yours. That required one half-a-dozen murderers—yours would make a whole nation assassins in their hearts. 'Tis a change richly worth thinking of, but at present a little hard of digestion, not to say a little doubtful as to the result."

"You mean to say, then," replied the true patriot to the pseudo one, "that you approve the end but do not love the means. If so, I cannot but express a wish that you would enlarge and hasten your principles a little, and meantime leave me to pursue mine." With this, and a look of fierce contempt, he flung out of the room, leaving what he called the milk-and-water Reformer in astonishment, mingled with fear.

"This fellow would change things with a vengeance," said the lawyer to himself, when alone. "He will blow us all up if he is not checked. For my part, I should like a few circumstances altered which perhaps would improve my own, but have no mind to dangle on a gibbet, even in such good company."

This sentiment, and what led to it, he as soon as might be, laid before that other sage of the triumvirate, Mr. Pounce, who quailed at the recital.

"I was an absolute fool," said he, with an air of exquisite distress, "when I listened to, and was taken in by, this runagate, with his dusty coat and old shoes. Who would have thought there was such a fermentation in the man? Neither I nor you, neighbour Brainworm, would have any objection, you know, to pull down the Squires by a little regular abuse; nor should I much care about the Bishops, nor the Lords either, if it could be done peaceably, and let one sleep quiet in one's bed; but to talk of accustoming people to blood!—Oh! it is monstrous! I think, Mr. Brainworm, we had best get rid of him—what say you?"

"You have the power by the articles," answered Brainworm, but rather hesitatingly.

"I know that," said Pounce, "and I have sometimes thought of hinting it to him; but when he saw what I was thinking of, he cursed me for a coward, and said I deserved to be a slave to stick at any thing, for the end always justified the means, especially where the people were concerned. D—n the people, say I, if I can't do as I please; but he looked so fierce that I could not say a word. He has sometimes talked of purchasing me out; but, Lord bless me, where is he to find the money? and yet I am inclined to think on't."

"That I would not do," answered Brainworm, rather alarmed; "for he and I, perhaps, might not agree; and particularly, you know, as there is nothing binding in law between you and I."

"True!" said Pounce, thoughtfully; "but something must be done."

These worthies then separated; and Pounce began seriously to revolve how to get rid of his too-Radical assistant, either by dismissing him, or listening to his proposal of purchasing. To the first he inclined, but had not nerve for it himself. He thought of doing it through Brainworm, but Brainworm had no legal right to act, so that would not do; he therefore, notwithstanding his assent to Brainworm's caution, resolved to open his ears the next time the Radical should open a proposal.

SECTION VIII.

The Radical's Creed.

"Be brave, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation."
SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VI.*, Part II.

The opportunity was not long wanting. There happened to be at that time seated in the neighbourhood two persons of considerable note, and particularly distinguished in the troublous times we are reviewing. Both were of the legislature—one a peer, the other a wealthy banker in the Commons. Both were enthusiasts, both theorists, both *mauvaises têtes*. The commoner was the wisest, perhaps the honestest, of the two. The peer raved about the people, because he was not sufficiently admired by the court. The banker hated lords because he was not one himself: he was therefore loud for equality, and in this there was no small resemblance between him and our hero. The peer, feeling he was not loved by the King, and disappointed in his wish for a seat in the Cabinet, ran headlong against the aristocracy; wrote to the people in terms that he was one of them, and openly counselled them not to pay the taxes, but to agitate, perpetually agitate, as the surest means of obtaining redress—redress of what he did not say, for he himself did not know. The banker went deeper; for, feeling plebeian, without a chance of gaining the other order, he persuaded himself first, and then endeavoured to persuade others, that there ought to be no orders at all. He was, of course, a favourite with the mob.

These two patriots, and worthy gentlemen, had befriended Pounce in setting up his paper; but thinking it too tame, had left him to shift for himself. The change of both its tone and style, under the management of Crabtree, caught their attention, and they desired to be acquainted with him. Their condescension in this affronted him, but he swallowed it in the hope of benefiting his darling object, the annihilation of the distinction of rank.

"Both these," said he, "are aristocrats of the fiercest kind. The peer is the proudest of his order; the banker of his: they mean to use me, and I will use them. *Vogue la galère.*"

On his introduction, they complimented Crabtree on his energy and his style; thought him an acquisition, and flattered him much by asking his opinions, and quite agreeing with him that the people were still dreadfully blind, and he born to enlighten them; for which purpose they hoped he would go on with his paper with fresh and fresh spirit. It was extraordinary, they said, what good it had done already against the influence of the Crown, which the peer held ought farther to be reduced. Crabtree said he had no want of will, and, if the paper was his own, much might be done; but that the proprietor was a coward, who had taken the side he had merely to increase his sales, and though he had no objection to slander, because it greatly tended to that end, he was sorely afraid of treason which might end in the gallows.

"And what say you, Mr. Crabtree?" said the Peer.

"My Lord," returned the Radical, "I would do any thing, brave any thing, for the equality of condition and rank, to which all men have a right."

"Not quite all," said the Peer, half smiling. "There must be nobles, you know; though they ought not to press onerously on their honest inferiors."

"My Lord," replied the Republican, "I would have no inferiors; the word ought to be blotted out of language."

"That could not so well be," observed the Peer, (who rather piqued himself on being a developer of principles,) without destroying our mixed Constitution; without destroying the triad of the State, which is so glorious;—in short, without—without destroying the House of Peers."

"I am fully aware of that," returned Crabtree, with some malignity; "but I should see nothing but good even in such a measure; and I am happy to think there is one Peer at least who, if there was a conflict, would be disinterested enough to renounce his order and stand by the people."

"If you mean *me*, Mr. Crabtree, by that compliment," said the Peer, rather annoyed, "I am bound to say you have made a mistake. I would do much for the people, and would take away a great deal of power from the King, whose influence is often pernicious; but once overthrow the Lords and the country is gone. No! I hope I shall never see those sentiments embodied in my friend Pounce's paper. Sir, I wish you a very good morning."

Crabtree felt a little disappointed, but the banker, who had been silent hitherto, told him he could expect no more from Lord ——'s character, for that though he would level up, it would be only to pull down those higher than himself: he could not therefore be expected voluntarily to descend. "But I," said the banker, "who am a real leveller, desire to know the extent of those principles, which you say the blockhead Pounce will not allow you to promulgate. I expect you will honestly state the objects you wish to advocate."

"First, an agrarian law," answered Crabtree.

"That would be too difficult to carry without force," said the Banker, (whom we will now designate by his name, Mr. Stockwell,) "and there are too many landed proprietors in both Houses."

"For which reason," said the Republican, "the power of the Lords to impede the wishes of a whole nation ought to be taken away."

"That would apply to the King," said Mr. Stockwell.

"It would," returned Crabtree, "but him we could easily manage, by a proper House of Commons."

"How?"

"Stop the supplies, if he were obstinate."

The banker shook his head.

"It would ruin the Funds," said he.

"So much the better," retorted the Roundhead. "It would get rid of the overgrown monied man, who is almost as great a pest as the overgrown landed man."

Mr. Stockwell did not seem to like his political companion much more than the Peer had done. Willing to hear more, however, he observed there was a medium in all things, and there were points in order to force which he might not be averse to stopping the supplies; but there was not spirit enough yet in the House of Commons to make the attempt.

"Nor will be," said he of the press, "until the great measure of universal suffrage is carried, or, preparatory to it, at least the vote by ballot; and to this, if Pounce's paper were my own, I trust I could largely contribute."

"You have altered my sentiments," said the banker; "and I wish with all my heart you were proprietor instead of editor."

Crabtree caught at this, and said he had already prepared a list of improvements in Church, State, and moral relations, which would not more astonish the world by their importance than by the facility of their accomplishment; for we had only to will it to make it effectual. These he had marshalled in an energetic paper, which however the puny spirit of Pounce would not permit him to publish. Mr. Stockwell asked eagerly if he had it about him, which he had; and the patriot banker, though alarmed for the Stocks, had the gratification of pondering the following synopsis of his own views.

The first proposal was the extinction of the bishops, and if there must be an hereditary house, of all titles —even that of esquire, which Crabtree said always made him sick. Next, a resumption of all grants from the Crown, at whatever time, and on whatever occasion—unless good and sufficient services in the grantee, though a thousand years back, could be proved even now to the Commons' satisfaction. The whole Pension List, whether for life, or by Act of Parliament, or otherwise, was to be swept off at a stroke. The abolition of tithes of course followed, and the lay impropriations, which were evidently usurpations, without compensation. All ecclesiastical and, particularly, collegiate estates were to be diminished, and the discipline of universities reviewed: degrading ranks and offices (such as servitors,) and degrading customs (such as capping masters and doctors), to be suppressed as unworthy the dignity of man. If bishops were to be retained, they were to be reduced to what they were in the time of the Apostles, and all deaneries and chapters to be totally abolished as useless. Next was the entire reduction of the Civil List, with all the royal allowances, except that of the King; which title, if the prejudices of the age required its continuance, might remain till the people were more enlightened, when it would be changed to President; and, meantime, the allowance to be reduced to that of the American President. As to the younger branches, being no more than citizens, they might—like other citizens—be left to the professions; or, if the ladies could not provide for themselves, as it was the title of Princesses that made them so expensive, that being gone, small annuities (which, however, would be ever odious when given to such useless personages) might be afforded them for life. None to any future king's daughter. Even this would be nothing, however, without the reduction of the pay of the Army and Navy; as well as the diminution of its numerical force to, at most, one half. Then, as to Civil Offices, all power of appointment in the Crown should be abolished, and the public functionaries created either by election by the people, or, if that were inconvenient, the House of Commons. Moreover, all existing salaries to be taken away, and the offices put up to the lowest bidder. All these reductions would at last be a real relief to the impoverished and oppressed people. So much for fiscal improvements at home. Abroad, great reductions indeed might be effected, if only our silly prejudices could be overcome. For the whole system of colonization ought to be abrogated at once, as useless. Colonies could provide for their own defence and administration: they were not worth having, except as matters of patronage, that is, of corruption. All this, however, would do little towards our regeneration as a people, unless a proper balance was established in our domestic relations to one another. The execrated existence of title and distinction of rank, being done away, as little distinction of property as was absolutely not inconsistent with the enjoyment of one's own acquisition, ought to be allowed. Hence, if an agrarian law should be found impossible the Aristocracy might receive a wholesome correction by the destruction of the rights of primogeniture, which would for ever prevent the too hideous ascendency of riches.

Such were the views which our heaven-born Reformer had, in his delighted dreams, taken for the country, and such he presented as feasible, as well as just, to his rich new ally; provided only he had independence and time enough to enable him, by his writings, to beat down the prejudices that might oppose them.

"To do this," he said, "our modes of thinking and false notions of virtue, and what was supposed to be required by moral duties, which are often no duties at all, had only to be altered. For instance, the ties between master and servant ought immediately to be put an end to; and if men and women were still allowed to be too great to wait upon themselves, the very words should be abrogated:—there should be no such thing as master, and the appellation of servant should be changed into the American one, of Help. In the same sense, to suppose there was any tie but that of interest between landlord and tenant; or even, after attaining a certain age, between parent and child, was ridiculous, unphilosophical, and slavish. Gratitude was a weakness, unworthy of reason. The word Government to be changed into that of DIRECTION. Imprisonment for debt to be utterly abolished. Also, all prosecutions of the Press for any writing whatever, whether against the State, the King, religion or private character; the true way of meeting an attack being to answer it. Resistance to the execution of laws obnoxious to the people, to be no longer punishable; the proof of their being so obnoxious to be the fact of that resistance. Hence, to enforce obedience to law by any thing of violence should in itself be illegal; and if death ensued to the party resisting, it should be murder in the other party; not so, if to the party enforcing."

Such was the outline of the principles of all government, and the reforms necessary in our own, presented by this Lycurgus, and would-be printer, for the contemplation of his brother-dreamer—the banker and patriot, Stockwell. To do the latter justice, being an extremely modest man, he was quite overpowered at seeing himself so surpassed by the superior soar in the flight of the ex-servitor. The immensity and reach of thought, the magnitude and boldness of contemplation exhibited, dazzled his intellect to such a degree, that, at first, he could make no comments. He respired with difficulty, took time, and took snuff, and read the paper again and again, before he ventured an observation. At length he said, "This beats all expectation, Mr. Crabtree! it is gigantic; beyond hope, and beyond praise! My very sentiments in my closet, though afraid yet to broach them in Parliament. I am glad too to see that in your paper, at least, you have not meddled with the Funds. You ought certainly to be encouraged. These principles, properly disseminated and perpetually and without intermission repeated, must in the end put down Aristocracy of every kind, and particularly that of the nobility, who are absolutely unbearable to plain men like myself. I wish you were in Parliament, Mr. Crabtree, you would make an excellent coadjutor."

"All in good time," returned Crabtree, his rugged front almost softening; "the time may come and, perhaps, is not far off, when from my exertions, supported by yours, Mr. Stockwell, the accursed gold tufts, wherever worn, shall be doffed, and plain caps common to all; and when lords that ride in coaches-and-four shall not drive over an honest man, or put him out of his way."

From this we may gather how much those petty humiliations still rankled in the mind of the patriot, and what a share they had had in producing his patriotism. It furnishes too a fresh exemplification of what great things are often derived from small causes.

Much more passed between the two Reformers, but the most important effect of the meeting was, that, in order to give the fullest scope to the daring genius of the servitor, his rich ally should furnish him with the means of buying out Pounce from the printing concern, which would give him full power to spread, as well as concoct those wholesome mental poisons, as necessary sometimes to restore health to a diseased commonwealth, as natural poisons to a diseased body. Nor is this the only point in which the body politic and the body of flesh and blood resemble one another, for each often takes remedies worse than their disease.

SECTION IX.

He becomes a Printer, and thinks himself Dr. Franklin.

Backed by Mr. Stockwell's support, the regenerator of England that was to be soon brought things to a point with a man as willing to abdicate as he to succeed. Pounce, more and more terrified with the career he proposed, and more and more annoyed by the insolence of his manners, readily laid hold of an opening which he one day made, by asking for what sum he would part with the sole property in the "Mercury?" Pounce named one far less than he would have asked even before its value had been increased by Crabtree's exertions; at the same time timidly expressing surprise at the offer of prompt payment which he very confidently made. The Radical, telling him that it was no business of his, provided he got his money, named a day for the settlement; and a contract of sale was drawn out, by which Caleb Crabtree, Yeoman, (for so he ordered himself to be described,) was installed in the possession of the "Reformer's Mercury" for the county of ——, with the printing-house, types, and stock-in-trade, heretofore belonging to Thomas Pounce, Gentleman. The purchase-money amounted to very many hundreds, for which Mr. Stockwell desired interest, and a bond; but this being strenuously objected to by the Radical, on account of the risks he was to run, and the vengeance he might provoke, should any accident happen to Mr. Stockwell, the demand was relinquished, *for the present*, by that gentleman. The interest was promised annually, and the principal by instalments, in three years.

Behold, then, now, the poor, oppressed, despised servitor of Oxford, abandoned by his father, and seemingly by the world—though it was the world's cause for which he suffered; behold him converted into a guardian of the public virtue, a director of the public opinion, and intending to be infinitely more, if the crusade to be preached against riches and honours prospered. The very first day when he took possession, and after having closed a glowing address to "*the Unfortunate People of the United Kingdom*, called, by *Pride* and *Corruption the lower orders*," he fell into a profound revery, in which all the glories that had ever been, or might ever be, achieved by the press, flitted before his eyes. He called up all the heroes of the French Revolution, who had daily contributed, by their journals, to that "*glorious fabric*;" and ended in America, with the man who did most honour to human nature there—the enlightened Franklin. His opinions of the latter might be not wrong as far as they went; but they stopped far short of what really belonged to that enlightened person. He thought of him only as a successful liberty merchant—a man who had acquired not only fame, but power and money, by levelling, or greatly contributing to level, all distinctions, and reducing all pride of birth, honours, and personalc onsequence, to the equality of his darling Republic. How little did he appreciate the other merits of this amiable man, and practical philosopher!—His knowledge of physics, his beneficial discoveries, his general philanthropy, his solid experience! How little did he care for his prudence, and those observations on the habits and conduct of men, spread out in maxims and rules, which all ought to read, and few *can* read without lasting benefit! To emulate his bland manners, his simplicity, his honesty, and disinterestedness, which made him popular through a long life, and consecrated his memory after his death, never entered the contemplation of his intended imitator! He only thought of him as a successful rebel, an ambassador to foreign countries, and a ruler in his own.

"Why may I not be all this?" said Mr. Crabtree to himself, at the close of his revery; and as his *own* dinner was announced to him, in his *own* parlour, by his *own* servant. "Poor Hartley," said he, as he finished with a glass of old port, "I cannot say I envy him his rich pupil, and his cap off whenever he sees a fellow that calls himself a master. By the way, I owe him ten pounds!"

At that moment, his maid, having let fall a tray, he got up in a passion, called her an awkward ——, and had she been the shopboy, instead of a woman, would have struck her, but lowered his lifted hand, not from shame, but fear of what might be said of it.

He now reigned all-powerful in his printing-house; employed several jackals to pick up every sort of private scandal, himself administering the department for inculpating the private and public conduct of all Tories, Conservatives, lukewarm Whigs, and abject neutrals. Over these he commenced a reign of terror, by misrepresentation, vituperation, and the foulest imputations of avarice and corruption in themselves, their relations, or ancestors. If a man who had served his country, ever so well, in the Army, Navy, or Church, happened to obtain preferment or promotion, and was connected with nobility, or people in office, the services were overlooked, and it was sure to be turned into an infamous job on account of that connexion. On the other hand, if another, professing Radical principles, was dismissed or punished for an infamous crime, such as breach of trust, swindling, or even forgery, he was equally sure of being defended, and the punishment attributed to the malignity of the upper orders.

The burning of Bristol, and the plunder of its unprotected inhabitants, was the mere consequence of the natural indignation of an injured, high-spirited people, driven to madness by oppression and misrule. To defend a house in Ireland, when attempted to be burned, with its owner and his whole family in it, if death ensued to the assailants, it was murder—if to the inhabitants, it was a fair revenge for a thousand wrongs. The cry of "Guerre aux Châteaux!—Paix au Chaumières!" which set France in a blaze, and consummated the Revolution, if not preached as a duty, was threatened as a thing impending to England. If the House of Lords did not sanction the proposal of every political quack, or presumed to differ with the Commons upon any thing in which the word "people" was used, they were called suicides—their doom was sealed by themselves—they were no longer to be tolerated, but suppressed by a holy insurrection, which would naturally follow, and be the mere consequence of their own folly.

All these topics were pounded, or soaked, in various ways, with various success, into the brains of the reading—that is, of the whole—public, twice a week, by the "Radical Reformer's Mercury," making an impression according to the nerves, prejudices, objects, or wishes of those who read. By some, the editor was thought merely mad; by many a designing knave; by as many a patriot of the highest class. Be this as it may, he and the cause of Radicalism flourished.

(*To be continued.*)

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken has nothing but trouble from beginning to end.

As soon as the cutter had sailed, Moggy hastened to the pretended widow to report the answer of her husband. Nancy considered that there was much sound judgment in what Jemmy had said, and immediately repaired to the house of the Jew, Lazarus, to whom she communicated her wishes. At that time there were many people high in office who secretly favoured King James, and the links of communication between such humble individuals as we are treating of, with those in power, although distant were perfect.

In a few days, an order came down for the discharge of James Salisbury from the cutter Yungfrau, and the letter the same day was put into the hands of the delighted Moggy.

Mr. Vanslyperken made his short passage to the Zuyder Zee, and anchored as usual; and when he had anchored, he proceeded to go on shore. Previously, however, to his stepping into the boat, the ship's company came aft, with Jemmy at their head, to know whether they might have leave on shore, as they were not very well pleased at their liberty having been stopped at Portsmouth.

Mr. Vanslyperken very politely told them that he would see them all to the devil first, and then stepped into the boat; he at once proceeded to the house of the Jesuit, and this time, much to his satisfaction, without being perceived, as he thought, by the widow Vandersloosh and Babette, who did not appear at the door. Having delivered his despatches, and received his customary fee, Mr. Vanslyperken mentioned the difficulty of his coming to the house, as he was watched by some people opposite, and inquired if he could have the letters sent under cover to himself by some trusty hand, mentioning the ill-will of the parties in question. To this the Jesuit consented, and Vanslyperken took his leave; but on leaving the house he was again annoyed by the broad form of the widow, with Babette, as usual, at her shoulder, with their eyes fixed upon him. Without attempting a recognition, for Vanslyperken cared little for the opinion of the Frau Vandersloosh, now that he was accepted by the fair widow of Portsmouth, Mr. Vanslyperken walked quietly away.

"Ah, very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—very well," exclaimed the Frau Vandersloosh, as he pursued his way at a rapid rate; "very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—we shall see—three times have you entered those doors, and with a fifty guineas in your pocket, I'll be bound, every time that you walked out of them. Treason is paid high, but the traitor sometimes hangs higher still. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—we are evidence, Mr. Vanslyperken—and I'll not be married before I see you well hanged, Mr. Vanslyperken. Deary me, Babette," exclaimed the widow, altering her tone, "I wonder how the corporal is: poor dear man, to be ruled by such a traitorious atomy as he!"

"Perhaps he will come ashore, madam," replied Babette.

"No, no, he will never let him; but, as you say, perhaps he may. Put half a dozen bottles of the best beer to the stove—not too near, Babette—he is fond of my beer, and it does one's heart good to see him drink it, Babette. And, Babette, I'll just go up and put on some thing a little tidier. I think he will come—I know he will if he can."

We must leave the widow to decorate her person, and follow Vanslyperken down to the boat, and on board. On his arrival, he went down into the cabin to lock up his money. When Corporal Van Spitter went to the cabin door, the corporal heard the clanking of the pieces as Vanslyperken counted them, and his bile was raised at the idea of Vanslyperken possessing that which should have been his own. The corporal waited a little, and then knocked. Vanslyperken put away the rest of his money, shut the drawer, and told him to come in.

The corporal saluted, and made a request to be allowed to go on shore for an hour or two.

"Go on shore! *you* go on shore, corporal? why you never asked to go on shore before," replied the suspicious Vanslyperken.

"If you please, sir," replied the corporal, "I wish to pay de people who gave me de board and de lodging ven I vas left on shore."

"Ah, very true, I forgot that, corporal. Well, then, you may go on shore, but do not stop long, for the people are much inclined to mutiny, and I cannot do without you."

The corporal quitted the cabin, and was put on shore by two of the men in the small boat. He hastened up to the widow's house, and was received with open arms. Seated on the squab sofa, with a bottle of beer on the table, and five others all ready at the stove, the widow's smiles beaming on him, who could be more happy than the Corporal Van Spitter? The blinds were up at the windows, the front door fast to prevent intrusion, and then the widow and he entered into a long colloquy, interrupted occasionally by little amorous dallyings, which reminded you of the wooings of a male and female elephant.

We shall give the substance of the conversation. The widow expressed her indignation against Vanslyperken and her resolution not to be married until he was hanged. The corporal immediately became an interested party, and vowed that he would assist all in his power. He narrated all that had passed since he had left the widow's, and the supernatural appearance of the dog after he had thrown it overboard. He then pointed out that it was necessary that Vanslyperken should not only be blinded as to the state of matters between them, but that, to entrap him still more, the widow should if possible make friends with him. To this the widow unwillingly consented, but as the corporal pointed out that that was the only chance of her occasionally seeing him, and that by his pretending to be in love with Babette, Vanslyperken might be deceived completely, she did consent; the more so, that the greater would be his disappointment at the end, the more complete would be her vengeance. Their plans being arranged, it was then debated whether it would not be better to send some message on board to Vanslyperken, and it was agreed that it should be taken by the corporal. At last all was arranged, the six bottles of beer were finished, and the corporal having been permitted to imprint as many hearty smacks upon the widow's thick and juicy lips, he returned on board.

"Come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken," said the corporal, entering the cabin.

"Very well, corporal; did you do all that you wanted? for we sail again at daylight."

"Yes, mynheer, and I see somebody I never see before."

"Who was that, corporal?" replied Vanslyperken, for he had been feasting upon the recollections of the fair Portsmouth widow, and was in a very good humour.

"One fine frau, Mynheer Vanslyperken—very fine Frau. Babette came up to me in the street."

"Oh, Babette—well, what did she say?"

Hereupon the corporal, as agreed with the widow, entered into a long explanation, stating his Babette had told him that her mistress was very much surprised that Mr. Vanslyperken had passed close to the door, and had never come in to call upon her; that her mistress had been quite satisfied with Mr. Vanslyperken's letter, and would wish to see him again; and that he, the corporal, had told Babette the dog had been destroyed by him, Mr. Vanslyperken, and he hoped he had done right in saying so."

"No," replied Vanslyperken, "you have done wrong; and if you go on shore again, you may just give this answer, that Mr. Vanslyperken don't care a d—n for the fat old woman; that she may carry her carcass to some other market, for Mr. Vanslyperken would not touch her with a pair of tongs. Will you recollect that, corporal?"

"Yes," replied the corporal, grinding his teeth at this insult to his betrothed, "yes, mynheer, I will recollect that. Mein Gott! I shall never forget it."

"Kill my dog, heh!" continued Vanslyperken, talking to himself aloud. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, you shall fret to some purpose. I'll worry down your fat for you. Yes, yes, Madam Vandersloosh, you shall bite your nails to the quick yet. Nothing would please you but Snarleyyow dead at your porch. My dog indeed!—you may go now, corporal."

"Mein Gott! but ve vill see as well as you, Mynheer Vanslyperken," muttered the corporal, as he walked forward.

After dark, a man came alongside in a small boat, and desired to see Mr. Vanslyperken. As soon as he was in the cabin and the door shut, he laid some letters on the table, and without saying a word went on deck and on shore again. At daybreak the cutter weighed, and ran with a fair wind to Portsmouth.

With what a bounding heart did Mr. Vanslyperken step into the boat attired in his best! He hardly could prevail upon himself to report his arrival to the admiral, so impatient was he to throw himself at the fair widow's feet, and claim her promise upon his return. He did so, however, and then proceeded to the house in Castle Street.

His heart beat rapidly as he knocked at the door, and he awaited the opening with impatience. At last it was opened, but not by the widow's servant.

"Is Mrs. Malcolm at home?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"Malcolm, sir!" replied the woman; "do you mean the lady who was living here, and left yesterday?"

"Left yesterday!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, hardly able to stand on his feet.

"Yes, only yesterday afternoon. Went away with a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, all amazement.

"Yes, sir; pray, sir, be you the officer of the king's cutter?"

"I am!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, leaning against the door-jamb for support.

"Then, sir, here be a letter for you." So saying the woman pulled up her dirty apron, then her gown, and at last arrived at a queer fustian pocket, out of which she produced the missive which had been jumbled in company with a bit of wax, a ball of blue worsted, some halfpence, a copper thimble, and a lump of Turkey rhubarb, from all which companions it had received a variety of hues and colours. Vanslyperken seized the letter as soon as it was produced, and passing by the woman, went into the dining-parlour, where, with feelings of anxiety, he sat down, brushing the perspiration from his forehead, and read as rollows:—

"My dear, ever dear Mr. Vanslyperken,

"Pity me, pity me, O pity me! Alas! how soon is the cup of bliss dashed from the lips of us poor mortals. I can hardly write, hardly hold my pen, or hold my head up. I cannot bear that, from my hand, you should be informed of the utter blight of all our hopes which blossomed so fully. Alas! alas! but it must be. O my head, my poor, poor head—how it swims! I was sitting at the fireside, thinking when you should return, and trying to find out if the wind was fair, when I heard a knock at the door. It was so like yours, that my heart beat, and I ran to the window, but I could not see who it was, so I sat down again. Imagine my surprise, my horror, my vexation, my distress, my agony, when who should come in but my supposed dead husband. I thought I should have died when I saw him. I dropped, as it was, down into a swoon, and when I came to my senses, there he was hanging over me; thinking, poor fool, that I had swooned for joy, and kissing me—pah! yes, kissing me. O dear! O dear! My dear Mr. Vanslyperken, I thought of you, and what your feelings would be, when you knew all this; but there he was alive, and in good health, and now I have nothing more to do but to lie down and die.

"It appears that in my ravings I called upon you over and over again, and discovered the real state of my poor bleeding heart, and he was very angry; he packed up every thing, and he insisted upon my leaving Portsmouth. Alas! I shall be buried in the north, and never see you again. But why should I, my dear Mr. Vanslyperken? what good will come of it? I am a virtuous woman, and will be so; but, O dear! I can write no more.

"Farewell, then, farewell! Farewell for ever! Dear Mr. Vanslyperken, think no more of your disconsolate, unhappy, heart-broken, miserable

"Ann Malcolm.

"P.S. For my sake you will adhere to the good cause; I know you will, my dearest."

Mr. Vanslyperken perused this heart-rending epistle, and fell back on his chair almost suffocated. The woman, who had stood in the passage while he read the letter, came to his assistance, and pouring some water into his mouth, and throwing a portion of it over his face, partially revived him. Vanslyperken's head fell on the table upon his hands, and for some minutes remained in that position. He then rose, folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and staggered out of the house without saying a word.

O Nancy Corbett! Nancy Corbett! this was all your doing.

You had gained your point in winning over the poor man to commit treason—you had waited until he was so entangled that he could not escape, or in future refuse to obey the orders of the Jacobite party—you had seduced him, Nancy Corbett,—you had intoxicated him—in short, Nancy, you had ruined him, and then you throw him over by this insidious and perfidious letter.

Vanslyperken walked away, he hardly knew whither—his mind was a chaos. It did so happen, that he took the direction of his mother's house, and as he gradually recovered himself, he hastened there to give vent to his feelings. The old woman seldom or never went out: if she did, it was in the dusk, to purchase in one half hour enough to support existence for a fortnight.

She was at home with her door locked, as usual, when he demanded admittance.

"Come in, child, come in," said the old beldame, as with palsied hands she undid the fastenings. "I dreamt of you last night, Cornelius, and when I dream of others it bodes them no good."

Vanslyperken sat down on a chest, without giving any answer. He put his hand up to his forehead, and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

"Ah! ah!" said his mother. "I have put my hand up in that way in my time. Yes, yes—when my brain burned—when I had done the deed. What have you done, my child? Pour out your feelings into your mother's bosom. Tell me all—tell me why—and tell me, did you get any money?"

"I have lost every thing," replied Vanslyperken, in a melancholy tone.

"Lost every thing! then you must begin over again, and take from others till you have recovered all. That's the way—I'll have more yet before I die. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken remained silent for some time. He then, as usual, imparted to his mother all that had occurred.

"Well, well, my child; but there is the other one. Gold is gold, one wife is as good—to neglect—as another. My child, never marry a woman for love—she will make a fool of you. You have had a lucky escape—I see you have, Cornelius. But where is the gold you said you took for turning traitor—where is it?"

"I shall bring it on shore to-morrow, mother."

"Do, child, do. They may find you out—they may hang you—but they shall never wrest the gold from me. It will be safe—quite safe, with me, as long as I live. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken rose to depart; he was anxious to be aboard.

"Go, child go. I have hopes of you—you have murdered, have you not?"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "he lives yet."

"Then try again. At all events, you have wished *to murder, and* you have sold your country for gold. *Cornelius Vanslyperken, by the* hatred I bear the whole world, I feel that I almost love you now;—I see you are my own child. Now go, and mind to-morrow you bring the gold."

Vanslyperken quitted the house, and walked down to go on board again; the loss of the fair widow, all his hopes dashed at once to the ground, his having neglected the widow Vandersloosh and sent her an insulting message, had only the effect of raising his bile. He vowed vengeance against every body and every thing, especially against Smallbones, whom he was determined he would sacrifice: murder now was no longer horrible to his ideas; on the contrary, there was a pleasure in meditating upon it, and the loss of the expected fortune of the fair Mrs. Malcolm only made him more eager to obtain gold, and he contemplated treason as the means of so doing without any feelings of compunction.

On his arrival on board, he found an order from the Admiralty to discharge James Salisbury. This added to his choler and his meditations of revenge. Jemmy Ducks had not been forgotten; and he determined not to make known the order until he had punished him for his mutinous expressions; but Moggy had come on board during his absence, and had delivered to her husband the letter from the Admiralty notifying his discharge. Vanslyperken sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult, but the corporal informed him that Jemmy Ducks knew of his discharge. Vanslyperken's anger was now without bounds. He hastened on deck, and ordered the hands to be turned up for punishment, but Corporal Van Spitter hastened to give warning to Jemmy, who did not pipe the hands when ordered.

"Where is that scoundrel, James Salisbury?" cried Vanslyperken.

"Here is James Salisbury," replied Jemmy, coming aft.

"Turn the hands up for punishment, sir."

"I don't belong to the vessel," replied Jemmy, going forward.

"Corporal Van Spitter—where is Corporal Van Spitter?"

"Here, sir," said the Corporal, coming up the hatchway in a pretended bustle.

"Bring that man, Salisbury, aft."

"Yes, Sir," replied the corporal, going forward with assumed eagerness.

But all the ship's company had resolved that this act of injustice should not be done. Salisbury was no longer in the service, and although they knew the corporal to be on their side, they surrounded Jemmy on the forecastle, and the corporal came aft, declaring that he could not get near the prisoner. As he made this report a loud female voice was heard alongside.

"So, you'd flog my Jemmy, would you, you varmint? But you won't though; he's not in the service, and you sha'n't touch him; but I'll tell you what, keep yourself on board, Mr. Leeftenant, for if I cotches you on shore, I'll make you sing in a way you don't think on. Yes, flog my Jemmy, my dear darling duck of a Jemmy—stop a minute—I'm coming aboard."

Suiting the action to the word, for the sailors had beckoned to Moggy to come on board, she boldly pulled alongside, and skipping over, she went up direct to Mr. Vanslyperken. "I'll just trouble you for my husband, and no mistake," cried Moggy.

"Corporal Van Spitter, turn that woman out of the ship."

"Turn me, a lawful married woman, who comes arter my own husband with the orders of your masters, Mr. Leeftenant!—I'd like to see the man. I axes you for my Jemmy, and I'll trouble you just to hand him here—if not, look out for squalls, that's all. I demand my husband, in the king's name, so just hand him over," continued Moggy, putting her nose so close to that of Mr. Vanslyperken that they nearly touched, and then after a few seconds pause, for Vanslyperken could not speak for rage, she added, "Well, you're a nice leeftenant, I don't think."

"Send for your marines, Corporal Van Spitter."

"I have, Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the Corporal, standing erect and saluting; "and if you please, sir, they have joined the ship's company. You and I, mynheer, are left to ourselves."

"I'll just trouble you for my little duck of a husband," repeated Moggy. Vanslyperken was at a nonplus. The crew were in a state of mutiny, the marines had joined them—what could he do? To appeal to the higher authorities would be committing himself, for he knew that he could not flog a man who no longer belonged to the vessel.

"I wants my husband," repeated Moggy, putting her arms a-kimbo.

Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply. The corporal waited for orders, and Moggy waited for her husband.

Just at this moment, Snarleyyow, who had followed his master on deck, had climbed up the small ladder, and was looking over the gunnel on the side where the boat lay in which Moggy had come on board. Perceiving this, with the quickness of thought she ran at the dog and pushed him over the side into the boat, in which he fell with a heavy bound; she then descended the side, ordered the man to shove off, and kept at a short distance from the cutter with the dog in her possession.

"Now, now," cried Moggy, slapping her elbow, "hav'n't I got the dog, and won't I cut him up into sassingers and eat him into the bargain, if you won't give me my darling Jemmy and all his papers into the bargain?"

"Man the boat," cried Vanslyperken. But no one would obey the order.

"Look here," cried Moggy, flourishing a knife which she had borrowed from the man in the boat. "This is for the cur; and unless you let my Jemmy go, ay, and directly too——"

"Mercy, woman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "Do not harm the poor dog, and your husband shall go on shore."

"With his papers all ready to receive his pay?" inquired Moggy.

"Yes, with his papers and every thing, if you'll not harm the poor beast."

"Be quick about them, for my fingers are itching, I can tell you," replied Moggy. "Recollect, I will have my Jemmy, and cut the dog's throat in the bargain if you don't look sharp."

"Directly, good woman, directly," cried Vanslyperken, "be patient."

"Good woman! no more good woman than yourself," replied Moggy.

Vanslyperken desired the corporal to see Jemmy Ducks in the boat, and went down into the cabin to sign his pay order. He then returned, for he was dreadfully alarmed lest Moggy should put her threats in execution.

Jemmy's chest and hammocks were in the boat. He shook hands with his shipmates, and receiving the papers and discharge from Corporal Van Spitter, and exchanging an intelligent glance with him, he went down the side. The boat pulled round the stern to take in Moggy, who then ordered the waterman to put the dog on board again.

"My word's as good as my bond," observed Moggy, as she stepped into the other boat, "and so there's your cur again, Mr. Leeftenant; but mark my words: I owe you one, and I'll pay you with interest before I have done with you."

Jemmy then raised his pipe to his lips, and sounded its loudest note: the men gave him three cheers, and Mr. Vanslyperken, in a paroxysm of fury, ran down into his cabin.

CHAPTER XXV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves that he has a great aversion to cold steel.

Mr. Vanslyperken had been so much upset by the events of the day, that he had quite forgotten to deliver the letters entrusted to him to the care of the Jew Lazarus; weighty indeed must have been the events which could have prevented him from going to receive money.

He threw himself on his bed with combined feelings of rage and mortification, and slept a feverish sleep in his clothes.

His dreams were terrifying, and he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The mutiny and defection of the ship's company he ascribed entirely to the machinations of Smallbones, whom he now hated with a feeling so intense, that he felt he could have murdered him in the open day. Such were the first impulses that his mind resorted to upon his waking, and after some little demur, he sent for Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him. The corporal made his appearance, all humility and respect, and was again sounded as to what could be done with Smallbones, Vanslyperken hinting very clearly what his wishes tended to.

Corporal Van Spitter, who had made up his mind how to act after their previous conference, hummed and ha'ed, and appeared unwilling to enter upon the subject, until he was pushed by his commandant, when the corporal observed there was something very strange about the lad, and hinted at his being sent in the cutter on purpose to annoy his superior.

"That on that night upon which he had stated that he seen the devil three times, once it was sitting on the head-clue of Smallbones' hammock, and at another time that he was evidently in converse with the lad, and that there were strange stories among the ship's company, who considered that both Smallbones and the dog were supernatural agents."

"My dog—Snarleyyow—a—what do you mean, corporal?"

The corporal then told Mr. Vanslyperken that he had discovered that several attempts had been made to drown the dog, but without success; and that among the rest, he had been thrown by Smallbones into the canal tied up in a bread-bag, and had miraculously made his appearance again.

"The villain!" exclaimed Vanslyperken. "That then was the paving-stone. Now I've found it out, I'll cut his very soul out of his body."

But the corporal protested against open measures, as although it was known by his own confession to be the case, it could not be proved, as none of the men would tell.

"Besides, he did not think that any further attempts would be made, as Smallbones had been heard to laugh and say, 'that water would never hurt him or the dog,' which observation of the lad's had first made the ship's company suspect."

"Very true," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "he floated out to the Owers lights and back again, when I——" Here Mr. Vanslyperken stopped short and he felt a dread of supernatural powers in the lad, when he thought of what had passed and what he now heard.

"So they think my dog——"

"De tyfel," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken was not very sorry for this, as it would be the dog's protection; but at the same time he was not at all easy about Smallbones, for Mr. Vanslyperken, as we have observed before, was both superstitious and cowardly.

"Water won't hurt him, did you say, corporal?"

"Yes, mynheer."

"Then I'll try what a pistol will do, by heavens," replied Vanslyperken. "He threw my dog into the canal, and I'll be revenged, if revenge is to be had. That will do, corporal, you may go now," continued Vanslyperken, who actually foamed with rage.

The corporal left the cabin, and it having occurred to Vanslyperken that he had not delivered the letters, he dressed himself to go on shore.

After having once more read through the letter of the fair widow, which at the same time that it crushed all his hopes, from its kind tenor, poured some balm into his wounded heart, he sighed, folded it up, put it away, and went on deck.

"Pipe the gig away," said Mr. Vanslyperken.

"No pipe," replied Short.

This reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that Jemmy Ducks had left the ship, and vexed him again. He ordered the word to be passed to the boat's crew, and when it was manned he went on shore. As soon as he arrived at the house of Lazarus, he knocked, but it was some time before he was admitted, and the chain was still kept on the door, which was opened two inches to allow a scrutiny previous to entrance.

"Ah! it vash you, vash it, good sar? you may come in," said the Jew.

Vanslyperken walked into the parlour, where he found seated a young man of very handsome exterior, dressed according to the fashion of the cavaliers of the time. His hat, with a plume of black feathers, lay upon the table. This personage continued in his careless and easy position without rising when Vanslyperken entered, neither did he ask him to sit down.

"You are the officer of the cutter?" inquired the young man, with an air of authority not very pleasing to the lieutenant.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, looking hard and indignantly in return.

"And you arrived yesterday morning? Pray, sir, why were not those letters delivered at once?"

"Because I had no time," replied Vanslyperken, sulkily.

"No time, sir; what do you mean by that? Your *time is ours, sir. You are paid* for it; for one shilling that you receive from the rascally government you condescend to serve and to betray, you receive from us pounds. Let not this happen again, my sir, or you may repent it."

Vanslyperken was not in the best of humours, and he angrily replied, "Then you may get others to do your work, for this is the last I'll do; pay me for them, and let me go."

"The last you'll do! you'll do as much as we please, and as long as we please. You are doubly in our power, scoundrel. You betray the government you serve, but you shall not betray us. If you had a thousand lives, you are a dead man the very moment you flinch from or neglect our work. Do your work faithfully, and you will be rewarded; but either you must do our work or die. You have but to choose."

"Indeed!" replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, indeed! And to prove that I am in earnest, I shall punish you for your neglect, by not paying you this time. You may leave the letters and go. But mind that you give us timely notice when you are ordered back to the Hague, for we shall want you."

Vanslyperken, indignant at this language, obeyed his first impulse, which was to snatch up the letters and attempt to leave the room.

"No pay no letters!" exclaimed he, opening the door.

"Fool!" cried the young man with a bitter sneer, not stirring from his seat.

Vanslyperken opened the door, and to his amazement there were three swords pointed to his heart. He started back.

"Will you leave the letters now?" observed the young man.

Vanslyperken threw them down on the table with every sign of perturbation, and remained silent and pale.

"And now perfectly understand me, sir," said the young cavalier. "We make a great distinction between those who have joined the good cause, or rather, who have continued steadfast to their king from feelings of honour and loyalty, and those who are to be bought and sold. We honour the first, we despise the latter. Their services we require, and therefore we employ them. A traitor to the sovereign from whom he receives his pay, is not likely to be trusted by us. I know your character, that is sufficient. Now, although the government make no difference between one party or the other, with the exception that some may be honoured with the axe instead of the gibbet, you will observe that we do: and as our lives are already forfeited by attainder, we make no scruple of putting out of the way any one whom we may even suspect of betraying us. Nay, more; we can furnish the government with sufficient proofs against you without any risk to ourselves, for we have many partisans who are still in office. Weigh now well all you have heard, and be assured, that although we despise you, and use you only as our tool, we will have faithful and diligent service, if not your life is forfeited."

Vanslyperken heard all this with amazement and confusion: he immediately perceived that he was in a snare, from which escape was impossible. His coward heart sank within him, and he promised implicit obedience.

"Nevertheless, before you go you will sign your adherence to King James and his successors," observed the young cavalier. "Lazarus, bring in writing materials." The Jew, who was at the door, complied with the order.

The cavalier took the pen and wrote down a certain form, in which Vanslyperken dedicated his life and means, as he valued his salvation, to the service of the exiled monarch. "Read that, and sign it, sir," said the cavilier, passing it over to Vanslyperken.

The lieutenant hesitated. "Your life depends upon it," continued the young man coolly; "do as you please."

Vanslyperken turned round; the swords were still pointed, and the eyes of those which held them were fixed upon the cavalier awaiting his orders. Vanslyperken perceived that there was no escape. With a trembling hand he affixed his signature.

"Tis well:—now, observe, that at the first suspicion, or want of zeal even, on your part, this will be forwarded through the proper channel, and even if you should escape the government, you will not escape us:—our name is Legion. You may go, sir; do your work well, and you shall be well rewarded."

Vanslyperken hastened away, passing the swords, the points of which were now lowered for his passage. Perhaps he never till then felt how contemptible was a traitor. Indignant, mortified, and confused, still trembling with fear, and, at the same time, burning with rage, he hastened to his mother's house, for he had brought on shore with him the money which he had received at Amsterdam.

"What, more vexation, child?" said the old woman, looking Vanslyperken in the face as he entered.

"Yes," retorted Vanslyperken, folding his arms as he sat down.

It was sometime before he would communicate to his mother all that had happened. At last the truth, which even he felt ashamed of, was drawn out of him.

"Now may all the curses that ever befell a man fall on his head!" exclaimed Vanslyperken as he finished. "I would give soul and body to be revenged on him."

"That's my own child—that is what I have done, Cornelius, but I shall not die yet awhile. I like to hear you say that; but it must not be yet. Let them plot and plot, and when they think that all is ripe, and all is ready, and all will succeed—then is the time to revenge yourself—not yet—but for that revenge, death on the gallows would be sweet."

Vanslyperken shuddered:—he did not feel how death could in any way be sweet;—for some time he was wrapped up in his own thoughts.

"Have you brought the gold at last?" inquired the old woman.

"I have," replied Vanslyperken, who raised himself and produced it. "I ought to have had more, —but I'll be revenged."

"Yes, yes, but get more gold first. Never kill the goose that lays the golden egg, my child," replied the old woman as she turned the key.

So many sudden and mortifying occurrences had taken place in forty-eight hours that Vanslyperken's brain was in a whirl. He felt goaded to do something, but he did not know what. Perhaps it would have been suicide had he not been a coward. He left his mother without speaking another word, and walked down to the boat, revolving first one and then another incident in his mind. At last, his ideas appeared to concentrate themselves into one point, which was a firm and raging animosity against Smallbones; and with the darkest intentions he hastened on board and went down into his cabin.

What was the result of these feelings will be seen in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken sees a ghost.

Before we acquaint the reader with the movements of Mr. Vanslyperken we must again revert to the history of the period in which we are writing. The Jacobite faction had assumed a formidable consistency, and every exertion was being made by the latter for an invasion of England. They knew that their friends were numerous, and that many who held office under the ruling government were attached to their cause, and only required such a demonstration to fly to arms with their numerous partisans.

Up to the present, all the machinations of the Jacobites had been carried on with secrecy, and dexterity, but now was the time for action and decision. To aid the cause, it was considered expedient that some one of known fidelity should be sent to Amsterdam, where the projects of William might be discovered more easily than in England: for as he communicated with the States General, and the States General were composed of many, secrets would come out, for that which is known to many soon becomes no longer a secret.

To effect this, letters of recommendation to one or two of those high in office in Holland, and who were supposed to be able to give information, and inclined to be confiding and garrulous, had been procured from the firm allies of King William, by those who pretended to be so only, for the agent who was about to be sent over, and this agent was the young cavalier who had treated Vanlysperken in so uncourteous a manner. He has already been mentioned to the reader by the name of Ramsay, and second in authority among the smugglers. He was a young man of high family, and a brother to Lady Alice, of course trusted by Sir Robert and his second in command. He had been attainted for non-appearance, and condemned for high treason at the same time as had been his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Barclay, and had ever since been with him doing his duty in the boat, and in command of the men, when Sir Robert's services or attendance were required a St. Germain's.

No one could be better adapted for the service he was to be employed upon. He was brave, cool, intelligent, and prepossessing. Of course, by his letters of introduction, he was represented as a firm ally of King William, and strongly recommended as such. The letters which Vanslyperken had neglected to deliver were of the utmost importance, and the character of the lieutenant being well known to Ramsay, through the medium of Nancy Corbett and others, he had treated him in the way which he considered as most likely to enforce a rigid compliance with their wishes.

Ramsay was right; for Vanslyperken was too much of a coward to venture upon resistance, although he might threaten it. It was the intention of Ramsay, moreover, to take a passage over with him in the Yungfrau, as his arrival in a king's vessel would add still more to the success of the enterprise which he had in contemplation.

We will now return to Mr. Vanslyperken, whom we left boiling with indignation. He is not in a better humour at this moment. He requires a victim to expend his wrath upon, and that victim he is resolved shall be Smallbones, upon whom his hate is concentrated.

He has sent for the corporal, and next ordered him to bring him a pistol and cartridge, which the corporal has complied with. Vanslyperken has not made the corporal a further confidant, but he has his suspicions, and he is on the watch. Vanslyperken is alone his hand trembling as he loads the pistol which he has taken down from the bulkhead where it hung but he is nevertheless determined upon the act. He has laid it down on the table, and goes on deck, waiting till it is dusk for the completion of his project. He has now arranged his plan, and descends; the pistol is still on the table, and he puts it under the blanket on his bed, and rings for Smallbones.

"Did you want me, sir?" said Smallbones.

"Yes, I am going on shore to sleep a little way in the country, and I want you to carry my clothes; let every thing be put up in the blue bag, and hold yourself ready to come with me."

"Yes, sir," replied Smallbones; "am I to come on board again to-night?"

"To be sure you are."

Smallbones put up as desired by his master, whose eyes followed the lad's motions, as he moved from one part of the cabin to the other, his thoughts wandering, from the recollection of Smallbones having attempted to drown his dog, to the more pleasing one of revenge.

At dusk Mr. Vanslyperken ordered his boat to be manned, and as soon as Smallbones had gone into it with the bag, he took the pistol from where he had hid it, and concealing it under his great-coat, followed the lad into the boat.

They landed, and Vanslyperken walked fast; it was now dark, and he was followed by Smallbones, who found difficulty in keeping pace with his master, so rapid were his strides.

They passed the half-way houses, and went clear of the fortifications, until they had gained five or six miles on the road to London.

Smallbones was tired out with the rapidity of the walk, and now lagged behind. The master desired him to come on. "I does come on as fast as I can, sir, but this here walking don't suit at all, with carrying a bag full of clothes," replied Smallbones.

"Make haste, and keep up with me," cried Vanslyperken, setting off again at a more rapid pace.

They were now past all the buildings, and but occasionally fell in with some solitary farm-house, or cottage, on the road side; the night was cloudy, and the scud flew fast; Vanslyperken walked on faster, for in his state of mind he could feel no bodily fatigue, and the lad dropped astern.

At last the lieutenant found a spot which afforded him an opportunity of executing his fell purpose. A *square wall* round a homestead for cattle, was built on *the side of the footpath. Vanslyperken* turned round, *and looked for Smallbones, who* was too far behind to be seen in the obscurity. Satisfied by this that the lad could not see his motions, Vanslyperken secreted himself behind the angle of the wall so as to allow Smallbones to pass. He cocked his pistol, and crouched down, waiting for the arrival of his victim.

In a minute or two he heard the panting of the lad, who was quite weary with his load. Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and held his breath. The lad passed him; Vanslyperken now rose from behind, levelled the pistol at the lad's head and fired. Smallbones uttered a yell, fell down on his face, and then rolled on his back without life or motion.

Vanslyperken looked at him for one second, then turned back, and fled with the wings of the wind. Conscience now appeared to pursue him, and he ran on until he was so exhausted, that he fell; the pistol was still in his hand, and as he put out his arm mechanically to save himself, the lock of the pistol came in contact with his temple.

After a time he rose again, faint and bleeding, and continued his course at a more moderate pace, but as the wind blew, and whistled among the boughs of the trees, he thought every moment that he beheld the form of the murdered lad. He quickened his pace, arrived at last within the fortifications, and putting the pistol in his coat pocket, he somewhat recovered himself. He bound his silk handkerchief round his head, and proceeded to the boat, which he had ordered to wait till Smallbones' return. He had then a part to act, and told the men that he had been assailed by robbers, and ordered them to pull on board immediately. As soon as he came on board he desired the men to assist him down into his cabin, and then he sent for Corporal Van Spitter to dress his wounds. He communicated to the corporal, that as he was going out into the country as he had proposed, he had been attacked by robbers, that he had been severely wounded, and had, he thought, killed one of them, as the others ran away; what had become of Smallbones he knew not, but he had heard him crying out in the hands of the robbers.

The corporal who had felt certain that the pistol had been intended for Smallbones, hardly knew what to make of the matter; the wound of Mr. Vanslyperken was severe, and it was hardly to be supposed that it was self-inflicted. The corporal therefore held his tongue, heard all that Mr. Vanslyperken had to say, and was very considerably puzzled.

"It was a fortunate thing that I thought of taking a pistol with me, corporal, I might have been murdered outright."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, and binding the handkerchief round Vanslyperken's head, he then assisted him into bed. "Mein Gott! I make no head or tail of de business," said the corporal as he walked forward; "but I must know de truth soon; I not go to bed for two or three hours, and den I hear others."

It is needless to say that Mr. Vanslyperken passed a restless night, not only from the pain of his wound, but from the torments of conscience, for it is but by degrees that the greatest villian can drive away its stings, and then it is but for a short time, and when it does force itself back upon him, it is with redoubled power. His occasional slumbers were broken by fitful starts, in which he again and again heard the yell of the poor lad, and saw the corpse rolling at his feet. It was about an hour before daylight that Mr. Vanslyperken again awoke, and found that the light had burnt out. He could not remain in the dark, it was too dreadful; he raised himself, and pulled the bell over his head. Some one entered. "Bring a light immediately," cried Vanslyperken.

In a minute or two the gleams of a light were seen burning at a distance by the lieutenant. He watched its progress aft, and its entrance, and he felt relieved; but he had now a devouring thirst upon him, and his lips were glued together, and he turned over on his bed to ask the corporal, whom he supposed it was, for water. He fixed his eyes upon the party with the candle, and by the feeble light of the dip, he beheld the pale, haggard face of Smallbones, who stared at him, but uttered not a word.

"Mercy, O God! mercy!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, falling back and covering his face with the bed-clothes.

Smallbones did not reply; he blew out the candle, and quitted the cabin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FOREIGN MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCIS DE LA NOUE.

There are a multitude of heroic and romantic characters of French history that are not known except by name, and not even to this extent, popularly. The heroes of *British* story have been offered by Shakspeare, and lately by Scott, and by many intervening authors, to the admiration and sympathies of their succeeding posterities. But the long lapse of time, which furnishes English poets and romance writers with their richest materials and most genuine inspirations, is a blank in French literature. The occurrence of such names as Du Guesclin, De La Tremouille, the Constable Bourbon, Bayard, Garton de Foix, Strozzi, or La Noue, with many others, in the quaint pages of old chronicles, or in the philosophic analysis of more modern histories, leaves the reader still ignorant of the lives of these heroes. Their characters belong indeed more perfectly to romance than to any soberer record. The whole period in which they flourished can no otherwise be represented by history than a living man can be represented by a lifeless skeleton. Instead of the grand and measured march of state policy, the historian has, during this epoch, to paint the passions, the contests, the feats, and prowess of individuals. There are too many striking portraits, too many detached scenes of stirring interest to be described with effect in one great historical piece. Here, then, poetry and the drama come naturally into the aid of history, and their ministration is absolutely essential to give a just and vivid picture of the time. But in France the Academy established by Richelieu, excluded all themes from elegant literature which were not borrowed from a remote classical antiquity, or treated after scholastic rules of composition. French story, therefore, so teeming in moving and heroic adventures, was rejected as unfit matter by the academic taste, and so utterly neglected by writers on imagination. A rich field of subjects, the most picturesque and popular, remains consequently unexplored. It is too late at present for the French to make a national literature out of the events of their early history, which they ought to have done two centuries ago. All the past, previous to their first revolution, is to the people unknown. The ancient heroes of France are not familiar but strange names, and their achievements, instead of being domestic topics, household themes current among the very populace of the land, appear to the unlearned, when spoken of or alluded to, to be rather "curiosities" belonging to antiquarian research. We therefore intend occasionally to rescue the biography of certain French worthies of the chivalric times from the dusty old Chronicles in which they have lain so many ages quietly interred. The author of the "Huguenot Captain" has shown how interesting such subjects can be made. The present sketch belongs to the same historical period that that writer has so ably traversed. We have in consequence confined ourselves strictly to the events personal to our hero; but we trust that even on this narrow scale we have been able to present a series of adventures, and to exhibit a noble character, which will not be without interest and entertainment for our readers.

Francis De la Noue was a gentleman of Brittany, of a noble but not otherwise illustrious family. He was born in the year 1531, and was sent young into Italy (according to the custom of the age,) to accomplish himself in martial exercises. On his return, he became the favourite page of Henry II., and with him made the campaigns of Picardy and the frontiers of Flanders. The King was so attached to his young page, that he could hardly bear him out of his presence, and took every opportunity of extolling his juvenile feats of arms. "If La Noue had broken one lance," says Brantome, "the King would declare he had broken three."

In the year 1567 he first becomes conspicuous. France had been torn since the time of Francis I. by religious dissensions. In the reign of Charles IX. these broke out into civil war between the Catholic and Calvinist parties. La Noue very early adopted the doctrines of the latter, and joining their standard, was present at the first campaign of the Prince of Condé and Coligni. At the commencement of the second civil war, he was sent by these chiefs to surprise Orleans with the merest handful of men. But "numbers," says D'Aubigny, were never taken much into account by La Noue. Not being able to take the place by force, he had recourse to a stratagem which was attended with great personal risk. He disguised himself in the dress of a peasant, and entered the town unsuspected. The greater part of the inhabitants being inclined to Protestantism, he conferred with the mayor, who was at the head of the reformed in the town, and persuaded him so to act in concert with himself, that his little band, on approaching the city, found its gates open. The town was in this manner captured without the loss of a single man on either side.

It is not our design to recount all the campaigns down to the year 1570, in which the hero of this brief sketch distinguished himself. In the year 1569 happened the famous fight of Jarnac. The Prince of Condé commanded the Protestants, and the Duke of Anjou, the king's brother, the Catholics. The Prince was defeated, and fell, and La Noue, at the beginning of the encounter being thrown from his horse, was taken prisoner. When he was brought into the enemy's camp, the Duke of Anjou, indignant that one who had received so many favours from Henry II. should be found constantly in arms against the Court, determined he should be shot as a rebel. But Martigne, a generous soldier, and experienced captain of the Catholic party, saved him by his intercession, and procured him his liberty by an exchange. In the same year we find him again among the most active and enterprising of the Protestant leaders. At the siege of Potiers, undertaken by Coligni, he was wounded; and at the battle of Montcontour again taken prisoner. He here found it somewhat more difficult to effect an exchange. Strozzi, a distinguished Catholic officer, son of the famous chief of that name, had been made prisoner by the Protestants. They offered him in exchange for La Noue, but the Cardinal of Lorraine objected, saying, "there were many Strozzi's in France, but only one La Noue. The friends of Strozzi, however, at last made the Cardinal yield to the proposition. Strozzi was then at La Rochelle, so ill as not to be able to move from his bed without danger. Nevertheless, the Rochellois, impatient to have La Noue again among them, insisted on the sick and wounded man departing immediately. La Noue, hearing this, with that generosity which marked his character, declared his resolution of remaining in the hands of the enemy till Strozzi had recovered his strength, though it was possible he might never recover, and La Noue, by his humanity, might forfeit his liberty.

In the year 1570 begins his more distinguished career. The Protestants had just then met with considerable losses. They had failed at Poitiers, and been beaten at Montcontour. They had lost Lussignan and Chatelrand, two important posts; Marans, in Poitou, and the isles Saintonge, had been seized by the royal army, and La Rochelle, their principal stronghold, was strictly invested by land, and reduced to great extremities. Under these circumstances, La Noue was sent into Poitou to revive the fortunes of his party in that quarter. His first object was, to master the posts by which La Rochelle was held in a state of blockade, and this he did with surprising rapidity and success. Noaille fell on the first assault. Marans, a strong and important post, only held out for a few days. The Bastille, another, and still stronger fortress in the neighbourhood, hearing of its fate, surrendered. The castle of Charon, and all the little forts which then environed La Rochelle, fell in succession; and the town of Olonne, or Sables, the richest in the province, situated on the seacoast, was taken by assault being attacked both by sea and by land, after an obstinate resistance.

To arrest the progress of these rapid successes, the Duke of Anjou sent Puigaillard, a renowned captain, to oppose La Noue. The Catholic general had taken a fortress called Lucon. La Noue designed to retake it, but at the same time, to avoid, if possible, an action. Puigaillard, confident in superior numbers, wished to force him to one, and conducted a march for that purpose so secretly and rapidly, that the Protestants were obliged either to retreat or to give battle. La Noue, after some consideration, finding the disposition of his troops good, and knowing the enemy must be fatigued with their forced march, resolved upon the latter. He drew up his little force among the vines with which the country all around was covered. A corps of arquebusiers and thirty gendarmes were posted in advance; these were supported by fifteen more, and another body of forty supported them in the rear. The infantry were drawn up to the right in a square. La Noue took his own station with the *élite* of his cavalry, between Lucon and the army of the enemy. This disposition of his miniature army was as bold as it was perilous, as it cut off retreat should he be defeated, but it was absolutely necessary, for he could thus succour the troops before Lucon, should they be pressed upon by the garrison, or support the infantry, if need were. Puigaillard had only time to draw up his infantry in a plain close by. Some regiments of cavalry advancing to protect this body, were suddenly attacked by La Noue before they had time to form, and thrown into the greatest disorder. Being rallied, they were attacked with still more impetuosity, and driven back upon the infantry, whom they threw all into confusion, broke up the ranks, and scattered the whole body. The fight now, on the part of the Catholics, was only sustained by the volunteers. They resisted long and obstinately, but knowing that their cavalry and infantry were already routed, they at last yielded, having done enough to prove their high spirit, and gain the personal glory which in war is more coveted even than victory. The slaughter was considerable. The Germans, recollecting the battle of Montcontour, gave no quarter, and it was only with difficulty that La Noue could extricate a few Catholics out of their hands. The loss of the royalist-army was 800 killed, and 500 prisoners, with 16 banners, and 2 standards. The town of Lucon made no farther resistance, but opened its gates, and La Noue generously allowed the garrison to march out with all their baggage. He here also gave a signal instance of his fidelity to his word. The commandant complained to him, that notwithstanding his promise, his baggage had been taken from him, upon which La Noue ransomed a prisoner, that he might pay him four hundred golden crowns, at which the commandant valued his loss.

He followed up his victory by laying siege to Fontenay Le Compte. Here, whilst examining attentively the place where he intended to dress a battery, and not heeding a shower of shot which was falling about him, he received a ball in the arm, which fractured a bone. He was obliged to have the arm amputated, and it was replaced by one of iron, which gained him the name of *bras de fer*. He could afterwards almost make as good use of the iron arm as the other, and when mounted always held the bridle of his horse with it.

The Protestant party was now again ascendent in Poitou; and Coligni, in spite of his many defeats, was more formidable than ever. He appeared on the eve of carrying the war into the vicinity of Paris, and one great battle gained by him would perhaps have established the reign of Protestantism in France for ever. The court saw the danger and to avert it, negotiated and concluded that treacherous peace which ended in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Happily, La Noue escaped the fate of Coligni, in which he would have shared had he remained in France. He was invited by Count Louis of Nassau, one of the chiefs of the war against the Spanish party in the Low Countries, to take the second in command under himself. La Noue accepted the offer, and during his absence in the Netherlands the massacre took place.

The Catholic party began soon however, to perceive, that their diabolical wickedness had not extirpated heresy. The inhabitants of La Rochelle rejected the commandant sent them by the King, and were on the point of proceeding to open war. To avert this, the court had recourse to La Noue to negotiate for them. He had just returned from the siege of Mons, which he had sustained a long time against the numerous army of the Duke of Alva, expecting succour from Coligni, according to the promise of the King. He capitulated only at the last moment, when he could barely obtain his life and liberty. The Spaniards conducted him to the frontiers of Picardy; but even here he was not in safety. He had learnt, a few days before, the news of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and doubted not that, being the most considerable of the Calvinists, the court would seek to destroy him by all means. He had not money enough to take refuge in Germany or England, and even if he had had, he would have run great risks in traversing France to reach those countries. To arrive at La Rochelle was equally difficult. In this perplexity he had recourse to Leanor of Orleans, Duke de Longueville, with whom he had formerly lived in intimacy. But as he knew the Duke had received signal favours from the chief actors in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, this step was also attended with great peril. Yet, as he says himself, finding it impossible to do better, he resolved to throw himself on the generosity of the Duke. He arrived at the chateau unexpectedly, and Longueville did not attempt to conceal his displeasure on seeing him. He had in fact received express orders from the King and Queen and Duke of Anjou, to have La Noue assassinated if he entered Picardy. But he was not the man to obey such commands. His first surprise being over, he led his unwelcome guest to to his cabinet, where he showed him the written orders of the King. La Noue, considering this as sentence of death, fell on his knees, not to implore mercy, but that he might die in that posture. Longueville immediately raised him, telling him he deserved death for doubting of his friendship. He then concealed him so secretly in his chateau, that even the servants knew nothing of his presence.

Mean time every attempt at negotiating with the Rochellois having failed, the court bethought them of having recourse to the influence of La Noue, whom his high reputation pointed out as the actual chief of the Calvinists. The orders for his assassination were therefore recalled, and Longueville was directed, should he fall into his hands, to invite him, in the name of the King, to the Court. The Duke accordingly persuaded him to go to Paris, and furnished him with the means necessary to appear as was befitting his condition. Before his guest departed, he gave him this advice: "Take care that you speak advisedly, to the King; you must not expect to find him the same gentle and benign monarch as before. Since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew he has become more bitter and irritable, than he was ever mild."

At the Louvre, La Noue was received with great distinction. He found himself among the friends and companions of his youth. With the Guises especially he had formerly lived on terms of the closest intimacy, and it will be seen that even in them civil wars and religious malignity had not quelled all sentiments of generosity and friendship; much less in La Noue. Though a zealous Protestant he desired nothing more ardently than to live at peace with the Catholics; and if his sentiments were shocked and harrowed at the horrors of the late massacre, his judgment was cool enough to perceive that, if liberty of conscience could be secured, that hideous event afforded no just pretext for renewing the calamities of civil war. When the court therefore proposed to him to undertake the negotiation with the Rochellois, he made the only reasonable objection, viz. that he could not rely upon its sincerity. Entreaties, protestations, and promises, at last overcame his scruples. He only implored that he might not be placed in the light of seeming a traitor to the reformed cause, or be made instrumental in deceiving his own party. Gaudague, an Italian priest, was given him nominally as a colleague, but really as a spy upon all his movements, and La Noue expressed his satisfaction at having a witness of his honesty and good faith.

On his arrival at La Rochelle, he was recieved with great haughtiness and resentment. The authorities refused to open the gates to him, and the deputies accosted him with the most reproachful taunts. La Noue urged his past services as a proof of his devotion to the common cause, and holding out his iron arm, asked if he who had lost an arm in fighting their battles could be capable of betraying them with his tongue? In reply they pretended not to recognise him. "We recollect well," said they, "a certain La Noue, but he was a very different person from you. He was our great friend, who by his virtues, constancy, and experience, defended our lives. He was a model of honour, and would not have undertaken to betray us with fine words, as the man before us has done. He resembles him indeed in face, but not in mind." La Noue, however, gained so much by his patience, that the deputies consented to carry his demands before the Senate, and brought back the following answer: "That he might choose either to enter the city as a private individual, when a suitable provision would be made for him in recompense for his past services, or take the command of the garrison, which all unanimously desired him to do, or embark in a vessel which should be furnished him for England, where he would find himself among his friends." After conferring with Gaudague on the subject, La Noue, by his advice, accepted the command, as giving him the most influence over the citizens.

Shortly after the siege of La Rochelle commenced (not the last and famous one,) of which we cannot afford here to speak, La Noue sustained his difficult character of friend to both parties to the satisfaction of each. Whilst he devoted all his energies to the defence of the city, he was constant in his endeavours to make the citizens listen to the advantageous terms of peace that were offered them. He felt his position, however, extremely painful. By many he was regarded with an evil eye. The Calvinist ministers, who had great authority, most violently opposed him. They endeavoured even to excite the people against him; but the frequent *sorties* which he headed, which were full of dazzling adventure and success—his immense activity in all which concerned the defence of the city—and the personal exposure to danger which he seemed to court, had gained him the enthusiastic affection and admiration of the citizens and garrison. On one occasion, when a small party had unadvisedly made a sortie contrary to his orders, and were on the point of being cut to pieces, La Noue sallied out at the head of another party to their rescue. The combat in which he got engaged lasted five hours, and the besiegers were beaten and driven from all their positions. Notwithstanding, however, his services, his voice in the council was drowned by those of the preachers, who treated him with undisguised insult. A certain minister, named La Place, pushed his brutality so far, that, finding La Noue unmoved by his abusive language, he struck him in the face. But the hero—in this instance most especially deserving that name—preserved his temper unruffled, prevented his attendants from instantly avenging the outrage, and quietly recommended the enraged minister to go home to his wife.

All hopes of peace being at an end, La Noue was obliged, by his promise to the King, to leave La Rochelle and come into the Catholic camp. The citizens saw him depart with regret, and the Royalists rejoiced that they had deprived the Rochellois of their most skilful leader. Both parties united in lauding his conduct as a model of honour and good faith; and he himself felt his mind greatly lightened by being relieved from his twofold charge. He had been so oppressed by his double responsibility—by the fear of not fulfilling his engagement to the King, or of compromising the interests of the Calvinists when a single false step would have made him appear treacherous—that he declared the burden too heavy for him, and that nothing but religious principle prevented him from seeking a voluntary death.

He did not remain long in inactivity, for the court still continued insincere. Peace had been made with the Rochellois on their own terms. A clandestine attempt to violate it, and to surprise their city, forced La Noue again to take arms, and place himself at the head of the Calvinists; and in the year 1574 he took, either in person or by captains under his command, the towns of Lussignan, Melle, and Fontenay, in Poitou, and Pons, Tournai, Charante, Royan, Talmont, St. Jean d'Angeli, and Bontleville, in the provinces of Saintonge and Angoumois. The joy which these brilliant successes caused the Potestants was somewhat damped by the death of De la Cosse, one of their most famous captains, who was killed in an assault upon a little bourg. He seems to have had a presentiment of his death, for in his boots was discovered the following epitaph:—

> "Desine migrantem lugere viator et hospes,
> Non cario patriâ, me caret ille magis."

Charles IX. was now dead, and was succeeded by Henry III., the former Duke of Anjou. He was at this time in Poland, having been elected King of that country. The Queen mother, Catherine of Medicis, pretending a desire that the new reign should open under peaceful auspices, concluded a truce with La Noue for two months; but the King, arriving in France, determined thoronghly to put down the Calvinists, and for that purpose sent the Duke of Montpensier with a large army into Poitou, and prepared to take the field himself in Languedoc. The Duke's campaign was successful. He took the towns of Fontenay and Lussignan, from the latter of which sprung the illustrious house which had given kings to Cyprus and Jerusalem. In Languedoc the King was not so fortunate. He abandoned the seige of Livron, after having been mocked at and insulted by the citizens. Alluding to his effeminate habits, they hung out a puppet dressed like a woman over the walls, with the name of the King affixed to it in large letters.

At this time a new party sprung up in France, called the *Politiques*. It consisted of those moderate Catholics who desired that a certain degree of toleration should be granted to the Huguenots, and by all means to avoid new civil wars. The Duke of Alencon, from personal motives, placed himself at the head of this party, and published openly his design of making common cause with the Calvinists. At the same period, the Prince de Conde, who had taken refuge in Germany, collected, by the aid of John Casimir, the Palatine, a considerable force, and was marching into France. The King of Navarre had escaped into Guienne, and made public profession of the Reformed faith. La Noue had also joined the Duke of Alçencon. Mezerai says that "his presence alone was worth a whole army." He had quitted La Rochelle, disgusted with the violent parties that divided the councils of that little republic. But no sooner was he gone than his loss was sensibly felt, and he received continual letters from the authorities soliciting his advice and intervention. Every thing threatened a more formidable war than had yet broken out, and the advantage appeared to be on the side of the Protestants. But Catherine of Medicis, who knew the objects of Alencon to be personal, knew also how to satisfy him. He was offered Angouleme, Anjou, and some other places, as the price of peace. To the Pince of Conde Peronne was to be ceded, and the Palatine John Casimir received 300,000 francs to defray the expenses of his expedition. On these terms peace was concluded, without any regard to the interests or safety of the Protestants. The formation of the famous league followed. The States were assembled, and it was resolved that the Catholic religion should be the only tolerated religion in France, which was tantamount to declaring a war of extermination against the Calvinists. This resolution was followed up by an immediate levying of armies. One under Monsieur, now Duke of Anjou, was sent to besiege La Charite, and another under the Duke of Mayenne was destined for Poitou.

The storm which seemed destined to burst upon and annihilate the Protestants, called forth all the energies of La Noue. Though he had already expended the greater part of his estates in contributing to defray the expenses of the civil wars, which frequently left him without the means of providing for his personal wants, he now levied a body of two hundred horse from his personal resources. With these he joined the King of Navarre in Guienne. The King, not having money to requite this signal service, made him a grant of some lands on his own domains. La Noue, with uuexampled disinterestedness, refused to accept of it. He told the King, that when he should be in a situation to indulge in such liberalities, he should feel honoured in being beholden to him, but that, if at present he recompensed his servants with equal generosity, he would deprive himself of the means of supporting the war.

The court, however, was still anxious, for subtle purposes, to maintain peace. Henry III., and the Queen-mother, were fearful that a successful war would throw an overwhelming power into the hands of the Leaguers, and for this reason desired to avert hostilities. It was with La Noue that the negotiations took place, for although the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were nominally, he was really the head of the reformed party. The eyes of all France were fixed upon him. He had the confidence of both parties. He daily received envoys and private letters from the King and Queen, and communications from all the Protestant provinces of France, all expressive of the high esteem and confidence which his virtues and military qualities inspired. Doubtless, he would not have hesitated a moment in rejecting all overtures for peace, if the means of the Calvinists had been at all adequate to sustain the war. But the King of Navarre was without money and without men. The Prince of Condé was in the same condition. The royalist armies were strong in numbers, well equipped, and well-commanded. Besides, the Duke D'Amville, a *Politique*, who had till now joined with the Protestants, had been won over by the Leaguers. All this decided La Noue to accept of the terms which they offered. They were ratified merely in time to prevent a general action. Chatillon, the son of Coligni, had hastily raised an army, and had marched upon Montpelier, which D'Amville held besieged. Both sides had prepared for battle, and the first shots had been exchanged, when La Noue, arriving in haste, galloped between the two armies, and, holding up a parchment in his hands, cried out, "Peace, peace!"

The next military exploits of this hero were in the Low Countries. He had been invited by the States to take a command there, and as he considered the peace pretty firmly established in France, he willingly accepted of the invitation. The first action in which he was engaged was before Louvain. He had approached the town with the design of seeing if he could with advantage besiege it; when the garrison, indignant that an enemy should come so near their walls, sallied out in great force, and attacked him. After a battle, which lasted some hours, they were completely beaten, and obliged to flee into the city. He then marched upon the castle of Bins, which was taken after a seige of some days. Linken, Wantenen, and the Castle of Cassel yielded immediately afterwards to his arms, which brought the whole of the surrounding country into obedience to the States. Wesbeck, a town situated on the Lis, was next attacked. The church of this place, which had been fortified and put into a state of defence, was on one side of the river, and the castle on the other. La Noue commenced his attack on the church at daybreak, and after a hard contest, took it by four o'clock in the afternoon. He then crossed the river with 600 horse and 400 infantry, designing to besiege Hellewin. On his road he fell in with a body of twelve hundred cavalry, commanded by the Duke of Ascot. He attacked them without hesitation, and defeated them with very little loss. Being unprepared for the sudden charge that was made upon them, they fled to Hellewin, and spread such alarm, that the garrison abandoned the the town, and fell into the hands of La Loue. Westennis, and several other places, although capable of resistance, panic-struck at the rapidity of his successes, surrendered at his approach. But the most important service he rendered to the States was the surprising of Nienoven, which was strongly garrisoned, and under the command of Count Egmont. La Noue, making a sudden and rapid march on the place, arrived there by night, and without loosing a moment's time, sent a party who were provided with ladders to escalade the walls. Happily they discovered immediately where the *fosses* were fordable, and fixing their ladders against the wall, mounted without causing any alarm. The first in the city seized upon one of its gates, by mastering the small guard placed there. This was done before any resistance could be made, and La Noue and his cavalry being on the alert, were in Nienoven five minutes after the escaladers. All this happened so suddenly, that Count Egmont, who was in his bed, had no notice that the town was captured, till La Noue was walking up his stairs into his bedchamber. Being roused by the noise at his door, he jumped out of bed, and seeing La Noue before him: "*Comment, Monsieur,*" said he, "*mes gens n'ont ils pas combattus?*" "*Que voulez vous,*" replied La Noue, "*ces sont les traits de la guerre.*"

To follow up this important success, he immediately laid siege to Engelmunster, a strong fort in possession of the Spaniards. The trenches were already opened, and fire from the batteries began to make impression, when La Noue determined on an attempt to surprise Lille. He took with him only a small force, and left the rest behind to prosecute the siege of Engelmunster; but hearing, on his road, that the Marquis of Richebourg had reached with a large army, he was obliged to retreat hastily, and also to leave the major part of his infantry, who were too fatigued to continue their march, behind him. Being returned to Engelmunster, he ordered that the bridge over the river Mandere, on which the fort is situated, should be destroyed. This order was not obeyed, and Richebourg arrived almost immediately after, by a shorter road through the town of Courtray, then held by the Spaniards, he easily drove the guard, which defended the bridge, before him. La Noue instantly brought about six hundred infantry and two troops of cavalry to oppose him. With these he sustained an action against immensely superior numbers for a long time. To lengthen out the combat, as he expected every minute the arrival of the infantry he had left behind him, he ordered his Scotch arquebusiers not to fire all together, but one after another, so that they might have time to reload their pieces. But this order also was disobeyed. Having discharged their arquebuses in one volley, they were furiously charged by the enemy and completely routed. La Noue was now abandoned by all but the cavalry, commanded by his son Oclet de La Noue, Tiligny, and a few skeleton companies of French, about twelve or fifteen men each. Yet he continued to resist with effect. But finding at last all his efforts in vain, he ordered his son to retreat with the cavalry, and he himself, with his handful of men, fought his way back to his guns, where he resolved to take his stand, and defend them to the last extremity. He here contrived to keep the enemy at bay for more than an hour, a great length of time, considering the numbers he made head against. All the chroniclers of the time speak with high admiration of the valour he here displayed, and with which he inspired his little band, of the skill with which he eluded the charges of the enemy, and the promptitude with which he rallied his men when they were thrown into disorder. He had always considered it disgraceful for a commander to lose his guns, and resolved to perish in defending them; and this would undoubtedly have been his fate if he had not been left alone in a charge he was resisting, and taken prisoner.

"Richebourg," says the Cardinal Bentigvolio, "stained the glory of having deprived the States of their greatest general by the harsh manner in which he treated his prisoners." Instead of keeping him in his own custody, as he was entitled to do, he delivered him into the hands of the Duke of Parma. The Duke, admiring his great qualities, was at first inclined to treat him generously. But orders from the court of Spain obliged him to act with cruel and unnecessary rigour. La Noue was confined for five years in a dungeon, which seemed to be expressly intended to terminate his existence. He was not suffered to stir out for the slightest exercise, and besides the unwholesome air of his cell, its walls dripped with humidity, and its roof was broken, so that he was not even sheltered from the weather. Yet, although frequently suffering from fever and rheumatic pains, his letters to his wife and son, even when mentioning these sufferings, are full of cheerfulness. The energy and activity of his mind supplied him with resources. To solace the tedious misery of his prison hours, he wrote two works—his *Discourses Politiques and Militaires*, and his Observations of Guichardins' History of the Italian Wars. Speaking of these works, Bentigvolio says, that their author "knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword, and that he would have been, had the times permitted, as distinguished in peace as he was in war."

Nothing proves so much the value set upon La Noue by the Spaniards as the difficulty which had to be overcome to procure his liberty, and the hard conditions with which it was accompanied. The King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise, the Prince of Orange, and the Queen Elizabeth, negotiated with the Court of Spain a long time to obtain it, in vain. He was set at liberty at last on the following conditions:—That he should never again bear arms against the Court of Spain or against the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise; that the King of Navarre should pledge his possessions in the Low Countries for the sum of 300,000 golden crowns, as the price of his ransom; and that La Noue should leave his son as a hostage in the hands of the Duke of Lorraine for the space of one year.

On his enlargement new honours and new difficulties awaited him. William De la Marc, Duke de Bouillon, and Sovereign of Sedan and Raucourt, dying, appointed in his will La Noue as guardian to his daughter and heiress, Charlotte de la Marc, with the government of all his vast possessions till the lady married or became of age. But it happened that at his death Bouillon was at war with the Dukes of Lorraine and Guise. This did not, however, prevent La Noue from accepting the charge, and he published a long manifesto to justify himself on the occasion. We will pass over all that part of it which is proper only for casuists to decide upon, and confine his justification to this—that he could not without the basest ingratitude, leave the daughter of his friend, after such a signal mark of favour, unprotected, or suffer her estates to be ravaged and torn from her by enemies, and that the war on his part was strictly defensive. He asserts also that no man has a right to incapacitate himself from *defending* his country; and, besides, that the edict of July, which had appeared immediately *after* his liberation, endangered the *personal safety* of every Calvinist.

Finding it impossible to defend his ward so effectively as by taking part in the general war which the Leaguers, with the Guises at their head, were waging, not only against the Calvinists, but against the Royal authority, La Noue accepted a command from the King, who had been obliged to throw himself into the arms of the Protestants. Henry was then expecting the arrival of a body of troops which had been raised for his service in Germany, and sent La Noue, with the Duke de Longueville, to meet them. Their route lay by the walls of Senlis, a considerable and well-fortified town, which had lately been reduced to the obedience of the King. The garrison were without provisions or ammunition, and the merchants and nobility of the country refused to advance the necessary sums for their purchase. La Noue, therefore, after upbraiding them for their want of patriotism, gave another instance of his disinterested zeal, by engaging a considerable estate of his own to meet the exigency of the moment, and set out to convoy the provisions into the town. On his arrival, he was surprised to find it already invested by the Duke d'Aumale; and although his force was not half so numerous as that of the enemy, he resolved to make an attempt to raise the siege.

The Duke d'Aumale's force amounted to ten thousand men at least. La Noue had only two thousand—twelve hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry. Before he determined on an action, he learnt by some prisoners, that the enemy had not yet brought their artillery with them. La Noue had only three small field-pieces, and lest the enemy should see them, and send for their own guns, he completely masked them behind his infantry. Observing, just before the action, the difficulty with which D'Aumale's men formed their battalions, and the awkward manner in which they handled their pikes, he doubted not of the victory, and said to the Duke of Longueville, who was at his side, "*Nous leur passerons par le ventre.*" The Leaguers, however, confident in their numbers, commenced the attack with their cavalry alone. D'Aumale headed it, and drove impetuously upon a squadron commanded by the Duke de Longueville. La Noue, seeing now that the enemy was within range of his guns, wheeled back the companies that concealed them, and opened a fire upon him, which thinned and puzzled his ranks at the first discharge. D'Aumale, then perceiving the fault he had committed, changed the direction of his charge, and advanced at a smart gallope upon the guns, thinking to master them easily; but a second discharge was still more effective than the first; and when he was within fifty paces of the cannon, fifty arquebusiers, who had been placed there with their faces to the ground, raised themselves on one knee, and fired their pieces with such precision and execution, that the cavalry were suddenly checked in their course, and got into confusion. Whilst D'Aumale was endeavouring to rally them, a third discharge of artillery completed their disorder, and the garrison of Senlis making a sortie, and falling upon them from behind, they fled on all sides. The infantry seeing this, and seeing La Noue at the head of a squadron of horse advancing rapidly upon them, while his infantry were prepared to second him in a general charge, did not wait to be attacked, but flung down their arms and fled also. The battle did not last an hour altogether. The Leaguers lost four hundred men, and had twelve hundred taken prisoners. All their baggage and standards fell into the hands of the Calvinists.

La Noue then being joined by the new levies, marched upon Paris, which he intended to besiege, but the death of Henry III., which happened immediately afterwards, prevented him from executing his design. Henry IV., who succeeded to the throne, received him in his camp with open arms. He made him a Marshal of France, and kept him constantly near his person, that he might profit by his councils. At the battle of Arcques and Ovry, La Noue had a chief command, and it is the general opinion, that if Henry had followed his advice, and attacked Paris immediately after the latter action, when all was confusion and dismay in the city, he would have taken it with very little trouble. When he subsequently stormed the faubourgs, La Noue had in charge to master the faubourg of St. Germain. After a great deal of hard fighting, and considerable carnage, he had pushed on as far as the gate of the *Tour de Nesle*, which was built upon a bridge over the Seine. La Noue thought to ford the river under the tower during the night, and so penetrate into the city. But instead of sending a party before him to make the experiment, he determined, in spite of his great age, to be the first in the adventure himself. He accordingly entered the river alone, but having got into the middle of it, sunk suddenly into deep water. The noise of the plunge gave the alarm to the guard in the tower, who immediately fired upon him; and he was obliged to swim back to his men, making a considerable circuit, amidst a shower of shot, which hit the water in every direction about him, but fortunately left him unhurt.

He was shortly after sent by the King into Brittany with the Prince of Dombes, to make head against the Duke of Mercour, one of the chiefs of the League. Here his career terminated. He had laid siege to the Chateau of Lamballe, and effected a breach. He sent a young nobleman, named Motteville, to see if it were practicable. Motteville was wounded, and La Noue, not being content with his report, went himself to inspect the breach more closely. Having mounted a ladder, which was placed against an outer wall for that purpose, he took off his casque, in order to see more clearly, and immediately after, waving his right hand for the storming party to come on, he received a slight shot in the forehead. Not having a firm hold of the ladder with his iron arm, the shock threw him off his balance: his head was dashed against the wall, whilst he hung by his feet on the ladder. When he was carried into the camp, he was for a whole hour speechless and motionless. On coming to his senses he was perfectly aware of his condition, and spoke with great calmness and collectedness of his approaching death. During the few days in which he continued alive, he got his friends to read to him from the Psalms of David; and his last request was to hear read that sublime chapter of Job, which speaks of the resurrection of the body. Being asked if he believed the doctrine, and being no longer able to speak, he pointed upwards, and expired instantly.

De Thou thus speaks of this ornament of chivalry and Christianity, whose career we have so briefly sketched: "He was a great character, who in valour, prudence, and experience, deserves to be compared with the greatest captains of his age, but who surpassed them all in the innocence of his life, in his moderation, equity, and disinterestedness." Montaigne, in his essays, writes of him in the same strain: and Henry IV., *on hearing of his* death, expressed his regret "that so great a captain, and virtuous a man, should have perished before a little castle, when he was singly worth a whole province."

We have already spoken of the many pecuniary sacrifices La Noue made to support the several civil wars in which he was engaged. By these he entirely exhausted his fortune; and a short time after his death, the equipage of his son was seized for his debts. His son complaining of this to Henry IV., the King, being then surrounded by Courtiers, replied coolly: "*Il faut payer ses dettes, je paye aussi les miennes*," but immediately afterwards taking him aside, placed a casket of jewels in his hands, by which to redeem his carriage.

La Noue was certainly a very singular character. He possessed almost every opposite virtue in so just a degree, that qualities which in general form contrasts, were in him blended together, and so nicely shaded, that not one could be said to be predominant. Thus, his moderation, or what Montaigne calls his "*conscientious facility*," which might look like weakness, was united with extraordinary firmness of purpose. Though a lover of peace from principle, there can be no doubt that he took delight in the adventures and excitements of war. His extreme prudence in the conduct of an army gave place in battle to an ardour almost approaching to temerity. His religious zeal, which was warm to enthusiasm, had not the slightest tinge of intolerance or asperity; and the simple severity of his life and morals was joined to social accomplishments, and a courtier-like politeness, which gave a gloss and finish to all his virtues.

From the Spectator.

SECOND SERIES OF SKETCHES BY BOZ.

No writer ever attained general popularity so instantly as Boz; and certainly no one has made such industrious use of his advantage. Like the "wag" in society, he is seized by the multitudinous hands of the public, and meets with a spontaneous and universal welcome. The secret of his extraordinary success is, that he exactly hits the level of the capacity and taste of the mass of readers. He furnishes, too, that commodity which mankind, in all ages and countries, most eagerly seek for and readily appreciate—amusement. He skims lightly over the surface of men and manners, and takes rapid glances at life in city and suburb, indicating the most striking and obvious characteristics with a ready and spirited pencil, giving a few strokes of comic humour and satire and a touch of the pathetic with equal effect, and introducing episodical incidents and tales to add life and interest to the picture. Boz is the Cruikshank of writers: like this popular caricaturist, who illustrates his descriptions, he can be grave as well as droll, literal as well as fanciful; like him, too, his style is smart, lively, pointed, not overlaboured, though sometimes as forcible as at others it is slight. Reading Boz's Sketches is like rattling through the streets of London in a cab: the prominent features of the town strike upon the eye in rapid succession, new objects perpetually effacing the impression of the last; all is bustle and movement, till the jerk of the stoppage announces that the "fare" or the "sketch" is ended. So with his characters: you get that sort of acquaintance with them that a ride in an omnibus or a meeting of a social party affords you of people, where the peculiarities of person, dress, and manner, serve as denotements of the idiosyncrasies of the individual. This is just as much as the readers for mere pastime and present excitement require: the camera at a fair, with its ever shifting groups, the magic-lantern, with its grotesque shadows, are types of Boz's views of common life and character. What wonder, then, that Boz's *Sketches* are in constant demand at the circulating libraries; that they find a place in the travelling-carriage, the steam-boat, the stage-coach, and the road-side inn; that *Pickwick* is the idol of the watering-places and the traveller's-room?

The second series of *Sketches* have, like the first, mostly appeared before in print in the columns of the *Evening Chronicle*, whence they have been transferred to those of the *Morning Chronicle*. They are neither better nor worse than the first; the only difference being, that the writer's manner of viewing his subject having become more familiar to us, we are let into the secret of his art; and thus we are disposed to become more critical on the degree of his success. The pair of pictures of "The Streets by Morning" and the "Streets by Night," "Vauxhall Gardens by Day," "The First of May," "Doctors' Commons," and "Seven Dials," are as fresh and true, as lively and graphic as ever. The sketch of the Parlour Orator, one of the oracles of a public-house—that of Mr. John Dounce, one of those animals who vegetate in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and live in a perpetual state of fuddled intellect—and the other of Mr. Augustus Minns, a formal old bachelor, who lives in a world bounded by his lodgings and the public office in which he is a clerk, and whose sympathies do not extend beyond himself in any direction—are capital. The "Drunkard's Death" is the best serious sketch; and the picture of vice and squalid wretchedness is the more hideous for its truth. "The Criminal Courts," however, with the trial of the urchin thief, who to the cunning and callousness of the hardened rogue joins the reckless audacity of the schoolboy is no less striking and not so hackneyed a subject.

Here is a street scene, in Boz's best manner.

SEVEN DIALS.

In addition to the numerous groups who are idling about the gin-shops and squabbling in the centre of the road, every post in the open space has its occupant, who leans against it for hours, with listless perseverance. It is odd enough, that one class of men in London appear to have no enjoyment beyond leaning against posts. We never saw a regular bricklayer's labourer take any other recreation—fighting excepted. Pass through St. Giles's in the evening of a week-day: there they are in their fustian dresses, spotted with brick-dust and white-wash, leaning against posts. Walk through Seven Dials on a Sunday morning: there they are again—drab or light corduroy trousers, Blucher boots, blue coats, and great yellow waiscoats—leaning against posts. The idea of a man dressing himself in his best clothes to lean against a post all day!

The peculiar character of these streets, and the close resemblance each one bears to its neighbour, by no means tends to decrease the bewilderment in which the inexperienced wayfarer through "the Dials" finds himself involved. He traverses streets of dirty straggling houses, with now and then an unexpected court, composed of buildings as ill-proportioned and deformed as the half-naked children that wallow in the kennels. Here and there a little dark chandler's shop, with a cracked bell *hung* up behind the door, to announce the entrance of a customer or betray the presence of some young gentleman in whom a passion for shop-tills has developed itself at an early age; others lean, as if for support, against some handsome lofty building, which usurps the place of a low dingy public-house; long rows of broken and patched windows expose plants that may have flourished when "the Dials" were built, in vessels as dirty as "the Dials" themselves; and shops for the purchase of rags, bones, old iron, and kitchen-stuff, vie in cleanliness with the bird-fanciers' and rabbit-dealers', which one might fancy so many arks, but for the irresistible conviction that no bird in its proper senses, who was permitted to leave one of them, would ever come back again. Brokers' shops, which would seem to have been established by humane individuals as refuges for destitute bugs, interspersed with announcements of day-schools, penny theatres, petition-writers, mangles, and music for balls or routs, complete the "still-life" of the subject; and dirty men, filthy women, squalid children, fluttering shuttlecocks, noisy battledores, reeking pipes, bad fruit, more than doubtful oysters, attenuated cats, depressed dogs, and anatomical fowls, are its cheerful accompaniments.

If the external appearance of the houses, or a glance at their inhabitants, present but few attractions, a closer acquaintance with either is little calculated to alter one's first impression. Every room has its separate tenant; and every tenant is, by the same mysterious dispensation which causes a country curate to "increase and multiply" most marvellously, generally the head of a numerous family.

The man in the shop, perhaps, is in the baked "jemmy" line, or the fire-wood and hearth-stone line, or any other line which requires a floating capital of eighteenpence or thereabouts; and he and his family live in the shop and the small back parlour behind it. Then there is an Irish labourer and *his* family in the back-kitchen; and a jobbing-man—carpet-beater and so forth—with *his* family in the front one. In the front one-pair, there's another man with another wife and family; and in the back one-pair there's "a young ooman as takes in tambour work, and dresses quite genteel"—who talks a good deal about "my friend," and "can't abear any thing low." The second floor front, and the rest of the lodgers, are just a second edition of the people below; except a shabby-genteel man in the back attic, who has his half-pint of coffee every morning from the coffee-shop next door but one, which boasts a little front den called a coffee-room, with a fire-place, over which is an inscription, politely requesting that "to prevent mistakes," customers will "please to pay on delivery." The shabby-genteel man is an object of some mystery; but as he leads a life of seclusion, and never was known to buy any thing beyond an occasional pen, except half-pints of coffee, penny-loaves, and ha'porths of ink, his fellow-lodgers very naturally suppose him to be an author, and rumours are current in the Dials that he writes poems—for Mr. Warren.

This "interior, with figures," is a view of the kitchen of Bellamy's the refectory of the Monastery of St. Stephen's, with two portraits, that no one who has ever seen the originals can fail to recognise.

Now, when you have taken your seat in the kitchen, and duly noticed the large fire and roasting-jack at one end of the room, the little table for washing glasses and draining jugs at the other, the clock over the window opposite St. Margaret's Church, and the deal-tables and wax-candles, the damask tablecloths and bare floor, the plate and china on the tables, and the gridiron on the fire, and a few other anomalies peculiar to the place, we will point out to your notice two or three of the people present, whose station or absurdities render them the most worthy of remark.

It is half-past twelve o'clock; and as the division is not expected for an hour or two, a few members are lounging away the time here, in preference to standing at the bar of the House, or sleeping in one of the side-galleries. That singularly awkward and ungainly-looking man, in the brownish-white hat, with the straggling black trousers, which reach about half-way down the leg of his boots, who is leaning against the meat-screen apparently deluding himself into the belief that he is thinking about something, is a splendid sample of a Member of the House of Commons concentrating in his own person the wisdom of a constituency. Observe the wig, of a dark hue but indescribable colour; for if it be naturally brown, it has acquired a black tint by long service; and if it be naturally black, the same cause has imparted to it a tinge of rusty brown; and remark how very materially the great, blinker-like spectacles assist the expression of that most intelligent face. Seriously speaking, did you ever see a countenance so expressive of the most hopeless extreme of heavy dulness, or behold a form so strangely put together? He is no great speaker; but when he *does* address the House, the effect is absolutely irresistible.

The small gentleman with the sharp nose, who has just saluted him, is a Member of Parliament, an ex-Alderman, and a sort of amateur fireman. He and the celebrated fireman's dog were observed to be remarkably active at the conflagration of the two Houses of Parliament; they both ran up and down, and in and out, getting under people's feet and into every body's way, fully impressed with the belief that they were doing a great deal of good, and barking tremendously. The dog went quietly back to his kennel with the engine; but the other gentleman kept up such an incessant noise for some weeks after the occurrence, that he became a positive nuisance. As no more Parliamentary fires have occurred, however, and he has consequently had no more opportunities of writing to the newspapers to relate how, by way of preserving pictures, he cut them out of their frames, and performed other great national services, he has gradually relapsed into his old state of calmness and obscurity.

As a specimen of the Sketcher's serious vein, we give the last scene of the "Drunkard's Death."

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step in Picadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy, cheerful home, and of those who peopled it and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him; so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village-bells; but it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again. * * *

He raised his head, and looked up the long, dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart; preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river-side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and, after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling o- the water against the barges that were moored theref was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms- rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation; while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface; but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, life in any form, poverty, misery, starvation, any thing but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore, but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's-breadth nearer, and he was saved: but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life: for one instant, for one brief instant, the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast-flying clouds, were distinctly visible: once more he sank, and once again he rose: bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is the best illustrator that Boz could possibly have. His picture of the saloop-stall has that quality of distinctness which characterizes the descriptions: the silent and empty street, which the solitary policeman makes to appear more deserted than if it were entirely unpeopled; the pieman swallowing his saloop, which is evidently scalding his throat; the action of the sweep lugging out his penny, and the mechanical intentness of the old woman serving the smoking liquid, are delineated with the completeness and force of a cabinet-picture; even the fresh clearness of the morning atmosphere is expressed. The two scolds of Seven Dials, the jovial coalheavers in their blazing snuggery in Scotland Yard, the scene in Monmouth Street, and the Vauxhall orchestra, are capitally done too; but they have not the identity and individuality of the morning scene.

From the Spectator.

Portugal and Gallicia; with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces; and a few Remarks on recent Events in Spain. In 2 vols.—*Murray.*

The advertisements tell us that the author of these volumes is a nobleman; he himself informs us that he is a member of the Somersetshire Yeomanry, in whose uniform he figured at a Portuguese review; there is internal evidence that he is a man accustomed to society, and a gentleman in the social meaning of the term, if not in any loftier sense. It appears that he is, or was, a great lover of rambling and excitement, even to the extent of seeking the latter in the turmoil of revolutionary countries. He is a Tory both by his own testimony and confession, with the absolute blindness to his opponents' part of a question, the magnifying power with which he views his own, and the measured language but inward fanaticism, that distinguish your genuine high-bred Tory from every other species of the genus *homo.*

Such was the traveller, who rather more than nine years ago (in July 1827) started from Falmouth in a steamer for Lisbon; preceding the worthy Don Miguel in his visit to Portugal by about seven months. After a pleasant voyage, he reached his destination; mixed with the first society of the capital, which was then enlivened by the presence of the élite of the British army; visited the Portuguese paradise, Cintra; the Convent and Palace of Mafra, the Escurial's rival; and the Convents of Alcobaca and Batalha, commemorated by Beckford. Thence he rambled onward to Oporto; and explored the Traz os Montes, remarkable for the grandeur of its scenery, the feudal state of its social condition, and more than all for its wines. He then traversed the Minho, the most Northern and perhaps the most beautiful province of Portugal; and entered Gallicia, travelling as he had travelled in Portugal, on horseback; deviating from the road to visit any remarkable objects of art or nature; investigating the fortresses and public buildings, with a more critical eye than seemed to the ignorant Spaniards consistent with the purpose of a common traveller, if a common traveller could think of visiting Gallicia; and capped the whole by wishing to go to Orense, a place where nobody went, least of all in winter-time. In consequence of these proceedings, coupled with the disturbed state of the country, and his resemblance to an exiled Liberal, our nobleman was arrested at Lugo; marched to Segovia under a guard as a conspirator against the state; and only released, after several examinations and a long detention, on the British Consul at Corunna vouching for his being English; when he was sent across the frontier with all possible directness and despatch, and returned to Lisbon.

He reached that capital just in time to see Don Miguel arrive; of whose appearance on swearing to the Charter he gives a good account, as well as a characteristic description of the dubious and troubled state of society in Lisbon. After seeing the English army depart and many of the Constitutionalists escape, our traveller crossed the Tagus, and threaded a good part of the Southern and virtually unknown provinces of Portugal, amid scenery unrivalled for alternations or mixture of softness, wildness, and sublimity; and amongst a people hospitable, ignorant, superstitious, savage, and excitable, with the animal triumphing over the mental—"the blood and baseness of our nature" subduing the reasonable man, to a degree scarcely credible, if the pictures of our author did not carry upon their face the stamp of truth. Having visited Sagres, the residence of Prince Henry, the stimulator and patron of early Portuguese discovery; examined the promontory of St. Vincent's, memorable for the gloomy grandeur of its nature, and its historical associations; and crossed the kingdom till he touched again upon the Spanish frontier,—the headstrong Englishman, contrary to advice, persisted in returning through Evora, which city on his arrival, was in a state of high commotion; the ignorant and priest-led people having risen *en masse*, denounced the Charter, declared for Don Miguel, and instituted themselves masters over the authorities. As an Englishman, he was stopped by the mob; unwillingly detained by the officials; kept, first in a guard-room, exposed to the gaze and comments of the Miguelites, and then confined in a prison constantly threatened with an attack in order to the massacre of its inmates. At last, an order from Lisbon, to which reference had been made, procured his release; and, reaching the capital without more adventures, our author bade adieu to Portugal; and his "long wanderings, the fatigues of his solitary expeditions, and the perils of revolution, were all forgotton, as he trod once more upon the soil of his native, peaceful, and *then unreformed* England."

Except for the light thrown upon the character of the people of the Peninsula, and the pictures given of their social state in the narratives of the author, and the frequent disquisitions by which he suspends them, the work will not support the expectations formed from its title-page; for it has no relation to passing events. It is, however, an agreeable and characteristic book of travels; full of pictures of scenery and society, sketches of manners and touches of character, intermingled with a good deal of not uninteresting personal adventure, and graphic views of wild people in stirring times. And although the author cannot pretend to the higher literary qualifications, he has considerable merit, and that of a fresh and native kind. He writes like a well educated and travel-sharpened gentleman; conveying the general impressions which things have made upon his mind, but not searching after the more occult qualities of objects, and of course not attempting to bring them out. What he sees he sees; any thing deeper than the surface, is not "dreampt of in his philosophy."

Passing by the descriptions of mere scenery, which, however good, have not any novelty of subject, we will chiefly draw upon the volumes for traits of national character and manners, and such scenes as may in a measure be now considered as apertaining to historical memoirs, if not to history.

The following story conveys a lively idea of Portuguese politeness, and indicates the value set upon time in Portugal. In the early periods of nations, when their scanty numbers and social condition leave many an unoccupied hour, ceremonies seem contrived *pour passer le temps*, and form an important part of the business of life. As population increases and civilisation advances, "finished politeness" fades away; partly because every thing is more or less subjected to the test of reason, partly because the time becomes too valuable to be wasted upon forms.

PORTUGUESE CEREMONIALS.

I remember a striking instance of the great extent to which mere ceremonial is carried by Portuguese of the old school; and it may not be amiss to relate it while I am touching on the subject. I called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, and, ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed; but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters, I made a low, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but no, when I had reached the first landing-place he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow; which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door our mutual salutations were no longer occasional but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the Bishop stood with uncovered head till I was driven away.

STRANGE INCONGRUITIES.

Late in the evening, we entered Ovar, a long straggling town, in which I naturally concluded that some house of accommodation must exist; but literally there was none. The Peninsula generally, although it may be said more of Spain than Portugal, abounds in these strange inconsistencies. I once stopped at a venta in Andalusia, which not only possessed the necessaries, but many of the comforts of life. Meat and fowls, with tea, coffee, and chocolate, formed a sumptuous bill of fare for a Spanish country inn; forks abounded, but when I called for a knife, I was told that no such implement was kept in the house, on a principle of self-preservation. The reason given was eminently Spanish; but in fact the road was chiefly frequented by smugglers, who live well, but always carry their own knives; and this was the real cause of the deficiency.

The same curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment was, however, destitute of the most common conveniencies of life; my bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case, I was surprised and somewhat amused at seeing a menial, attired in a faded livery of green and gold, enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could place that ponderous relic of the departed splendour of the house.

DON MIGUEL AND THE CHARTER.

I repaired on the 26th of February to the great saloon of the Ajuda. The Peers, attired like Roman senators occupied the front benches on the right hand; immediately above sat the Peeresses, among whom the Countess of Villa Flor and the Countess of Alva were undoubtedly the most distinguished by their personal attractions; the Deputies were ranged along the benches on the left hand, and the space above was reserved for strangers. At one o'clock, Don Miguel entered the saloon, accompanied by his sisters. The Infanta Regent seated herself on the throne: the Prince at first stood by her side under the royal canopy; but, taking him familiarly by the arm, she forced him to occupy part of her seat during the delivery of the speech. She expressed her sincere desire for the welfare of the Charter, and assured her hearers of the upright intentions which had uniformly actuated her conduct in the administration of the Government, and of the pleasure with which she now resigned it into her brother's hands. She was frequently interrupted by shouts proceeding from the court below, and her voice was at one time so completely lost in the clamour that she was obliged to pause; upon which occasion, Don Miguel's flashing eyes gave indications of that impatient temper which has characterized him from his earliest years. Having concluded her speech, she arose, and retiring from the throne, which she appeared to resign with the utmost cheerfulness and good-humour, she placed herself by her sister, an interesting young person, seated on the right-hand bench immediately above the Peeresses.

The written oath of adherence to the Charter was then presented to the Infant; who regarded it with apparent confusion, and seemed unable or unwilling to read it; at the same time, the Duke de Cadoval drew near with a missal to administer the oath; but his Excellency's wide spreading mantle so effectually concealed the Infant from the general observation, that it was impossible to see him kiss the Sacred Book, or hear him pronounce the solemn words. I was not far from the royal party, but cannot give any decided opinion upon that much-debated point, whether Don Miguel really went through or evaded the forms prescribed. Many of his adherents declared then, and still assert, that he neither repeated the words or kissed the book; and the infant himself is said to have assured his favourite nurse, on the same day, that in subverting the Charter he should incur no moral guilt, as he had not bound himself by any oath to maintain it.

The ceremony being now completed, he walked towards the great folding-doors at the extremity of the hall, between the Peers and Deputies ranged on both sides; but suddenly passed midway, and recollecting that he had left his sister, the Infanta Regent, he returned, and led her down the saloon. During the whole proceeding, Don Miguel's countenance was overcast, and he had the constrained manner of a most unwilling actor in an embarrassing part. I read the approaching fate of the Constitution in the sullen expression of his countenance, in the imperfect manner in which the oath was administered, and in the strange and general appearance of hurry and concealment. This opinion was so much increased by his hasty departure from the saloon, without uttering a single word confirmatory of his new obligation, that, under the strong impressions of the moment, I observed to an officer standing near me, "This is surely ominous?" He replied, "Poor boy, he is only shy." I began to doubt the justice of my suspicions; but in the evening they returned with all their original force. Yet, in spite of symptoms so discouraging to their cause, the Imperialists began again to indulge in sanguine anticipations, and the city was brilliantly illuminated that night; but the appointment of a Corcunda, or Ultra Royalist Ministry, on the following morning, destroyed their hopes, and placed the real intentions of the Infant in the clearest light.

A DINNER-PARTY IN DOUBTFUL TIMES.

Three days aftewards I dined with the Marquis of

Fronteira, at his noble mansion near Benfica. The dining-room is truly magnificent, the carving rich, the height imposing: it is built in the old style, and graced with a fine heroic bas-relief of the first chivalrous Marquis of Fronteira. Our party consisted of the British Commander of the Forces, Sir William Clinton, and his military secretary, Colonel Hare, the Count and Countess of Villa Flor, the Count of Alva, and his young daughter-in-law, thr beautiful and unaffected Countess of Alva, the Count of Taipa, the Count of Puente, Don Carlos, and our noble host and hostess. I allude particularly to this party, because it was chiefly composed of men who played a prominent part during that eventful crisis; because it was the last act of hospitality I received from my Portuguese friends at Lisbon; and still more, because it was the last time they met in their native land around the festive board; for before three days had elapsed, they were exiled, and at sea. This was a trial hour indeed: their long descended rank was henceforth to be denied, their privileges annulled, their possessions confiscated; even those ancient halls in which we were then sitting for the last time, those halls inherited from a long line of ancestors, were passing away from the rule of their lineal lord.

During dinner, no allusion was made to public events; but afterwards the party divided into separate groups: the conversation was now carried on by the men in a low but calm voice, and the darkening prospects of the country, which engrossed their thoughts, became the only subject of discussion. They knew the extent of the crisis, they felt the magnitude of the danger: they had maintained Don Pedro's cause with unshaken fidelity, and were in consequence exposed to the resentment of the actual Government; that Government was advancing by rapid strides to the establishment of absolute power, and had already dismissed from the army many officers of moderate opinions, and had supplied their places by persons devoted to the Court. They knew that the vengeance of Don Miguel would be directed against themselves, when the changes then in progress should be completely effected, and the Court be enabled to strike the blow securely. They were still unmolested, it is true: but theirs was a hollow peace, a treacherous quiet; they slept upon gungowder, and were well aware that the match would be applied at the fitting moment.

Wishing to divert the minds of her guests from the heavy sense of impending calamity, the Marchioness of Froteira placed herself at the piano, and played a lively air; but, though her taste and execution were equally admired, it seemed as if the very music was infected by the melancholy of the time; and like

> "The practised minstrel's fabled strain,
> That, disobedient at the call,
> Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
> Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
> Were exiled from their native heaven,"

even so her notes, as if prophetic of approaching wo, fell heavily upon a silent room and a lifeless audience.

The author seems rather to lean to the opinion that there are still hopes for Miguel. The wish is probably father to the thought; but if the feelings of the people generally are similar to those displayed at Setuval and Evora, the Don may have yet a chance, or rather a better man might, assisted by the evident mismanagement of the Queen and Constitutionalists.

As a picture of events on a turn of the political wheel in Portugal, the narrative of the adventure at *Evora is capital*, but too long for us. Instead of *it, we will take the sketch of*

A MIGUELITE MOB AT SETUVAL.

Engrossed in conversation, we unconsciously approached the chapel at the extremity of the green, before which an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in; but we saw by the glare of the lamps, the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing with amazing spirit the Ultra-Royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of "Miguel the First, the Absolute, the most Absolute King! and death to the Malleardos, death to the infamous Constitutionalists!" It was evident that the designs of the Miguelists in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterized by such extreme ferocity that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionalists without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since, not even at Evora during the heat of civil conflict, have I seen the human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions; passions cradled in fanaticism, nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence ministered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful illustration: if a rocket went up ill, the people called it a Constitutionalist,—a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well, they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons; and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude, all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to his opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost frenzied devotion to the Church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gestures; and by religious zealots, who whispered in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks dispersing the gloom, and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour's passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy; so that every moment their expressions of vengeance became fiercer, and their shouts more vehement and unintermitted.

At length they raised the cry of "Death to the English!" My host had long before urged me to quit the scene; but the deep interest with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings, fixed me spell-bound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant; but the same dark face which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman: still my foreign accent might have betrayed me, had I been compelled to speak; and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence, and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd that had long been pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me; many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea.

Once, indeed, a savage looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and declaring that I was a Freemason, desired me to shout for the Absolute King. My actual position was not agreeable; for my host had warned me, that although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still, if a mere urchin raised the cry of Freemason against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fall upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British Exchequer. But the danger, if real, was but momentary; for, disordered by wine and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd, I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still, as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people, as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionalists; who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.

Appended to the tour, and forming about a third of the entire volumes, is what is called in the title-page a "Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces." It in reality contains an historical sketch of the junction of these provinces with the kingdom of Spain; an antiquarian exposition of the freedom and self-government secured to them by charters on their voluntary reception of the Spanish kings for their lords; a review of the mistaken policy by which the Queen's Government determined on abrogating the *fueros* (customs and privileges) of the Biscayans and Navarrese, and of the rash and rapid manner in which they carried it into execution. Blended with these topics,—which have an interest in themselves, and are clearly treated,—there are various speculations on the probable success of the rival belligerents, or to speak more correctly, a covert prophecy of the failure of the Christinos; and a long attack upon the foreign policy of the British Government, as well as a tirade against the murders and massacres of the Queen's party,—as if those of the Don's were not quite as atrocious. Added to these is a Tory sketch of the Constitution of 1820, and a variety of notes, either explaining the texts or serving to introduce fragments from the author's former travels. Any detailed account of these fragments is of course unnecessary; but two impressions that have been considerably strengthened by, if not altogether formed from the volumes, may be worth stating. First, that the peasantry of the Peninsula, including Portugal as well as Spain, are too backward to be fitted for liberty, whilst the best of the Constitutionalists seem incapable of achieving it. Second, that whatever may be the immediate upshot, we have as yet only seen "the beginning of an end." And the conclusion which most unbiassed persons will draw upon the subject probably is, that the quarrels of Spaniards and Portuguese are no affair of ours. Should any other nation think differently, in Heaven's name, let them take a part in the drama, and they may reckon their gains when the play is over.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Progression.—Progression, without any conceivable limitation or end, designates the work of the Eternal. Even in his institution for finite beings, the Infinite provides the materials of the imperishable and everlasting. The germ of science, that is rooted in the earth, mounts up to the heavens. When we trace the sciences from the earliest period of historical record, we find a multiplying evidence and an increasing light. What is true to-day, is not false to-morrow. Theories may vary, but facts do not change. One theory may replace another; but the laws of the universe always remain the same. They are the decrees of infinite wisdom; and in that wisdom there can be no variableness, or it would not be infinite. * * * The earth itself relates its own history. No historian ever composed such a narrative of extraordinary events, or depicted them in such intelligible characters. The geological history of the earth tells us that there was a period, when there was not a living being upon the surface of the globe. The primary rocks have not yet been found to contain a single fossil, or any vestige of animal life. The first forms of life that were placed upon the habitable globe seem to have been of the most simple kind; and successive generations of these grew up and perished, lived and died, before beings of more complicated structure were introduced. The scale of being commenced with a simple living fibre or tube, like the polypi, with an inherent tenacity of life, that does not belong to organizations with more instruments of sense, more complexity of structure, or more extent of powers. Lichens, and mosses, and ferns, appear to have been among the first specimens of vegetable existence. The different strata of the earth are vast pages in the geological history of ancient, but unnumbered days, which exhibit the recrements of extinct species of animated beings, that successively inhabited the earth and the ocean; of which we know that they have been, but have ceased to be. Whole generations of beings that once were, have perished without leaving any living progeny; and the only memorials which they have left of themselves, are in their forms or skeletons that have been preserved in the ancient stratifications of the globe. * * * It seems to be the benevolent schemes of the Infinite, with respect to his creatures, to make a beginning of their being, in a low state of pleasurable existence; and by a slow progression, or through a series of mysterious and inscrutable changes, to advance them to a higher. If the first state be the smallest portion of happiness that is compatible with a balance of good, it must be recollected that progressive advancement is the order of the universe, or, rather, the design of the great Father of the universe. And is not a minimum of good, with a perpetual increase, preferable to a greater abundance in the first instance, but without subsequent or endless augmentation? Good perpetually increasing, must be preferable to stationary good; even though that good be high in the degree of enjoyment and the scale of happiness. Progressive good seems most in unison with the constitution of the world, and with the fond desires and natural expectations of man.—*Religion of the Universe, by Robert Fellows, LL. D.*

An Eastern Vapour Bath.—The first time I entered one I felt an uncomfortable presentiment that I was about to witness some mysterious rites in the very temple of Luxury herself. The inittaion of the outer chamber is sufficiently awful—half-naked figures clattering on wooden shoes across the marble-floor, or exhausted forms, covered with sheets, lying in a state of languor on the carpets within the recesses that serve for dressing. When I had thrown off my clothes, and twisted a turban round my head, and a sheet about my waist, I followed my guide through a dark passage, which grew warmer and warmer at every step, the steam becoming so thick as to threaten suffocation. Beyond this is a chamber with raised seats about it, on which people lay extended like corpses, men rubbing them with camel's hair gloves, patting them with their hands, or pulling their joints, as if they hoped to dislocate them. When I passed through this silent scene, for there was no sound but the occasional slap that announced to the subject under discipline that he might change his position. I entered the very centre of all the vapour. Here some lay stretched on the floor in the most complete state of exhaustion, while others sat with their backs to the wall, awaiting their happy moment of oblivion; I took my seat among these, in doubt whether to brave the issue, or to fly at once from the caldron. In a very short time, however, I was spell-bound, and had great difficulty to struggle to the outer room, where I lay for some time too languid to attempt to dress. The effect of this apparently weakening ceremony is very delightful indeed. One of its most pleasing sensations is the marble-like smoothness of the skin; there is the consciousness, too, that among the many impurities of an Eastern city you can bid defiance to them all—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

Splendour and Poverty.—Great splendour and miserable poverty have always been close neighbours in the East. To warn a monarch of the instability of greatness, it was not necessary to point beyond the next abode to his palace, perhaps some wretched hovel; for in such manner, in the most flourishing towns of modern days, are houses mixed, as I have no doubt they were in earlier and in richer times.—*ib.*

Englishmen in the East.—There has always appeared to me something ridiculous in the manner Englishmen arm themselves when travelling in the East; more weapons than hands must be an absurdity at all times, but particularly when numbers are against you. Among the instances of fatal attacks that I have heard of in this country, the murders have generally been caused by the imprudence of the parties attacked. I do not think that the Arabs ever mean to shed blood on the first onset, but they will never forgive its being shed. The moment, therefore, a wound is inflicted, there is an end of every chance of salvation: not only the aggressor, but all in his train must pay for his rashness,—for surely there is no bravery in firing into a crowd, and endeavoring to gallop off, which would naturally be the plan after the discharge of the battery of rifles and pistols. Let those who mean to die certainly fight it out; but I recommend all travellers, when the numbers are against them, to submit with a good grace, unless violence be first offered to them. Good humour and indifference, which *it is hard,* I confess, to assume, are the great *safeguards among the Arabs of the* Desert; put always confidence in their hospitality and good faith, for, savages though they be, they have some of the noblest qualities of our nature.—*Major Skinner's Adventures in the East.*

A New Branch of Military Tactics.—Among the escapes and adventures of the day, (the 5th of May,) that of Lieutenant O'Connor of our regiment, was one of the most singular. Seeing a number of Spaniards in disorder, he mistook them for Chapelgorris, and ran up to rally them, when he found that he had tumbled into the hands of the Carlists. A musket snapped in his face and a bayonet at his breast informed him of his awkward mistake. Parrying the latter with his fist, he struck right and left in the approved style of pugilism, and flooring both his antagonists, who were considerably astonished at this novel mode of conducting the battles of the Queen, he took to his heels, and being a first-rate leaper, cleared walls and ditches, and rejoined his regiment with the loss of his hat, sword and cloak, which had fallen in the scuffle. This interesting match was witnessed by the old Spanish Governor at the castle, who, viewing the action through a telescope, declared that he saw a British officer, attacked by two Carlists, liberate himself "*boxando.*"—*Twelve Months in the British Legion.*

The telegraphs betwen Liverpool and Holyhead work exceedingly well. A question can be asked and an answer given in a minute, although the distance to Holyhead and back is 144 miles; and in some instances the signals have been conveyed at the rate of 228 miles per minute.

THE DYING RECLUSE TO AUTUMN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSO DE LA MARTINE, BY MRS. G. S. KINGSTON.

Receive, ye woods, scarce verdant now,
The homage of an aching breast;
Farewell, bright days! the dying glow
Of nature suits me best.

With failing breath, I linger through the solitary day,
And gaze upon the sickly gleam
Emitted by the pallid ray
Of Sol's departing beam.

Autumn days, and nature dying,
For me have charms of sweetness still:
They 'mind me of the last meek sighing
Of lips that Death's about to chill.

Thus now, the scenes of life when leaving,
I weep the joys of days gone by,
And glance around, as though still cleaving
To wither'd hopes that claim a sigh.

* * * *

The flower fades and falls, whilst to the gales
It yields sweet fragrant sighs,
As an adieu! its breath the breeze inhales,
It bows to the earth, and dies!
I wane, yet mem'ry, fading fast
As dying music, lingers to the last!

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

MARCH TO SEPTEMBER, 1837.

[In consequence of the suspension of this publication for about six months, we are obliged, in order to preserve a regular continuity of dates, to call this a number for March to September. By this the subscribers will at all times be able to ascertain that their sets are complete, and the bookbinders need be at no loss.]

From the Quarterly Review.

LANE'S MODERN EGYPTIANS.

An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, written in Egypt during the years 1833, *34 and* 35, *partly from Notes made during a former visit to that country, in the years* 1825, -26, -27, *and* 28. By Edward William Lane. 2 vols. London.

Mr. Lane's "Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians" forms an admirable *pendant* to the "Manners and Customs of the Chinese," by Mr. Davis. These two authors are perfect masters of their subjects. Both are well acquainted with the languages, and both have been domesticated with the people of the two countries respectively, whose manners and customs they have undertaken to describe; the former after a residence of seven, the latter of nearly twenty years. These circumstances give their books a strong claim to be considered as books of standard value.

The occupation of Egypt by the French, and their expulsion by the English, opened a wider door to that ancient country, and gave a facility to the researches of travellers, which had not previously existed; and many learned and intelligent men, both French and English, have availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded. The attention, however, of by far the greater number of visiters has chiefly been drawn to the extraordinary antiquities dispersed over almost every portion of this territory;—its tombs, its temples, its obelisks, and its pyramids: while a few others, both on the spot and at home, have exercised their ingenuity in endeavouring to decipher a language, which has lain dormant for some thousand years, and of which we have at last obtained, or think we have obtained, something like an alphabet, made out from those hieroglyphical characters sculptured on the walls of the temples and the sides of the obelisks; but which, after all, appear to designate little more than the names of certain Kings and High Priests. Of whatever little progress has been made into this research, an account will be found in various parts of our Journal, commencing with the first discovery of these characters—from a close examination of the inscription on the Rosetta stone, by our countryman, Dr. Young, down to the present time; and to these articles we must refer such of our readers as may feel an interest in such matters; intending to confine our attention, in the present instance, solely to Mr. Lane, as he has done exclusively to the state of modern Egypt and its inhabitants. So closely, indeed, has he stuck to his subject, that we verily believe the words obelisk, pyramid, tomb, temple, never once occur throughout the two volumes; not a mummy even once crosses his path.

Mr. Lane may safely be set down for an honest writer: he not only tells truth, and the whole truth, but a great deal more of it than was necessary to make his work pleasant to his readers. What we mean is this; whole pages are employed in an endless repetition of the idle ejaculations, extracted chiefly from the Koran, by which, on the most trivial occasions, the Egyptians are in the habit of taking the name of God in vain, to a degree that is absolutely revolting.

While we are thus hinting at a fault, we may as well touch on another which we think must prove a serious stumbling-block to the general reader: it is this: the Arabic name, generally placed in a parenthesis and in italics, is almost invariably given for everything, however trifling, which Mr. Lane has occasion to mention, in the animal, mineral, and vegetable creation; for every article of dress, every domestic utensil, every trade, occupation, office, or distinction among men; and not satisfied with the general name, we are frequently presented with the masculine and feminine genders, and the singular and the plural numbers of each word. Now this we deem to be a very serious, as it certainly is an unnecessary obstruction. To take up Mr. Lane's book, as we heard a young lady observe, is like setting out to enjoy a walk across a verdant meadow, enamelled with flowers, and finding some ugly ditch or spiteful stile every moment intervening to interrupt the pleasure of the walk.

Another objection, and we have done: the orthography of all these words, above alluded to, is so different from any we have yet seen, and so uncouth, that even the old familiar words are scarcely any longer recognized:—thus we have Hharee'm for Harem, Ckoor-a'n for Koran, Durwee'sh for Dervise, Khalee'feh for Caliph, Hha'gg for Hadj or Hadj'é, and so on. The letter *h*, which in some languages, as in the Greek and Russian, is no letter at all, acts a most important part in Mr. Lane's orthography, having in many instances a five-horse power, as, for example, in *hhush'sha'shee'n*—"noisy and riotous people, who smoke or eat hemp;" *mahh'shesh'eh*, &c. Mr. Lane says he writes them according to a particular system, best calculated to enable an English reader to pronounce them with tolerable correctness: it may be so; but the pronunciation is, to us at least, far from easy. Indeed, we are at a loss clearly to comprehend what this "new system" is. It is a most extraordinary feature in it, that, in the many thousand Arabic words in these volumes, there is probably not *one*, of two or more syllables, that has not one or two or more *apostrophes* in it. Now Mr. Lane tells us, what is new in grammar, that "an apostrophe denotes a guttural sound, to which no letter of our alphabet approximates: it is like that which is heard *in the bleating of sheep*." Here, then, we have in the word *mem'a'lee'kee'yeh* (mamelukes) no less than *four bleatings*; and we should be very glad to hear it pronounced; or this, *shahh'hha'teh* (a female beggar), with the two bleatings and the sextuple *h'*. Even in such short words as *ar'a'm*, *we'lees*, we cannot understand what the apostrophes are meant for; in the word *ba'sha*, the first syllable may, no doubt, be pronounced like the bleating of sheep, and so may any other beginning with *ba*.

We entreat Mr. Lane not to imagine that these, which we account as blemishes, are noticed for the sake of finding fault, but with the sole view of drawing his attention to them, and to advise him to discard altogether, in a new edition, which we doubt not will be called for, what really has the appearance of conceit, and to adopt an orthography more congenial with our language, and on the plan which has heretofore been followed and recommended by most of the learned men in the Arabic language, Sir William Jones, Sir Charles Wilkins, Mr. Halhed, Dr. Wilson, by the Asiatic Societies of London and Calcutta, and also by the Geographical Society of London, in an extensive vocabulary of the names of places in Marocco.

But pass we on to the matter, which is of far more importance than the manner; and from this we shall have to make copious extracts, as the best, and indeed the only, mode of conveying to our readers some notion of the contents of these volumes; and, after all, we must content ourselves with transferring to our pages a small fractional part only.

"There is one work," says Mr. Lane, "which presents most admirable pictures of the manners and customs of the Arabs, and particularly of those of the *Egyptians; it is* 'The Thousand and one Nights,' or 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments:' if the English reader possessed a close translation of it with sufficient illustrative notes, I might also have spared myself the labour of the present undertaking." It is true the Arabs are now just the same the Arabs ever were even long before that *entertaining* work was composed—they have improved in nothing: on the contrary, they have deeply degenerated in everything. I is also true they have still their caliphs and cadis their muftees and dervises, their sheyks and agas they have also their slaves and eunuchs, and every part of the same machinery; but the master mind to work it is wanting. The pasha, Mahommed Ali, is a different kind of being from our friend the Caliph Haroun el Raschid.

To begin, as is meet, with the metropolis of Egypt which we call Cairo, and the natives *Musr*, Mr. Lane states it to occupy a space equal to about three square miles. It was built towards the latter end of the tenth century, and subsequently surrounded by Saladin with a wall, the gates of which are shut at night; the streets are unpaved, narrow, and irregular. The houses have small wooden grated windows, sufficiently high to render it impossible for a person passing by in the street, even on horseback, to see through them; but the females within have a view of what passes in the street through the open lattice-work. In the architecture of the mosques, fountains, and private houses, there is nothing remarkable. Those inhabited by the upper classes are large, and contain a harem, or women's apartments, and a bath; the latter either within them or in the court-yard. The appearance of the city is sadly disfigured by being surrounded with lofty mounds of rubbish from fallen houses and dust taken out of the town:—they are so large that the French, during their occupation of Egypt, availed themselves of them for the establishment of a line of forts to overawe the inhabitants. Some of them have been removed by Mahomed Ali, with considerable labour; and if the whole were cleared away an inestimable benefit would be conferred on Cairo.

We have understood that the finest specimens o Arabian architecture in Cairo are completely in ruins and that few of the mosques remaining are objects worthy of admiration. A recent traveller says, many of the 300 minarets of the mosques are light and elegant, but almost all are out of the perpendicular. W cannot indeed look at the drawings of two of those given in Mr. Wilkinson's work without feelings o regret at the fate which so speedily awaits them. Th houses are grotesque, with overhanging windows o the second story, so that opposite neighbours may almost shake hands across the narrow street. W think it is Sir Frederick Henniker who says there i but one street in Cairo as wide as Cranbourn Alley But this lively baronet, who encountered a few adventures, and got into some scrapes in Egypt, has laconic way of describing objects: thus he says, "th port of Alexandria has a mouth like that of a ma dog, and rocks like teeth—protruding, foaming, an threatening."

"Very few large or handsome houses are to be see in Egypt, excepting in the metropolis and some othe towns. The dwellings of the lower orders, particularl those of the peasants, are of a very mean descriptio they are mostly built of unbaked bricks, cemented together with mud. Some of them are mere hovels. Th greater number, however, comprise two or more apar though very few are two stories high. In one e apartments, in the houses of the peasants in Egypt, there is generally an oven (*foorn*), at l farthest from the entrance, and occupying the width of the chamber. It resembles a wide r seat, and is about breast-high: it is construct- rick and mud; the roof arched within, and flat top. The inhabitants of the house, who seldom y night-covering during the winter, sleep upon of the oven, having previously lighted a fire it; or the husband and wife only enjoy this and the children sleep upon the floor."—*Lane*, p. 23, 24.

he principal specimens of architecture in Cairo er Egyptian towns date after the arrival of the tes. The most ancient is said to be the Mosque an el Hákem, bearing an inscription of the year the Hegira—1003 of our era. This mosque, less striking in its architecture than those of a ent epoch, is highly interesting, both by its g the pointed arch to have been then in com- e among the Arabs, and by the record it pre- f the pretended prophetic mission of the founder sect of Druses, whose mysterious tenets are ed with so much secrecy, and so opposed to gion of Islam.

he most interesting work in Cairo, in an archi- l point of view, is that of Ahmed ebn e' Too- which stands on what is called the Kulat-el- a rock situated beyond the original walls of but enclosed within the new circuit of Saladin. has pointed arches; and having been built in r 879, shows that this style was used by the s at least three hundred years before it was in our country, and even one hundred and seven years previous to the Norman conquest: ot only recorded by Arab writers, but by Gufic ions still existing in the mosque itself. Like aba of Mecca, and all the oldest mosques, it e, with a large open court, surrounded within ristyle on every side. The tombs of the Mem- ings stand outside the walls of Cairo, and beautiful specimens of architecture, worthy of ention on the part of the government which ensure their preservation, they are doomed to in; and in fifty years it is probable that little ain of these splendid monuments save their d walls.

of the villages in the valley of the Nile are upon eminences of rubbish, the materials of huts, which rise a few feet above the reach of dation of the river, surrounded generally by es. The banks of the Nile, like those of most ncrease in height as the bed of the river rises sitions, and the inclination of the alluvial plain ds the interior, affording thus a great advan- the cultivators by the increased facility of ir- . A mat or two to sleep upon, a few earthen and a hand-mill to grind the corn, comprise iture of one of these dwellings. Pigeon-houses, rm of sugar-loaves, stand on the roofs of the nsisting of earthen pots, each pot having its pigeons.

population of Egypt is not easily ascertained, egree of accuracy. Computations have been unded on the number of houses, and the result her more than two millions and a half, but Mr. inks it is now reduced.

"Of 2,500,000 souls, say 1,200,000 are males; and one-third of this number (400,000) men fit for military service: from this latter number the present Ba'sha of Egypt has taken, at the least, 200,000 (that is, one-half of the most serviceable portion of the male population) to form and recruit his armies of regular troops, and for the service of his navy. The further loss caused by withdrawing so many men from their wives, or preventing their marrying during ten years, must surely far exceed 300,000: consequently, the present population may be calculated as less than two millions. The numbers of the several classes of which the population is mainly composed are nearly as follow:—

Moos'lim Egyptians (fella'hhee'n, or peasants and townspeople) - -	1,750,000
Christian Egyptians (Copts) - -	150,000
Osma'nlees, or Turks - - - - -	10,000
Syrians - - - - - - - -	5,000
Greeks - - - - - - - -	5,000
Armenians - - - - - - -	2,000
Jews - - - - - - - -	5,000

Of the remainder (namely, Arabians, Western Arabs, Nubians, Negro slaves, Memloo'ks [or white male slaves,] female white slaves, Franks, &c.,) amounting to about 70,000, the respective numbers are very uncertain and variable. The Arabs of the neighbouring deserts ought not to be included among the population of Egypt."—vol. i. pp. 25, 26.

Of the 240,000 inhabitants which Mr. Lane gives to Cairo, 190,000, he says, are Egyptian Moos'lims or Arabs; about 10,000 Copts, 3,000 or 4,000 Jews, and the rest strangers from various countries. In the times of the Pharaohs the population of Egypt has been conjectured, vaguely enough, at six or seven millions. That it was a flourishing and fertile country, and exported grain, we know from among other facts in the Bible, that of Jacob having sent his sons thither to purchase corn. M. Mengin, who says he took great pains to ascertain the population, makes the whole amount to 2,514,400; but that of Cairo to 200,000 only. The Copts in all Egypt are supposed not to exceed 150,000. These mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians have more favour shown to them by the pasha than his own people. They are unmolested in their religion; their patriarch, resident in Cairo, though called of Alexandria, is respected; they are exempt from the military conscription; and being a sober, steady race, they are employed as secretaries, accountants, registrars, &c. in the government offices. The service of the church is performed in the Coptic language, which, however, is so far in disuse among the people, that it is said to be necessary to explain it to them in Arabic.

The Jews in Cairo are pretty much in that degraded and despised condition as in most other countries; and yet the pasha finds it convenient occasionally to make use of them, and sometimes to hang them, as in the following instance, related by Mr. Lane. The pasha had reduced the value of a Turkish coin called *adlee'yeh* from sixteen to fifteen piastres each. A Moos'lim had offended against this order, and was brought before the pasha.

"The ba'sha, however, disbelieving him, or thinking it necessary to make a public example, gave a signal with his hand, intimating that the delinquent should be beheaded. The interpreter of the court, moved with compassion for the unfortunate man, begged the ba'sha to spare his life. 'This man,' said he, 'has done no more than all the money-changers of the city: I myself, no longer ago than yesterday, received 'adlee'yehs at the same rate.' 'From whom?' exclaimed the ba'sha. 'From a Jew,' answered the interpreter, 'with whom I have transacted business for many years.' The Jew was brought and sentenced to be hanged; while the Moos'lim was pardoned. The interpreter, in the greatest distress of mind, pleaded earnestly for the life of the poor Jew: but the ba'sha was inexorable: it was necessary that an example should be made; and it was deemed better to take the life of a Jew than that of a more guilty Moos'lim. I saw the wretched man hanging at a window of a public fountain which forms part of a mosque in the principal street of the city."—vol. ii. p. 346.

There can be no doubt that Egypt generally has greatly deteriorated under the government of the present pasha, active and intelligent as he is. If he lives long enough, his ambition is likely to complete the ruin of the country by the destruction of its agriculture. He sends one army to perish in the sandy deserts of Arabia—another to share the same fate at Shendi and Senaar—and a third into Syria, where they are said to be dying by hundreds—and all these vacancies have been. and must continue to be, filled up by the industrious fellahs. Mr. Lane observes:—

"How different, now, is the state of Egypt from what it might be: possessing a population of scarcely more than one quarter of the number that it might be rendered capable of supporting! How great a change might be effected in it by a truly enlightened government; by a prince who (instead of oppressing the peasantry by depriving them of their lands, and by his monopolies of the most valuable productions of the soil; by employing the best portion of the population to prosecute his ambitious schemes of foreign conquest, and another large portion in the vain attempt to rival European manufactures) would give his people a greater interest in the cultivation of the fields, and make Egypt what nature designed it to be—almost exclusively an agricultural country! Its produce of cotton alone would more than suffice to procure all the articles of foreign manufacture, and all the natural productions of foreign countries, that the wants of its inhabitants demand."—vol. i. p. 28.

Though Nature is still, after many thousand years. as lavish of her favours as she was of old to the inhabitants of the valley of the Nile, the want of a steady government, we ought to say, the infliction of an oppressive government, has reduced them to a state of most afflicting poverty.

"It is melancholy to compare the present state of Egypt with its ancient prosperity, when the variety, elegance, and exquisite finish displayed in its manufactures attracted the admiration of surrounding nations, and its inhabitants were in no need of foreign commerce to increase their wealth, or to add to their comforts. Antiquarian researches show us that, not only the Pharaohs and the priests and military chiefs, but also, a great proportion of the agriculturists, and other private individuals, even in the age of Moses, and at a yet earlier period, passed a life of the most refined luxury, were clad in linen of the most delicate fabric, and reclined on couches and chairs which have served as models for the furniture of our modern saloons."—vol. ii. p. 1.

To painting and sculpture they have no pretensions, nor appear ever to have had much, though some of the outlines found on ancient structures are characteristic enough. In fact, the representation of living objects are strictly prohibited by the Mahomedan religion. Mr. Lane says,

"The art in which the Egyptians most excel is architecture. The finest specimens of Arabian architecture are found in the Egyptian metropolis and its environs; and not only the mosques and other public buildings are remarkable for their grandeur and beauty, but many of the private dwellings also, attract our admiration, especially by their interior structure and decorations. Yet this art has, of late years, much declined, like most others in this country; a new style of architecture, partly Oriental and partly European, and of a very plain description, being generally preferred. The woodwork of the doors, ceilings, and windows of the buildings in the older style, which have already been described, display considerable taste of a peculiar kind; and so, also, do most of the Egyptian manufactures; though many of them are rather clumsy, or ill finished."—vol. ii. pp. 2, 3.

The prints that Mr. Lane has given of the open lattice-work for their windows are as varied almost as the figures exhibited in a kaleidoscope. Among their manufactures they are still justly celebrated for their skill in the preparation of Morocco leather. Their glass, once so highly estimated, is now of a very inferior quality, and so is their pottery; it mostly consists of porous bottles and jars for cooling as well as keeping water. The palm-tree affords them a great variety of manufactures:—of the branches they make seats, coops, chests, bed-frames, &c.; of the leaves, baskets, panniers, mats, fly-whisks, and many other domestic utensils; and of the fibres of the wood are made most of the ropes used in the country. Almost every trade that can be mentioned is carried on in Cairo. Shops of very small dimensions abound in all the frequented streets of the capital; generally one entire street, or considerable portion of a street, containing chiefly, or solely, shops appropriated to one particular trade.

Shops also for the sale of coffee, tobacco, hemp, opium, and other stimulants, abound in Cairo. Wine is prohibited, which makes these the more sought after. Mr. Lane says the mild kinds of tobacco have a gentle effect; they calm the nervous system, and instead of stupifying, sharpen the intellect; the number of coffee-shops are said to exceed a thousand. The use of the small leaves and capsules of hemp is of very ancient date, and is still prevalent over all India and the East, under the name of *bang*, taken for the purpose of creating an exhilarating intoxication. The Scythians, according to Herodotus, had a custom of burning the seeds of this plant in religious ceremonies; and, it is said, that the bystanders became intoxicated with the fumes. Mr. Lane tells us the term *hhash-sha'sh*, which signifies "a smoker or eater of hemp," is an appellation of obloquy, and that the plural *hhash-sha'sheen* is the origin of our word "assassin." The learned Orientalist, de Sacy, had said so before him. The late Mr. Marsden, however, in his valuable work on Marco Polo. says, "the romantic story of the 'Old Man of the Mountain, the Prince of Assassins,' is evidently taken from the excellent tale of Abu Hassan in the 'Thousand and One Nights.'"

Of the introduction of coffee as a beverage, Mr. Lane gives the following account:—

"It is said that the discovery of the refreshing beverage afforded by the berry of the coffee plant was made in the latter part of the thirteenth century of the Christian era, by a certain devotee, named the Sheykh Omar, who, driven by persecution to a mountain of the Yemen, with a few of his disciples, was induced, by want of provisions, to make an experiment of the decoction of coffee berries; as an article of food; the coffee plant being there a spontaneous production. It was not, however, till about two centuries after this period that the use of coffee began to become common in the Yemen. It was imported into Egypt, (towards the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, or a little more than a century before the introduction of tobacco into the East,) and was then drunk in the great mosk El-Az'har, by the fackéers of the Yemen, &c., who found it very refreshing to them, while engaged in their exercises of reciting prayers, and the praises of God; and freely indulged themselves in it. About half a century after, it was introduced into Constantinople."—vol. ii. pp. 29, 30.

The plant grows wild also in Abyssinia, and an annual exportation of the berries is made to the Yemen, from whence it is again exported as Mokhah coffee; and one of the two kinds known under that name in Cairo is probably this Abyssinian production. Sandys, who travelled in 1610, mentions coffee as a recent introduction at Constantinople, and, after describing it, "black as soot, and tasting not unlike it," asks "why it may not be the black broth of the Lacedæmonians?" He likewise notices the rigorous measures adopted by the Turkish government to prevent the use of tobacco, then becoming habitual among the Osmanlis, as well as opium, of which last he says, "they are incredible takers, and whereof the Lesser Asia affordeth great plenty." The tobacco "they take thorow reeds, that have joyned unto them great heads of wood to containe it. I doubt not," he adds, "it is lately taught them, as brought them by the English, and were it not lookt into (for Morat Basha not long since commanded a pipe to be thrust thorow the nose of a Turk, and so to be led in derision thorow the city,) no question but it would prove a principal commodity. Nevertheless they will take it in corners, and are so ignorant therein, that that which in England is not saleable, doth pass here amongst them for most excellent."—bk. i., p. 82.

The question respecting the propriety of smoking was long agitated among the Moslems, and the Wahabees continue to abstain from and condemn its use. But no opinion upon this subject has ever equalled in absurdity that pronounced in a Russian assembly, little more than a century ago; when Voltaire was assured by a person of crédit, "qu'il avoit assisté à une thèse publique où il s'agissoit de savoir si l'usage du tabac à fumer, etoit un péché; le repondant prétendait qu'il etoit permis de s'enivrer d'eau-de-vie, mais non de fumer, parceque la très sainte écriture dit que ce qui sort de la bouche de l'homme le souille, et que ce qui y entre ne le souille point."—Charles xii. liv. i.

Mr. Lane says,—"The turner, like most other artisans in Egypt, sits to his work." The same custom is shown by the sculptures of Thebes and other places, to have been common to the ancient Egyptians, who either sat on the ground or on low stools: but the idle habit of smoking during their labours did not, as at present, impede the workman. The power given to the masters over their men does not appear to have been less in ancient than in modern times, and the sculptures represent the free use of the stick, in order to accelerate the completion of their tasks.

Glass-making is a very ancient art, and was known in Egypt at least as early as the year 1800 before our era, or, indeed, judging from paintings at Beni Hassan, which appear to indicate the process, much earlier; and a glass bead bearing the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, who lived at the period alluded to, leaves no doubt as to its early invention in the valley of the Nile.

"They were not only acquainted with glass," says Mr. Wilkinson, "but excelled in the art of staining it of divers hues, and their ingenuity had pointed out to them the mode of carrying devices of various colours directly through the fused substance. Of the early epoch at which glass was known in Egypt, I must observe, that besides finding the process represented at Beni Hassan and Thebes, I have seen a ball of this substance which bears the name of Amunneitgori, who lived towards the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, about 1500 B. C. . . Its specific gravity is 25 23, being the same as English crown glass."—*Egypt and Thebes*, pp. 258, 259.

The earthenware jars of Egypt were always noted for their excellence. Athenæus and other writers mention those of Coptos as being in great repute among the Romans, and sold at a high price; and the innumerable fragments lying scattered amidst the ruins of ancient towns, often forming the principal portion of the lofty mounds of rubbish which mark their sites, sufficiently testify the great use made of different kinds of pottery by the ancient Egyptians. Keneh, which has succeeded Coptos in the trade of the Red Sea, has also taken from it the manufactory of porous jars, and the clay peculiarly suited for this purpose lies in great abundance in the immediate vicinity, which when mixed with the dust of burnt grass (the *poa cynosyroïdes*) is applied to the manufacture of the well-known Keneh water bottles.

"Egypt has lost the celebrity it enjoyed in ancient times for its fine linen: the linen, cotton, and woollen cloths, and the silks now woven in this country are generally of coarse and poor qualities."—vol. ii. pp. 3, 4.

If we judged from the ordinary texture of the cloth discovered on the mummies, no very exalted notions would be formed of the famed "fine linen" of ancient Egypt; but as they were contented with an inferior kind of cloth for the purpose of wrapping the bodies of the deceased, the coarsest being always used for the innermost envelopes, we cannot there expect to meet with linen of the same quality worn upon their persons. Some, however, has been discovered of a very superior texture: we have ourselves seen a piece so fine and soft to the touch as to resemble silk, and the celebrated chemist, Professor Thomson, of Glasgow, has lately described another specimen as not inferior in quality to our most delicate cambric.

That the mummy cloths are in all cases linen, and not cotton, as some have been disposed to think, has been satisfactorily shown by the experiments of Dr. Ure; who, having discovered by means of the microscope, that the fibres of linen presented a cylindrical form, and those of cotton the appearance of a ribbon, ascertained, by extending the same experiments to the ancient mummy cloths, that these last invariably presented in the fibres of their threads the undoubted characteristics of linen.

Everybody knows that the Egyptians have long been famous for hatching fowls' eggs by artificial heat; a practice supposed to have been handed down from a very remote antiquity. The buildings in which the process is carried on for the *manufacturing* of chickens, as Dr. Richardson, who travelled with Lord and Lady Belmore, calls it, by artificial heat without incubation, have each two parallel rows of small chambers, and ovens divided by a narrow vaulted passage; each chamber has its oven. The eggs are placed on mats or straw generally in three tiers, and the ovens are heated with cakes made of cow-dung and straw; the heat generally during the process is from 100° to 103° of Fahrenheit. At the proper time, the same traveller tells us, "the birds start from the shell at the call of an old wife, who clucks like a hen, in order to people Egypt with chickens;" an observation which has no truth and not much wit in it. For every two productive eggs the peasant who brings them gets one chicken; but Mr. Lane says, that from one-fourth to one-third of the eggs generally fail. We could not have formed any notion of the number of chickens that are thus annually produced. The following statement, taken from a newspaper published by Government, of the 3d March, 1831, is extracted by Mr. Lane—

	Lower Egypt.	Upper Egypt.
"Number of establishments for the hatching of fowls' eggs in the present year	105	59
Number of eggs used -	19,325,600	6,878,900
Number spoiled - -	6,255,867	2,529,660
Number hatched - -	13,069,733	4,349,240

"I have not found," he says, "that the fowls produced in this manner are inferior in point of flavour, or in other respects, to those produced from the egg by incubation."—vol. ii. p. 6.

The agriculturists of the Delta, called Fellahs, or, according to Mr. Lane's orthography, *Fella'hhee'n*, are a robust and hardy peasantry, whose numbers are said to be rapidly diminishing, under the present system of misrule, and the large drafts constantly making for recruiting the army. The Mooslim, or Arab Egyptians, are supposed to compose nearly four-fifths of the population of the metropolis, and seven-eighths of that of all Egypt. The men are represented as being generally about five feet eight or five feet nine in height; well-proportioned, muscular and robust; the women very beautifully formed and plump; and neither sex too fat. The male countenance is of a fine oval form; the forehead of moderate size, seldom high, but generally prominent; the eyes are deep sunk, black and brilliant; the nose straight, but rather thick; the mouth well formed; the lips rather full than otherwise; the teeth particularly beautiful; the beard commonly black, but scanty. Of the various dresses they wear, we could not attempt to give an intelligible description, but those both of males and females are minutely represented in the clever prints, of which above one hundred illustrate these volumes.

Mr. Lane says of the Egyptian women—

"From the age of about fourteen to that of eighteen or twenty they are generally models of beauty in body and limbs; and in countenance most of them are pleasing, and many exceedingly lovely: but soon after they have obtained their perfect growth, they rapidly decline: the bosom early loses all its beauty, acquiring, from the relaxing nature of the climate, an excessive length and flatness in its form, even while the face retains its full charms; and though, in most other respects, time does not commonly so soon nor so much deform them, at the age of forty it renders many who in earlier years possessed considerable attractions absolutely ugly. In the Egyptian females the forms of womanhood begin to develope themselves about the ninth or tenth year. At the age of fifteen or sixteen they generally attain their highest degree of perfection.

"They are characterized, like the men, by a fine oval countenance; though, in some instances, it is rather broad. The eyes, with very few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long almond-form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft, bewitching expression: eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived: their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features (however pleasing the latter may be,) and is rendered still more striking by a practice universal among the females of the higher and middle classes, and very common among those of the lower orders, which is that of blackening the edge of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, with a black powder called *kohhl*."—vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

Their hands and feet are said to be beautifully formed, but they disfigure them by staining particular parts with *hhen'na* (*lawsonia inermis*.) Many females of the lower orders, and most of those of the villages, *tattoo* their feet, arms, forehead, and chin. The veil may almost be said to be of universal use, covering all the face below the root of the nose, leaving only the eyes free—and such eyes!—to exercise all their influence.

"The women of Egypt deem it more incumbent upon them to cover the upper and back part of the head than the face; and more requisite to conceal the face than most other parts of the person. I have often seen in this country women but half covered with miserable rags; and several times, females in the prime of womanhood, and others in more advanced age, with only a narrow strip of rag bound round the hips."—vol. i. p. 56.

European ladies are apt to exclaim against the barbarous custom of the Turks and Arabs in confining their ladies to the harem, and indulging in a plurality of wives—the wives, however, think nothing of this; they rarely if ever arrive at that station in consequence of one spark of affection lighted up in the bosom of either party; marriage with them is a matter of convenience or caprice, often concluded the first day of acquaintance, and dissolved the next; nor are they such moping and solitary beings as some have supposed. In the absence of the husband, whether on business or pleasure, they have their full share of amusement, by plotting against him, and carrying on their intrigues through the means of their slaves, or by assembling their friends in the harem, or making parties to the public baths. "The visit of one harem to another," says Mr. Lane, "often occupies nearly a whole day. Eating, smoking, drinking coffee and sherbet, gossiping, and displaying their finery, are sufficient amusements to the company. They indulge," he says, "in easy gaiety, and not unfrequently in youthful frolic; and sometimes one of the party entertains the rest with the recital of some wonderful or facetious tale."

With regard to the public baths, Mr. Lane says, "there are between sixty and seventy *hhamma'ms* in Cairo—some for men only; others only for women and young children; and some for both sexes—for men during the forenoon, and in the afternoon for females.

"Many women of the lower orders wear no covering whatever in the bath; not even a napkin round the waist: others always wear the napkin, and the high clogs. There are few pleasures in which the women of Egypt delight so much as in the visit to the bath, where they frequently have entainments; and often, on these occasions, they are not a little noisy in their mirth. They avail themselves of the opportunity to display their jewels and their finest clothes, and to enter into familiar conversation with those whom they meet there, whether friends or strangers. Sometimes, a mother chooses a bride for her son from among the girls or women whom she chances to see in the bath."—vol. ii. p. 44.

"Bathing," says Mr. Lane, "is one of the greatest luxuries enjoyed by the people of Egypt. The inhabitants of the villages of this country, and those persons who cannot afford the trifling expense incurred in the public bath, often bathe in the Nile. Girls and young women are not unfrequently seen thus indulging themselves in the warm weather, and generally without any covering; but mostly in unfrequented places. The rich, I have before mentioned, have baths in their own houses; but men who have this convenience often go to the public bath; and so also do the ladies, who, on many occasions, are invited to accompany thither their female friends."—vol. ii. p. 35.

Our author, as usual, describes minutely the whole process of using the bath—indulging us with the uncouth names even of the towels and napkins, foot-mats, &c.; but we must content ourselves with extracting the account of one operation, which appears fairly to outmahomet our worthy friend Mr. Mahomet of Brighton.

"The bather sits on the marble seat of the fisckee'yeh, or lies upon a napkin on one of the leewa'ns, or by the edge of one of the tanks, to submit to the first operation, which is that of cracking his joints, and is called *tuck'-tuck'ah*. The operator cracks almost every joint of his frame: he wrings the body, first one way, and then the other, to make several of the vertebræ crack: even the neck is made to crack twice, by wrenching the head round, each way, which produces a sensation rather alarming to an inexperienced person: and each ear is generally twisted round until it cracks: the limbs are wrested with apparent violence; but with such skill, that an untoward accident in this operation is never heard of. The main object of this process is to render the joints supple."—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

The visit to the tombs appear to have originated in a custom prevalent among the ancient Egyptians, who proceeded to the sepulchres of their deceased relatives, carrying palm branches and flowers, like the women of modern Cairo; and the ceremonies afterwards mentioned by Mr. Lane, among the peasants of Upper Egypt, cannot fail to call to mind the funeral lamentations of their predecessors, described by Herodotus, Diodorus, and other writers, and in the sculptures of the Theban tombs:—

"It is customary among the peasants of Upper Egypt, for the female relations and friends of a person deceased to meet together by his house, on each of the first three days after the funeral, and there to perform a lamentation and a strange kind of dance. They daub their faces and bosoms, and part of their dress, with mud; and tie a rope-girdle, generally made of the coarse grass called Hhalfa, round the waist. Each flourishes in her hand a palm stick, or a nebhoót (a long staff,) or a spear, or a drawn sword, and dances with a slow movement, and in an irregular manner, generally pacing about, and raising and depressing the body. This dance is continued for an hour or more, and is performed twice or three times in the course of the day. After the third day, the women visit the tomb, and place upon it their rope-girdles; and usually a lamb or a goat is slain there, as an expiatory sacrifice, and a feast made on this occasion."—vol. ii. p. 307.

"The prophet disapproved of gold; therefore few Moslems wear gold rings, but the women have various ornaments (rings, bracelets, &c.) of that precious metal. The seal-ring is used for signing letters and other writings; and its impression is considered more valid than the sign-manual. . . . . Almost every person who can afford it has a seal-ring, even though he be a servant."—vol. i. p. 36.

Of the ornaments worn by the Egyptian women many are precisely similar to those of the ancient inhabitants of the country, as the bracelets, anklets, and ear-rings; and the patterns of several devices, forming part of the necklaces, are evidently derived from ancient models. The Egyptians are particularly fond of jewellery; men in the humblest stations generally wear one or more ring, and even charms are enclosed in silver tubes variously ornamented. In this, as in many other points, they strongly resemble their predecessors, who wore a profusion of gold and silver ornaments, large broad necklaces of the precious metals, cornelian, agate, amethysts, beads, and other materials, or of glass stained to imitate rare stones; and their arms were decorated with rings of gold, both above and below the elbow, independent of rich bracelets on their rists, ear-rings, and anklets; and a number of rings, besides various ornaments of the head and dress, added to the richness of their costume.

"Ophthalmia is more common in Lower Egypt than in the southern parts. It generally arises from checked perspiration; but is aggravated by the dust and many other causes. When remedies are promptly employed, this disease is seldom alarming in its progress; but vast numbers of the natives of Egypt, not knowing how to treat it, or obstinately resigning themselves to fate, are deprived of the sight of one or both of their eyes."—vol. i. p. 4.

Nobody will doubt that if the eyes are rubbed when irritated by the sand, inflammation will ensue, as in any other country; or that the sudden glare of the sun, when leaving a dark room, or a closed tent, may frequently bring on ophthalmia. It is not, however, to these that the complaint can be said to owe its origin; and it is remarkable that ophthalmia is unknown in the desert: persons who retire, on the first approach of inflammation, to the arid climate of those regions, recover in a few days from its effects; provided the eye is protected from too strong a glare of light, and from the immediate effect of the wind. Another cause, or at least aggravation, of ophthalmia, is the afternoon evaporation from a soil strongly impregnated with nitre.

Mr. Lane says it is deemed disreputable among the Egyptians for a young man to abstain from marriage; and that a friend seriously advised him to purchase a female slave, which would exempt him from the opprobrium of the want of a wife; but he pleaded his being a sojourner only in the country. "You tell me," said the friend, "that in a year or two you mean to leave this country; now, there is a young widow who, I am told, is handsome, living within a few doors of you, who will be glad to become your wife, even with the express understanding that you shall divorce her when you quit this place, though, of course, you may do so before, if she should not please you." Such is the facility of marriage and divorce. Mr. Lane, however, dedicates a whole chapter to the many ceremonies observed on the marriage of a virgin; it is only a widow, a divorced dame or a slave, that can be so easily taken and so easily got rid of.

In visiting or going to the public baths, the ladies are always veiled, and generally ride on asses, and sit astride on a high and broad saddle, "looking," as Dr. Richardson says, "like so many coffins mounted on asses." Many women, however, of the upper classes, walk the streets in their long robes and veils.

> "It is not uncommon to see, in the city in which I am writing, a lady shuffling along in her ample to'b and hhab'arah of new and rich and glistening silks, and one who scents the whole street with the odour of musk or civet as she passes along, with all that appears of her person scrupulously clean and delicate, her eyes neatly bordered with kohhl applied in the most careful manner, and the tip of a finger or two showing the fresh dye of the hhen'na, and by her side a little boy or girl, her own child, with a face besmeared with dirt, and with clothes appearing as though they had been worn for months without being washed. Few things surprised me so much as sights of this kind on my first arrival in this country. I naturally inquired the cause of what struck me as so strange and inconsistent, and was informed that the affectionate mothers thus neglected the appearance of their children, and purposely left them unwashed, and clothed them so shabbily, particularly when they had to take them out in public, *from fear of the evil eye*, which is excessively dreaded, and especially in the case of children, since they are generally esteemed the greatest blessings, and therefore most likely to be coveted."—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

One mode of averting the Evil Eye, so common throughout the East, is to throw salt over a child; and in the bridal processions, when a young boy, mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, and dressed in all the finery of the harem, is paraded through the streets, a woman follows, throwing over him at intervals a handful of salt, frequently muttering the short chapter of the Koran which relates to this subject. The same superstition makes a mother disguise the birth of a male child, or dress it like a girl for several months, lest any one should envy her the birth of a son, and bring upon mother and child the pernicious effect of the Evil Eye.

Female children are rarely taught even to read and write, but are instructed in tambour-work, embroidery, and various kinds of needle-work; but boys are represented by our author as being very generally taught to read and write, to say their prayers properly, to perform the prescribed ablutions, and to be perfect in reading and, what we doubt very much, understanding the Koran. According to Mr. Lane's own account the schoolmasters themselves often know little more than to recite portions of the sacred volume.

> "I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighbourhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Ckoor-a'n, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons: to write them, he employed the *'aree'f* (or head boy in the school,) pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. The fick'ee pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman *inferring* from his silence that the letter contained bad *news, said to him, 'Shall I shriek?'* He answered, *'Yes.' 'Shall I tear my clothes?'* she asked; he replied, 'Yes.' So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he was now arrived at home. Not at all abashed, he said, 'God knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed.' Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, 'Truly, our new fick'ee is a man of unusual judgment!' and, for a little while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this blunder."—vol. i. 66, 67.

The Egyptians are said to be passionately fond of music, and yet very few of them practice it in any shape. The Koran is chanted by all ranks; but both music and dancing are left to professional people of both sexes, who are hired out for the amusement of the upper classes, and to perform on great public festivals. Mr. Lane has given prints of the several wind and string instruments in use,—and also translations of various songs with the music written down, which is simple enough, but not at all to our taste; nor can we discover that similarity which Mr. Lane seems to think exists between these Egyptian airs and some of the popular melodies of Spain. In some of their poetic effusions Mr. Lane also finds a similarity to the Song of Solomon; and he instances the following, which he thinks may be compared with the second and five following verses of the fifth chapter. We confess that we cannot discover much resemblance.

"The beloved of my heart visited me in the darkness
of night:
I stood, to show him honour, until he sat down.
I said, 'O thou my petition, and all my desire!
Hast thou come at midnight, and not feared the watch-
man?'
He said to me, 'I feared; but, however, love
Had taken from me my soul and my breath.'"
Vol. ii. p. 195.

In fact, the common Egyptians are totally incapable of appreciating our European music, or of comprehending how we can take a delight in what appears to them an inharmonious confusion of sounds. The bands of their new troops, however, play the music of Rossini and other Italian composers with the same precision and execution as in our European regiments; and the surprise of the people who see them reading the notes, is frequently indicated in their looks and exclamations.

There are in Cairo numerous public singing girls, who are sometimes engaged by private families, but are mostly found exhibiting at the frequented places and in the streets. There are also public dancers; the latter being a distinct tribe, known by the name of *Ghawa'zee*. "They commence," says Mr. Lane, "with a degree of decorum; but soon, by more animated looks, by a more rapid collision of their castinets of brass, and by increased energy in every motion, they exhibit a spectacle exactly agreeing with the description which Martial and Juvenal have given of the rformances of the female dancers of Gades." He ys—

"I need scarcely add, that these women are the most ndoned of the courtesans of Egypt. Many of them s extremely handsome; and most of them are richly essed. Upon the whole, I think they are the finest men in Egypt. Many of them have slightly aquiline ses; but in most respects they resemble the rest of females of this country. Women, as well as men, e delight in witnessing their performances; but ny persons among the higher classes, and the more ligious, disapprove of them.

"The Ghawa'zee being distinguished, in general, by ast of countenance differing, though slightly, from rest of the Egyptians, we can hardly doubt that y are, as themselves assert, a distinct race. Their gin, however, is involved in much uncertainty. They themselves *Bara'mikeh* or *Bur'mek'ees*, and boast t they are descended from the famous family of that me who were the objects of the favour, and afterrds of the capricious tyranny, of Ha'roo'n El-Rashd, and of whom we read in several of the tales of he Thousand and One Nights:' but, as a friend of ne lately observed to me, they probably have no more ht to call themselves 'Bara'mikeh' than because they emble that family in liberality, though it is liberality a different kind. In many of the tombs of the anat Egyptians, we find representations of females cing at private entertainments, to the sounds of vaus instruments, in a manner similar to the modern awaz'ee, but even more licentious; one or more of se performers being generally depicted in a state of fect nudity, though in the presence of men of high tions. This mode of dancing we find, from the moments here alluded to, most of which bear the names kings, which prove their age, to have been common Egypt in very remote times, even before the Exodus the Israelites. It is probable, therefore, that it has tinued without interruption; and perhaps the mon Ghawa'zee are descended from the class of female cers who amused the Egyptians in the times of the ly Pharaohs."—vol. ii. pp. 97, 98.

he gipsies claim kindred descent with these feles. 'Those of Egypt have a *patois*, as in Europe, known to all other persons. Besides gipsies there several classes of itinerant beggars and others, who n their subsistence in a similar way, and lead the e erratic life; tinkers and fortune-tellers, without fixed habitations.

mong the numerous exhibitors in the public streets serpent charmers and serpent eaters. They pred to discover if any such animals are in houses, and frequently employed for that purpose; but incredus persons have sometimes searched such a perer, and even stripped him naked.

"He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with hort palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise h his tongue, and spits upon the ground; and genely says, 'I adjure you, by God, if ye be above, or if be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the t great name, if ye be obedient, come forth; and if be disobedient, die! die! die!' The serpent is geney dislodged by his stick from a fissure in the wall, rops from the ceiling of the room."—vol. ii. p. 104.

hese serpent charmers, however, it would seem, not always escape with impunity.

"A few years ago, a durwee'sh of this sect, who was led 'el-Feel' (or the Elephant,) from his bulky and scular form, and great strength, and who was the most famous serpent-eater of his time, and almost of any age, having a desire to rear a serpent of a very venomous kind, which his boy had brought him among others that he had collected in the desert, put this reptile into a basket, and kept it for several days without food, to weaken it: he then put his hand into the basket, to take it out, for the purpose of extracting its teeth; but it immediately bit his thumb: he called out for help; there were, however, none but women in the house, and they feared to come to him, so that many minutes elapsed before he could obtain assistance: his whole arm was then found to be swollen and black, and he died after a few hours."—vol. ii. p. 204.

Another snake-charmer, named Mustapha, who was well known in Egypt from the time of the Memlooks, and had been constantly playing with serpents, and catching them for various purposes, without receiving any injury, was employed to obtain some monitory lizards for a naturalist who visited Cairo in 1824; and having gone some distance on the Suez road, began as usual his search in one of the level plains known as the resort of those reptiles. His son, who was with him, having observed something move in a hole near which they were standing, and supposing it to be the wished-for monitor, pointed it out to him, when he incautiously put in his hand, and was seized by a *cerastes*, or horned viper, whose dangerous bite soon reduced him to so deplorable a state, in spite of all the ordinary precautions resorted to on such occasions by snake-charmers, that his life was for several days despaired of, and he with difficulty recovered. The same man was frequently seen to take up the most poisonous snakes by the tail, or any part of the body, without receiving any injury, though they were neither deprived of the poison bag, nor of their fangs; and the reptile, when moving to seize his hand, was observed to withdraw its head, as if wanting courage to bite it; but the same man was careful not to allow it to approach his face or legs; and this precaution being confined to those parts, suggested the probability of his hands being smeared with some substance whose smell was intolerable to the snake, and thus protected them from its bite.

The gipsies tell fortunes, as in our own country, either in the streets or in private houses. There are also strolling players, who enact farces and recite romances; of the latter of which Mr. Lane gives three specimens, but of a far inferior description to any of the tales in the "Thousand and One Nights," a book which we are surprised to hear is scarcely to be procured in Cairo at any price. Of the farces we will just extract Mr. Lane's account of one, which we are told was played before the pasha, with the view of opening his eyes to the conduct of those persons to whom is committed the office of collecting the taxes.

"The *dramatis personæ* were a Na'zir (or governor of a district), a Sheykh Bel'ed (or chief of a village), a servant of the latter, a Copt clerk, a Fella'hh indebted to the government, his wife, and five other persons, of whom two made their appearance first in the character of drummers, one as a hautboy player, and the two others as dancers. After a little drumming, and piping, and dancing by these five, the Na'zir and the rest of the performers enter the ring. The Na'zir asks, 'How much does 'Ow'ad the son of Reg'eb owe?' The musicians and dancers, who now act as simple fella'hhee'n, answer, 'Desire the Christian to look in the register.' The Christian Clerk has a large dawa'yeh (or receptacle for pens and ink) in his girdle, and is dressed as a Copt, with a black turban. The Sheykh el Bel'ed asks him, 'How much is written against 'Ow'ad the son of Reg'eb?' The clerk answers, 'A thousand piasters.' 'How much,' says the Sheykh, 'has he paid?' He is answered, 'Five piasters.' 'Man,' says he, addressing the fella'hh, 'why don't you bring the money?' The fella'hh answers, 'I have not any." 'You have not any?" exclaims the Sheykh; 'throw him down.' An inflated piece of an intestine, resembling a large koorba'g, is brought, and with this the fella'hh is beaten. He roars out to the Na'zir, 'By the honour of thy horse's tail, O Bey! By the honour of thy wife's trowsers, O Bey! By the honour of thy wife's head-band, O Bey!' After twenty such absurd appeals, his beating is finished, and he is taken away and imprisoned. Presently his wife comes to him, and asks him, 'How art thou?' He answers, 'Do me a kindness, my wife: take a little kishk, and some eggs, and some sha'eree'yeh, and go with them to the house of the Christian clerk, and appeal to his generosity to get me set at liberty.' She takes these, in three baskets, to the Christian's house, and asks the people there, 'Where is the M'al'lim Hhan'na, the clerk?' They answer, 'There he sits.' She says to him, 'O M'al'lim Hhan'na, do me the favour to receive these, and obtain the liberation of my husband.' 'Who is thy husband?' he asks. She answers, 'The fella'hh who owes a thousand piasters.' 'Bring,' says he, 'twenty or thirty piasters to bribe the Sheykh el Bel'ed.' She goes away, and soon returns with the money in her hand, and gives it to the Sheykh el Bel'ed. 'What is this?' says the Sheykh. She answers, 'Take it as a bribe, and liberate my husband.' He says, 'Very well; go to the Na'zir.' She retires for a while, blackens the edges of her eyelids with kohhl, applies fresh red dye of the hhen'na to her hands and feet, and repairs to the Na'zir. 'Good evening, my master,' she says to him. 'What dost thou want?' he asks. She answers, 'I am the wife of 'Ow'ad, who owes a thousand piasters.' 'But what dost thou want?' he asks again. She says, 'My husband is imprisoned, and I appeal to thy generosity to liberate him:' and as she urges this request, she smiles, and shows him that she does not ask this favour without being willing to grant him a recompense. He obtains this, takes the husband's part, and liberates him."—vol. ii. pp. 111—113.

The three romances which Mr. Lane has introduced appear to us dull enough, though he tells us the audience are all highly amused at the recital, not only with the story, but also with the lively and dramatic manner of the narrator, "who often greatly improves the stories by his action, and by witty introductions of his own invention." The three which he has given are mostly of a warlike character, and more suited to the taste of the Bedouins of the desert than to the Arabs of the towns.

At the public festival of the Mohhaar'ran and others kept periodically, the whole population of Cairo is on the move, when the crowding, and jostling, and pushing, in the narrow streets and in the mosques is quite intolerable. Mr. Lane got himself into an awkward position in the midst of a crowd of women, face to face with a young lady, whose situation "from her panting" was not quite easy to her, "though a smile," he says, "expressed at the same time by her large black eyes, showed that it was amusing: she could not, however, bear it long, for she soon cried out, 'My Eye! do not squeeze me so violently.'" *My eye*, says Mr. Lane, is a term of endearment—and so may be *Betty Martin*.

At these times the convolving and dancing dervises are performing their tricks over every part of the town, blasphemously bawling out the name of God, and asking charity in the terms of the Koran. Mr. Lane says there was nothing like regularity in their dancing.

"Each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman; now, moving his body up and down; the next moment, turning round; then, using odd gesticulations with his arms; next, jumping; and sometimes, screaming: in short, if a stranger, observing them, were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing durwee'shes were merely striving to excel one another in playing the buffoon: and the manner in which they were clad would conduce to impress him with this idea."—vol. ii. p. 212.

Thus they dance and whirl till they become as crazy as our own Irvingites or *Rowites* (happily so named) with their gibberish howlings in the unknown tongue. But the feat performed by one of these enthusiasts, perhaps we may safely call them impostors, is so singular, that we must transcribe it:—

"In the middle of this ring was placed a small chafing-dish of tinned copper, full of red-hot charcoal. From this, the durwee'sh, just mentioned, seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put into his mouth; then did the same with another, another, and another, until his mouth was full; when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth very wide every moment, to show its contents, which, after about three minutes, he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest symptom of pain; appearing, during the operation and after it, even more lively than before. The other durwee'sh before alluded to, as half-naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from his grasp, and, rushing towards the chafing-dish, took out one of the largest live coals, and put it into his mouth. He kept his mouth wide open for about two minutes; and during this period, each time that he inhaled, the large coal appeared of almost a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this, he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing. When their performances had lasted about half an hour, the durwee'shes paused to rest."—vol. ii. p. 213.

The exploit of another of the gang was still more extraordinary—

"One of them, a tall man, dressed in a dark woollen gown, and with a bare, shaven head, took from the chafing-dish, which was handed to the dancers, as though it had been a dish of cakes or sweetmeats, a large piece of brilliantly hot coal; placed it between his teeth, and kept it so for a short time; then drew it upon his tongue; and, keeping his mouth wide open for, I think, more than two minutes, violently inhaled and exhaled, showing the inside of his mouth, like a furnace, and breathing out sparks, as the former durwee'sh had done; but with less appearance of excitement. Having chewed and swallowed the coal, he joined the ring of the tambourine-players, and sat almost close to my feet. I narrowly watched his countenance; but could not see the least indication of his suffering any pain."—vol. ii. p. 214.

One of these devout persons, was, it seems, a particular acquaintance of Mr. Lane, and visited him almost every evening. He had been a bookseller, but had turned dervise, and at the same time, we should say, from the following account of him, became stark staring mad—

"One night, during a meeting of a party of durwee'shes of his order, at which their sheykh was present, my friend became affected with religious frenzy, seized a tall glass shade which surrounded a candle placed on the floor, and ate a large portion of it. The sheykh and the other durwee'shes, looking at him with astonishment, upbraided him with having broken the institutes of his order; since the eating of glass was not among the miracles which they were allowed to perform; and they immediately expelled him. He then entered the order of the Ahhmedee'yeh; and as they, likewise, never ate glass, he determined not to do so again. However, soon after, at a meeting of some brethren of this order, when several Saadee'yeh also were present, he again was seized with frenzy, and, jumping up to a chandelier, caught hold of one of the small glass lamps attached to it, and devoured about half of it, swallowing also the oil and water which it contained. He was conducted before his Sheykh, to be tried for this offence; but, on his taking an oath never to eat glass again, he was neither punished nor expelled the order. Notwithstanding this oath, he soon again gratified his propensity to eat a glass lamp; and a brother durwee'sh, who was present, attempted to do the same; but a large fragment stuck between the tongue and palate of this rash person; and my friend had great trouble to extract it. He was again tried by his Sheykh; and being reproached for having broken his oath and vow of repentance, he coolly answered, 'I repent again: repentance is good: for He whose name be exalted hath said, in the Excellent Book, "Verily, God loveth the repentant."' The Sheykh, in anger, exclaimed, 'Dost thou dare to act in this manner, and then come and cite the Ckoor-a'n before me?'—and with this reproof, he ordered that he should be imprisoned ten days; after which, he made him again swear to abstain from eating glass; and on this condition he was allowed to remain a member of the Ahhmedee'yeh. This second oath, he professes not to have broken.—The person whose office it was to prosecute him related to me these facts; and my friend reluctantly confessed them to be true."—*Preface*, pp. x.—xii.

"One of the great public festivals is at the time of the completion of the rise of the Nile, and the opening of the canal of Cairo. Vast multitudes assemble on this joyful occasion—and no wonder it should be the occasion of rejoicing; the refreshing sight of a sheet of water in the dry and dusty streets and open places of Cairo, at the hottest season of the year, cannot fail of being hailed with rapture by every class of inhabitants.

"The favourite time of resort to this place is the evening, and many persons remain there for several hours after sunset; some, all night. There are generally two or three story-tellers there. At all hours of the day, and sometimes even at midnight, persons are seen bathing in the lake; chiefly men and boys, but also some young girls, and even women; the latter of whom expose their persons before the passengers and idlers on the banks, in a manner surprising in a place where women in general so carefully conceal even their faces; though most of these bathers are usually covered from the waist downwards."—vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

Among the crowds that assemble, beggars are not the least numerous. Asking alms may, indeed, be almost considered as an honourable profession in Cairo; but Egypt after all is not the only country that can show a *beggar on horseback*. "In the country many *derwee'shes* (dervises) go from village to village begging alms. I have seen them," says Mr. Lane, "on horseback; and one I lately saw thus mounted, and accompanied by two men bearing each a flag, and by a third beating a drum: this beggar on horseback was going from hut to hut asking for bread." The gentleman was collecting his *rent*.

We shall say nothing here on the subject of the religion of Mahomet. Mr. Lane speaks favourably of the decent behaviour of the Arab Mussulman when at prayer.

"The utmost solemnity and decorum are observed in the public worship of the Moos'lims. Their looks and behaviour in the mosque are not those of enthusiastic devotion, but of calm and modest piety. Never are they guilty of a designedly irregular word or action during their prayers. The pride and fanaticism which they exhibit in common life, in intercourse with persons of their own, or of a different faith, seem to be dropped on their entering the mosque, and they appear wholly absorbed in the adoration of their Creator, humble and downcast, yet without affected humility, or a forced expression of countenance. The Moos'lim takes off his shoes at the door of the mosque, carries them in his left hand, sole to sole, and puts his right foot first over the threshold. If he have not previously performed the preparatory ablution, he repairs at once to the tank or fountain to acquit himself of that duty. Before he commences his prayers he places his shoes (and his sword and pistols, if he have such arms,) upon the matting, a little before the spot where his head will touch the ground in prostration: his shoes are put one upon the other, sole to sole."—vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

For their civil laws, such as they are, they are indebted to the Koran, the better parts of which were all pilfered from the Jewish Scriptures. Most of the officers of justice, from the highest to the lowest, are accused of corrupt practices; but this is not universal, as may be learned from several instances related by Mr. Lane. He tells this story as being of recent date, and universally believed at Cairo:—

"A poor man applied one day to the A'gha of the police, and said, 'Sir, there came to me, to-day, a woman, and she said to me, "Take this *ckoors*,* and let it remain in your possession for a time, and lend me five hundred piasters:" and I took it from her, Sir, and gave her the five hundred piasters, and she went away: and when she was gone away, I said to myself, "Let me look at this ckoors;" and I looked at it, and behold it was yellow brass: and I slapped my face, and said, "I will go to the A'gha, and relate my story to him, perhaps he will investigate the affair, and clear it up;" for there is none that can help me in this matter but thee.' The A'gha said to him, 'Hear what I tell thee, man. Take whatever is in thy shop—leave nothing, and lock it up, and to-morrow morning go early; and when thou hast opened the shop, cry out, "Alas for my property!" then take in thy hands two clods, and beat thyself with them, and cry, "Alas for the property of others!" and whoever says to thee, "What is the matter with thee?" do thou answer, "The property of others is lost: a pledge that I had belonging to a woman, is lost: if it were my own, I should not thus lament it;" and this will clear up the affair.' The man promised to do as he was desired. He removed everything from his shop, and early the next morning he went and opened it, and began to cry out, 'Alas for the property of others!' and he took two clods, and beat himself with them, and went about every district of the city, crying, 'Alas for the property of others!' a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own, I should not lament it.' The woman who had given him the ckoors in pledge heard of this, and discovered that it was the man whom she had cheated; so she said to herself, 'Go and bring an action against him.' She went to his shop, riding on an ass, to give herself consequence, and said to him, 'Man, give me my property that is in thy possession.' He answered, 'It is lost.' 'Thy tongue be cut out!' she cried: 'dost thou lose my property? By Al'lah! I will go to the A'gha, and inform him of it.' 'Go,' said he; and she went and told her case. The A'gha sent for the man, and when he had come, said to his accuser, 'What is thy property in his possession?' She answered, 'A ckoors of red Venetian gold.' 'Woman,' said the A'gha, 'I have a gold ckoors here; I should like to show it thee.' She said, 'Show it me, Sir, for I shall know my ckoors.' The A'gha then untied a handkerchief, and, taking out of it the ckoors which she had given in pledge, said, 'Look.' She looked at it and knew it, and hung down her head. The A'gha said, 'Raise thy head, and say where are the five hundred piasters of this man.' She answered, 'Sir, they are in my house.' The executioner was sent with her to her house, but without his sword; and the woman, having gone into the house, brought out a purse containing the money, and went back with him. The money was given to the man from whom it had been obtained, and the executioner was then ordered to take the women to Roomey'ley (a large open place below the citadel), and there to behead her, which he did."—vol. i. pp. 144—146.

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* An ornament worn on the crown of the head-dress by women.

The following story has some humour in it:—

"A person who was appointed Mohh'tes'ib shortly after my former visit to this country (Moos'tuf'a Ca'ship, a Koord) exercised his power in a most brutal manner, clipping men's ears (that is, cutting off the lobe, or ear-lap), not only for the most trifling transgression, but often for no offence whatever. He once met an old man driving along several asses laden with water-melons, and, pointing to one of the largest of these fruits, asked its price. The old man put his finger and thumb to his ear-lap, and said, 'Cut it, Sir.' He was asked again and again, and gave the same answer. The Mohh'tes'ib, angry, but unable to refrain from laughing, said, 'Fellow, are you mad or deaf?' 'No,' replied the old man, 'I am neither mad nor deaf; but I know that, if I were to say the price of the melon is ten fud'dahs, you would say "Clip his ear;" and if I said *five* fud'dahs, or *one* fud'dah, you would say "Clip his ear:" therefore clip it at once, and let me pass on.' His humour saved him."—vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

The following case, as Mr. Lane tells us, will convey some idea of the condition of Egyptian peasants in some of the provinces:—

"A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought 130 ardeb'bs of corn from a village of the district; and the other, that he had brought 60 ardeb'bs from the land belonging to the town. 'You rascal!' said the governor to the latter; 'this man brings 130 ardeb'bs from the lands of a small village; and you, but 60 from the lands of the town.' 'This man,' answered the peasant of Tun'ta, 'brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day.' 'Be silent!' said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered by the hangman of the preceding night, 'This is the man, Sir, whom I hanged by your orders, last night; and he has brought 160 ardeb'bs.' 'What!' exclaimed the governor, 'has he risen from the dead?' He was answered, 'No, Sir: I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground; and when you were gone, I untied the rope: you did not order me to *kill* him.' The Turk muttered, 'Aha! hanging and killing are different things: Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of Ab'oo Da'ood.'"—vol. i. pp. 152, 153.

Universally degraded as the Arabians now are, from that high character they once justly acquired for arts, science, and literature, and for much of which, far beyond the mere rudiments, the European world is greatly indebted to them, we fear the literary and intelligent character of the Mooslim Arabs of Cairo has been greatly overrated by Mr. Lane. He tells us the metropolis of Egypt maintains the reputation by which it has been distinguished for many centuries, of being the best school of Arabic literature, and of Mahomedan theology and jurisprudence; that, though polite knowledge has universally declined, yet it has done so the least in Cairo; and that the fame of its professors still remains unrivalled. He admits, however, that learning was in a much more flourishing state in Cairo before the entrance of the French army than it has been in later years; not through any oppression on the part of the invaders, but in consequence of the panic which the invasion occasioned, and the troubles by which it was followed.

The real truth is, that whatever the nature of the literature may have been, which was cultivated in Egypt, it suffered less from the French invasion than by the rapacity of the Pasha Mahomed Ali. The mosque of Ashar was the great college in which the youths of Egypt, who devoted themselves to religious employments, or any of the learned professions, pursued their course of study. It is a large building, surrounding an extensive square court, and is said by some to be capable of lodging 3000, others say half that number of students. It is stated that none of these pay anything for their instruction, being mostly sons of the poorer classes. This college was supported by the rents of certain houses in Cairo, and lands appropriated for that purpose; but, so Mr. Lane informs us, Ali Pasha has taken possession of all the cultivable land which belonged to the mosques; "and thus the Ashar has lost the greater portion of the property which it possessed." As the professors receive no salaries or emoluments from the funds of the college, they are driven to the necessity of teaching in private houses, copying books, &c., and of receiving presents from the wealthy; of course they are of the lowest description of teachers. The principal part of the studies pursued here is to read and recite correctly the Koran, which they are engaged to do in private houses, at the tombs, and in other public places; the higher branches qualify them to become muftees, imaums, or schoolmasters, in the towns and villages of Egypt.

We cannot agree with those writers who have held up Ali Pasha as an enlightened ruler, and commended him for sending young men to Europe,—England and France particularly—to improve their education; that is to say, to be instructed in the art of ship-building, gunnery, and the theory and practice of navigation. His grand objects are the conquest of Syria, to get a footing in Asia Minor, and to threaten and withdraw his allegiance from the Sultaun; and for these visionary schemes, his unhappy country is impoverished, her agriculturists forced from their useful labours to supply his army, and money wrung from the hard hands of the peasants to build his three-deckers, which are never likely to fire a shot in anger. Under such a ruler, the cultivation of general science and literature is an object of no concern, as he has proved, by robbing the college of its funds. Mahomed Ali possesses great energy, but wants judgment; and the consequence is, that he is led away by every projector that has some new scheme to propose. Hence canals, rail-roads, manufactories of every description, are undertaken and abandoned. We understand that there is not less than forty miles of iron rails lying on the quays and open places of Alexandria, destined for a road across the isthmus of Suez, which would be very convenient, very expensive, but not likely to yield any profit. Ambitious to become a great naval power, he builds large three-deckers, one of such dimensions that it was found, when finished, its size would not allow it to get out of the harbour.

But of all the absurdities that ever found a place in his brain, the wildest was that suggested by the St. Simonian, Peré Enfantin, of throwing a dam across the Nile, just below the point where the Nile is divided into the Rosetta and the Damietta branches. He was so full of this project, which was to add we know not how many hundred thousand acres to the soil at present capable of cultivation, that he authorised his agent here to endeavour to engage Mr. Brunel, on any terms, to proceed to Egypt and furnish him with a plan and his advice for the undertaking; but Brunel had occupation enough in boring the Thames without engaging to dam the Nile, and we believe the ardour for this perilous enterprise has subsided, luckily for the multitudes that inhabit the delta, and who subsist on a soil whose unabated and unassisted fertility has been famous for more than four thousand years. Had the project been carried into execution, and the dams constructed, what security would there have been against their being swept away by the swelling Nile, which must have involved in one common destruction the great mass of the inhabitants, their houses and cottages, their gardens, and the whole crops on the ground, if not the soil itself—with horses, cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals?

"Expatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos;
Cumque satis arbusta simul, pecudesque, virosque,
Tectaque, cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris."

Mr. Lane admits, notwithstanding the reputation for literature which he says the metropolis of Egypt still maintains, that the studies of the *Mooslims*, in the present age, are confined within very narrow limits; that very few of them study medicine, chemistry, mathematics, or astronomy; that their medical and surgical practitioners are mostly barbers, miserably ignorant of the sciences which they profess. A clumsy pretension to alchemy and the quackery of astrology occupy the places of chemistry and astronomy: of abstract science they are wholly ignorant. "But," says Mr. Lane, "the literature of the Arabs is very comprehensive:" he admits, however, at the same time that the number of their books is more remarkable than their variety. The greater portion of them treat of religion and jurisprudence; the next numerous are works on grammar, rhetoric, and various branches of philology; the next, on history and geography; the remainder are romances and poetical compositions; these, with a few on medicine and the occult sciences, mathematics, and algebra (now no longer studied,) compose most of their libraries, of which we are told there are several large ones in Cairo. Mr. Lane adds that there are only eight booksellers in this city, and that their shops are ill-stocked.

In point of fact, the college of Asher is neither mere nor less than a seminary calculated to keep up the ancient superstitions of the Egyptians, rather than to cultivate science and true knowledge: for instance, the interpretation of dreams, and the art of the magician, as we find them practised in the time of the Pharaohs, have descended to the moderns, and form a part of the education in the college. The Ginn or Genii continue now among the Arabs to act the same part, for the good or evil of the human race, as they are described to have done in the "Thousand and One Nights." Their origin and chief abode are in the mountains of *Kaf*, which encompass the whole circle of the plane surface of the earth; for the Oolema would deem it heresy to assert its globular form. They are inhabitants of the air, and preside over thunder, lightning, and tempest. What we commonly call "a falling star" is believed by the Arabs to be a dart, launched by the Almighty at an evil ginn, and on beholding one they exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!" We shall give one story from Mr. Lane's own household experience:—

"I had once a humorous cook, who was somewhat addicted to the intoxicating hhashee'sh: soon after he had entered my service, I heard him one evening muttering and exclaiming, on the stairs, as if in surprise at some event; and then politely saying, 'But why are you sitting here in the draught?—Do me the favour to come up into the kitchen, and amuse me with your conversation a little:' the civil address not being answered, was repeated and varied several times, till I called out to the man, and asked him to whom he was speaking. 'The 'efree't of a Turkish soldier,' he replied, 'is sitting on the stairs, smoking his pipe, and refuses to move: he came up from the well below; pray step and see him.' On my going to the stairs, and telling the servant that I could see nothing, he only remarked that it was because I had a clear conscience."—vol. i. pp. 289, 290.

The existence of *ghools* likewise obtains almost universal credence among the Modern Egyptians, in common with most of the Mahomedan nations. These beings assume many monstrous shapes; haunt burial-grounds and other sequestered spots; feed upon dead bodies; and kill and devour every human creature who has the misfortune to fall in their way. The wel'ees or saints, "favourites of heaven," have an opposite character, and are employed in doing good. From a people so superstitious and bigoted we certainly had not expected to meet with the following trait of liberality:—

> "It is a very remarkable trait in the character of the people of Egypt, and other countries of the East, that Moos'lims, Christians, and Jews adopt each other's superstitions, while they abhor the more rational doctrines of each other's faiths. In sickness, the Moos'lim sometimes employs Christian and Jewish priests to pray for him: the Christians and Jews, in the same predicament, often call in Moos'lim saints for the like purpose. Many Christians are in the frequent habit of visiting certain Moos'lim saints here; kissing their hands; begging their prayers, counsels, or prophecies; and giving them money and other presents."—vol. i. p. 301.

In reviewing the character of the Egyptians, Mr. Lane is disposed to consider them a humane people, though in this respect they appear to have deteriorated even since his previous visit to the country; but

> "I think it proper (he adds) to remark here, that I have good reason for believing Burckhardt to have been misinformed when stating (see his Arabic Proverbs, No. 393) that children in the East (in Egypt, &c.) torture serpents by putting them into a leather bag, then throwing unslacked lime upon them, and pouring water on it. I find no one who has heard of such cruelty; and it is not likely that boys in this country would dare to put a serpent in a bag (for they are excessively afraid of this reptile,) or would give several piasters for a bag to destroy in this manner."—vol. i. p. 371, note.

We perfectly agree with the author in this remark; and the modesty, with which he always offers his opinion, whenever he has cause to differ from the lamented Burckhardt, is creditable to his liberal feelings, and a strong guarantee for his own accuracy; if, indeed, any extraneous guarantee could be required in this case. Every one who has visited Egypt, and witnessed the scenes he has described, and the customs he has illustrated with his pencil, must feel himself suddenly transported back to the banks of the Nile.

Having thus very briefly skimmed over Mr. Lane's two volumes, we shall conclude by extracting an account of one of the most extraordinary feats of magic that have been recorded since the days of the Pharaohs, when the magicians of the same country were able to produce imitations "by their enchantments" of the first two *only* of the many plagues brought upon Egypt; imitations near enough in their resemblance to impose upon the wicked king and his subjects; though they were wholly foiled in their presumptuous attempts at the rest. If the exhibition we allude to now had been related by persons who, from their general ignorance, or otherwise, might be considered undeserving of credence, we should have passed it in silence; but as it has been witnessed not only by Mr. Lane, but by several intelligent English travellers and residents—as for instance by Captain Lord Prudhoe, of the navy, and Major Felix, of the army, and Mr. Salt, the resident consul—we are disposed to enter into the subject; and more especially as we know there are some serious persons of sober and superior intellects, who not only do not doubt the literal accuracy of the story as told, but are not indisposed to entertain a feeling that the appearances narrated could only have been effected by superhuman means. It will be our business, after stating the facts, to endeavour to explain this mystery, to unravel which, "neither I nor others," says Mr. Lane, "have been able to discover any clue." This singular exhibition certainly conveys a deeper interest, from the circumstance of its being found in the same country, which gave birth to those professors of the same arts, and who, more than three thousand years ago, had the audacity, by their enchantments, to endeavour to imitate the avenging power of the Almighty. But for Mr. Lane's narrative:—

> "A few days after my first arrival in this country, my curiosity was excited on the subject of magic by a circumstance related to me by Mr. Salt, our consul-general. Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for the celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came; and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink he desired the boy steadfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the same time, called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects, and last of all, the image of the guilty person: he described his stature, countenance, and dress; said that he knew him; and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief."—vol. i. pp. 346, 347.

We should not have attached much importance to this discovery, provided the supposed power of the magician had stopped here: the boy was a neighbour; "he knew the man," and might have known him to be a thief: still it is curious: but that which Mr. Lane afterwards witnessed is infinitely more so. Being determined to have ocular proof of what he had heard, he applied to the interpreter of the British consulate, who brought to him the *Sheeykh 'Abl El-Chu'dir El-Mugh'reb'ee*, on whom the mantle of one of the ancient magicians of the Pharaohs would seem to have descended—and whose designation will remind every reader of the excellent tale of "Maugraby[*] the Magician." The previous incantation of burning frankincense and coriander-seed, to wind up the charm, may, with many, pass for nothing, and so may the strips of paper inscribed with certain forms of invocation, such as

> "'Tur'shoon' and 'Turyoo'shoon,' which he said, were the names of two genii, his 'familiar spirits.' I compared the copies (says Mr. Lane) with the originals, and found that they exactly agreed. The following is a translation:—

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[*] *Maugrabre* signifies *a western man*—*i. e.* a native of Morocco, or more generally of *Mauritania*, the country of the *Moors*, in which district the great colleges of magic (Domdaniel, &c.) were formerly situated, and in which the black art is still cultivated, it seems, to a great extent.

"Tur'shoon! Turyoo'sheon! Come down!
Come down! Be present! Whither are gone
the prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahh'mar
the prince and his troops? Be present,
ye servants of these names! And this is the removal.
And we have removed from thee
thy veil; and thy sight to-day
is piercing. Correct, correct!'"—vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

The boy on the present occasion was brought in, by Mr. Lane's desire, from among a parcel of boys in the street, returning from a manufactory, and had therefore no previous communication with the old Magus. The preparations being completed, with all the accompanying mummery, and after muttering indistinctly a few words,

"He then asked him (the boy) if he saw anything in the ink; and was answered, 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently, the boy said, 'He has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *bey'ruck* (or flag) was; and, being answered 'Yes,' desired him to say, 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so; and soon said, 'He has brought a flag.' 'What colour is it?' asked the magician: the boy replied, 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag; which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought, and that it was black. In like manner, he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him; specifying their colours, as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought), 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and, fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the Soolta'n's tent, and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, 'Some men have brought the tent; a large, green tent: they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'they have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Soolta'n.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, "I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said, that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same with the fifth. He now said, 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull: it is red: four men are dragging it along, and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed; and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so; and said, 'They are eating it. They have done, and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the Soolta'n; and the boy having done this, said, 'I see the Soolta'n riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has on his head a high red cap: he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the Soolta'n,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy; and he said that he saw them performed."—vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

Even here, though the boy was selected by Mr. Lane, a suspicion might arise of some collusion between the magician and the boy; that the objects. supposed to be seen by him in the ink, had no existence, but had previously been arranged in a regular succession, and that the boy had learned them by heart; but we are assured no possibility of such a collusion could have taken place, and we are perfectly satisfied there was none. To proceed:—

"He now addressed himself to me; and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Soolta'n—'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily.' The boy then did so; and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black[*] suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently, and more closely, into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country: I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead.[†] The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did; and then said, 'His face is pale; and he has mustaches, but no beard:' which is correct."—vol. i. pp. 354, 355.

It will probably occur to some that the magician might make a shrewd guess that, after the warlike preparations by the initiatory display of flags and tents and the grand Seignor, an Englishman would most probably feel disposed to ask for the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Nelson, and a Frenchman for Buonaparte or Soult, and that he had prepared himself with descriptions of them accordingly, either from prints, or from information procured on the spot; but by what magical power could he convey to the boy an accurate description, as we are told he did, of Shakspeare? what could he be supposed to know of Shakspeare?—It is obvious that he, or the boy, or both, must have seen the likeness of what is said to have been so accurately described. Even this might be so; he (the conjuror) may once before have been asked to exhibit our first of poets, and to have failed the first time; for we are told by Mr. Lane, and also by others, that, all-powerful as he is, the Magus is apt occasionally to fail; and when this happens, the failure is usually laid to the state of the weather, the stupidity, or improper age of the boy, &c. If then this Sidrophel's reputation and popularity are worth preserving, it would be worth his while to get possession of the wanting portrait, and not fail a second time. But still the question occurs, how is this likeness conveyed?—"That there was no confederacy," says Mr. Lane, "I satisfactorily ascertained, by selecting the boy who performed the part above described, in my presence, from a number of others passing by in the street, and by his rejecting a present which I afterwards offered him with the view of inducing him to confess that he did not really see what he had professed to have seen." The result was the same with another boy on a subsequent occasion. Then, again, supposing that by pictorial representations, or descriptions otherwise procured, many public characters might admit of accurate description, what previous preparation could the magician have for describing a certain obscure individual as lying in a winding-sheet, or that which follows, which is still more extraordinary?—

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[*] "Dark blue is called by the modern Egyptians, *es'wed*. which properly signifies *black*, and is therefore so translated here."

[†] "A few months after this was written, I had the pleasure of hearing that the person here alluded to was in better health. Whether he was confined to his bed at the time when this experiment was performed, I have not been able to ascertain."

"On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting."—vol. i. p. 356.

Here there could be no collusion, nor, what is far more important, could the magician have had any previous information. What the boy described we will venture to say he saw; and so might Mr. Lane himself, or any one, if placed as the boy was, have seen the same things. He instances this, indeed, in the case of a young English lady, in the palm of whose hand the magic mirror of ink was prepared, and who, on looking into it for a little while, said "she saw a broom sweeping the ground without any body holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer."

When we first heard of the wonderful exhibition of the Egyptian magician, as related, but never published, by Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix, the impression was, that the appearances were effected by a concealed confederate, as in the cases of the speaking female figure and the famous chess-player; but Mr. Lane's narrative entirely removed that impression. Still the description he has given was not explicit enough to enable us to ground any plausible conjecture as to the means employed for the mysterious appearances, though obviously produced by natural (not superhuman) magic. We therefore, through the medium of a friend, put a few questions to Mr. Lane, as to the place of performance, whether in or out of doors; the company assembled, whether a crowd or otherwise; the relative position in which he was placed to the magician and the boy, and on some other points, all of which he most readily and with great candour immediately answered. The exhibition it appears was in his own small sitting-room, fifteen feet by ten, the whole furniture of which he minutely describes; and it was in the evening that the visit was made. He then proceeds to say,

"There was no one present but the magician, the boy, 'Osma'n Effen'dee, (interpreter to the British Consulate) and myself; and there was no person in the adjoining closet, which had no entrance but that from the sitting-room. I was alone when the magician came. He took his seat immediately upon the sofa, and sat quite still. The only preparation he made for the performance was the writing of the charms, of which I have given a copy, and calling for the chafing-dish and perfumes. I watched him very narrowly and closely during the whole of the interview. I sat on his right, and 'Osma'n on his left. The boy was placed close before him on a seat, a little to his left; and the chafing-dish was also close before him. With his left hand he held the fingers of the boy's right hand, in which was the ink; with his right, the slips of paper which he occasionally dropped upon the burning coals and perfume. He did not suffer the boy to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance. When I desired the boy to call for any person to appear, I paid particular attention both to the magician and to 'Osma'n. The latter, I positively assert, gave no directions either by word or sign; and, indeed, he was generally unacquainted with the personal appearances of the individuals called for. I took care that he had no previous communication with the boys; and have seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to the boys or to the magician. In short, it would be difficult to conceive any precaution which I did not take. It is important to add, that the Moorish dialect of the magician was more intelligible to me than to the boy. His dialect I should not have called Moorish; for it was rather a compound of the literary dialect, the Moorish and the Egyptian; and when *I* understood him perfectly at once, he was obliged to vary his words to make the *boy* comprehend what he said."

Thus, then, we may venture to say we have the agents in this exhibition reduced to *three*; the magician, the chafing-dish with its contents, and the boy; we may, perhaps, consider the daub of ink as a fourth, though, according to our conception of the performance, it is of small importance. We have suggested that the magician was in possession of *pictures* of the objects seen and described by the boy. But how could the boy see those pictures, since he was not suffered "to raise his eyes for a single moment from the ink during the whole performance?" This, by the way, explains why the boy selected should be of a certain age; not too young, lest he should not be able to explain what he sees; not too old, or he might be refractory, or be led by curiosity to exercise a too inquisitive and searching eye, and thus see more than was intended. The boy certainly saw no pictures, but he saw the *images* of the objects represented in them; and he saw them by *reflection*, as is proved by the reversing of Lord Nelson's arm. But the conjuror himself, perhaps unintentionally, admitted this. To a question put by Mr. Lane, his reply was, "they (the objects) appeared as in a mirror." This avowal, we should have thought, might have led at once to an explanation of the mystery.

The explanation, then, we assume to be this. The reflected objects of a series of pictures are thrown from the surface of a concave mirror, fixed, probably, to some part of the magician's garment, and concealed by the ample and cumbersome overlapping of his outer dress; the burning of frankincense and coriander-seed, and of the slips of paper, in the chafing-dish, repeated from time to time, afforded both light and a cloud of smoke, under the very nose of the boy, on which those images were received—for Mr. Lane tells us, the magician, the chafing-dish, and the boy, were in a line, and must have been close together, since the former held firmly the fingers of the boy's hand, no doubt to keep it and the ink spot in the proper focus; and the interdiction of the boy from "raising his eyes" was, no doubt, to prevent his seeing the spot from whence the stream of reflected light, conveying the images, proceeded. All this could easily be managed without Mr. Lane or 'Osma'n knowing anything of the matter, or seeing any of the representations described; they were seated *behind* the mirror. The effects to be produced by such a mirror are well known. Sir David Brewster, in his letters on *Natural Magic*, says,

> "The concave mirror is the staple instrument of the magician's cabinet, and must always perform a principal part in all optical combinations. In order to be quite perfect, every concave mirror should have its surface elliptical, so that if any object is placed in one focus of the ellipse, an inverted image of it will be formed in the other focus. This image, to a spectator rightly placed, appears suspended in the air, so that if the mirror and the object are hid from his view, the effect must appear to him almost supernatural."

It was by means of this concave mirror, he tells us, that the heathen gods were made to appear in the ancient temples among the vapours disengaged from fire; by it the ecclesiastical conjuror, the Pontiff Theodore Santabaren, exhibited to the Emperor Basil of Macedonia the image of his beloved son, after his death, magnificently dressed, and mounted on a superb charger; by it was performed the extraordinary exhibition described by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, all in which he was personally concerned, where whole legions of devils were made to appear, among the cloudy atmosphere of a large apartment, created by the burning of incense and perfumes; in short, by the same means, not many years ago, the people of London were made to see their distant and deceased friends in the phantasmagoria;—why, then, should we suppose that a native of a country, celebrated in ancient times for its conjurors, should not be acquainted with the effects of the concave mirror?

Thus far, then, we th[illegible] we have undrawn the curtain; but much rema[illegible]e unveiled. Of the mode by which the correct appearance of private individuals "unknown to fame" are produced, as was the case at Mr. Lane's exhibition, and that also of Lord Prudhoe, we cannot venture even a conjecture, unless we could persuade ourselves, which the character of the parties who have witnessed the phenomenon forbids, that imagination had got the better of reason, and produced absolute illusions.

Mr. Lane, in the conclusion of his narrative, after admitting that neither he nor any others have been able to discover any clue to penetrate the mystery, goes on to say, "if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of skepticism with respect to other portions of this work." We can assure him he need not be at all apprehensive of this: what he saw and what he heard (and during his two visits, the first of four, the second of three years' continuance in the country, he must have heard and seen a great deal,) we are fully convinced he has faithfully and minutely related; and his work is a record of unquestionable value, containing every thing respecting the "Manners and Customs of the Egyptians" that could be desired.

NOTE *on Egyptian Magic.—To the Editor of the Quarterly Review.*

After concluding this article, we received the following paper from an English gentleman of high character, himself one of the eye-witnesses of the feats of the modern Maugraby. We think it our duty to insert the paper just as it has reached us. It no doubt contains some new features of difficulty: but still we can have no doubt that ere long the sharpened eyes of some European observer will enable him to give us a rational and natural explanation of all these phenomena.

"That the boy really sees what he describes is evident, and Mr. Lane and other intelligent travellers have set this question completely at rest; nor can any one for a moment doubt that the objects actually present themselves to his sight. The ink is not, as some suppose, a circle drawn in the centre of the hand, but about half a tea-spoonful, forming a liquid ball about the size of a pistol bullet, which has been poured into it. We might suppose that the magician availed himself of it in order to present the appearances he wished him to describe, but the certainty of his knowing no more about the persons called for than the child himself sufficiently answers this supposition; and the distance at which the boy frequently sits from him, and the position of his hand, prevent the reflection being thrown from any mirror, or other object, with which he might be provided for that purpose. So far I have been enabled to judge from my own observations, during the performances I have witnessed, and from that of the many intelligent persons who have been present on similar occasions, men not likely to be easily deceived on such points, or guilty of a disposition to credulity. But a far stronger argument to show the improbability of any legerdemain is derived from the fact of some Europeans, after learning the secret, being persuaded that no such deception is practised; having themselves succeeded in performing the same feats, without recourse to any delusion: and M. Leon Delaborde, and others instructed in the art, have been unable to explain in what manner they attained the end proposed, of making the figures appear to the child.

"I say nothing of the cause to which the magician himself attributes his power, but I am not prepared to suggest any explanation; nor does it follow that my doubting one opinion necessarily requires me to offer another: this, however, I am prepared to assert, that no collusion exists between the magician and the boy, and this is the decided conviction of all those who have taken any pains to inquire into the fact. Though many eye-witnesses, fully capable of suggesting and imagining different means used for such a purpose, have acknowledged the utter impossibility of accounting for it, yet we frequently meet with persons in this country who have never seen the magician ready to offer some crude notion of their own for explaining it, and without hearing half the details, imagining, with wonderful simplicity, that they have discovered the optical delusion, or the ordinary sleight of hand, by which it is performed. But let it be remembered, that conjurors are as common in Egypt as in England, more anciently known there, and quite as dexterous as ours; yet the Cairenes do not pretend that their tricks are the effect of magic, nor do they confound the performances of the magician and the conjuror. The magician does not make a livelihood by them: whenever I engaged him, he came rather as a matter of favour, and only required enough to cover the expenses of the incense: he was of the medical profession, and was attached to the Cadi's court.

"The account given by Mr. Lane on this subject is perfectly correct; that of M. Leon Delaborde, given in the Revue des deux Mondes of August, 1833, does not vary greatly from it, but is deficient in many points, and contains some mis-statements, as may be seen from the following description of the same performances he mentions, communicated to me by more than one person present on that occasion:—

"All the party sat round the magician and the boy, in whose hand were traced the usual square and the numbers, as given by Mr. Lane. This boy was the of an Italian merchant, about eleven years old, although dressed as an European, he had been ught up in the country, and spoke Arabic with fa- ly. The magician, to fix the boy's attention, which was distracted, told him to look into his hand and tell the party what he saw. The boy, after a few seconds, laughing, observed, 'I see my *tarboosh* (cap);' and then, 'I see my nose.' In a short time he became much agitated, and with tears said, 'I see a man with a sword.' Being much alarmed, he was no longer permitted to continue to look; the party tranquillized his agitation, and made him retire.

"A son of M. Massára, the dragoman of the French Consulate, was then brought in. This boy was dull and heavy, while the former Italian child was quick and intelligent. The magician began as usual; the chafing-dish of live charcoal stood near, and when the double square and accompanying numbers had been drawn in the boy's hand, and the portion of ink poured into the centre of the palm, the magician wrote two charms; fixed one in the boy's cap, and burned the other in the chafing-dish, and scattering some perfumes over the charcoal, began the incantation.

"In a short time the boy saw the usual man, and following the words of the magician, he said to him, 'sweep.' After each command, the boy explained when it was fulfilled. 'Bring a flag,' was the next order; and when that arrived, he said, 'bring another flag;' and this was repeated, until all the seven had appeared. He then ordered him to 'bring the tents;' soldiers appeared bringing them: 'pitch the tents,' 'bring a bull,' 'sacrifice the bull,' 'cook and eat,' were the next commands; and when all were executed, he said, 'call the sultan,' 'bring pipes and coffee;' and this ceremony of bringing coffee being finished, the magician observed to the company, 'whatever question you wish to ask, now is the time.' M. Delaborde, who would not tell any one of the party for whom he was about to ask, in order to obviate the possibility of collusion, demanded, 'le Duc de la Rivière;' the boy repeated the order. 'A cavass,' he said, 'is gone for him;' and an officer was brought into the presence of the sultan, dressed in uniform, with silver lace round his collar and cuffs, and round his hat. M. Delaborde observed, 'this is an extraordinary coincidence; Monsieur de la Rivière is the only officer in France whose uniform is decorated with silver lace. It is the uniform of le Grand Veneur.'

"The magician then placed his hand over the boy's eyes, and took him from his seat. The boy, whose countenance had brightened, while seeing these strange sights, endeavoured, by looking again into the ink in his hand, to see them once more, but in vain. During the operation, when the first man appeared, he had explained how he was dressed, and told the colours and forms of the flags as they appeared, with the eagerness of delight: when, therefore, all was over, the party questioned him on the subject, and asked him how he knew it was the sultan: he replied, 'his dress was magnificent, his attendants stood with their arms crossed over their breast; they served him in the tent; he took the post of honour on the divan—his pipes and coffee-cup-stands were brilliant with diamonds.' 'But how,' he was asked, did you know that the sultan sent for the duke?' the boy's expression was, 'I saw the lips move to the words, and heard them in my ear.'

"On another occasion, after the sweeper, the seven flags, the tents brought by the soldiers, and the sultan, had been produced, by a Nubian boy, one of the party asked for Shakspeare. On seeing the figure which appeared to him, the boy burst into a laugh; and when asked at what he laughed, he said, 'here is a man who has his beard under his lip, and not on his chin, and he wears on his head a *candeel* (a glass lamp shaped like a tumbler, with a narrow bottom) upside down.' 'Where did he live?' asked another; the answer was, 'in an island.'

"M. Delaborde has mentioned these, but not with that accuracy which could be desired; and amongst other mis-statements, I cannot omit the mention he makes of the smoke of the brazier enveloping the head of the child, as I never either witnessed or heard of it; and I remember to have seen some of the spectators seated between the magician and the child, showing that the smoke had no part in the deception.

"M. Delaborde tells us that on one occasion an English officer was summoned, who appeared in a red coat and black cap, with boots of curious form, which the boy observed he had never before seen; and after other persons had been called for, the magician, observing that the boy was fatigued,—

'lui releva la tête, en lui appliquant ses pouces sur les veux. et prononçant des prières, le laissa. . . . .
Il se remit peu à peu, devint gai, content de ce qu'il

avait vu; il se plaisait à la raconter, à en rappeler toutes les circonstances, et y ajoûtant des détails, comme à un événement qui serait réellement passé sous ses yeux . . . . Le magicien remarqua l'attention plus particulière que je portais à ses mouvemens . . . . il m'appela, et dit qu'il était sur d'operer sur moi avec le même succés. La société rit, et me dit d'essayer . . . . je cedai, et je vis en peu d'instans ma figure, mes yeux se troubler dans le vacillement de la surface liquide que j'avais dans la main, et bientôt quelque chose, je n'ose l'avouer, mais, j'en eus, peur, peur, non de ce que je verrais, mais de l'effet que cela produirait sur moi, des reponses qu'on allait m'arracher, devant le monde curieux et moqueur. Je fermais les yeux, et dis que c'etait inutile, que je ne voyais rien. . . . . . Ahmed consentait à m'apprendre son secret.'

"M. Leon Delaborde having learned the secret, was shortly after called to Alexandria, where he resolved on trying his success, in a place where he felt sure that no understanding could 'be suspected between the sorcerer and the boys' he employed.

'Une fois, entre autres, je fis apparaitre un de mes ami qui était au Caire, et l'enfant, dans la description de son costume qu'il suivit fort exactement, se mit à dire,—"Tiens, c'est fort drôle, il a un sabre d'argent." Or, (ce monsieur) était peut-être le seul en Egypte qui portât un sabre avec fourreau de ce metal.'

"On his return to Cairo, M. Delaborde was requested to discover a thief in the house of M. Massara, dragoman of the French consulate; and his expression of a doubt respecting his success is remarkable:—

'Je ne commençai cette opération qu'avec une certaine crainte . . . . pour comble de malheur le cavas ne voulait pas paraitre, malgré les parfums que je précipitais dans le feu, et les violentes aspirations à mes invocations aux génies les plus favorables: enfin il arriva, et après les preliminaires nécessaires, tous evoquâmes le voleur. Il parut . . . . en effet il nous donna la description de sa figure, de son turban, de sa barbe, à ne pas douter qu'il fût là devant lui.'

"I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions respecting these statements of M. Leon Delaborde. It is evident from his anxiety to avoid the chance of any 'understanding between the magician and the boys,' that his success was not the effect of collusion. His object in publishing his account was to reveal all he knew of the secret, and he does not admit that any physical agent was employed to convey the images to the boys' sight, though he was able to perform the very same feat as the magician.

"Another person, an Englishman, who resided many years in Egypt, also learned the art from the magician; and one day, while discoursing with him upon the subject, he offered to make the trial, whether he could perform the same feats. In order to ascertain this, I sent for a boy, and after the usual preliminaries, he succeeded perfectly in every point. Desirous of knowing in what the secret consisted, I inquired of him the means by which he performed what I had just witnessed. He assured me that it was merely by the repetition of the forms taught him by the magician, and that he was himself totally unconscious of possessing any power or influence over the child, and all collusion was positively denied; and though he afterwards did the same with similar results, he solemnly asserted that he was always ignorant of the manner in which it was effected.

"With regard to the persons called for, after the scenes of the flags and the sultan have been concluded, it must be confessed that the coincidences in some of them are very striking, though in other cases they fail; and the succession of objects—as the sweeper, the seven flags, the troops, the tents, and the sultan—is always the same; and this prevents our attributing their appearance to the imagination of the child, as all would not imagine the same scenes; and to make the boys see any figures at all is quite inexplicable. The boy frequently sat at a distance from the magician, and he sometimes went to another part of the room while the child described the figures; and these exhibitions took place at the consulate, and the private dwelling-houses of Europeans, without any previous notice being given farther than a message sent to invite the magician to attend.

"The disposition of the numbers of the magic square in M. Delaborde and Mr. Lane's account is precisely similar: it is worthy of remark that the ink in the centre corresponds to the number *five*; and the principal point in which M. Delaborde differs from Mr. Lane and others, is his omission of the seven flags, the troops, the encampment, the sacrifice, the dinner, and the sultan's order to the cavass to fetch the different persons who were called for; but I suppose that he accidentally omitted them, or that they are included in the 'détails circonstanciés,' into which he does not think it necessary to enter.

"In conclusion, M. Delaborde informs us that Ahmed the Algerine was beheaded, for having caused the death of a Turk by the injudicious use of certain medicines. His absence, however, from Cairo, at the return of M. Delaborde, was not in consequence of his death, but of his banishment to Cordofan, whither he had been sent by Mohammed Ali, with many others, for receiving bribes at the Cadi's court, where he was employed in an inferior station; and a general pardon having been proclaimed at the conclusion of the Syrian war, the same magician still continues to exercise his profession at Cairo, and was seen only a few months since by some travellers who visited the Egyptian metropolis."

From the Retrospective Review.

DAMPIER'S VOYAGES.

A New Voyage round the World, describing particularly The Isthmus of America, several Coasts and Islands in the West Indies, the Isles of Cape Verd, the Passage by Terra del Fuego, the South Sea Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico; the Isle of Guam one of the Ladrones, Mindanao and other Philippine and East India Islands near Cambodia, China, Formosa, Lucconia, Celebes, &c., New Holland, Sumatra, Nicobar Isles; the Cape of Good Hope, and Santa Hellena; their Soil, Rivers, Harbours, Plants, Fruits, Animals, and Inhabitants; their Customs, Religion, Government, Trade, &c. By William Dampier. *Illustrated with particular Maps and Draughts. The Second Edition corrected.* London, 1697. 8vo.

Voyages and Descriptions, in three Parts, viz. 1. *A Supplement of the Voyage round the World, describing the Countries of Tonquin, Achin, Malacca, &c., their Product, Inhabitants, Manners, Trade, Policy, &c.* 2. *Two*

Voyages to Campeachy, with a Description of the Coasts, Product, Inhabitants, Logwood-cutting Trade, &c. of Jucatan, Campeachy, New Spain, &c. 3. *A Discourse of Trade-winds, Breezes, Storms, Seasons of the Year, Tides, and Currents, of the Torrid Zone, throughout the World. With an account of Natal in Africk, its Product, Negroes, &c.* By Captain William Dampier. *Illustrated with particular Maps and Draughts. To which is added, a General Index to both Volumes. The second Edition*, 1700.

A Voyage to New Holland, &c. in the year 1699. *Wherein are described the Canary Islands, the Isles of Mayo and St. Jago, the Bay of All Saints, with the Forts and Town of Bahia in Brazil, Cape Salvadore. The Winds on the Brazilian Coast. Abrolho Shoals. A Table of all the Variations observed in this Voyage. Occurrences near the Cape of Good Hope. The Course to New Holland, Sharks' Bay. The Isles and Coast, &c. of New Holland. Their Inhabitants, Manners, Customs, Trade, &c. Their Harbours, Soil, Beasts, Birds, Fish, &c. Trees, Plants, Fruits, &c. Illustrated with several Maps and Draughts, also, divers Birds, Fishes, and Plants not found in this part of the World, curiously Ingraven on Copper Plates.* By Captain William Dampier, London, 1703. 8vo.

Could we recall the enthusiastic sensations which once operated like a spell upon our minds, when

"Forerunner of the day,
The dazzling star of wonder shone;
By whose enchanting ray,
Creation open'd on our earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new;"

with what delight should we dwell on the perusal of a Book of Voyages and Travels, more especially those which originate in chivalrous enterprise, are prosecuted with daring intrepidity, and maintained with enduring perseverance. But the cares, the concerns, the realities of the world have, in a great measure, deadened the romantic feeling, and age has dimmed the lustre of those glowing tints which colour life but once. However, there is a pleasure yet in store; for, as we trust our ideas are enlarged by intercourse with mankind, and our understanding matured by reading and reflection, the solidity of our present enjoyment will compensate for the bright visions of the morning of our boyhood. There, perhaps, never was an age more productive of glory to the naval annals of our country, than the Protectorate, when our fleets were struggling for, and ultimately gained the dominion of the seas; and while England, torn by the contests of civil faction, and suffering under the horrors of intestine war, gallantly defended her rights, and preserved her superiority among foreign nations. The Spaniards had already made themselves masters of Mexico and Peru, and becoming rich with the spoils of those countries, were establishing their colonies and building cities and towns; and thus offered too tempting a prize to be rejected by the adventurous spirit of the times. A number of vessels were fitted out by the merchants, and though bearing the distinguishing appellation of "privateers," were, in fact, no better than robbers and pirates; plundering and committing depredations wherever they came. The Spaniards, vastly superior in numerical force, yet dreaded their approach; and while possessing power to repel invasion, were ever shrinking from the contest, and frequently suffered a mere handful of men to drive them from their posts, and destroy their possessions. The communication between the Northern and Southern Oceans, (as they were then called,) by the Isthmus of Darien, facilitated their projects, both by sea and land; so that little armies marched across the country to the shores of the South Sea. Here embarking in canoes, they generally seized upon the first large vessel they met with, and, having fitted her to answer their purpose, immediately commenced their operations on the western coast of America; performing feats of valour so extraordinary, that, were they not strongly corroborated by undoubted authority, they might be deemed tales of romantic fiction. After collecting whatever spoil they could obtain, and generally suffering severe hardships, they returned home to England, by traversing the Pacific Ocean, passing among its numerous islands to those in the Chinese seas, and thence round the Cape of Good Hope, making a complete circumnavigation of the globe.

The manner of the work before us is in the style of a plain blunt sailor, and strongly displays his usual characteristics. The matter is the unembellished remarks of a powerful understanding, and an observant mind, unaided by regular education, but endeavouring to supply its wants by the information and knowledge of others. The Voyage round the World was not undertaken for the purposes of discovery, but the consequence of peculiar circumstances, arising out of a connexion with the Buccaneers; and it is worthy of observation, that a considerable portion of our geographical attainments in the New World was derived through the means of these lawless ravagers, who laid the foundation of those important acquisitions which have since been made.

It has been generally supposed, that when the mariner is once immured within his wooden walls, and the white sails are expanded to bear him to distant climes, (often for months without seeing land,) time must hang heavy on his hands, and that consequently no individual has a more favourable opportunity for reading and reflection. This idea is in some measure erroneous; for every day at sea, as well as on shore, brings with it its laborious duties; particularly in the merchants' service, where there are but few hands, and these necessarily in constant occupation, from the captain who commands, to the seamen who obey. In the Royal Navy, however, from the number required to manœuvre the guns and work the ship, (in first-rates upwards of 1000 men,) the duty is more divided; every officer having his particular station according to his rank, attends to the execution of the Commander's orders, in his own division or department. Here all classes have considerable leisure, but it is so broken in upon by occasional, and the quick return of ordinary duty, as to prevent a connected chain of thought or uninterrupted application to any literary pursuit. One half the crew alternately relieve the other every four hours on deck, and those who have the watch cannot, of course, leave their duty without subjecting themselves to punishment. The officers in succession are eight hours below and four on deck. But, if even they were disposed to study, the means are so circumscribed, for want of room, that they seldom carry more than a Bible or Prayer-book. A man-of-war receives as little of luggage as possible, that she may be at all times clear for action, and that nothing may obstruct the free circulation of air, so important to the seaman's health. Thus the whole of poor Jack's worldly possessions (besides his hammock) are enclosed in a canvass bag about three feet deep and eighteen inches in diameter. An officer may enjoy the privacy of his cabin, but cannot boast of quiet retirement; for as the screens, (or as they are technically called, bulkheads,) which separate him from the mess-room, are only painted canvass, silence can seldom be obtained; so that the book is soon deserted for general conversation, and the muses too frequently discarded for an old song. Yet true genius sooner or later surmounts the obstacles which oppose its progress, and will flourish even amidst the noise and confusion of a sailor's life. This is very strongly exemplified in the volumes before us, where the author overcomes every difficulty, and presents a series of descriptions and narrations during very long voyages, (one of nearly twelve years,) in which he must have encountered numerous disadvantages that would have overpowered an ordinary mind.

Many writers have endeavoured to sketch the hardy son of the ocean, who sings and whistles to the storm; but few with any success. Smollet has certainly been happy in some of his portraits, which, no doubt, were drawn from life, and though they may be perhaps considered as too highly coloured, yet they are in general faithful in their keeping, and abound with characteristic touches. But a sailor is the oddest compound in existence: his manners, his habits, his feelings, his language, are peculiar to himself alone. He displays the most noble and exalted virtues, when roused into exertion; and but too frequently indulges in gross habits and degrading vices. He is a child in sympathetic feeling, yet a stern hero in the hour of danger: undauntedly faces and defies death upon deck, amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; and yet, shrinks with indescribable apprehensions, on shore, at the sight of a coffin: undergoes the most severe privations, and is engaged in incessant toil, to obtain the wealth which he dissipates with generous profusion and thoughtless extravagance. He will listen to a tale of distress (if not too long) with affected apathy, while the tears are starting from his eyes; often accost the object of his compassion with imprecations, and swearing he or she does not deserve a "copper," give a guinea; only requiring in return, that the party relieved shall not bother him about gratitude. Interrupt him not, and he will talk for ever: ask a few questions, and you hear no more: seem to believe everything he says, and you will gain a true statement; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with preposterous falsehood. Though fond of society, his greatest punishment is to be cast into polite company, who are either his superiors in rank or education. Writing is his aversion; and, generally, all letters that quit the ship are penned by the same hand, precisely in the same style, with only the alteration of names. He is eager in his desire of gaining information, yet averse to all study, which is as incompatible with his genius, as Euclid would be with the humours of a dancing master. Ready at all times for any enterprise, whether sanctioned or not by the law of nations, so that it does but promise something in which he can display his peculiarities.

William Dampier was born in the county of Somerset, in the year 1652, and was the descendant of a very respectable family. He was not originally intended for the naval profession; but living at the time when the name of Blake (the Nelson of the day) was the pride of England, and the terror of her foes, his young heart swelled with the enthusiasm of joining the gallant band. Being left an orphan, he commenced his nautical life about the age of eighteen by a trip to France, and thence to New Foundland; but, disliking the rigour of this climate, shortly after his return sailed in an Indiaman to the island of Java. In this voyage he gained some knowledge of navigation, and returned home a short time previous to the attack by Sir Robert Holmes on the Dutch Smyrna fleet in 1672, which, from a feeling of jealousy and avarice, terminated neither in the advancement of that officer's honour nor fortune. Dampier remained some time unemployed, till, sailor-like, weary of the shore, he entered into the service of his country, under the brave and resolute Sir Edward Sprague, and fought in two engagements against the Dutch; being compelled, through illness, to remain a spectator of a third, which proved fatal to his gallant captain. At the close of the war, he accepted an offer to manage a plantation belonging to a Colonel Hellier, in the island of Jamaica; and sailed, in 1674, being then twenty-two years of age. The first land they made was Barbadoes, the easternmost of the Carribee Isles.

When the English landed here shortly after 1625, they found it the most savage and destitute place they had hitherto visited; without beasts of pasture or prey, with neither fruit nor herb, nor root fit for supporting existence. This unpromising appearance did not deter some individuals from attempting to settle; and by unremitting perseverance, as the climate was good and the soil fertile, they at last contrived to make it yield them support. They first endeavoured to raise tobacco; but this not answering their expectations, they planted cotton and indigo, which gained them considerable profits. Very little sugar was made till 1650, when many persons disliking the usurpation of Cromwell, raised all the money they could get on their estates, and furnishing themselves with necessary materials, quitted England for Barbadoes, where they erected sugar-works, and became extremely prosperous. It now abounds with all the tropical fruits, and there are great quantities of cattle. The poultry are considered to have a finer flavour than those of Europe.

The next islands our voyager made were St. Lucia and St. Vincent. Passing between them, and observing a smoke on St. Lucia, they landed, and purchased pine-apples, plantains, and sugar-canes of the natives, and some of the latter came aboard in a canoe.

"These often repeated the words 'Captain Warner,' and seemed to be in some disquiet about him. We did not then understand the meaning of it; but since I have been informed, that this Captain Warner, whom they mentioned, was born at Antigua, one of our English islands, and the son of Governor Warner, by an Indian woman, and bred up by his father after the English manners: he learned the Indian language also of his mother; but being grown up, and finding himself despised by his English kindred, he forsook his father's house, got away to St. Lucia, and there lived among the Carribee Indians, his relations by the mother's side; where conforming himself to their customs, he became one of their captains, and roved from one island to another as they did. About this time the Carribees had done some spoil to our English plantations at Antigua, and therefore Governor Warner's son, by his wife, took a party of men and went to suppress those Indians, and came to a place where his brother the Indian Warner

> lived. Great seeming joy there was at their meeting; but how far it was real the event showed, for the English Warner providing plenty of liquor, and inviting his half-brother to be merry with him, in the midst of his entertainment ordered his men, upon a signal given, to murder him and all his Indians, which was accordingly executed."

This island is situated about 80 miles to the N. W. of Barbadoes; it was very wealthy in large timber trees, fit for all uses. The English had repeatedly endeavoured to settle a colony here, but without success, on account of the depredations of the Carribee Indians, but at last they accomplished their design.

Leaving those islands, they fell in with the east end of Hispaniola, or St. Domingo; from thence they steered away for Jamaica, and brought to the island the first news of the peace with the Dutch. Our anthor set out for Colonel Hellier's plantation, the way to which, he observes, was formerly a considerable distance about, round a large mountain, but they discovered the present passage by coasting along till the river ran between a rock that stood perpendicularly steep on both sides. This they with much difficulty climbed over; but a dog, unable to follow them, found a hole, and crept through the rock; this afterwards being excavated by means of gunpowder, a hollow was formed big enough for a horse with a pack, and high enough for a man to ride through. At this plantation Dampier remained but six months, and then engaged at another; but his restless spirit could not long continue in one place, so that he took his passage to port Royal in a sloop; and on his arrival shifted into a vessel that traded round the island, and by these means became acquainted with its various creeks and bays; but after six or seven months, becoming tired of this, he shipped in a ketch, (a small two-masted vessel,) bound to the Bay of Campeachy, to load logwood. These territories were claimed by the Spaniards, and they had watch-towers on the coast, where the Indians kept a constant look out for the privateers. The Indian fishermen having frequently been compelled to act as pilots to the English and French, no sooner discovered a sail than, in order to avoid the task, they sunk their canoes below the level of the water, just keeping their own heads above till the danger was past. In a fortnight they arrived at Trist. Their cargo to purchase logwood was rum, which they speedily disposed of among the wood-cutters, who were then about 250 men, mostly English. Our countrymen were not at first acquainted with the value of this wood, for after the taking of Jamaica, when they were cruising in the Bay, they found many barks laden with it, which they either sunk or burned, till one of the captains having captured a ship, brought her home to England, and sold the wood at a great rate, though before he valued it so little, that he used it for firing during the passage. On his return to Jamaica he discovered the place where it grew, and it soon became worth 90, 100, or 110 pounds per ton. The Spaniards employed the Indians in cutting it at Champeton River; and the English, if they met with no prize in the bay, would run for the river, where they were certain of finding considerable piles ready cut, which they did not fail to turn to their own advantage, to the great injury of the Spaniards, who were at last obliged to send troops to guard it, and to prevent further depredations. But the English by this time knew the trees in their growing state, and searched the coasts of the Main till they discovered large groves of it, first at Cape Catoch, where they commenced cutting, and nearly cleared the grounds along the coast. They then found out the Lake of Trist, in Campeachy Bay, where they had continued to the time of our author's arrival.

The ketch having completed her cargo at the latter end of September, they quitted Trist for Jamaica, and after escaping from the pursuit of the enemy, encountering several severe gales, and suffering great hardships from the want of provisions, they had the additional misfortune to strike on the rocks off the Alcranes, at which islands they anchored to repair damages. After two or three days they again sailed, working to windward and passing through the Colorado Shoals, they got between them and the island of Cuba. They had now been two months from Trist, and were yet a considerable distance from their port, with a foul wind and scarcely any food; however, they contrived to reach the Grand Caymane. This island lies about forty-seven leagues W. N. W. from the west point of Jamaica; about twenty leagues distant from this, are the Little Caymane and Caymane Brack. They are all well stored with turtle, and were much frequented by the people of Jamaica, who came hither to catch them. At the present day, the Grand Caymane has a population from two to three hundred, who are descended from the old Buccaneers. This little colony is considered the most peaceful and happy in the West Indies, the climate and the kind of food which are particularly salubrious, rendering the inhabitants healthy and vigorous, and prolonging their life to a very advanced age. Their island produces the necessaries of life, beyond what is required for their own consumption. Being hardy and intrepid sailors, they are excellent pilots for these dangerous seas, and from their situation, as well as activity and humanity, have frequently been the means of saving immense property, and what is more valuable, the lives of those who in all probability would otherwise have perished. Their chief employment, however, is fishing for turtle. A great number of these creatures lay their eggs in the low and sandy shores of this Island. When they have done laying, they quit this spot for the larger islands, and in four or five weeks' time acquire that fatness so highly prized by our worthy court of Aldermen. At the time of our author's visit, it was uninhabited.

They found neither water nor provisions, but saw many crocodiles on the Bay, some of which would scarce move themselves out of their path. They staid here but three or four hours, and then stood over to the Isle of Pines, a small island, lying on the south side of Cuba. Between Pines and Cuba, are many small woody islands, with channels for ships to pass between. In these parts, alligators and crocodiles are very numerous, the last will sometimes follow the canoes with their mouths wide open, and are considered the most daring in all the West Indies. There is a considerable difference between the alligator and crocodile, though both are called Caymane by the Spaniards. It is reported, that they love dog's flesh better than any other whatsoever.

> "This I have seen with my own eyes, that our dogs were so much afraid of them, that they would not very willingly drink at any great river or creek where those

reatures might lurk and hide themselves, unless they ere (through necessity) constrained to it, and then ey would stand five or six foot from the brink of the reek or river, and bark a considerable time, before ey would venture nearer, and then, even at the sight f their own shadows in the water, they would again tire to the place from whence they came, and bark ehemently a long time; so that in the dry season, when ere was no fresh water but in ponds and creeks, we ed to fetch it ourselves, and give it to our dogs, and any times in our hunting, when we came to a large reek that we were to pass, our dogs would not follow , so that we often took them in our arms and carried em over."

After they had gained the S. W. point of Pines, ey encountered a heavy gale which detained them veral days, when they once more attempted to reach amaica, but the wind continuing unfavourable, and eing totally destitute of food, they held a council hether it would not be better to bear up before the ind for South Keys, a cluster of islands to the eastard of Pines. The only dissenting voice was Damier's, and, accordingly, they up helm and steered way N. W. with flowing sheets. He turned into his abin, excessively dissatisfied, assnring them they ould all be starved, but in a short time, he was heered by hearing the glad sound of Land! Land! he first they saw, was Blewfield's hills in Jamaica, ad hauling to the wind, stood in for it, and soon after aw all the coast, not being more than six leagues rom it. The following afternoon, they anchored at egril, the westernmost point of Jamaica, after a passage of thirteen weeks, a greater length of time than t requires in the present day to sail to the East Indies. ndeed, when we reflect on their imperfect knowledge f navigation, and the unhandy, shattered vessels in hich they often embarked, we are only surprised at ir ever accomplishing a voyage at all. But these ficulties could not subdue the ardour of a spirit like at of Dampier. The acquaintance he had formed ith the log-wood cutters, opened to his view a source f emolument, as well as a prospect of gratifying his sire for information; and though, perhaps, he could t have chosen a more hazardous or fatiguing employment, yet he resolved to join the adventurous nd, and, accordingly, providing himself with the cessary implements, he again quitted Jamaica, and rived at Trist. Here he was hired by a company of ix men (who had one hundred tons of wood ready ut), at the rate of one ton per month, to assist in conveying it to the coast, and with the promise of admission to the joint concern on the accomplishment of the ngagement. The logwood-cutters are represented as urdy, strong fellows, and as labouring excessively ard; but when the ships came from Jamaica with m and sugar, they were too apt to mis-spend both ir time and money. Their huts were slightly built, t well thatched with palm leaves to prevent the ins from soaking in. Their bedding was raised bout three feet and a half from the ground on a ooden frame. Another frame covered with earth to ss their victuals on, and a third to sit at, by way of table, composed their stock of furniture. In the West Indies, there are only two seasons, the wet and e dry.

"During the wet season, the land where the logwood ows is so overflowed, that they step from their beds o the water, perhaps two feet deep, and continue standing in the wet all day till they go to bed again; but, nevertheless, account it the best season of the year for doing a good day's labour in."

Dampier kept to his work of cutting till rendered incapable, by what is called the chegoes* getting into his leg, which were, however, extracted by a negro, who received in compensation a white cock, as the cure was effected by means of some supposed incantation. Scarcely was he recovered from this, when a violent storm reduced them all to great inconveniences, and at last they were compelled to quit the place in their canoes, as the highest land near them was three feet under water. Our author was deprived of the means of continuing his labour, and compelled to become a wanderer for nearly twelve months, cruising abont the bay and its shores to seek a subsistence, in company with some privateers, visiting all the rivers from Trist to Alvarado, and making descents among the villages to procure provisions. Thus it appears, that the first connexion of Dampier with the Buccaneers was occasioned by imperious necessity, and no doubt it was at this time, while engaged in their habits of lawless plunder, that he imbibed many of their principles, a circumstance he feelingly laments in the latter part of his life. But even here his active genius prompted him to make every minute observation on the various places to which their roving disposition led them. Thus we have some correct descriptions of the harbours, creeks, and rivers of the bay, together with those indications which are of the highest importance to the navigator. At Alvarado, with two vessels having eight guns and sixty men in the whole, they took the fort, losing eleven in the attack, but were compelled to abandon it on appearance of seven sail of Spaniards with fourteen guns, and between four and five hundred men. With this formidable body, they however engaged, and ultimately made their escape.

The effect of the storm which had reduced our author to this course of life, having abated, he again applied himself to his industrious occupation; and after continuing hard at work for some months, and becoming intimately acquainted with the nature of the trade, he determined to return to England, for the purpose of obtaining everything requisite to carry on the business, and support a traffic with the natives of the interior. Accordingly he quitted the Bay of Campeachy, touched at Jamaica, and landed on his native soil, in the month of August, 1678.

Though the authority of Dampier is superseded in modern geography by the more recent circumnavigations of Cook, Byron, and others; yet it is but justice to remark, that *these* have been greatly indebted to the correct information, which he gives, particularly of the numerous islands in the Pacific Ocean. The name of Cook will ever be registered in the annals of a grateful country; and there are some, yet living, who treasure in their mind the remembrance of that excellent man. A pleasing memorial, which death alone can destroy. He, however, quitted his country in the professed characters of a sailor, a commander, and a discoverer. The eyes of the civilized world were upon him, and honour, integrity—all that is excellent or dear to a man in his progress to honest fame, incessantly urged him on in his scientific course. Not so with Dampier, unknown, unsupported, and in a humble station, engaged in daring enterprise with men of desperate character, who had no other control than their own intemperate will, no other gratification than the indulgence of unbridled passions—he wrote and described without a prospect of his labours meeting the public eye, but merely because his genius prompted him to treasure up the stores of knowledge he had gleaned in every clime.

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* A sort of worm occasioning great swelling and severe pain: it is common to the negroes of Africa, and frequently the cause of amputation of the affected part.

His voyage round the world (as we have before observed), was not undertaken for discovery, but he made it subservient to this purpose, and by his accurate soundings, through intricate channels, between islands but little known, and in seas that had scarcely ever been visited, has conferred a lasting obligation on the navigator.

In the commencement of the year 1679, our author took his departure from England, and arrived at Jamaica with a cargo, which he disposed of, intending to prosecute his voyage to Campeachy, with such commodities as would be most acceptable to the logwood-cutters; but altering his plan, he continued at Jamaica during the remainder of the year, and purchased a small estate in Dorsetshire.

About Christmas, he prepared to return to England, but was induced to go a short trading voyage first, to the Main. Soon after setting out, they came to an anchor in Negril Bay, where finding several of the Buccaneer leaders, (Coxon, Sharp, Sawkins, and others,) the men all left the vessel to join them in an expedition they had planned, and after two or three days, Dampier was persuaded to go with them too. The first expedition was to Portobello, which being accomplished, it was resolved to march by land over the Isthmus of Darien, after some new adventures in the South Seas. Accordingly they landed on the 5th April, near Golden Island, one of the Sambaloes, to the number of between three and four hundred men, carrying with them provisions for their support, and toys to gratify the Indians. In about nine days they arrived at Santa Maria, which they took, and after a rest of three days, again pursued their march to the coast of the South Sea, where they embarked in canoes and periagos. On the 23rd of April, they were in sight of Panama, and made repeated attempts on Puebla Nova, in which their commander in chief, Sawkins, with many of their companions, were slain.

They now changed their course for Peru, touching at several islands, and taking the town of Ylo on the coast. About Christmas, they reached the Isle of Juan Fernandez, (to which place, we are in some measure indebted for the interesting and popular tale of *Robinson Crusoe*.) Here Captain Sharp, who had been chosen their leader on the death of Sawkins, was by general consent deposed, and Watling chosen in his stead; but shortly afterwards, on their attacking Arica, they were repulsed with great loss, and Watling was killed. This band of marauders now returned to the Isle Plata without a commander, and contentions arising respecting the re-election of Sharp, it was agreed to separate, the majority in favour of Sharp keeping the ship, the rest resolving to return overland across the Isthmus, and among these latter was Dampier. On April 17th, 1681, they parted company. The smaller party, consisting of forty-seven, embarked in *the launch* and two canoes, purposing to make for the river of Santa Maria, about 200 leagues distant. The following day they captured a small bark, in which they pursued their intended route, and escaping from the Spaniards, who had long been watching for their return, they landed on the 1st of May, and after a march of twenty-three days, during which they suffered the most severe hardships, and were nearly starved, they accomplished their journey, and went on board a French privateer: Dampier's vessel afterwards joined a fleet of eight sail, composed of English and French, all bent on plunder. But through the different opinions and obstinacy of the commander nothing was carried into execution. Dampier, with his companions, was on board a French vessel, but disliking the company, he persuaded Captain Wright to let them have a prize he had taken. Their fleet being scattered, they cruised about the islands without accomplishing anything, till, to the eastward of Carthagena, Captains Wright and Yanky had a smart engagement with and captured a valuable prize. This, however, proved a source of contention, both captains claiming it, but at last it was determined in favour of Yanky, who took possession; and Dampier's vessel being sold, he engaged with Captain Wright, who exchanged his own bark for Captain Yanky's. After this they took several other prizes, and not being able to dispose of their cargoes, they shared them and separated. Dampier and his party arrived in one of these vessels at Virginia in July, 1682. Here the wealth which they had acquired was very soon dissipated, and Cooke having obtained the command of a prize, and fitted her out as a privateer, proclaimed his intention of sailing for the South Seas, to cruise on the coasts of Chili and Peru, to which party Dampier and his associates readily joined themselves. Their crew soon amounted to seventy men, who were bound by certain restrictions, on account of the length of the voyage; the most remarkable was that, enjoining temperance and sobriety.

August 23d, 1683, they bid farewell to Virginia, and stood for the Cape de Verd isles, and after encountering a tremendous gale, made the isle of Sal, noted for its salt ponds. Among these islands they continued for some time, and attempted to cut out a ship from Port Praya, at St. Jago, but the superior force of their opponent deterred them from the enterprise. From hence they stretched over to the coast of Africa, and touched at a negro town to the southward of Sierra Leone, near the river Sherbro, where they purchased provisions, and took in water for the voyage. In the middle of November, they again pursued their course for the Straits of Magellan. On the 28th of January, 1684, they made the Faulkland isles, but did not stop. Missing the Straits of Magellan, through unfavourable winds, they fell in with those of Le Maire, on the 6th of February, but on account of the dangerous, short, breaking sea, stood round Cape Horn. On the 14th, they encountered a violent storm, which continued with little abatement till the 3d of March, when it came to the eastward, and enabled them to run into the South Seas. During this gale, they saved twenty-three barrels of rain water, beside what they used in dressing their victuals, and possibly these heavy rains may in some measure account for that phenomenon observed by Cooke, that the ice in high southern latitudes yielded fresh water. In latitude 35° S. they joined company with the Nicholas, twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Eaton, and both ships made sail for Juan Fernandez, where they anchored, March 23d, and found a Moskito Indian, who had been left behind when Dampier visited the place three years before, at the time Sharp was deposed, and Watling declared commander. The Spaniards, aware of some one being on the island, had made repeated attempts to discover him, but without effect. He had converted the barrel of his gun, with much ingenuity, into various implements for fishing, as well as lances for striking goats. On the first approach of the ships, he observed them very narrowly, and being convinced they were English, immediately prepared a comfortable meal for those who should land.

This island is described as particularly healthy, and possessing numerous advantages, the sea around it abounding in fish. The seals are so plentiful that it is remarked, "there are always thousands, I might say, possibly, millions of them, either sitting on the bays, or going and coming in the sea round the island."

Were we to follow Dampier through all his predatory excursions we should far exceed our limits. Even he himself has been very delicate in mentioning them, fully sensible that they would reflect any thing but credit on his character; indeed, though he seems to have had no objection to engage in, and share the spoil of their enterprises, his mind nevertheless appears never to have lost its attachment to scientific pursuits. His descriptions of the Western Coast of America are given with precise exactness, and though some who have followed his track in later times have pretended to detect trivial errors, yet it is possible that this may have proceeded from incorrectness on their parts, as most of his observations are scrupulously correct. The peninsula of California was at this time supposed to be an island, and the coast to the northward of it scarcely at all known. On examining the map of the world, prefixed to the first volume, we find that he extends the land indefinitely across the North Pacific Ocean, between the latitudes of 42° and 48°, but without uniting it to either continent. Sir Francis Drake had been no farther than 43° N. The late attempts to discover the N. W. Passage have met with but little more success than they did upwards of a century ago. Dampier suggests, that were he engaged in prosecuting the discovery, it should be from this part of the ocean, and we must own ourselves inclined to adopt his opinion; at least, we consider that should another expedition be fitted out, it would considerably promote our knowledge of these dangerous parts if ships were at the same time to attempt the passage both from the eastward and westward, while another party endeavoured to make their way to the Arctic Ocean by land. It is true that the excessive difficulties encountered by the indefatigable Captain Franklin, are enough to appal a stout heart, but it must be remembered, that if proper supplies had been stored at the different stations, the distress would have been considerably diminished; and without meaning to utter one syllable against that gallant officer, for whom we entertain the highest respect, we do consider that there was a falling off somewhere which might be remedied. There are persons who condemn the attempt altogether, but these are neither lovers of their country, nor of science. The high character that England bears as a maritime power imperiously calls upon her children to maintain it, and whether her flag waves triumphantly over the ensign of the enemy, or floats in the shivering breezes of the Polar sea in the more peaceful occupation of discovery, each should be equally valuable to a British heart. It is much to be regretted that the Antarctic Ocean has been so little explored. Cook penetrated as far as 71° 10′ S., and we believe this is the nearest approach that has been made to the south pole; at least, it is the only one given on our modern globes. But to return to Dampier.

They quitted Juan Fernandez on the 8th of April, and stood over to the main, occasionally touching at various islands, and taking several prizes, in one of which they found an immense image of the Virgin Mary, curiously carved in wood, but unfortunately the vessel had previously landed what would have pleased them much better: viz. 800,000 pieces of eight. At the Gallapagos they scrubbed the bottom of their ships, and an Indian engaging to convey them to Rea Leja, they concluded on going thither for plunder. Captain Cook, who had been long ill, died, on their nearing Cape Blanco, and Captain Davis took command. It is a remark which seems to us worthy of consideration, that persons who have been labouring under disorders at sea, generally expire on approaching the land. The captain's remains were conveyed on shore, and while being interred, two Spanish Indians were captured, who had been sent to watch their motions. From these they obtained information of a herd of cattle, or farm, about three miles distant. Dampier with several others went towards it, but disputes arising whether they should kill that same night, or the following morning, he with a few others returned on board. The remainder were afterwards attacked by the Spaniards, who burned their boats, and compelled them to retreat to an insular rock, where they must have perished had they not been timely rescued by their companions. The ships now made for the town of Mangera, but on their approach the inhabitants forsook it, leaving only an old friar and two Indian lads, who became prisoners, but, however, they obtained no advantage from their capture, and soon after the two ships parted company. On the 2d of October, while lying at the isle of Plata, Captain Swan, in the Cygnet of London, arrived, who had been fitted out by eminent merchants of the British metropolis, to trade with the Spaniards, or Indians, in the South Seas, but meeting with a company of privateers, who had crossed the isthmus to seek a ship, his men compelled him to receive them on board, to which he consented, despairing of being able to execute the purpose of his voyage. There was likewise a bark that they had taken, which was commanded by Captain Harris, who had been their leader over land. The 2d of November, in the evening they sent away 110 men to Paita, who landed at six o'clock on the following morning, about four miles to the southward of the town, and after a short struggle, without the loss of a single man, took possession of it, but they found it emptied both of money and goods, and even without a meal of victuals. For the ransom of the town they proposed a supply of provisions, which not being complied with, they set it on fire, and quitted the place. Their next attempt was upon Guiaquil, but in this they failed, from the want of spirit among the leaders, but they seized a bark, with cloth, and three others laden with 1000 negroes (young men and women.) Selecting forty of these to perform the laborious work of their ships, they turned the remainder on shore. Quitting this place, they proceeded for the river St. Jago to get canoes. Here they landed and ranged the country, without obtaining any thing of much value, but intercepted the packet boat, containing intelligence from the President of Panama, that the armada had arrived from Old Spain, and requesting the Plate fleet to hasten its departure from Lima.

This occurred on the 1st of January, 1685, and they immediately prepared to clear their ships, that they might be in readiness to engage the convoy. On the 14th of February they finished careening and sailed towards Panama. Their force consisted of the two ships, two small tenders, a fire-ship, and a prize. While at Tobago an attempt was made by an Englishman in the Spanish service to set them on fire, but through good fortune they escaped by cutting their cables. The following morning, while regaining their anchors, they were thrown into consternation at seeing a large fleet of canoes full of men advancing towards them. These proved to be Buccaneers, who had travelled over the Isthmus of Darien. There were 200 French, and 80 English, commanded by a Captain Gronet. The Englishmen joined themselves to the two ships, and the Frenchmen were ordered to man the prize. Shortly after this, another large party who had travelled the same road were received on board, so that their force was augmented to 960 men in two ships, mounting great guns, and eight smaller vessels with fire arms. On the 28th of May, 1685, they discovered the Spanish fleet of fourteen sail, besides several periagos, rowing with twelve or fourteen oars a piece. Six sail were large ships. The Admiral, forty-eight guns, 450 men. The Vice Admiral, forty guns, and 400 men. The Rear Admiral, thirty-six guns, 360 men. A ship of twenty-four guns, and 300 men; another of eight guns, 200 men. Two great fire-ships, six ships with small arms, having 800 men, besides 2 or 300 in the periagos.[*]

But this disparity did not daunt the courage of the privateers, who bore down upon the Spaniards, and exchanged broadsides till, night coming on, they forebore further engagement. Gronet, and his French crew, (308 in number) disgracefully sheered off, without coming into action at all. Naval tactics were then in their infancy, and the art of manœuvring a fleet but little known; however, there appears to have been a most unpardonable neglect among the Buccaneers, and a degree of scientific ability displayed by the Spaniards, by getting the weather gage during the night. The next morning the Spaniards came down upon them; and now, having the advantage, by being to windward, the privateers were glad to make all sail and be off, keeping up a running fight throughout the day; and making a complete sweep round the bay of Panama, they anchored again in the evening at the very place they had quitted in the morning. "Thus (says Dampier) ended this day's work, and with it all that had been projecting for five or six months; when, instead of making ourselves masters of the Spanish fleet and treasure, we were glad to escape them; and owed that, too, in a great measure, to their want of courage to pursue their advantage. What loss they had I know not; we lost but one man."

On the 30th, at day-break, they saw the Spanish fleet about three leagues to leeward, at anchor, and shortly after they got under weigh and went to Panama. Gronet excused his conduct, declaring his men would not let him engage; but this did not satisfy the others; he was consequently cashiered on their arrival at Quibo. Some were for taking away the ship they had generously given him; but, at length, he was suffered to keep it with his cowardly crew, but they were sent away to another place.[†]

The Buccaneer's hopes of enriching themselves by the Plate fleet being wholly annihilated, they determined on some land expedition; and while one party were constructing canoes for the purpose, 150 men were despatched to attack Pueblo Nova, where Sawkins fell in 1680. They took the town with much ease, but found no provisions. On the 5th of July they were joined by another ship, under Captain Knight, who had been cruising in a westerly direction, but had got nothing very valuable except a good ship. He had heard of the engagement, and came purposely to seek them.

On the 20th of July, having finished their canoes, they quitted Quibo in four smart ships, and four smaller vessels, with 640 men, purporting to make a descent at Rea Leja, and advance twenty miles into the country, to plunder the city of Leon. This place has been described by an early writer (Mr. Gage) as "the pleasantest place in all America;" and he terms it "the Paradise of the Indies." On the morning of the 9th of August, 520 men, in thirty-one canoes, quitted the ship about eight leagues from the shore. In the course of the day and following night, they encountered several heavy tornadoes, which had nearly proved fatal to their expedition; but escaping these dangers they landed at day-break, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Townly, who led the van, with only eighty men, entered the city. He was briskly charged by about 200 cavalry, who all retreated on seeing two or three of their number fall; and this example was followed by 500 infantry, leaving quiet possession to Townly and his little band. The other detachments shortly after arrived. One of their party, an old man, eighty-four years of age, who had served in Cromwell's army, had been compelled to remain on the road through fatigue. The valiant Spaniards discovered and surrounded him, but he refused to take quarter and discharged his gun, so they shot him dead from a distance.

Their endeavours to procure a ransom for the town proving ineffectual, they set it on fire, and drew off their men to Rea Lejah. Here they remained a week, when some of their destructive crew set fire to this place likewise, so they embarked and left it burning. Captain Davis and Captain Swan now broke off consortship, Davis intending to return to the coast of Peru, but Swan meaning to go further to the northward; and here Dampier displays an instance of his desire of knowledge.

> "I had till this time been with Captain Davis, but now left him and went aboard of Captain Swan. It was not from any dislike to my old captain, but to get some knowledge of the northern parts of this continent of Mexico; and I knew that Captain Swan determined to coast it as far north as he thought convenient, and then pass over for the East Indies; which was a way very agreeable to my inclination."

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[*] They became acquainted with this precise information of the strength of the enemy from the accounts *of the prisoners whom* they took afterwards.

[†] There is a French account of this circumstance published, which, *of course*, materially differs from Dampier's.

Davis, with four sail, quitted them on the 27th; but Swan remained some time longer to fill water, and cut fire-wood. They were all severely visited with fevers, supposed to have been caught on shore, as this place had suffered much from a malignant distemper, a short time previous to their arrival. On the 3rd of September they sailed, with four vessels and 340 men, steering away to the N. W. On the 7th of November they made Acapulco, having repeatedly landed in their voyage, for supplies of provision. Their intention, in the present instance, was to cut out a ship from the port of Acapulco, Captain Townly being much in want of one. Accordingly, with 140 men, in twelve canoes, he entered the harbour under cover of the night; and, after rowing in abreast the Lima ship, they deemed the project of carrying her out impracticable, so abandoned it, making all sail again to the westward; and, on the 11th of December, were in sight of Cape Corientes. The intermediate time had been employed in ranging the coast and country with various success. At this period our author was attacked with a fever and ague, which afterward turned to a dropsy, a disease said to be prevalent in this part of the country.

Here they proposed cruising for the Manilla ship, occasionally sending from 100 to 200 men on shore, to procure food. In these excursions they were frequently attacked, sometimes losing three or four of their party in the encounter; but by dint of perseverance they contrived to cure sufficient beef for two months, and provide a tolerable quantity of maize.

At the commencement of January, 1686, Townly left them to return to the southward. Swan, continuing still to the northward, invaded the town of Santa Pecaque, to get provisions. They found considerable quantities, but owing to the want of subordination in the party, fifty of them were killed by the Spaniards; and among these was the ingenious "Ringrose," the author of a History of the Buccaneers, and more particularly that part of it relating to the adventures of Captain Sharp.

After this disastrous event they attempted to reach California, but not being able to accomplish it, they ran for the Marias, and careened. Fully sensible that all their golden visions were at an end, Swan proposed sailing to the East Indies, which, after some altercation, was agreed upon. Their stock of victuals for such a voyage was very small, consisting chiefly of maize; however, on the 31st of March, they took their departure from Cape Corientes, and, after undergoing the greatest privations during the passage, they happily saw Guam (one of the Ladrone islands) on the [illegible]th of May, having only three days' scanty provision left. Here they obtained plentiful refreshment from the Spanish governor, and then pursued their course for St. John's, one of the Philippines. The principal of these islands is Luconia, where Magellan was slain by a poisoned arrow, in 1521. On this island stands the capital city, Manilla. From St. John's they went to Mindanao, and we have a copious description of its productions, customs, government, &c. Those who had preserved their portion of plunder now found an opportunity of disposing of it very speedily, which they did not fail to take advantage of, till the improper conduct of Captain Swan, and the deceitful behaviour of the Sultan's brother, combined with the licentiousness of the men, (a great many living constantly on shore, squandering their money, and those who remained on board getting continually drunk) occasioned a mutiny among the people; who seized the ship and quitted the place, leaving *Captain Swan and some others behind, on the 14th of January, 1687. Dampier positively denies all previous knowledge of the plot, and devised various schemes to quit the vessel; which, however, he could not effect, and was compelled to continue with them nearly seventeen months; during which they visited most of the numerous islands, from the coast of China to New Holland, sometimes rioting in luxury, at others, subsisting on a small portion of rice, and nearly reduced to a state of starvation. This roving from place to place afforded him an excellent opportunity of indulging his natural propensity, and appears to have been one great inducement for his remaining with this mutinous crew so long. The inhabitants on many of the islands they touched at, had never before seen Europeans; and no doubt this was the first discovery of these places, which appear like specks thickly scattered on the face of the ocean. His account of them is extremely curious, but much too long to detail here; indeed scarcely anything appears to have escaped the notice of our author, nor does he ever lose sight of objects beneficial to his profession as a mariner.

On the 6th of May, 1683, Dampier quitted these marauders, at the Isle of Nicobar, and was joined by two English of the crew, and five others who had been taken prisoners. These seven purchased a canoe, about the size of a London wherry, in which they embarked on the 15th, and on the 20th arrived at Sumatra, suffering severely from storm during the passage, which brought on sickness and fever, so that they were scarcely able to stand.

At Acheen they were kindly received by their countrymen; and on his recovery, Dampier was persuaded to join a merchant ship, under a Captain Welden, trading among the islands and through the straits of Malacca. In this employ he continued till March 1689, and then was compelled through illness to remain on shore at Acheen. In two months he was sufficiently recovered to join a sloop, as mate, and afterwards served in several other vessels, until he became acquainted with a Mr. Moody, at Madras, (where he remained six months,) when he was persuaded by that gentleman to accompany him to Bencoolen, and become gunner of the fort. This Mr. Moody had purchased at Mindanao, a curiously painted prince and his mother, who were now consigned to the charge of Dampier. The woman died, but the son was brought to England, and long shown in this country as a marvellous wonder. At this fort he remained till the 25th January, 1691, when he got on board an English ship, homeward bound. They had not been long at sea before the men began to droop, supposed to be occasioned by the badness of the water, and nearly thirty died before they reached the Cape of Good Hope, the rest being in a very weak and debilitated state, insomuch that they were scarcely able to manage the vessel. At the Cape, by proper attention and nourishment, many of them recovered; but so reduced in number was the crew, that they were compelled to remain some time for want of hands. On the 23d of May they sailed, and touching at St. Helena, arrived in the Downs, 16th September, 1691.

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* This unfortunate man was killed, some time afterward, by the natives, at the instigation of the Sultan's brother.

The relation of Dampier's adventures during this long voyage, appears to have brought him under the notice of government; and a ship, called the Roebuck, was fitted out, in which he might be enabled to prosecute farther discoveries, or substantiate the accounts of those already made, particularly of New Holland. This immense island, or rather continent, had not long been discovered, and was the source of much ingenious speculation and conjecture. It was, however, reserved for after ages to determine its insular position. It was first seen by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, in 1642, and was afterwards visited by Davis, Dampier, and others, till, in 1770, Cook sailed completely round it, and gave to the various parts those names which they still retain. On the benefit we derive at present, from occupying part of it as a place for condemned criminals,[*] it is not our business to remark; but we may contemplate the perseverance of our countrymen, with some degree of astonishment, when we consider, in the course of a few years, how many important changes have taken place; it is delightfully gratifying to the British sailor, after traversing the pathless ocean, thousands of miles away from his home, to find a miniature representation of his country on the shores of Van Dieman's Land.[†]

Dampier sailed from the Downs, January 14th, 1699,[‡] taking his departure from the Start. They made Cape Finisterre on the 19th, the Canaries on the 28th, and anchored on the 30th at Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe.

> "The forts here could not rescue the Spanish galleons from Admiral Blake, though they hauled in close under the main fort. Many of the inhabitants that are now living remember that action, in which the English battered the town and did so much damage; and the marks of the shot still remain in the fort walls."

At this place they took in wine and other refreshments, and then stood for the Cape de Verd, where they arrived February 11th, touching at Mayo and St. Jago for water. From thence they proceeded to the coast of Brazil, and anchored at Bahia. Having obtained a supply of provisions, and subdued a mutinous spirit among his people, our author took his departure; and on the 3d June made the Cape of Good Hope, and thence pursued his course for New Holland, which they saw on the 1st August, in latitude about 26 S. His efforts at discovery on this coast were not attended with much success. Shark's Bay, where he anchored, retains the name which he gave it, and there are other places still known by the name of Dampier's Land. But the dangerous navigation alarmed his men, so that he was deterred from prosecuting his real intentions. In some parts he erroneously supposed what was actually the main land to be a chain of islands, stretching from E. N. E. to W. N. W. Tasman had laid it down in his map as the coast of New Holland. It is now called De Witt's Land. The few natives they saw were in a completely savage state. He quitted these inhospitable shores in September, and discovered an island near New Guinea, to which he gave the name of New Britain.

The difficulties he had to encounter, with but few hands, in dangerous seas, where the shoals and coasts were utterly unknown, induced him to victual at Batavia, and then proceed on his voyage home; but his ship springing a leak when off the island of Ascension, foundered at sea, and they with great difficulty got on shore. Here they were found by an East India ship, which took them on board and brought them to England.

The volumes before us give no farther account of this extraordinary man, whose name was a terror to the Spaniards; but we are enabled from other authority to state, that he again joined the Buccaneers, and commanded a fine vessel; but from untoward circumstances, arising principally from the treachery[*] of his officers and people, he was reduced to great distress, and returned almost naked to his owners. Yet even in this state of adversity his previous actions obtained for him the highest respect, and he had the honour of being presented to her majesty Queen Anne. After this, he became pilot to Captain Wood Rogers, in the Duke, and engaged in another expedition, being his fourth excursion to the South Seas. It was in this voyage they discovered Alexander Selkirk, (the original Robinson Crusoe of De Foe,) on the Isle of Juan Fernandez. This individual was born at Largo, in the county of Fife in Scotland; and previous to his remaining on the island, had been master of the Cinque Ports, under Captain Stradling. He was considered the most able and intrepid seaman among the freebooters. The occasion of his being left ashore was a quarrel with his captain, and the shattered state of the vessel. After a few days, however, he was desirous of returning, but Stradling refused to take him on board. Thus left alone and desolate, he sat night after night, and day after day, watching the periodical return of the Buccaneers; sometimes with a glimmering of hope, but more frequently abandoning himself to the agony of despair, and never satisfying the cravings of nature till compelled by extreme hunger; but man is the creature of habit, and Selkirk, after seven or eight months, became accustomed to the solitude, and shook off his melancholy. He built himself two huts of pimento trees, thatched with grass, and covered with goats' skins. These were stored with all the wealth he possessed, viz. his clothes, bedding, musket, some powder and ball, a kettle, a knife, several books, among which was the *Bible*, and his nautical instruments. In his larger hut he lived, and slept; frequently employing himself in reading and prayer, and occasionally giving vent to the fulness of his heart in singing psalms, so that he afterward observed he was a better Christian during his solitary retreat from the world, than ever he had been before, or he feared ever should be again. The smaller hut was reserved for cooking and

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[*] The first settlement of convicts at Port Jackson took place in 1788.

[†] This had always been considered as forming part of the continent, till the loss of a vessel on an island to the northward of it, occasioned many persons to go from Port Jackson to the assistance of those who remained by the wreck. In excursions for this benevolent purpose, it was discovered to be separated from New Holland by a wide channel, which was explored in an open boat, in 1798, by Mr. Bass, surgeon of a colonial sloop of war, and thence obtained the name of Bass's Straits.

[‡] How the intermediate time from his arrival had *been employed we are* not informed.

[*] Some of his cotemporaries attribute his failure to the overbearing and imperious disposition he manifested to those who were under him.

urposes. Among his amusements to while
e dreary hours, was cutting his name on the
ith the date of his landing, and the duration of
lsement; looking forward to the time when it
ossibly meet the eye of a countryman, per-
ter his remains had mouldered into dust.

ras at first much annoyed by cats and rats,
ad from time to time run away from the ships
ched at the island, and become very numerous.
s knawed his feet and clothes, while he was
; but the cats became domesticated, and soon
d him from the more destructive vermin. He
o tamed some young kids, and taught them a
of tricks for his diversion, frequently singing
cing with them and his cats. His principal food
t's flesh, and cray-fish, dressed in various ways
g to his taste. When his powder failed, he
the goats down by speed of foot; for his sim-
le of living, with the continual exercise of
, had rendered him amazingly swift in passing
woods, and agile in climbing the hills and
On one occasion, however, while pursuing the
with great eagerness, he caught his game on
k of a steep precipice, concealed from his view
led bushes, so that he fell from the height, and
much injured as to lay, as he supposed, for
four hours, without sense or motion. On re-
he found the goat lying dead beneath him.
cident confined him nearly a fortnight to his
circumstance something similar in its nature,
e fatal in its result, occurred about fifteen years
a an uninhabited island in the South Seas. A
s wrecked, and only two individuals escaped;
hem, an African, the other an Englishman still
t present an officer in the royal navy, and em-
in a situation of considerable scientific import-
These two lived tolerably comfortable for the
lve months; but shortly after this, being en-
n hunting, the African fell from a great height
s literally dashed to pieces. We have heard
tation from the lips of the survivor, who re-
considerable time after this melancholy event,
sland, lonely and sad, till happily relieved by
al arrival of a whaler.

to return to Selkirk. He had kept a regular
of the number of goats he had killed, which
d to 500, he had caught many more, marking
the ear, and then restoring them to liberty.
ipidness of his meals, without bread and salt,
rst a great inconvenience, but Dampier, having,
er voyage, sowed some turnips, they now pro-
ery abundantly, spreading over several acres
d: he had also a plentiful supply of cabbage,
e cabbage-palm; and these being well season-
h the fruit of the pimento, soon gave a relish
food. His clothes and shoes were speedily
t. To remedy the first defect, he made a coat
of goat skins, and shirts from linen he had
im, using a nail by way of needle, and the
gs of a worsted stocking for thread; but he was
led to go with bare feet, and the soles got, in
hard as to enable him to ascend the sharp
vithout material inconvenience.

g his confinement, he had seen several ships
island; but only two, which were Spaniards,
an anchor; but he preferred the risk of dying
d and alone, to surrendering himself into their
dreading, that they would either put him to death, or send him as a slave to the mines. The Spaniards, however, discovered, pursued, and shot at him; but he escaped by climbing a thick tree, at the foot of which several of them stopped.

This extraordinary man was well known to Dampier; but on his first coming on board, had so forgotten his language that he could scarcely understand him. He only articulated half the syllables of most words that he uttered. Some liquor was offered him which he refused, having been so long accustomed to water. He was received on board the *Duke*, and afterwards served as mate in that ship, during the voyage, being then about thirty years of age. The *Duke* returned to England at the beginning of October, 1710, and the profits of this voyage were estimated at £170,000.

Subjoined to the second volume, we have an interesting and general account of the trade winds, the land and sea breezes, storms, seasons of the year, and the setting of the tides and currents in the Torrid Zone. But as they are only useful to the seaman, and we have already gone to the full extent of our article, we shall forbear touching on those subjects, and close our review.

From the London Magazine, 1820.

*THE AUTHOR OF THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

We think with the late excellent and much lamented Mrs. Brunton,† that "single pages of these works are worth whole volumes of common inventions." Without taking upon us directly to affirm, that their author is the greatest writer of the present day, we may be permitted to say for ourselves, that there is no living author whom we would so much wish to be. We give him this preference, because none of his contemporaries seem to us to have so universal and exquisite a relish for all the immense variety of natural objects that present themselves to the faculty of observation; or so quick and sound a feeling of their essential qualities and distinct characters:—but principally, because his mind appears to possess, in a degree peculiar to itself, the admirable property of digesting all its food into *healthy chyle.* More than any other writer, except Shakspeare, and not less than Shakspeare himself, he renders the reading of his works encouraging to human nature, by putting us in good humour with whatever he offers to our attention: and this beautiful result, in consequence of the power and comprehension of his genius, and the truth and vigour of his moral constitution, he effects without ever shocking the principles of conscience, or violating any one rule of civil or sacred authority. We join the course of his lively and rapid narrative in the true spirit of the *chace;* we there find men and animals, all at full cry, displaying their natural instincts and dispositions in the ardour of cheerful exercise; the scenery around is fresh and invigorating; health and manliness are made to circulate through our frames; in the mean time, the creatures which in their natures are noxious and dangerous, are ultimately run down and destroyed, but without the sportsman having been once provoked into a sentiment of hostility or ill-will —still less seduced into a false sympathy with their actions, or exposed to any contagious influence from their propensities.

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* [While the press is teeming with memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, after the measure of his fame was full, we find it refreshing to go so far back into the past as to look at him from another point of view. The reader will bear in mind that this delightful criticism was written nearly twenty years ago, and before the veil of mystery had been raised.—Ed. Museum.]

† The mentioning of this lady's name affords an opportunity, which we cannot let slip, of noticing how much society has lost, both of example and ornament, by her premature death. The women of this country will never, we confidently believe, be inclined to listen to the jargon of the writers who are perpetually endeavouring by hints, or open recommendations, to render their imaginations familiar with things evil, to induce them to overleap the sacred enclosure of female reserve, and set at defiance those *guards* of *honour*, which, by the laws of society, are appointed to wait upon their purity. Let them contemplate the charms that attend such a character as Mrs. Brunton's, and they are safe from seduction.

This delightful and salutary property of the writings in question, we owe to the philosophical knowledge of human nature which their author so eminently possesses, and which necessarily takes the shape of urbanity in his disposition, while it produces a corresponding frame in the breast of the reader. His nice discernment of the real springs of actions, and his sensibility to their true play, give him the power of placing before us all the varieties of conduct and incident in the vivid light of natural phenomena: while they strike upon our fancies with all the force of experience, we seem to be let into the secret of the inevitable causes which produce what are usually called the hazards of life. Our author goes to the very germ of all:—the fountain head—the well-spring from which the stream of each individual's existence takes its course and colour, is discovered by him, and this is almost always found to be placed deep in the natural order of things; "now," says Madame de Sevigné, "I am never either astonished or offended by what is in the natural order of things."

Another consequence of this intense feeling for natural truth, enjoyed by the extraordinary author of the Scotch novels, is, that more than any other writer of the day, he gives to his productions an impress which secures them a permanently current acceptation. The most ardent admirers of his most celebrated companions in literary exertion will admit, that there is a possibility of posterity's not sustaining their decision on the merits of their favourites; and the reason of this doubtfulness is, that they all distinguish themselves in certain *modes*, peculiar to themselves: each of them has set a fashion of his own, and in it only is he regarded as pre-eminent. Now we never can be sure of the real worth of any fashion, nor calculate with certainty the period of its duration; circumstances, not principles, cause it to be warmly supported, or bitterly decried: it constitutes the distinction of a sect, and the creed of a sect is no rule for mankind at large. But the author whom we are now endeavouring to characterize, bears this second resemblance and mark of affinity to Shakspeare, that he is as general in his tastes as nature is multifarious in her appearances; while his style runs evenly but loosely *on, in unpretending* submission to what the occasion requires him to say. His compositions are not marked by particular *veins* of thought or language: he is not studiously moody, like Lord Byron, nor involuntarily mystical like Wordsworth, nor laboriously gay like Moore: his mind, in fact, presents no obstacles, in the shape of pre-conceptions or pre-dispositions, to the free and fair developement of his story and its characters. He speaks just what is set down for him in the book of nature, and we know that its pages are always open before his eyes, and we feel assured that what we read in his, has been faithfully transcribed from them. In the works of almost all other writers we find the disposition of their author reflected on their surface; and the peculiarities of this disposition form at once the principle of their power and beauty, and the source of their objectionable qualities. Thus, to refer again to the authors we have already named, Byron is impassioned, and grandly sombre, but too frequently false and theatrically pretending; Wordsworth is sublime and pathetic, but he is also sometimes trifling, and often prosing and unwieldy; Moore has a sparkling fancy, but occasionally overpowers his readers with conceits, betrays the pains he has taken to be tender, and the labour with which he is gay. The writer of the Scotch novels betrays nothing of himself, but the vivid impression which the genuine features of his subject have made on his mind: he is personally lost in the idea of the characters which he represents; and, whatever fault we may have to find with his descriptions, or whatever merit we may see in them, they all pass as more or less lucky seizures of the actual lineaments of nature. Shakspeare has been almost reproached with the universality of his feeling of character,—not on good grounds however, as it appears to us; and we certainly do not mean to raise the subject of these remarks to anything like an equality with the prince of our island's literature: in the power of the imaginative faculty he is far inferior,—not only to him, to whom all are inferior,—but to several who might be mentioned: yet, in the ready reception of nature's impressions, in the power of vividly reflecting them back to others, in strong taste and high relish for the natural properties of things however dissimilar, we do consider that our author suggests a direct comparison between himself and Shakspeare, and that no other name in modern literature, however distinguished, will bear any comparison with him in these respects. It is this power and sagacity of perception which render it certain that his honours will perpetuate themselves, that his popularity will not pass by, that the numerous volumes which have streamed, as it were, from his pen, will give as much pleasure to readers hereafter as they give to us to-day. They are, as has before been said, the only modern works of which this can be safely predicted. It is very possible that some of the productions of his contemporaries may rise in estimation as they advance in age: there are some which, in our opinion, well deserve to do so; but as particular systems of criticism, and moods of one's own mind, are concerned in the judgments passed upon them, we cannot be sure that it will be sustained by the solemn ratification of posterity. The day may come when the verdicts of the Edinburgh review shall be reversed: it is not morally certain that those of the Quarterly will perpetuate themselves; for the most popular fashions of the time often become antiquated, and are forgotten; our own dispositions change with circumstances; the simple forms of nature only remain fresh, and are unalterable.

Let us give an example tending to prove the justice of this description of the author's literary character and constitution, before going further in general observation on his works. The parting of Jarvie, the manufacturing Glasgow Baillie, from Rob Roy, his cousin, the Highland robber, is one of the most beautiful scenes painted by this writer's irresistible and universal pen. It is very droll, but, at the same time, its truth renders it deeply pathetic; and in this respect it affords an excellent illustration, to the shame of French criticism, how intimately the comic and the affecting are connected in the nature of things, and how closely they may be brought together in representation, without hurting the effect of either, but in fact to heighten the effect of both. Those who can go deep into human nature find where their roots entwine; it is only the superficial and heartless who fancy them essentially dissevered. The Baillie assured his kinsman, that if ever *a hundred pound*, or even TWA! would put him, or his family, in a *settled way*, he need but just send a line to the Saut-market. Rob returned the compliment by squeezing hard the magistrate's hand, grasping the basket-hilt at his side, and protesting that, should any ambitious or intriguing rival affront his kinsman, Mr. Jarvie had only to let him know, *and he would stow his lugs out of his head were he the best man in Glasgow!* How exquisite is all this! The citizen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offering a hundred pound—or even *twa!* The Highlander, in the warmth of friendly feeling, tendering his services to crop the ears of any corporation or manufacturing opponent! The Baillie, overcome by the tenderness of a farewell—

> "— a sound that hath been, and must be,"

with the tide of consanguinity becoming riotous in his veins, the memory of his departed father the deacon giving elevation to his sentiments, and thankful, beyond measure, that he was at length likely to leave the Highlands in a whole skin, with nothing lost but the tail of his coat—waxes nobly generous on the very strength of his intense consciousness of the value of money. A careless prodigal fellow would not have gone half so far in his offer of assistance. The Baillie's liberality bursts out with impetuosity, like a dam of water when the sluice is raised. His "*one hundred*, or even *twa*," is like the spring of a cripple, who, not being able to walk a moderate pace, throws himself four feet forward at a time! Such touches as these are not the fruit of study; the giving of them is not probably accompanied with a preconception of their effect when given; they escape as it were, like natural oozings, from a mind gifted with a wonderfully quick and true feeling of what is picturesque in the operation of the principles of character; and which is thus guided, with infallible certainty, to the seat of the principles themselves. About the immortality of such transcripts there is no doubt; for he who runs may read them. To give them up would be to resign human nature; to root out from our souls the sympathies which make of us a *kind*—which give us a possession in the past, and an interest in the future. Baillie Jarvie, then, and Mucklebarns, and Mr. Macwheeble, and volunteer Gilfillan, and lawyer Pleydell, and Captain Dalgetty, will endure; these gentlemen will continue in the perpetual enjoyment of health and spirits, and, by means of our intimacy with them, we, the tenants of to-day, may be said to shake hands cordially with our predecessors in the motley game of human life, and to share the interest of it even with those who are to take up our cards after we have dropped them. But our admiration of the lowering brows, sinewy limbs, sweeping swords, daring hearts, and dark fancies, of the Conrads, Alps, and Laras, does not lead us to be equally sure of their longevity. The Oroonates and Amadis of the old French romances delighted readers of that time, and even gained an empire over sensibilities of the most native kind: they have lost their power over such however, while the touching pathos, the tenderness, and comic force of Clement Marot, still present themselves with an air of pleasing familiarity, and retain over the heart their gentle but commanding influence.

The picture which we have just taken from one of these novels, affords also a striking example of the moral sweetness, the genial, cordial spirit, which we have affirmed to predominate in these compositions. It presents one of the truest and most useful of moral lessons. A writer, such as some we have amongst us, would put down Baillie Jarvie, seeing him in his ordinary habits, and with his every-day look on, as an incurably wretched, grovelling, muck-hearted creature; a Presbyterian ass, as intolerant as stupid; a servile politician; one who spent his Sundays in gloom, and his week-days in attending to business; a piece of corporation pomposity and folly, who worshipped God and honoured the king—in short, a poor, ignorant, money-getting, debt-paying creature! But our author is no such vulgar, shallow, insincere observer: he sees the Baillie in his counting-house, and afterwards of an evening, with his favourite servant setting his arm-chair for him, and he instantly enters into his soul; the consequence of which is, that he puts the Glasgow magistrate before us in kindly, pleasing, and even noble points of view. Shrewd, strict, and cautious, it is true, but considerate also towards others; firm to his friend in a broil, as well as with a dealer in a bargain; anxious to turn a penny, but making generous sacrifices of pounds; punctual in his performances, as well as in his demands; regular in kirk-going, but not the less moved to make of Mattie Mrs. Jarvie:—in fine, in the midst of hereditary prejudices and limited ideas, giving a romantic and solemn character to his daily consciousness, by cherishing the memory of his father, as if his spirit were a superior presence ever with him,—rendering it, at the same time, august and imposing to his imagination, by clothing it in perpetuity with the constituted and coveted dignity that emanates from the office of a Glasgow deacon! How lean on the caul would one of the intellectual and elegant characters, formed on the new system of skepticism and universal suffrage, turn out to be, on dissection of its qualities, in comparison with Baillie Jarvie!

Again, the worthy Baillie, in company with his very different kinsman, illustrates, in a forcible manner, the folly and falsehood of sweeping denunciations and party condemnations. This, however, is almost invariably the effect of the scenes, in which characters are concerned, in the whole of these novels. Take, for instance, Colonel Talbot's description of the chiefs in the Jacobite cause, and his criticism on the Highland ladies; and then refer, as *per contra*, to Mac-Ivor's ideas of the Hanoverian ministers, and contempt for English manners. The children of the mist, hunted as wild beasts amidst their dens and barren rocks, whose name was an abomination in the ears of men, are found by one who is introduced to their retreat, and experiences their protection, to be faithful and enthusiastic; they are only terrible in the intense consciousness and devout belief of the wrongs they have suffered, and the right of revenge which they possess. Who shall decide between the English Judge at Carlisle, offering his solemn, and, at the same time, compassionate exhortations to repentance of deadly crime, and the chief of Glennaquoich thus apostrophising him from the prisoner's bar:—"*proceed, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water—spare not mine—were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel?*" And when the same judge, his heart overflowing with commiseration for the humble but faithful follower of this staunch and fearless chief, offers him his life if he can make up his mind to petition for grace; while the other replies—"*grace me no grace, since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood:*"—who does not feel that human nature is, after all, a sublime and admirable thing, even in its inconsistencies, weaknesses, and uncertainties? The sentiments of the heart of man seem to be essentially true and noble, however conflicting their manifestations may be in different individuals; and, once convinced of this, charity for what clashes with our own opinions and interests, sympathy with others in their misfortunes, and a sense of consolation when we struggle with affliction ourselves, grow up in the mind. The influence of this conviction it is scarcely possible to resist in reading these works: it is forced upon us by the writer's beautiful art to put forward prominently what may be called the redeeming points of character,[*]—which are, in fact, as we have already said, nothing but the natural points; and it is this fact which it is worth so much to know. The knowledge of it, however, is never suffered to hurt the soundness or safety of the practical effect. We see each thing as it really is, and this hinders us from being very angry with it;[†] yet we always perceive the best to be the best, and entertain a sense of the justice and necessity of the various common preservatives of the order of society. At the same time, a single, unkindly, egotistic, worldly feeling is not provoked from the beginning of these works to the end; yet they are as far from being tame or mawkish as possible. They are full of action, and the action is as various as it can be: they teem with drollery, enthusiasm, ambition, hardihood, passion, and in short excitement of every kind. Is the feeling of this author for the darker features of nature, external and internal, less lively than that of Lord Byron? Has he a less quick sense of the heroic and ambitious in character? of the reckless and misanthropical in heart? Is he less alive to the clash of arms? less knowing in the ways of fierce, rapacious, and gloomy natures? less intimately acquainted with the workings of the darker passions? A negative may be given to all these questions. His descriptions of glens, and lochs, and mountain-heads, have a sternness apparent in the midst of their beauty and graphical exactness, which animates with the spirit of the eagle, the scenery of the eagle's dwelling place. His portraits of Balfour of Burleigh, of Rob Roy, of his wife Helen, of Meg Merrilies,[*] speak his sympathy for that depravity of strong and high natures, the result of mortification produced by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" and above all, by the "oppressor's wrong, and proud man's contumely," met by the fierce re-action of a contumelious, proud disposition within. None of those desperate and daring spirits who have enlisted in the world's forlorn hope; no Jacobin or other malcontent, breasting the breakers where the shipwrecked state lies pitching herself to pieces, in the desire to ride above them to the shore on the fragments—ever gave to their dispositions so grand an air of resolute philosophy, as distinguishes Macgregor's reply to Osbaldistone, when the latter expresses regret for the scene of promiscuous confusion and distress likely to arise from any general exertion in favour of the exiled royal family:—"let it come man—let it come! ye never saw dull weather clear without a shower, and if the world is turned upside-down, why honest men will have better chance to cut bread out of it." Yet with all this deep feeling for the vindictive, the guilty, the remorseful, the terror-struck, the condemned, the hopeless, the withered in heart, the dying, and the despairing, what a sympathising, honourable, bland impression of his own character, does this author leave on the minds of his readers! No one would ever suspect him, as some have been suspected, of sitting for his own ruffians; yet they are as natural as life. He must have found them somewhere, for they all, and each, bear witness of their identity, but that somewhere, it is clear, has never been his own heart.

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[*] Even Dirk Hatteraik, just before his death, shows "the soul of goodness in things evil." He says, in answer to the reproach, that he had crowned a life, spent without a single virtue, with the murder of his accomplice; "virtue donner! *I was always faithful to my shipowners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver!*" And, accordingly, he spends his last hour in writing to the house at Flushing on business matters, and giving information of the loss of their vessel; this done, he went and hanged himself. Dalgetty's love for his horse, leading him to overcome his natural selfishness in so affecting a manner, in favour of the noble animal, is another instance: but the motherly and daughterly attachment, between the murtheress Margaret Murdockson, and her mad child, Madge Wildfire, is one of the most extraordinary we can quote.

[†] Witness the fine reply of the fisherman's wife, when Monkbarns hopes that the distilleries will never be permitted to work again:—"Aye, aye, its easy for your honour, and the like of you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; *but an' ye wanted fire, and* meat, and dry claise, and *were deeing o' cauld, and had* a sair heart, whilk is warst ava,' wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning." Her account of the daily occupation of her husband, affords a touching set off to the haggling for the price of the haddocks which immediately preceded it:—"he was awa' this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork." Well might poor Meggie say to the antiquary —"its no fish ye're buying, its men's lives."

[*] What sublimity there is in the reply of this extraordinary creature to some one who calls her by the familiar appellation of *good woman*. "I'm nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad enough, an' may be sorry enough that I am nae better; *but I can do what good women canna' and darena do.*"

The general name of these works, "the Scotch novels," will always indicate an era in our literary history, for they add a new species to the catalogue of our native literary productions, and nothing of the same nature has been produced any where else. They are as valuable as history and descriptive travels for the qualities which render these valuable; while they derive a bewitching animation from the soul of poetry, and captivate the attention by the interest of romantic story. As pictures of national manners they are inestimable: as views of human nature, influenced by local circumstances, they are extremely curious; as enthusiastic appeals to the passions and the imagination, they supply a strong stimulus to these faculties; and, by running the course of the story through the most touching incidents, and within sight of the grandest events, they carry the reader's sympathy perpetually with them. One great cause of their absorbing and irresistible power of fascination, is the astonishing variety of the author's hand, guided by a sensibility co-extensive, as we have already said, with nature herself. His feeling is universal in its enjoyments,—and this enables him to supply inexhaustible enjoyment to others. How complete is his sense of the majesty and force of Scripture language,—and what a relish he has for the slang of smugglers and jailers, the phraseology of gamekeepers and border cudgel players, and the law jargon of a Canongate lawyer of seventy years back! He enters, with the most delicate perception, into the sensitive, genteel well-dressed character of a modern English captain; displays with gusto the pedantry of an old French mousquetaire, or high German martinet; he draws his broadsword with the irregular fury of a Highland clansman; preaches with the ultra eloquence of a heated sectarian; raves sublime madness with those wonderful creatures, whom he seems to have emancipated from the common obligations of reason, only to enable them to hover on the brink of the ordinary world, looking into the supernatural;—to see with more rapid glance into the secrets of things, and to startle their hearers with a more vivid, searching, electrifying language than falls from the lips of the common children of men! Are these gifts such as many possess? Could many, like him, run so truly over all the notes in the human *gamut*, if we may so speak, from the extremest *alto* of chivalry, down to the commonest details of a Fenchurch-street counting-house? It is not mere truth, however, that forms all the merit of these astonishingly varied representations; he enters into each with delight; is at home every where, as well in regard to his feelings as his knowledge; and goes on, illustrating richly through his whole course, manifesting, for that purpose, treasures of appropriate terms and anecdotes, which surprise us by proving a *learning* equal to his natural faculties. He seems to have lived every where and with every body; to have fought under Gustavus, and taken several trips with Dirk Hatteraik;—but then the wonder is, when he could have copied in the office under Mr. Pleydell, and served his apprenticeship to a Glasgow weaver, both of which, it is quite clear, he has done, as well as stood precentor under a field preacher's tent, and performed the duty of rough rider to his Majesty's horse-guards. That he has acquired his technical expertness by actual experience, is impressed on our belief, by the air of freedom which never forsakes him. There is nowhere, in his writings, the least indication visible of the common place book; and this is one of the things which may serve to prove that Mr. Southey is not the author of these works. Mr. Southey is often very amusing, and unaccountable in his illustrations—we should often "wonder how the devil they got there," if it were not clear, that he has all the fruits of his reading registered, paged, and indexed, fit for use at a moment's notice. A late article of his, that appeared in the Quarterly Review, on copy-right, contains a curious quotation from Walton, which may serve to show what we mean.

We really believe, though it may seem much to say, that the Scotch novels, as they are the first of their class, so they are inimitable—perfectly, hopelessly inimitable for the time to come. How long their author may continue their repetitions, we shall not attempt to decide, for as their source is a natural, not an artificial one, "age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety;" but all circumstances considered, it seems too much to expect, that another person with equal gifts, and another opportunity with equal advantages, for seizing the real facts of history, the homely incidents of life, and genuine features of character, and throwing over them all the garb and air of romance, and enlivening them with the spirit of lofty poetry, will ever again appear. The peculiar gifts required are so widely distinct from the common ingredients of what is called talent, or, at least, their perfect union forms a character so rare amongst men of talent, that we dare not speculate on the re-appearance of the phenomenon. We admit that it is very possible a man may arise again amongst us with a devoted attachment to terriers and stag-hounds, with a keen appetite for pony-riding over the Cheviot Hills, philanthropically inclined to institute foot-ball and single-stick matches, and proud of seeing a piper, arrayed in the garb of old Gaul, enter amongst his company after dinner to "lap them in Elysium." Such a man may arise again amongst us; and such a man must arise, before we could hope for a re-production of the Scotch novels: but is it probable, that this endowed person will be at the same time deeply read in genealogical latin, troubadour poetry, the writings of the Prophets, and the history of the thirty years' war? If he be deficient in any one of these particulars, he is useless for our purpose. It certainly is possible that, even in this late day, more persons than one may yet manifest tastes and talents fitting them to be armourers to knights errant—to dress John of Gaunt, or instruct the Baron of Bradwardine, how he should stoop to take off his Prince's boot: and such lore, and such accomplishments, would be wanted before any second author could hope to rival our first;—but, supposing all these possessed by some future individual, is it to be imagined that he would at the same time be fond of getting into "his altitudes" at Clerighugh's,—and have also a particularly acute relish for the system of book-keeping, by double and single entry, as practised by the worthy Mr. Owen, in the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham. Lastly,—not to be tedious on one that is never so,—we do not absolutely despair of the existence of some as warm and successful lovers of nature in her sublimest seats and wildest recesses; as often honoured with her rarest revelations; nay, as enthusiastic admirers of the ardent, disinterested, imaginative character, which was fostered by persecution, and fashioned and endowed by a theology, as gloomy and as sublime as the caves and the mountains that gave refuge to its conscientious adepts: but the insurmountable difficulty lies in supposing, that, to these feelings and faculties will be added an intimate acquaintance with the mysteries of the dog-kennel, an off-hand familiarity with the forms of court etiquette, and the smartest customs of town-life.

Such a combination constitutes the literary character of the author of the Scotch novels; and we confess we do not think that it has ever before occurred, or that it ever will occur again: but, if it did, we want still more to the reproduction of such works. A high degree of personal respectability; a situation in life commanding intimacy with men and manners; practical habits of business,—all evidently conspire to lend a finishing charm to these compositions, by bestowing freedom and firmness on their style, giving them a clear complexion, a decorous carriage, stripping them entirely of professional rust, leaving nothing forced or awkward about their familiarity, and repressing altogether the air of authorship, and the affected graces of writing. Then, supposing that we have again found one as *able*, is it within the range of chances that he would be as *willing?* That, to the same miraculous powers, he would add the equally miraculous industry? That he would possess the same resolution of will; the same shrewdness in an honourable pursuit; and add as much worldly sagacity to an equal portion of intellectual strength and refinement? We reply, certainly not: therefore, for all these reasons together,—and the reader will think we have given enough of them,—we pronounce that the Scotch novels must remain alone, forming their own class, which is a new one in literature, and which they may be considered to have both commenced and finished. We should much sooner expect another author equal to the Paradise Lost, than another equal to Guy Mannering and Rob Roy; though in saying this, we do not mean to intimate that the writer of the latter is a greater man than Milton. Such a comparison would be impertinent; but certainly we would extend to this anonymous author the reply which we once heard made by a lady to one who expressed a wish for another Shakspeare:—"Another Shakspeare! nonsense! Shakspeare *has* been!"

We might ask also—if another author, equally gifted and favourably circumstanced, were found, where could be found such another subject? or what possibility is there of recurring again to the same, after the present writer shall have done with it? It may be affirmed, we believe, that no people, but the Scotch, ever have afforded so great a *variety* of materials to construct historical and characteristic fictions, as that of the collection which the author of these novels has extracted and employed; and that no people, not even the Scotch, will ever be so rich again. If we are wrong we shall be glad to be corrected; but to us it appears, that the records of no time or nation supply so much of the picturesque in quality and incident,—in local scenery, public affairs, personal character, social manners, and religious creeds, all combined—as the people from amongst whom this writer has taken his subjects, during the period through which he has, *in the course of* their long series, completely ranged. Eloquence, thought, information, enthusiasm, superstition, patriotism, simplicity, rural habits, courage, persecution, devotion, constancy, poetical taste, robbery, murder, rebellion, executions; these form but part of the catalogue of the circumstances and qualities which crowd on the surface of the Scottish history, at the period in question! When and where has there been another people so deeply and thoroughly imbued with an habitual inspiration of lofty thoughts and lofty conduct, as the Scottish nation was, when its whole soul and language, throughout all its classes, were full, even to saturation, of the majesty, efficacy, and eloquence of the Hebrew Scriptures?* Nothing can be quoted, from any other page in the world's annals, to match, for imposing effect, the demure and frowning Presbyterian hero, with his sword girt round his loins, and his hope set on the rock of ages—proud, and obstinate, and intrepid as Achilles—but with an imagination full of things *not made with hands*, and therefore more nobly occupied than that of Achilles. The sensual part of man was entirely rooted out of his being; the *beauty of holiness* took the place of all other beauty in his eyes; he saw the towers of Zion always rising before him, and for ever had in his ears the sound of the archangel's trumpet, calling him to the *good fight*, either as martyr or warrior. Such were the men "who looked not to thrones or dynasties, but to the rule of Scripture for their directions." It was then, says Jenny Deans, that the chosen of the Lord had the privilege given to them to see *far into eternity*, as a compensation from their Master, for the pains and trials to which he called them to expose themselves for his sake. Individuals, at various times and in various places, have been thus lifted up into the third heaven, under the influence of excitements or temperaments peculiar to themselves; but a vast national sentiment of this nature, causing the babe to lisp the language of Hebron, and the young woman to coquette in oriental metaphor, while she avoided promiscuous and vain dancing, even as a bird avoids the snare of the fowler, cannot be parelleled. Is there any feature in the ancient sybil, finer than Mause Headrigg, "that precious woman," can match? She who "lifted up her voice to confound the man of sin—even the scarlet man;" who told Serjeant Bothwell to his teeth, that he was "allied to the great dragon—Revelations twalfth chapter, third and fourth verses:" who was proud of her son when she saw him "going to testify with his mouth at the council, as he had testified with his weapon in the field;" and who, in despite of a mother's affection, implored him to "remain faithful even until death, and not to sully his bridal garment." Then there are "Machriar, with his sublime sermon to the victorious covenanters, and his still more sublime reply to Dalzell and Lauderdale when they were sending him from torture to death; and the terrible Balfour of Burleigh, in his "cave of Adulam,"—with his sword with three *notches*, each notch "testifying to a deliverance wrought for the church;" a man "zealous even to slaying!" Truly, as well as beautifully, does our author say of such scenes and characters, that they "formed a picture of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo." We must not forget the more tender, yet equally pious Elizabeth Maclure, "dwelling alone like the widow of Zarephtah:" she whose sight gradually faded away, after her aged eyes had been dazzled by the flash of the shots that were the death of her last son; but who was comforted, nevertheless, in the thought, that he and his brother fell for a broken covenant! For steady, manly, consistent, quiet keeping, however, there is perhaps nothing finer than the character of David Deans: he who had "features far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, but which, from their indication of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, had an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness." Hear him exclaiming, "how proud was I o' being made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on the pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old, for the cause of a national covenant." But in moral dignity far beyond this exultation in his exclamation when they bring him news of his ruined daughter's misfortune: "leave me, sirs—leave me! I maun warstle with this trial in privacy and on my knees." As for his eldest daughter, and comfort, Jenny Deans, and her super-heroic refusal to save even her beloved sister from death by a falsehood; while, under a quiet exterior, she was struggling in her pious soul with agonies such as dispositions generally called more susceptible are not capable of experiencing—how much is she above Brutus condemning his son for a breach of military discipline! Nor would any one, who has witnessed true religious feeling exemplified in the practice of humble and holy families in this part of the nation, doubt for a moment that many broken but unfailing hearts, might be found to realize, in needful circumstances, poor Jenny's hard but successful trial, and come, like her, through the furnace unsinged. Her journey to London, to beg her sister's pardon of the king and queen, confident of a ready introduction through the interest of her cousin Mrs. Glass, who kept the snuff-shop, is as touching, and seriously beautiful, and at the same time as comic, as the adventures of Don Quixotte. Here Jenny shows herself as romantic and enthusiastic, as she usually appears quiet, steady, and industrious—as intrepid in emergencies, as she is humble in her ordinary habits. It seems, at first a pity, that the author did not send her lover, the silent laird Dumbiedikes, to keep her company, during her long journey, on his pony; but, on consideration, we find a good and substantial reason for omitting the squire: the pony would only go one road, and that road was not the London one, but lay between St. Leonard's farm, and the mansion-house of Dumbiedikes. The possessor of this place is as rich in absolute nothingness, as Slender himself; and Callummore hits him off, with Shaksperian felicity, at one touch—"I have seen Dumbiedikes three times fou', and have only heard him speak once."

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* It is to be observed that the Covenanters and Cameronians almost always quoted from the Old Testament; their tastes, gloomy yet grand, and their habits severe and hardy though devout, sufficiently account for this preference.

Against the devout Presbyterian, oppose the proud licentious Highland chief, and his romantic, faithful, but rapacious and cruel followers! What a leap in an instant, and yet not beyond the limits of the national manners, nor beyond our author's power of representation. The haughtiness of Mac Ivor, the enthusiastic vengeance of Helen Mac Gregor, the hasty blood of the guests at M'Aulay's castle, are qualities which, added to the desperation of the causes into which these men rushed, as if danger increased their alacrity—and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery around them, demand the hand of a master to arrange and group them in composition, but of which our master makes pictures of a sublimer gloom than any of Salvator Rosa or Caravaggio. Yet touches of cheerfulness, gentleness, and soft beauty, are constantly introduced into these, which remove all the stiffness of studied effect, and throw the freshness of nature, as well as an agreeable light over their surface.

But the most peculiar feature in the Scottish character, which is precisely what our author has caught and given with the greatest power, remains to be noticed. The superstitious belief of certain supernatural revelations to the persecuted saints of the covenant, we have hinted at; but, besides this, there belongs to the nation a more general and remarkable superstition, more poetical in its effects, and more extensive in its combinations with the social manners of the people. This superstition is of a most remarkable character, for a mystery and uncertainty hover about the supernatural principle, which render it impossible to be classed either with good or bad influences. Those supposed to be gifted with it, might move in the common affairs of life like other persons, exciting a sort of vague feeling of awe, but by no means supposed to have broken the bond of brotherhood with their fellow-men. The second-sight of Scotland cannot be regarded, like astrology, as partaking of the nature of scientific or learned deduction: it was not considered, like witchcraft, as a branded and hateful league with the enemy: at the same time, it received no sanction from the Christian religion, and exemplary devotion seems to have had no necessary connexion with its possession. Those to whom this sensibility was understood to belong, seemed to feel it to be a fearful burthen, and were distinguished among others by their deep melancholy. The spirit of the mountains and rivers appears to have been their chief master, but it is impossible to describe exactly the nature of the spell; its attributes, and effects, are so vague, shifting, and even contradictory. The character of those to whom it was imputed, appears to have wavered between superior natural acuteness, and mental derangement; to which may be added, as the general basis, a highly susceptible taste for the poetical and the picturesque. There were, however, many different degrees of the gift; and numbers there were who could not be said to possess it at all, yet who might be considered as forming lay brothers of the order. Some of these had dreams that never failed to be fulfilled, and others were afflicted with an insanity which led them to denounce judgments and hazard prophecies. Our author has made excellent use of these materials: there is not a single variety of the character which he has not exhibited; nor scarcely a combination into which it was possible to join their separate properties, which he has not made. The most perfect specimen of the second-sighted seer, is Alan M'Aulay: and his unfortunate birth, and unfortunate love, supply the philosophy and the pathos of the phenomenon. Meg Merrilies is of a more composite order: she is the gipsy and the wierd-wife, the vagrant, the thief, and in part the maniac. It has been thought that some of her introductions into the story bear too theatrical an air; but we apprehend this objection to be founded in mistake. Striking effect—even studied artful effect always attends the actions and appearances of these wild creatures; their language is figured and poetical, their costume extravagant, and advantage is carefully taken by them of all the accidents cf nature. Davie Gellatly and the Gaberlunzie man, are all varieties of the same species. The former we think an excellent representation. He is "a crack-brained knave, who can execute very well any commission which jumps with his own humour." His memory is charged with old songs, verses of which he applies for satire, petition, and also warning: but the affecting touch is never wholly wanting from this author's hand: Davie had learnt his poetry from a dying brother, whom, in his decline, he followed like a shadow.

We wish we could proceed further amongst our friends and acquaintances of these novels, for Major (afterwards Sir Dugald) Dalgetty has not yet been noticed by us; and we owe him respect because his horse was better than himself, and he knew it. There are moreover the Baron of Bradwardine, Mr. Mucklebarns, Dandie Dinmont, Cuddie; but to specify names, when all are meritorious, would, as the despatches after battles say, be invidious. Suffice it to declare, that they are all genuine children of their native land; and that while her name shall continue Scotland, she will owe gratitude to the author, for having fixed and delineated the remarkable features of a national character, such as no other people can parallel, at the very moment before it was too late. A little longer, and the lively remembrance would have faded; and then no author could have experienced the same inspiration, nor any reader the same enjoyment.

We fancy we hear a cry of "*name! name!*"—and we wish we could conclude our article, as Sir Joshua Reynolds concluded his lectures, by pronouncing the name of the great object of its praise. This is a pleasure, however, which the author of the Scotch novels has not yet permitted to the public. We can only say, that from all we have heard of the personal character and accomplishments,—the talents, worth, and patriotism of the most popular Scottish poet of the present day, we should be very much mortified were it afterwards to turn out, that these fine works have been improperly attributed by the public voice to—WALTER SCOTT.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS OF KONIGSMARK.

Denkwürdigkeiten der Gräfin Maria Aurora Königsmark und der Königsmarkschen Familie. Nach bisher unbekannten Quellen. (Memoirs of the Countess Maria Aurora of Königsmark, and of the Königsmark Family, from sources hitherto unknown.) Von Dr. Friedrich Cramer. 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig, 1836.

WE have long entertained a suspicion that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, at least the greater part of the latter, were the most vicious periods of time that the world has seen since the unspeakable corruption of the Roman Emperors, diffused by them throughout the Roman world, was simultaneously punished and crushed by the invasion of the northern barbarians. This suspicion was strengthened by seeing sufficient cause for such vice, public and private, *in the then state of* the world, which might be termed *in modern phrase, a state of* transition. We omit *many particulars of that state,* which were perhaps local—as, for instance, on the Continent the rise of the military profession, which, superseding chivalry, had inherited all the violence and lawlessness of feudalism without any of its lofty spirit, of its patriarchal sentiments, and as yet dreamt not of its later high tone of honour and patriotism—we will speak only of what may be esteemed European. Knowledge, civilization, and luxury had, at this epoch, made just sufficient progress to throw ridicule upon the ignorance, the prejudice, the coarse simplicity of past times; and this degree of progress necessarily brings on a crisis unpropitious for human nature. The virtues belonging to the contemned state of society are but too likely to share in the reprobation and mockery lavished upon their concomitants;—as was exemplified during our own civil war and after the Restoration, when the royalists thought vice indispensable as a security against the suspicion of republicanism and puritanism. Succeeding generations, as they grow more enlightened, see the faults and absurdities of their immediate predecessors, and learn to discriminate between the good and the bad qualities of their remoter ancestors; until gradually science and civilization attain to that height of improvement at which knowledge induces modest self-distrust, and refinement is the parent of delicacy. We use the word delicacy in a comprehensive sense, including personal, social, moral, and intellectual delicacy; inasmuch as we consider the delicacy of moral feeling that would render it impossible for even the most vulgar-minded of our living English public men to accept from a foreign power such bribes as a Sidney, a Russell, a Marlborough, received without any apparent consciousness of disgrace; the delicacy of manner that forbids the remotest allusion in female society to topics familiarly discussed by and with the wives and sisters of those great men; and the delicacy of taste that compels genius to submit to critical rule, as, all alike, the fruit of mental cultivation and refinement.

French history and memoirs down to the French revolution, and English history to the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, or perhaps we should say of this likewise till the French revolution, afford but too ample confirmation of our unfavourable opinion of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, should they be deemed insufficient, as relating to two countries only, although the two most advanced in civilization, the volumes now before us supply proofs that, as relates to Germany, and we believe we may add Sweden, render all others superfluous.

But how we are to make our readers acquainted with the matter contained in these volumes is a point requiring some consideration, they not being at all susceptible of regular criticism or analysis, or calculated to afford ample extracts. They give no regular memoirs of the Countess or her family, consisting chiefly of family papers, such as extracts from the conjugal correspondence of Countess Lowenhaupt, (the lady was a Königsmark,) letters addressed to Countess Aurora, a few written by her, and some few statements, memoranda, &c., in her hand-writing, with a few occasional pages of explanation, connexion, and the like, by Dr. Cramer. But from these unliterary, scattered, detached, and diffuse materials, we gather a view of northern Germany at the close of the seventeenth century, too painfully impressive to pass unnoticed. It is a picture less striking from the guilt portrayed, than from the exhibition of such an utter absence of principle as is not readily conceiveable.

atriotism and honour in the one sex, like chastity in the other, appear to be, not so much virtues beyond the reach of a corrupt generation, as ideas that never presented themselves to the minds of most of the personages here introduced to our acquaintance. And it must be owned that the individual who, associating with these personages, should have formed such out-of-the-way conceptions, must have been gifted with a truly Shakspearean imagination. We believe our course will be to give a sketch of the narrative to be gathered from these papers, occasionally illustrating and substantiating it with an extract, when we find one worth inserting.

These Königsmark Memoirs begin during the thirty years' war; a war, be it remembered, the object of which was on one side the establishment of religious liberty, on the other the suppression of heresy; objects, however, which seem to have interested none of the warriors engaged except Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and the Emperor Ferdinand II. himself. John Christopher Königsmark, of the ancient and noble family of Königsmark, in the Old Mark of Brandenburg, entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus during this war, and certainly does not appear to have been more actuated by religious zeal than his own comrades. As a soldier he must have distinguished himself, since we find him holding separate, and in some measure independent, command of a body of troops; but we learn that he was one of those whose freebooting propensities brought disgrace upon the Swedish arms. By plunder he amassed a fortune, and unwilling probably to forsake so lucrative an occupation, he did not choose, it should seem, to consider himself bound by the peace of Westphalia, as the Imperial city of Bremen experienced to its cost in the year 1657. This appears to have been Königsmark's last exploit as belligerent or bandit. He submitted to the general peace, received the reward of his services from Queen Christina in the title of Count, and divers estates both in Sweden Proper and in the then Swedish duchy of Bremen, and, renouncing altogether his allegiance to Brandenburg, became a Swedish subject, and the founder of the Swedish family of Königsmark.

Upon wealth and honours acquired by converting the military profession and the alleged championship of religious liberty into mere pretexts or covers for wholesale brigandage, and by a desertion of country, natural enough in a freebooter, it might be said that there rested a curse. The Count's two younger sons died early and childless; the one by a fall from his horse; the other, after affording promise of legal eminence, wandered over Europe as an adventurer, and fell at the siege of Negropont, in the service of Venice against the Turks. The eldest, Count Conrad Christopher, also died young, in foreign service, that of Holland; but he had married in Sweden, and left two sons and two daughters, the youngest of whom was the Countess Aurora, whom Voltaire has called, "the most celebrated woman of two centuries;" an opinion —even he scarcely meant it as a panegyric—from which we must take leave to dissent; though we pretend not to deny the celebrity of her beauty, or that of her illegitimate son.

Of Count Conrad's sons, the youngest ran a course nearly similar to his younger uncle's; and the eldest appeared likely to do the same, had not his career been cut short by a catastrophe, *in which his fate* was involved with that of a princess, destined to be Queen of England, Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I. Of him, in whom the Swedish house of Königsmark perished, we must speak more at length.

Philip Christopher, Count Königsmark, like all those of his name and race, forsook his native land and patrimonial estates for foreign countries, and his earliest youth he appears to have passed in the court and household of the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, at Zell; where, it is said, he was thought a very desirable match for the Duke's daughter by an unequal marriage, until the Emperor, by conferring high rank upon the wife, changed the character of the marriage, made her Duchess, and her daughter, Sophia Dorothea, hereditary Princess of Zell. Upon reaching manhood, or perhaps upon the alteration in Sophia Dorothea's rank and prospects, he left Zell, and entered the service of the Elector of Saxony, which some years afterwards he quitted, we know not why, for that of the Elector of Hanover. Be it observed that none of these changes led him back to the original country of his family, Brandenburg.

At the Hanoverian court Königsmark found, in the neglected wife of the Electoral Prince, the daughter of his first foreign master, the Duke of Zell. The Princess Sophia Dorothea was delighted at meeting again the former playmate, whom she had once regarded as her intended husband, and she resumed her intimacy with him to a degree which, whether innocent or guilty,—a point hardly to be determined at this distance of time —was certainly indiscreet. The mass of presumptive evidence, however, as well as all the documents collected by Countess Aurora, are decidedly in favour of the Princess's innocence and imprudence. That upon Count Königsmark's arrival at Hanover, he awoke a sudden and vehement passion in the bosom of Countess Platen, the mistress of the old Elector, and the sister of the Electoral Prince's mistress; and that, without the least degree of liking, he engaged in a criminal amour with her, we learn from a statement written by the Countess Aurora, which, we blush for the sex while we say it, we *cannot extract or even abstract*. We mention this, however, rather as corroborative of the opinion we have advanced concerning the character of the age than as a matter of imputation against the then spotless though afterwards frail Swede; as will distinctly be seen if we add that a maid of honour of the Electoral Princes'ss, upon whose reputation even those who wished to discredit her testimony cast no suspicion, in her formal examination argued the innocence of her accused mistress upon grounds, at the nature of which we cannot even hint. It further appears, from Countess Aurora's papers, that Count Königsmark at length broke off his intrigue with Countess Platen, whose jealousy, both of the Princess and other ladies, was so unbridled and inveterate, that the Electoral Princess became alarmed, and "entreated him to renew his former intercourse with the Countess, for fear of her revenge."

Strange as such advice from a Princess appears to us, her dread of the profligate termigant's revenge was but too well founded. Countess Platen's jealousy becoming frenzy; she first thwarted all Königsmark's hopes of advancement in the Hanoverian service, whereupon he resolved to return to that of Saxony. He requested permission to resign his Hanoverian regiment, and had received his appointment as general from the Elector of Saxony, when Countess Platen, exasperated probably at the approaching escape of her victim, by exciting the suspicions of the Elector, and the jealousy of the Electoral Prince, brought on the catastrophe. From the many papers respecting this affair here published we will extract one narrative, that seems authentic in its simplicity, after we shall first have stated that a letter from Königsmark's secretary to the Countesses Löwenhaupt and Aurora Königsmark, merely stating that the Count had gone out one evening, as he frequently did, unattended, and had never returned, and that he, the secretary, knew not what to do, produced an unnoticed appeal to the Elector from the sisters, and great exertion to discover what had befallen their vanished brother:—

"Bernhard Zeyer, a native of Heidelberg in the Palatinate, a wax image maker, and artist in lacker work, was engaged by the Electoral Princess to teach her his art. Being on this account continually in the Princess's apartment, he has frequently seen Count Königsmark there, who looked on while the Princess worked. He once learned in confidence, from the Electoral Princess's groom of the chambers, that the Electoral Prince was displeased about the Count, and had sworn to break his neck; which this Bernhard revealed to the Princess; who answered, 'Let them attack Königsmark, he knows how to defend himself!' Some time afterwards there was an Opera; but the Princess was unwell, and kept her bed. The Opera began, and as the Count was absent as well as the Princess, first a page, and then the *Hoffourier*," (an officer whom not to know, does not, we trust, argue ourselves unknown; literally Englished, his title should mean, Court Quarter-master, or Court Harbinger,) "were sent out for intelligence. Then the *Hoffourier* came back running, and whispered to the Electoral Prince and then to his Highness the Elector. But the Electoral Prince went away from the Opera with the *Hoffourier*. Now Bernhard saw all this, and what it meant; and as he knew the Count was with the Princess, he left the Opera secretly, to warn her; and as he went in at one door, the other door was opened, and two masked persons rushed in exclaiming, 'So! Here I find you!' The Count who was sitting on the bed, with his back to the door by which the two entered, started up and whipped out his sword, saying, 'Who can say anything unbeseeming of me?' The Princess clasping her hands, said, 'I, a Princess, am I not allowed to converse with a gentleman?' But the masks, without listening to reason, slashed and stabbed away at the Count. But he pressed so upon both, that the Electoral Prince unmasked, and begged for his life, whilst the *Hoffourier* came behind the Count and ran him through between the ribs with his sabre, so that he fell, saying, 'You are murderers before God and man, who do me wrong.' But they both of them gave him more wounds, so that he lay as dead. This Bernhard seeing all this, hid himself behind the steps of the other room.

"Then was this Bernhard privily sent by the Princess to spy out what they would do with him.

"When the Count was in the vault, he came a little to himself, and spoke—'You take a guiltless man's life. On that I'll die. But do not let me perish like a dog, in my blood and my sins. Grant me a parson, for my soul's sake!' Then the Electoral Prince went out, and the *Fourier* remained alone with him. Then was a stranger parson fetched, and a stranger executioner, and the *Fourier* fetched a great chair. And when the Count had confessed, he was so weak that three or four of them lifted him into the chair; and there, in the Prince's presence was his head laid at his feet. And they had tools with them, and they dug a hole in the right corner of the vault, and there they laid him, and there he must be to be found."—[If this be correct, the body reported to have been found at a later period, under the floor of one of the Princess's apartments, could not be Königsmark's.]

"When all was over, this Bernhard slipped away from the castle; and, indeed, Counsellor Lucius, who was a friend of the Princess's, sent him one of his livery to save him; for they sought him in all corners, because they had seen him in the room during the affray. * * * And what Bernhard Zeyer saw in the vault, he saw through a crack."

The Electoral Princess spent the remainder of her life in confinement; but it is to be observed further in her justification, that attempts were repeatedly made by the Electoral family to effect a re-union betwixt her and her consort, all indignantly rejected by her. It is said that, after that consort had ascended the English throne, a similar proposal was made to the lonely Princess by some influential persons in this country, to which she replied, "If I am guilty, I am not worthy to be your Queen; if I am innocent, your King is not worthy to be my husband." Whereupon we must observe that she is one of the few exceptions to our rule of virtue having been unknown to our friends in these volumes. What really became of Königsmark was never ascertained. His sisters received several positive assurances of his existence in confinement from different persons connected with the Electoral Court, and from the imprisoned Princess herself. But he never re-appeared; and the uncertainty respecting his fate served merely to prolong the distress of his family, and to enable some litigious relations to prevent his sisters from obtaining possession of his estates as his natural and lawful heirs.

To these sisters we now turn. The eldest, Countess Emilia, married Count Löwenhaupt, a Swedish nobleman of very old family and high rank, and it might be supposed that she would, through such a marriage, have found friends at court to support her own and her sister's claim to the provisional occupation, at least, of the family property. But Count Löwenhaupt, according to the fashion of the day, had deserted his native land to seek increase of fortune and professional advancement in foreign service. He first entered the Emperor's, and made several campaigns with the imperial armies in Hungary; then, either from some unexplained cause of dissatisfaction, or from the restlessness that seems proper to these unpatriotic knights-errant, he exchanged the imperial for the Dutch service, and again the Dutch for the Saxon. In this last Löwenhaupt remained for several years, although during some of those years Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was, as the ally of Czar Peter, at war with Charles XII. of Sweden; and our Count and Countess appear to have thought it a most atrocious piece of cruelty and tyranny that the said Count was prosecuted in Sweden as a traitor, in arms against his country. Equivocations, to our apprehension, the most childish and unintelligible, are adduced in their letters to prove that he, an officer in the enemy's service, consuming his fortune in speculatively raising and training a regiment for that service, never actually bore arms against Sweden. Had we been so unfortunate as to be that wife, or son, or brother ro Löwenhaupt, we should have deemed it a very merciful interposition of Providence that removed him from the world, a victim to grief, anxiety, and mortification, before the termination of his trial at Stockholm, whither his Countess had gone to move heaven and earth in his favour. It does not appear in the letters what legal measures ensued upon his death; but they must have been lenient, since we afterwards find the widow residing upon the Löwenhaupt estate. Before leaving this branch of the Königsmark family, we must observe that we here meet with a redeeming feature in the domestic affections. The Count and Countess Löwenhaupt seem to have been faithfully and fondly attached to each other, and to their children. But is not characteristic of the age that in the confidential correspondence of this worthy couple, we should find not only no idea of public principle, but not a word intimating either suspicion of her sister's illicit connexion with the Elector, or anger at, and disbelief of, the public gossip respecting it, whilst her favour and court influence seem tacitly recognized?

We now come to the extraordinarily beautiful and accomplished Countess Aurora herself. She has usually been represented as having accompanied her sister to Dresden, when little more than a child, as such having fallen a victim to the seductive arts of the libertine Elector, become the mother of Maurice, the celebrated French General, the Maréchal de Saxe, and been deserted; and having dedicated the remainder of her life to the cultivation of the Muses in a convent. The editor of these family papers and memoirs, whilst professing himself an admirer of Aurora, refutes much of those apologies for her frailty. He proves that at the period of Königsmark's disappearance she was five and twenty, had already been surrounded by numbers of lovers, honourable and dishonourable, equals and superiors, whom she had, at least coquettishly, encouraged; and that she repaired alone to Dresden, for the just and reasonable purpose of soliciting the Elector to interfere in behalf of her brother, who was, it must be remembered, at the moment of his disappearance, a Saxon general, and whom she firmly believed to be alive in a Hanoverian prison. The inquiries of the Elector into the fate of his own officer were civilly eluded at Hanover, and do not appear to have been urged with the warmth that might have been anticipated from the suit he was even then pressing to the affectionate sister. The success of this guilty suit is proved by the existence of the Maréchal de Saxe, called in his youth the Count of Saxony; but with his birth the Elector's passion for the lovely mother died away. Countess Aurora did not hereupon exactly retire to a convent, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, or after the fashion of Madame de la Vallière, but she sought to secure the future post of Abbess of Quedlinburg, by obtaining that of coadjutrix in the princely abbey, which, since it had become a Protestant establishment, imposed no severe restrictions upon its nominally cloistered inmates. The history of this abbey is so remarkable both in itself and as illustrative of the changes and corruptions—or reforms, if the reader pleases so to call them—of the original feudalism of the empire, that we cannot refrain from refreshing our own mind, and relieving our picture of vice, by a sketch of its foundation and vicissitudes.

Upon a hill commanding the town of Quedlinburg, stood a castle of the old Dukes of Saxony, often inhabited by Henry the Fowler, the first and the greatest of the Saxon Emperors, even after his election to the sovereignty, *and given by him at his death*, with its domains, to his widow, the subsequently canonized Matilda. In the church of Quedlinburg Henry was interred; and adjoining to it Matilda founded the abbey, with which she connected schools for both sexes. She endowed the abbey with most of her possessions; and, assisted by her son, Otho the Great, she obtained for it privileges, ecclesiastical and temporal, unexampled, we believe, in the history of nunneries. Ecclesiastically, the Abbess of Quedlinburg was exempt from the jurisdiction of her diocesan, the Bishop of Halberstadt, and subject to no superior save the Pope, whilst several cloisters of monks as well as of nuns were placed under her spiritual government. In her political relations, the Abbess of Quedlinburg was a Princess of the empire, entitled to a seat in the college of Princes, and a vote at the Diets. The town of Quedlinburg, with others of inferior note and extensive domains, were the property of the abbey, which numbered Saxon nobles of higher as well as of lower grade amongst its vassals and its honorary officers. The Dukes of Saxony enjoyed the high office of its hereditary Protector (*Schirmvogt.*)

A daughter of Henry's and Matilda's appears to have been the first abbess, and for a considerable time her successors were princesses; at a later period the daughters of counts of the empire attained to the envied dignity. But, whatever their birth, these ecclesiastical princesses appear, almost without exception, to have exercised their high functions wisely and holily. The abbesses by their prudence, if they could not quite save their subjects from the calamities resulting from the wars which so frequently desolated Germany, at least reduced those calamities to the level of the most favoured district. The Quedlinburg domains suffered less than those of most other princes, and flourished accordingly. The town of Quedlinburg, if it did not rise quite to an equality in opulence, privileges, and importance with the republican free imperial cities, was yet allowed by the sovereign abbesses to enjoy a great degree of self-government, whilst it acquired wealth both by trade and by the renown of its high schools, which were much frequented, and in which many distinguished men received their education. We feel tempted here to give another extract, as illustrative of a different state of manners, and of the religious opinions or at least sentiments of really devout persons, from the tenth to the thirteenth century inclusive, and probably even somewhat later:—

"The bishops of Halberstadt were always engaged in disputes with the abbesses of Quedlinburg, respecting the spiritual independence of the latter, sanctioned by the Popes. The bishops claimed spiritual jurisdiction over the abbey, in virtue of the natural subjection of women to men; of ancient custom, which included the whole Harzgau (in which stood Quedlinburg) in the diocese of Halberstadt; and they further endeavoured to found a plea upon arbitrary ancient usages. The celebration of Palm Sunday, professedly intended for the edification of the pious, but in fact a scandal to them, was an annually recurring cause of dissension.

"From the Gospel assigned to that Sunday, was borrowed the pattern of a procession which was conducted from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg. The bishop, representing the Redeemer, riding upon an ass, under the shade of palm branches,* surrounded by his clergy, and followed by a numerous train, arrived at and entered the abbey church, amidst the ringing of bells and shouts of Hosannah! After high mass he caused the abbey relics to be exibited; and, with all his attendants and followers, was abundantly feasted throughout the day. The multitudes who flocked thither to banquet *gratis*, for a whole day long, increased every year, occasioning inconveniences and annoyances, of which the intemperance of the banqueters was not the least. Even in early times Otho III. had recommended the abandonment of this custom. In 1259 the abbess offered to purchase an exemption from the Palm Sunday celebration with 200 marks of silver; this the bishop refused, but he assigned certain tithes to the abbey in order to defray the cost.

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* Query, whether the palm branches were not likewise represented by lowlier plants?

"These disputes were repeatedly referred to Rome, and the Popes always decided against the pretensions of the diocesans, prohibiting the ass procession. But in vain. The utmost that could be accomplished was the restriction of the number of horses brought from Halberstadt to Quedlinburg, upon these occasions, to sixty. It was only the progress of the public mind that at length put an end to this blasphemous festival, represented by ecclesiastics as an act of, and incentive to, devotion."

As feudalism declined, so did the splendour, power, and dignity of the ecclesiastical princesses of Quedlinburg, whose lives were long absorbed by incessant struggles in defence of their rights and privileges, against diocesans, hereditary protectors, and the Quedlinburg municipality. Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the abbess, Countess Anne of Stolberg, embraced Lutheranism, which she established in her abbey and its domains, forfeiting thereby some of her lofty privileges and jurisdiction, but obtaining in exchange, for herself and her community, emancipation from claustral seclusion and from the perpetuity of their vows; the sisters being thenceforward free to resign the advantages of their situations, quit the abbey, and marry.

The decline of this once princely establishment now proceeded rapidly. The abbess was reduced to a fraction of a vote at the Diet, her feudal sovereignty became merely nominal, and the dependence of the town of Quedlinburg was rather upon the abbey expenditure than upon the will and authority of the abbess. The community, never large, decreased in numbers, till it consisted merely of the abbess herself, with sometimes a coadjutrix, her designated successor, a prioress, a deaconess, and one single canoness. We should say that this Lutheran nunnery was heavily plundered by the Lutheran Swedish leader, Count John Christopher Königsmark; in fact Quedlinburg and its domains never suffered so much as during the thirty years' war.

The community of Quedlinburg was in the sunken condition just described, when the fair, frail, and forsaken Maria Aurora of Königsmark sought the appointment of coadjutrix to the abbess, Anna Dorothea, a Princess of Saxe-Weimar. The abbess appears to have been willing to oblige the Electoral hereditary protector of Quedlinburg, by receiving as her heir-apparent his discarded favourite; but the deaconess and the single canoness, two sister Countesses of Stolberg, were inveterately opposed to her pretensions. And it is not the least remarkable feature of this age, *that two ladies so* actively and fiercely inimical to *Countess Aurora never urged* her misconduct, as a *fault that ought to preclude* her aspiring to the sovereignty of a community, which appears to have been appropriated exclusively to virgins, admitting neither wives nor widows. It is impossible to conceive that no whisper had circulated to her discredit, though we do not readily appreciate the degree of mystery or publicity that attached to her lapse from virtue, which at one time wears the guise of a profound secret, and at another, without any appearance of discovery or disclosure, seems generally known.

Count Maurice was born during Countess Aurora's absence from Dresden, professedly upon a canvassing visit to Quedlinburg. His birth and christening by the single name of Maurice are registered at Goslar as occurring Oct. 28, 1696, and he is called in the register the son of a great lady in the house of R. H. C. Winkel, without any name of father or mother. Among the letters here published, is one from Countess Aurora to her brother-in-law, like most of the others, in execrable French,* dated October 29, the day after the birth, very playful, and relating chiefly to the engaging of actors for the Elector's theatre. In the Löwenhaupt correspondence there are letters dated immediately before and immediately after this 28th of October, in which the Countess, who was then residing in her sister's house at Dresden, mentions her expectation of Aurora's arrival on that day, or on the subsequent day, and her disappointment at Aurora's repeated delays, but never hints at their cause. Neither is there in the published letters, nor, as Dr. Cramer assures us, in the unpublished, any mention of the child, although the Countess Löwenhaupt spent many months with Countess Aurora, and was visited by her husband at a Silesian estate which the latter had purchased, and where Maurice dwelt with his governor, preceptor, and a whole educational establishment,—until very many years afterwards, when he (Maurice) was seeking the Duchy of Courland, and Countess Löwenhaupt speaks of him as a near relation. In the Count of Saxony's letters to his mother, he only twice names their relationship, though he always writes to her as to a mother, to wit, as to the person upon whose love he implicitly relies, from whom he expects everything. And though the different governors who had the care of him write to her as governors would to a mother, only one plainly calls her so. The others merely insinuate as much, the one speaking of Count Maurice as "what she best loves," another as "the dear secret."

There is one other circumstance which we know not whether to take as a proof of the skilful concealment of Countess Aurora's misfortune, as servants call such awkward accidents, or of the prevalent indifference to a trifling *faux pas*. It is, that the lady, subsequently to her son's birth, received many offers of marriage. Most of these she declined as inferior to her pretensions; and one, that she would probably have gladly accepted, from the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, appears to have been thwarted by the lover who had discarded her, Augustus of Saxony and Poland.

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* For our comfort, Dr. Cramer generally gives us a German version, but tells us that almost all the originals are in French, especially the whole correspondence between Count and Countess Löwenhaupt. One might suppose that they adopted this foreign language as a security against the opening of their letters at German post-offices, only that we find, when they wished to keep any particular secret safe, they wrote a few lines in their mother tongue, i. e. Swedish.

To return to Quedlinburg and the coadjutrixship. Augustus zealously supported his cast-off mistress's endeavours to attain this maiden sovereignty expectant, until they clashed with his own views upon Poland. The contest for the Polish crown was to be waged with gold, not steel: and the Elector of Saxony, from the moment of his becoming a candidate for this elective crown, thought only of what could be turned into hard cash, to bribe his intended subjects and electors. Amongst other saleable commodities, he laid his hand upon the hereditary protectorate of Quedlinburg. This he sold for ready money to the King of Prussia, stipulating, however, for the new protector's sanction of Countess Königsmark's nomination as coadjutrix. It is averred that the Elector afterwards underhand prevented her appointment, in order to have a pretext, in the purchaser's failure to fulfil his engagement, for cancelling the bargain.

Whatever were the cause, Aurora of Königsmark failed of the coadjutrixship and consequent succession; but obtained the second situation in the abbey, both as to rank and emolument, that of prioress. As such she incurred censure by her habitual non-residence—it should seem that the gay court lady found the abbey a dull abode. But we hear of no other objection to her conduct, although it can hardly be doubted, from some of the letters addressed to her by men of high rank, that this was as inconsistent as the birth of her son with her station in a vestal community. And if we explain this silence by the veil of mystery that would, of course, be sedulously thrown over these her meaner transgressions, we must say that to us it appears strangely indecorous that the prioress of a religious establishment should, as Countess Aurora did, without any plea of natural connexion or necessity, have frequented the Court of Augustus, the licentiousness of which soon became so grossly flagrant, that the two dowager Electresses, his mother and his sister-in-law, together with his consort the Queen of Poland, collectively withdrew from it, leaving their places to be supplied by his numerous successive and contemporaneous mistresses. We extract a description by an eye-witness, of one of the most decorous of the courtly festivities of Dresden, in which the Quedlinburg prioress was too often a partaker:—

"Field Marshal Count Flemming gave an entertainment which was to offer to the court the spectacle of a regular engagement. Here war appeared in its beauty. The hosts attacked each other with a well-matched fire. Their manœuvres, charges, retreats, in short all their movements, had something in them fearfully comic, since no one was hurt. The King appeared on horseback, with Countess Dönhof and the wife of the Lithuanian General, Potzki (the rival mistresses of the day), dressed as Amazons; the other ladies were in coaches and six. After the battle the King sat down to table in a large tent, with the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen. Two other large tables were laid in two other tents, for the rest of the company. During the meal, the music of cannons, drums, and trumpets, relieved each other's harmony. The merriest scene was after dinner. The tables were not removed, but the victuals upon them were abandoned to the soldiers. As the bread fell short, the Field Marshal, in compensation, ordered a thousand *gulden* to be severally stuck into as many little bits of bread. Then the bands sounded a charge, and the soldiers, drawn up in order of battle, boldly stormed the well-provided tables, the foremost being overthrown and trampled upon by the hindmost, &c. &c.

"Then all was cleared away, and dancing followed until seven o'clock in the evening. The Field Marshal drank stoutly with his guests, and was thoroughly intoxicated. The King was not sober, but committed no degrading indecency. I pitied a poor chamberlain who had to stand behind his Majesty with a glass of water, and was so unsteady upon his feet that the touch of a finger would have upset him. Count Flemming was beside himself with joy. When the King prepared to depart, Flemming fell familiarly upon his neck, saying, 'Brother, I break with thee if thou goest.' Countess Dönhof, who never left the King's side, tried to repress such improprieties; but Flemming was too happy for decorum. He endeavoured to embrace her, affectionately addressing her by the coarsest term in the language. She who is used to such compliments from the Field Marshal when drunk, only laughed, and endeavoured to keep him from the King. On their way home, both King and Countess fell from their horses,—but, thank God, without hurting themselves."

Profuse as was Augustus upon his own pleasures, his liberality towards ex-favorites was small; and the income of the prioress of Quedlinburg was utterly inadequate to support the magnificence and the extravagance of our Countess Aurora. It was ostensibly to solicit the possession of her vanished brother's estates for herself and her sister, as also the pardon of her brother-in-law's treasons, that she repaired to the head-quarters of Charles XII., being further secretly commissioned by Augustus to negotiate a peace for him if possible. It is well known that the rugged Swedish hero, whether fearing her reputed fascinations, or merely in his accustomed contempt for the female sex, refused to see his admired countrywoman; and, although she made herself friends among his ministers, she failed in all her objects. In fact, much as has been said of this celebrated lady's permanent influence over her faithless lover, of her talents for business, and of her genius for the arts, to all which we apprehend Voltaire's expression adverts, no evidence, as far as we, or her posthumous admirer, Dr. Cramer, can discover, remains to attest their existence. Her political attempts, and her efforts in behalf of herself and family, were alike unsuccessful; and if her music and her poetry aided her conquests during the period of her youth and beauty, they do not appear to have yielded any power of captivation that could in later years serve as a substitute for those failing charms, or afford to herself any source of solitary and permanent enjoyment, that could console her for the loss of the universal admiration which her beauty had long commanded.

Countess Aurora of Königsmark never obtained her portion of her patrimonial heritage. We know not whether Countess Löwenhaupt was subsequently more successful, or what became of the ill-acquired Königsmark estates. Aurora spent the remainder of her life in pecuniary embarrassments and involvements, and died deeply in debt.

As to Quedlinburg—to our mind a more interesting subject—the few words we have to add concerning it are far from satisfactory. The Kings of Prussia appointed Princesses of their own family, although Calvinists, abbesses of this Lutheran community. Those abbesses drew their income from Quedlinburg, and resided at court. The community, like the abbesses, deserted the abbey, and the town languished for want of the accustomed abbey expenditure. In 1802 the abbey principality was secularized, and given as an indemnification to Prussia. It was afterwards transferred to the transitory kingdom of Westphalia, and declined yet more as part of that ill-compiled State. On the fall of Napoleon and his vassal kingdoms, Quedlinburg was restored to Prussia, but not to its pristine consequence, or even to the provincial dignity which it enjoyed upon its secularization. It is no longer the residence of the provincial authorities, the seat of provincial administration. It has been despoiled even of the abbey archives, which are removed to Magdeburg; and Quedlinburg is now a mere country town of little trade and less importance.

From the London and Westminster Review.

HOTTENTOTS AND CAFFRES.

1. *Papers relative to the Cape of Good Hope. Parts I. and II. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 18th March and 1st June, 1835.*
2. *African Sketches.* By Thomas Pringle. London. Moxon, 1834, pp. 528.

It is proverbial how little England knows of her colonies; and of none does she know less than of her colony at the Cape of Good Hope. Indeed we question whether one person in a thousand knows that we possess any such colony. The Cape is only known as a place somewhere or other, which is the half-way house for the India ships; but whether it is a town or a country, or a mere nautical watering-house, whether it belongs to India or to England, or to nobody at all, would puzzle most of our countrymen to declare. Of late our newspapers have informed us, for want of more important matter, that there are English inhabitants and English troops there, and that there are also African savages; that the settlers, troops, and savages did not agree, that the savages, being horrid monsters, had the presumption to fight with British troops, and what is still more monstrous, to defeat them; but that at last the savages were beaten, as they deserved, and gave up a quantity of their cattle and territory,—nay, were so thoroughly beaten as to enter into a long treaty with us, not one word of which, in all probability, did they understand.

The country of the Cape of Good Hope includes the extreme southern portion of Africa, and the country inland and along the eastern and western coast for several hundred miles. Along the coast and banks of the rivers the land is extremely fertile, but frequent and long periods of dry weather render the interior very unproductive during a great part of the year, and rarely serviceable to the farmer except for pasture. Further inland the country becomes more and more barren, with an occasional spot rendered fruitful by a spring or river, till the borders of the great African desert are attained. The climate, however, is very fine, and the English settlers have found it remarkably healthy.

The Cape country was possessed in nearly equal *proportions by two African* nations, whom we have *chosen to call Hottentots* and Caffres, the Hottentots possessing the western half, and the Caffres that to the east. The Hottentot portion has been wrested from the natives, and now forms the British colony; but the Caffres, who are a warlike nation, have succeeded in retaining most of their territories, and show considerable reluctance to give them up. They obstinately cling to their native chiefs, their flocks and herds, and their native valleys; renouncing, as far as in them lies, the mild dominion of the British Colonial Government, and preferring their own wild independence and small precarious property to thraldom under Dutch boors and British settlers, with the concurrent advantages of the lash, the bayonet, and the exhortations of the missionary.

The Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1493, but made no permanent settlement there. More than a century afterwards the Dutch acquired a small settlement at Cape Town. For some years they do not appear to have attempted or desired to extend their possessions, but pursued a peaceful line of policy towards the natives, with whom they endeavoured to trade. As the Dutch grew more numerous they gradually abandoned their pacific policy, and in 1659[*] sent several expeditions against the natives, having released the slaves from their chains to assist in the attack. The home authorities in 1661 sent out directions that the natives should be more mercifully treated by the colonists; and in 1662 the Dutch commandant also gave orders that the natives should not be molested, or called 'black stinking hounds.' From 1673 to 1676 sanguinary skirmishes took place with the natives, who lost many of their cattle; and it appears by a resolution of the Dutch Council, that 'the booty which might be obtained was to be divided between the governor and council *pro rata.*'—(Parl. Papers, Part I. p. 13.) The power and territory of the Dutch now rapidly increased, a great influx of sturdy Dutch boors took place, and at the beginning of the 18th century the Commando system came into full operation. A Commando was, (and still is) a body of armed boors, who go out to plunder the natives of their cattle, on pretence of having been, or fearing to be, themselves plundered. The first detailed account we find of this horrid system is contained in an abstract of a resolution of the Dutch Council in 1702, in these words:—

> "The free trade in cattle was entirely misapplied. The farmers, instead of trading, proceeded in parties of 80 or 90 beyond the boundaries, and, being armed, forced the natives (and even murdered them in some instances) to give up their cattle, and afterwards divided the plunder. A party of 45 had recently returned with 2,000 oxen, which they had forcibly taken from the Honisons and the Gonoequas, who consequently retaliated, occasioning many innocent persons to suffer on both sides."

The home authorities ordered that the free trade should be again allowed; but

> "That, as so many of the inhabitants had been guilty of ill-treatment of the Hottentots, no punishment could be inflicted without material injury to the colony, and that it should be therefore now passed over; but that it should not again take place, under pain of immediate punishment."—Parl. Papers, Part I. pp. 16, 17.

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[*] Papers, Part I. pp. 9—23.

From this period to the capture of the Cape by the English in 1797, the settlers succeeded by degrees in exterminating the natives, or converting them into slaves or wandering robbers, by means of the commandos. Against the cruelties of the settlers the government was constantly issuing proclamations; which, however, it was too weak, or too little in earnest to enforce.

When the Dutch had possessed themselves of the Hottentot or western half of the Cape country, they approached the more warlike Caffre tribes, with whom they had many unsuccessful contests. In 1793 the frontier officer 'was furnished with 150 tinder-boxes, and 150 pounds of copper wire, as presents to the Caffres to induce them to make peace.'

The English rule, from its commencement to the present time, appears to have been very like that of the Dutch. Our governors have been soldiers, generally titled soldiers, chosen on account of their interest at home. Now and then a fit man does appear, but the unfit greatly preponderate; occasionally (as in the instance of Lord C. Somerset) exhibiting a rare combination of all the qualities which ought not to be possessed.

The government of any country, but especially of a colony, ought to be situated in the centre of affairs, like a spider in the middle of his web. The difficulties that have long existed at the Cape have been on the eastern and north-eastern frontier: the government is situated at Cape Town, a remote corner in the extreme west, many hundred miles from the seat of active operations.

The inhabitants of the Cape country are Hottentots, Bushmen, Caffres, Dutch Boors, English Settlers, Soldiers, Missionaries, Secretaries, and a Governor, with various mixtures and crosses of these; and when none of the above parties understand each other, which sometimes happens, affairs do not go on very smoothly.

Our nursery notions of the Hottentots shadow them forth as the essence of every thing that is (morally as well as physically) black; but when first discovered by the Europeans, they appear to have been a harmless race of shepherds, in a higher state of civilization than the North American Indians. When the Dutch entered the colony, they found the Hottentots comparatively numerous, and living on the produce of their flocks and herds: a mantle made of sheep-skins formed their clothing; their huts were composed of a few boughs and mats; and a small bow and poisoned arrows, with a light spear or javelin, formed their arms. They were of a mild and indolent disposition, and by no means deficient in courage, though their bows and arrows proved no match for the rifles of the boors. By degrees they lost their lands, their flocks and herds, and eventually their liberty; for, though the Dutch colonial laws did not permit them to be sold as slaves, they were deprived of the free disposal of their labour, and reduced to a worse condition than slavery itself.

An officer who served in the interior, in the midst of the Dutch African colonists, thus describes the Hottentots at the period when the English came into possession of the colony:—

"At that time (1796—1802) the Hottentots were a miserable, abject race of people, generally living in the service of the boors, who had so many of them that they were thought of little value as servants, and were treated more like brute beasts than human beings. Indeed, the colonists in those days scarcely considered them human. They were mostly naked: seldom was one of them to be seen with any other clothing than the sheep-skin caross, together with a piece of jackal's skin for the men, and a wretched sort of leathern apron for the women, attached to a girdle of raw hide, which encircled their loins. Their food was commonly the flesh of old ewes, or any animal the boor expected to die from age. If he was short of that, he shot a few quaggas or other game for them. Their wages were generally a few strings of glass beads in the year; or, when the boor returned from a journey to Cape Town, a tinder-box and knife were considered a reward for faithful services. Perhaps a very obedient man, and more than commonly industrious, got a heifer or a couple of ewes in a year. And if, by accident, any one of these poor wretches happened to possess a few cattle, there was often some means fallen upon by the boor to get rid of him, and thus his cattle became his master's. When a Hottentot offended a boor or booress he was immediately tied up to the wagon-wheel and flogged in the most barbarous manner. Or, if the master took a serious dislike to any of these unhappy creatures, it was no uncommon practice to send out the Hottentot on some pretended message, and then to follow and shoot him on the road; and, when thus put out of the way, his relations durst not make any inquiry about him, else they also were severely punished. Such was the condition in which we found the natives at that period."—*Sketches*, p. 380.

By way of checking the enormities of the Dutch African colonists, which continued to be perpetrated under the English government, and of which examples are to be found throughout the parliamentary papers and the most recent works on Africa, circuit courts were instituted to investigate complaints and try offences; but, being composed at first of interested parties, the courts were far from producing the advantages expected.

It was not till 1828 that the Hottentots were placed on the same footing with the other inhabitants of the colony, to the great dissatisfaction of the boors, their masters. The manner in which they behaved on the occasion is highly creditable to them; and a great improvement has already taken place in their physical and moral condition. A colony consisting entirely of Hottentots, was placed, a few years since, on the most exposed part of the eastern frontier; and the accounts given of their progress, under very great disadvantages, are so interesting, and even affecting, that we regret we cannot find room to extract them.

The bushmen, or bosjesmen, to whom constant allusion is made by all writers on Southern Africa, appear to consist principally of the remains of the independent Hottentot tribes, who now possess no flocks or herds, but subsist partly by the chase, partly on the wild roots of the wilderness, and, in seasons of scarcity, on reptiles, locusts, the larvæ of ants, or by plundering their hereditary foes and oppressors, the Dutch frontier boors. These Hottentots are occasionally joined by others who have escaped from the service of the boors, by runaway slaves, and by deserters from the Cape corps. On the occasion of the plunder of his family's settlement by a band of these marauders, Mr. Pringle makes the following liberal and excellent remarks:—

"These freebooters might have been able, perhaps, to make out a good case against the colony, had they been heard in their own defence. The country we occupied had belonged, very probably, to their ancestors. Some of them had been in their childhood carried by the boors into servitude when their kindred were slaughtered, and had themselves been considered as slaves, and often treated like brutes. The regular slaves who had absconded from bondage, and the deserters who had fled from a military service into which they had been drafted by a compulsory enlistment, had all suffered wrongs against which the heart and soul of man naturally revolt, and which, in fiery natures, tend to awaken the thirst of vengeance. But however guilty the Colony may have been in pursuing a system of injustice and oppression which had, directly or indirectly, driven most of these unhappy outlaws to their present mode of life, it was obvious that their predatory career could not be allowed to continue. Neither could the boors, some of whom boasted that only a few years ago they used to lie in wait for the bushmen and shoot them like baboons, be permitted to resume their old habits of murderous private retaliation."—p. 364.

"Having descended from the pastoral to the hunter state, the bushmen have, with the increased perils and privations of that mode of life, necessarily acquired a more ferocious and resolute character. From a mild, confiding, and unenterprising race of shepherds, they have been gradually transformed into wandering hordes of fierce, suspicious, and vindictive savages. By their fellow-men they have been treated as wild beasts, until they have become in some measure assimilated to wild beasts in habits and disposition."—p. 366.

The Caffre tribes inhabit the eastern countries of the Cape, which have not as yet come into our possession, with the exception of portions of the frontier districts, whence we have forcibly expelled the inhabitants. The Caffres are described as a finer and bolder race than the Hottentots. Mr. Pringle's frontier residence gave him considerable opportunities of becoming acquainted with this race, and he gives a great variety of interesting, and many very painful, details respecting them and their intercourse with the frontier boors:—

"The Caffres are a tall, athletic, and handsome race of men, with features often approaching to the European or Asiatic model; and, excepting their woolly hair, exhibiting few of the peculiarities of the Negro race. Their color is a clear dark brown; their address is frank, cheerful, and manly; their government is patriarchal; and the privileges of rank are carefully maintained by the chieftains. Their principal wealth and means of subsistence consist in their numerous herds of cattle. The females also cultivate pretty extensively maize, millet, water-melons, and a few other esculents; but they are decidedly a nation of herdsmen,—war, hunting, barter, and agriculture, being only occasional occupations."—p. 413.

In 1778 the Dutch governor, having found a considerable number of colonists occupying tracts beyond the Hottentot frontier, instead of recalling them, brought them within the boundary by the simple method of extending it beyond them; thus adding by a stroke of his pen about 30,000 square miles to the colonial territory. The rights of the natives do not appear to have received a thought: the boors were *left to deal with them as they had dealt with their brethren already extinct. But* with the more formidable Caffres the form of an agreement was observed. Engagements were made with a few of them, but the chiefs most interested were neglected; constant encroachments were made on both sides, and wholesale robbery and murder have been carried on between the parties for many years, ending usually to the advantage of the settlers. The boors often formed pretences of losing cattle, purposely to make inroads into the Caffre settlements, and carry off their cattle, often laying waste the country, and massacreing the natives. Of course the Caffres resisted and retaliated. This system of robbery and murder has been allowed to continue under English governors even to the present day; and British officers and British soldiers have been frequently called in to assist the marauders.

After giving an account of the atrocious treatment and savage murders of the natives by one of the Dutch boors, who was placed in petty authority on the frontier, Mr. Pringle proceeds:—

"Nevertheless, I would not willingly give the impression that Cornelius Vandernest is a mere savage ruffian. On the contrary, he is really one of the most respectable of these frontiier boors; and, apart from his hereditary prejudices in regard to the natives, is generally, and I believe justly, considered as a decent, good-natured, and well disposed person. The fact is that even the very best of these men have been trained from their childhood to regard bushmen and Caffres with nearly the same feeling as they regard beasts of prey, only with far more rancorous animosity; so that they can scarcely be brought to view even the treacherous slaughter of them as a crime. But while this circumstance may be allowed to palliate the guilt of such untutored men, it casts a darker shade over the conduct of those in authority, who, knowing well the habits and prejudices of these semi-barbarous back-settlers, yet intrust them with a perilous discretion towards the natives, which, from the very nature of things, cannot fail to be often grossly abused."—p. 456.

The European portion of the Cape community is principally Dutch, or of Dutch descent, and is chiefly employed in rearing cattle, for which the country is well suited. The farm of a Dutch-African grazier-boor frequently consists of from 5,000 to 10,000 acres. The scantiness of the population in a large tract of country, the demoralizing effects of slave-holding, and of hostile relations with the natives, have greatly kept back the civilization of this class of persons. The increasing difficulty of procuring education for their children is also complained of by the best of the boors. In the Report of the Commissioners of Circuit, 28 February, 1812, (Papers, Part 1. p. 111,) it is stated that,—

"Moderately speaking, there are upwards of 3,400 children belonging to the district of Graff Reynet, of which, at the most, no more than 100 have an opportunity of any instruction, while the parents of at least 2,000 of those children are very well able to afford the necessary expense of their education, and even can be called rich inhabitants. The want of instruction will certainly be found in the same proportion in the other districts. . . . The parents in the mean time, were not indifferent; on the contrary, most of them expressed their wishes with tears in their eyes, that this might be provided for in one manner or the other, feeling themselves that their children, growing up without education without instruction, without even a knowledge of the first principles of religion and morality, would at last be like nothing else than savages."

Of late years a considerable number of English emigrants have proceeded to the Cape, and a large sum of money has been voted by Parliament in aid of these colonists;—with what success may be conjectured from Mr. Pringle's description of the camp of the settlers, who were waiting for conveyances to their locations.

> "Ladies and gentlemen elegantly dressed, were seated in some of the tents, with books in their hands; others were rambling among the shrubbery, and over the little eminences, looking down upon the bustling beach and bay. One or two handsome carriages were standing in the open air, exhibiting some tokens of aristocratic rank or pretension in the proprietors. It was obvious that several of these families had been accustomed to enjoy the luxurious accommodations of refined society in England. How far they had acted wisely in embarking their property and the happiness of their families in an enterprise like the present, and in leading their respective bands of adventurers to colonize the wilds of Southern Africa, were questions yet to be determined."
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> "A little way beyond I entered the settlers' camp. It consisted of several hundred tents, pitched in regular rows or streets, and occupied by the middling or lower classes of emigrants. These consisted of various descriptions of people; and the air, aspect and array of their persons and temporary residences were equally various. There were respectable tradesmen and jolly farmers, with every appearance of substance and snug English comfort about them. There were watermen, fishermen, and sailors, from the Thames and English seaports, with the reckless and weatherbeaten look usual in persons of their perilous and precarious professions. There were numerous groups of pale-visaged artisans and operative manufacturers from London and other large towns, of whom, doubtless, a certain proportion were persons of highly reputable character and steady habits; but a far larger portion was squalid in their aspect, slovenly in their attire and domestic arrangements, and discontented and uncourteous in their demeanour. Lastly there were parties of pauper agricultural labourers, sent out by the aid of their respective parishes, healthier perhaps than the class just mentioned, but not apparently happier in mind, nor less generally demoralized by the untoward influence of their former social condition. On the whole, they formed a motley and unprepossessing collection of people. Guessing vaguely from my observations on this occasion, and on subsequent rambles through their locations, I should say that probably about a third part were persons of real respectability of character, and possessed of some worldly substance; but that the remaining two-thirds were for the most part composed of individuals of a very unpromising description, persons who had hung loose upon society, low in morals or desperate in circumstances. Enterprise many of these doubtlessly possessed in an eminent degree, but too many appeared to be idle, insolent, and drunken, mutinously disposed toward their masters and superiors. And with such qualities, it was not possible to augur very favourably of their future conduct and destiny, or of the welfare of those who had collected them in England, and whose success in occupying the country depended entirely on their steady industry."—*Sketches*, p. 129-131.

The father of Mr. Pringle was an aged Roxburghshire farmer, who, with his five sons and their families, and with several relations and friends, finding their property diminishing, determined to settle in a foreign land while yet they had the means. The direction of the expedition was intrusted to Mr. Pringle; and his work contains an account of the emigration and settlement of the party in Southern Africa.

It can seldom have happened that emigrants have gone out with so many chances of success as this body of settlers. They did not emigrate singly and unconnectedly; but proceeded in a considerable body, and were bound together by the closest ties. They were not the refuse of the poorhouse or gaol, nor were they broken-down artisans, or ignorant and half-brutalized hinds; they were a body of enterprising and industrious farmers, possessing both capital and skill, and acting in zealous co-operation. They were not placed in the wilderness upon their own resources; but were located in an unrivalled climate, and continued long to receive direct support from the Government in food, assistance and protection. Yet these men, after making the most active exertions, and enduring the greatest privations for several years, were at last on the point of abandoning their attempt in despair.

The fate of the ordinary run of settlers must, therefore, at times, have been dreadful in the extreme. In 1823-4, for example, most of the settlers in the frontier district of Albany were almost reduced to starvation, from which they were rescued by liberal subscriptions in Cape Town, in India, and in England.

> "A large proportion of the emigrants were moreover but little prepared by previous habits, physical or moral, for the occupation of a new country; and the seeds of disunion had been profusely sown, even on the passage out, in most of the ill-assorted parties in which large numbers had been associated, and which were in many cases composed of the most heterogeneous materials. These circumstances alone could scarcely have failed to produce a great deal of dissatisfaction and disappointment. But when to these were added the almost total destruction, for five or six successive years, of their wheat crops by blight; the calamitous visitation of a terrible deluge of rain in October, 1823; which swept away half their huts and gardens; and more galling than all, the cruel neglect and insolent tyranny of the colonial government and its local functionaries, ever since the departure of Sir Rufane Donkin in 1821; it is not surprising that a large portion of the settlers—those especially who had sunk all their resources in the enterprise—should have been driven almost to despair, or that their appeals to the home government were loud and importunate.—"—*Sketches*, p. 345.

This testimony affords a painful proof how much our government and people have still to learn on the subject of colonization, and how great must be the sacrifice of property, of happiness, and of life, before wise principles of colonization are universally adopted. As it is usually practised, a more barbarous and expensive mode of getting rid of the surplus population could not easily be discovered. To hang these unfortunate wretches at home would be merciful in comparison with sending them to a foreign land to die by torture, possibly after having inflicted tortures on others. The parlimentary grants are so many premiums for human destruction, and not the less certain in their effect because neither givers nor receivers had any such an end in contemplation. Of the survivors it is certain that many must, under our present policy, degenerate into barbarism, and that their children must become savages of a more noxious sort than the aboriginal savages, for they will have in addition many of the vices of civilization. The quiet and industrious Dutch peasant becomes under this system a ferocious ruffian. He robs the natives of their land and cattle, murders them if they resist, and kidnaps their women and their children for slaves; and when the Government would check him he resists its authority, occasionally to the extent of open rebellion.* Not only does he become a ruffian himself, and the parent of a similar progeny, but he depreciates more and more the morality of the tribes with whom he comes into contact, converting them partly by his violence and rapacity, and partly by the introduction of arms and spirituous liquors, into savage, intemperate, and starving plunderers. These misdeeds, which are exhibited in almost every page of the Parliamentary Papers, are misdeeds of Dutch boors; but are English peasants so differently constituted, that their conduct will be different, under the same circumstances and under equal temptations?

On the occasions when the veil is drawn aside which conceals the details of our colonial government, a mass of evil is disclosed so repugnant to our feelings, and so incompatible with our state of society at home, that it is commonly attributed to deliberate wickedness on the part of the colonial rulers. It may more justly be attributed to ignorance and incapacity: to the employment, in the principal situations of military officers, who enter their posts utterly ignorant of the affairs of the colony, and of the duties and obligations of a civil governor and government who are liable to be imposed upon by interested or ignorant persons; who retire after a few years' rule, just when they are beginning to acquire some knowledge of the colony, if indeed they do not commence their new profession too old and too wise to learn anything. A successor arrives, and a new line of policy is adopted, destined to be altered ere long, probably by himself, and certainly by his successor. The officers in immediate subordination to these are selected in the mother country, on various grounds, of which peculiar fitness for their appointment does not form the principle part; and being banished men, they take no pride or pleasure in their task, from which they are desirous of returning home with the least possible delay. These circumstances alone (and there are many others) would be amply sufficient to account for a great part of the colonial misgovernment, not only of Great Britain, but of every other European nation.

It would be a folly to say that great talents for civil administration are not occasionally to be found among military men; but does military rank (with or without professional talent) necessarily imply capability for that most arduous of employments, the civil government of a colony? The ordinary military officer, (like a man of standing in any other profession) cannot avoid carrying the habits and feelings of his profession into ordinary life. Anything short of immediate and implicit obedience to commands, however severe, or unreasonable, is mutiny, and must be suppressed and punished with the utmost severity. The officer who is fond of his vocation occasionally likes a little professional work. In a colony he need never be long without this gratification, the most expensive that a ruler can enjoy.

Lord Charles Somerset was a ruler of the soldier caste, having the objectionable propensities of the profession greatly aggravated by strong aristocratic feelings and prejudices; nor was he very scrupulous in word or deed when his interests or prejudices were concerned. With regard to his government of the Cape colony, there is, we believe, but one opinion. Indeed the ministry which appointed him, and long continued to support him, were obliged at last to give up the defence of his conduct. The reports of the Commissioners who were sent out to investigate the condition of the colony, and the details furnished by many other respectable parties, show that his government produced misery and destruction to thousands. We must, however, admit that he was placed in an arduous post, and surrounded by difficulties with which none but a man of superior talents could have successfully contended.

We must go far back if we would trace the real causes of the Caffre war which has just ended. Those causes originated with the occupation of the frontier by the boors, over whom the Dutch government had but little control; and were continued by the vacillating, and, at times, cruel policy adopted by the English governors. Sometimes the natives were treated with mildness by the government; at other times they were driven out of the colony, though many of them had been long settled there, or engaged as servants to the settlers; and occasionally they were expelled from a frontier district to make way for the colonists. A long and able historical summary of our relations with the Caffres may be found in the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry, dated 25th May, 1825.

The Rev. W. Shaw, sometime a missionary among the Caffres, describes the British policy in these terms:

> "Not only has our government pursued no efficient measures for the improvement of the Caffre tribes, but the plan adopted for the regulation of the affairs of the frontier has been extremely injudicious. Instead of a regular system, well defined, properly adapted to the local circumstances of the country, and steadily acted upon, there has been nothing like a system at all. Sometimes the mode of treatment has been harsh and severe, at other times mild and conciliatory. Occasionally the Caffres were almost frightened into the belief that we intended their destruction, and at other times they were suffered to carry on their depredations with such impunity as to tempt them into the opinion that we were afraid of them; threatenings were occasionally denounced which were never intended to be executed, and promises have been made which were never fulfilled. The effects of this contradictory mode of proceeding upon an untutored and warlike race, strong from their number, may be easily imagined."—*Papers,* Part II. p. 139.

With reference to one of the expulsions of the Caffres from the English territory which we have above alluded to, Mr. Moodie (an old settler, we believe,) writes thus to the Commissioners of Inquiry.

"It is something difficult to account for the cruel measure of driving out so many of these unfortunate people who had lived for many years with the inhabitants, who had forgot their savage habits and even their language, who had acquired habits which made them dependent upon the Colony." . . . . The great and laudable object our governors appear to have had in view, was the prevention of the customary scenes of massacre and extermination; but their distance from the frontier keeping them in necessary ignorance of the minutiæ of daily occurrences between a rude peasantry and their simple visiters, unable to examine into the merits of every act of aggression or retaliation, they confounded together the whole race, and swept the colony of all—good and bad." . . . . . . "But this people have come into actual contact with us; they have tasted some of the advantages as well as the evils of our vicinity to them. Numbers of them have lived in the colony and proved the most useful and faithful servants. Many still wish to serve in the colony; they have acquired wants in which it should be our object to confirm them; they are a people living under the control of their chiefs; and they have fixed habitations and cultivate the ground; they seem in short to be on the very verge of civilization; and instead of doing anything to assist them we drive them rudely back, even from the point to which they had attained without us; we reduce them to the nomade state, to that precise condition in which they are the most dangerous to us, when they can present no mark for hostility, and while excluded from traffic, as they have nothing to gain from our friendship so they have nothing to fear from enmity, but what they can always retrieve to our ruin."—*Papers*, Part I. p. 175-6.

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* In 1797 "the frontier districts were in a complete state of anarchy. The boors had taken up arms and were engaged in alternate hostilities against the government as well as against a large body of Hottentots, who, in consequence of the insurrection of the boors, had *risen, and,* joined by some of the Caffre tribes, drove the *colonists before them, kill*ed many who fell into their *hands, and plundered* and burnt everywhere the places *of the colonists.*"—*Papers,* part I. p. 29.

Conciliatory treatment of these people appears to have been successful whenever it has been pursued. Mr. H. Maynier, a very old colonial officer, on the Caffre frontier,—

"Had frequent opportunity to observe the effect of conciliatory measures, with both Caffre and Bosjesmen tribes, and also with those colonial Hottentots who were engaged in hostilities with the boors, amounting at that time to about 700 well-armed men, and have invariably found them to succeed, and to have been in most instances preferable to the attempts to use force, and in some the only means to save the colony from ruin at that period. . . . . The colonists were generally averse to pacific measures. With regard to the Caffres, the colonists had been in the habit of making large booty of Caffre cattle; and from the Bosjesmen they carried away, by means of the commandos, numbers of children whom they used to keep as servants. Most of the disputes with the Caffres and Bosjesmens might have been settled, if the boors had not always been so eager to form those commandos, from which they expected to reap some advantages."—*Papers*, Part I. p. 20.

The immediate cause of the late Caffre eruption was that the natives were forcibly expelled from a tract of country which the British claimed, but on which the Caffres had long been allowed to reside and graze their cattle.

"In the November of last year" (1833,) says Sir B. D'Urben in a despatch to Mr. Spring Rice of 10th November, 1834, "the acting governor, under the impression that this indulgence had been abused (which probably it might have been to a certain extent,) ordered their immediate expulsion from the whole of that line, and they were expelled accordingly. This unfortuntely happened when a period of severe drought was approaching, so that these tribes (I am afraid but too certainly) suffered much loss in their herds in consequence."—*Papers*, Part II. p. 103.

After this open act of aggression, the Caffres drove off the cattle of the settlers, and attacked the frontier settlements and armed posts with success for some time, during which many atrocities were committed on both sides. As soon as possible, troops were brought against them from all parts of the colony, and they were eventually defeated. During the hostilities, the natives were of course characterized by every foul name our language will supply; what foul names they applied to us (probably with as much justice) we are not informed. After their defeat they were deprived of an immense number of cattle, although it was notorious that without cattle they could not subsist, except as plunderers. It might have been proper to punish the Caffres for being plunderers; but it was scarcely the most judicious measure to select that particular punishment which was most certain to reproduce the crime. A very long treaty was also entered into with the frontier chiefs, who engaged thereby to bear true allegiance to the King of England, and to obey the English laws, by which laws they also stipulated to abide in their conduct towards the other tribes. English officers of various kinds were to be permitted to reside among them, and each chief was to be a magistrate in his own settlements. In token of fealty to the King of England each chief agreed to deliver up a fat ox every month to the British government.

It appears very ludicrous that we should seriously enter into a long and formal diplomatic treaty, binding tribes, whom we have been characterizing as ferocious savages, to know, understand, and obey the English laws, and requiring their chiefs to become justices of the peace. If we do succeed amicably with the Caffres, it must be by very different means. Much will depend upon our checking the squatters and frontier boors, and preventing them from holding lands near the frontier except in situations where they can be well watched, and can act in a body under proper officers against the native marauders. Much will depend upon our condensing our settler-population, many of whom are in possession of farms, or rather tracts of country, of such extravagant size as not only to be most prejudicial to the progress of wealth in the colony, but to render government and peaceable relations with the natives impossible. Much also will depend upon the agents whom the government employs in the frontier districts. A formal treaty is a mere farce, without able, conciliatory, and vigilant agents. Such men are certainly not easily to be found, especially when they are not sought for. It is therefore with much gratification we learn that Captain Stockenstrom, a native of the country, and (judging from the Parliamentary Papers) the fittest person extant, has been selected for the management of the Caffre frontier. If he is properly supported, much improvement may be expected in this portion of Southern Africa.

Great expectations are entertained by many benevolent persons in this country, that Africa is destined to be civilized by the efforts of the missionaries. Many missionaries have been and still are in Southern Africa, it is true, and some of them are distinguished by more than usual ability; but we cannot discover that they have hitherto produced any remarkable or permanent effect. Captain Stockenstrom, a first-rate authority on all that is connected with Southern Africa, has stated the result of his experience on this subject in his letter to the Commissioners of Inquiry, dated 9th August, 1826.

"I can appeal to the government, my fellow-servants, the boors, the savages themselves, as to how I have felt and acted with respect to the latter, and defy the minutest scrutiny; but I am far from running blindfold into the opposite extreme, and thinking that collecting them into schools, and preaching to them while they are half starved, through interpreters who do not understand us themselves, will do them the least good. I am a strong advocate for missionary institutions among the bushmen. I strongly urged Dr. Philip and the Rev. Mr. Whitworth to settle missionaries close on our borders; but then I consider these worthy men in the outset more as protectors than as teachers, at least to the present grown-up race of bushmen."—*Papers*, Part I. p. 118.

The Caffres are evidently a fine race, and much superior to the ordinary African negro. They are herdsmen; they have made some progress in agriculture; and they are brave and humane. The testimony of those who know them best, and who have travelled and lived among them, is highly in their favour. Would it not be a worthy object of exertion to attempt to raise this nation to some degree of civilization, and through their means to act by degrees upon the other African tribes? Would it not be cheaper to treat them as friends, and perfect them in agriculture, for which much of their country is well suited, than to exterminate them after a bloody war of perhaps half a century, in which the treasure expended would be the least part of our loss? The missionaries and traders who have lived among them have invariably been treated kindly, and have always found them open to improvement; for they are very different from the wild Indians of North America, whom it has hitherto been found impossible to tame. We may choose to call them an inferior race; but theirs is a race which can exist in Africa; our race cannot, except in the extreme north and south; so far *they* are the superior race, and by their means we might most readily extend, and strengthen, and improve our possessions in Southern Africa. If our policy be not soon altered, we shall not be able to alter it, and the war of extermination must be completed. G.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE AGES.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
So long a time has worn away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pasture mixed with rocks of gray;
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed,
They crawl, and tramp, and blend in strife.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,
A human form the prospect cheers,
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.
Half clad in skins he builds a cell,
Where wife and child create a home;
He looks to Heaven with thoughts that swell,
And owns a Might beyond the dome.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And lo! a city and a realm;
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm:
Each man is lost amid a crowd;
Each power unknown now bears a name;
And laws and rites and songs are loud;
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And now beside the rolling sea;
Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
The eager tribes are bold and free.
The graceful shrine adorns the hill;
The square of council spreads below;
Their theatres a people fill,
And list to thought's divinest flow.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
We live amid a sterner land,
Where laws ordain'd by ancient seers
Have train'd the spirit of command;
Their pride and policy and war,
With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
And bound at their triumphal car,
O'ermaster'd kings to darkness go.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
And chivalry and faith are strong;
And through devotion's sorrowing tears,
Is seen high help for earthly wrong.
Fair gleams the cross with sunny light,
Beneath a dim cathedral arch;
'Tis raised, the burgher Staff of Right,
And heads the stately feudal march.

A thousand years—a thousand years!
That drag along our slight to-day!
Before that sound returns again
The present will have stream'd away,
And all our world of busy strength
Will dwell in calmer halls of time,
And then with joy will own at length,
Its course is fixed, its end sublime.

From the Forget-me-not.

IN BEREAVEMENT.

Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul,
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies:
One sun is set—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends
And meets ten thousand there.
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

James Montgomery.

From the Monthly Review.

Adventures during a Journey Overland to India, by Way of Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land. By MAJOR SKINNER, 31st Reg., Author of "Excursions in India." 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1836.

MAJOR SKINNER is one of the most cheerful, light-hearted, and adventurous travellers that ever journeyed through strange lands. His elasticity of spirits, vigour of nerve, and strength of bodily frame, entitle him to the character of a chieftain among his tribe. He can also, after a day or a week's extraordinary exertions and fatigue, when hungry, wet, and badly sheltered, take the limber pen in hand, and wield it like a perfect clerk. He is, in short, a delightful writer, as well as an amusing and instructive informant. There is not a dry or trashy paragraph in all the work; for though he has much to detail that would appear to be frivolous and feeble in other hands, the uncommon talent which he possesses of throwing with right good-will and confident strength the whole zest and breadth of his soul into whatever he speaks of, elevates the trifle, and renders it a suitable ground upon which to lavish his spirit and reflections. He also avoids becoming wearisome, by stating just what he readily and naturally feels on the occasion, and no more, and by then passing on to another topic, chosen with equal happiness for the exhibition of his character, and its own description. He thus is one of the most natural, easy, and, no doubt, fluent of writers; nor is it within his power to be unengaging, whatever may be his theme, or whatever the amount of his information regarding the point discussed, because the reader cannot fail of discovering, from what the Major says, much of the man, which, so long as the "proper study of mankind is man," is sufficient to uphold the character of any book.

The gallant author not only enjoys the enviable art of picturing himself to the life—though altogether unintentionally—but his self-portraiture exhibits a disposition and principles that are of themselves excellent, and that have for their support the best and most lasting foundations. His vivacity is never in bad keeping, because it always goes hand in hand with plain common sense; and whenever, in the course of his wanderings among the scenes which excite a Christian's most solemn and affecting associations, both as regards the history of our race in this world, and our hopes as to the world to come, he delivers himself with the earnestness, the profitable reflections, and the becoming sympathies, of a firm and practicable believer in divine truth. But we must not longer tarry on the threshold of these charming volumes; for, we are sure, that by saying little ourselves, and drawing copiously from the author, our readers' pleasure and benefit will be most effectually insured.

Major Skinner, like a man of unaffected manners and modest bearing—which are natural allies of true talent—commences his Journal without dedication, preface or formal introduction, and at once informs the reader, that he arrived at Marseilles on the 8th of December, 1832—a good preparative halting-place for a visit to the Levant or more eastern parts. On every side, in so busy a mart, he heard Turkish, Arabic, Greek, French, English, and Italian, and sometimes all these languages from the same pair of lips; so that, had there been no other objects calculated to prepare the traveller for the mysteries to be encountered in his farther progress, in that most important matter, viz. of intelligible intercommunication, here was a school superior to any near his native land, for initiation. The author says, that these universal linguists and interpreters display great skill in addressing a stranger at once in his mother tongue. He himself could no sooner show his face in a bureau, than some attaché of the establishment would receive him with a "How d'ye do, Sir?" before a word had been uttered to lead to a detection.

From Marseilles the Major took a passage for Alexandria, in a small vessel under the charge of a captain who was known by the title of "un bon enfant," but who, instead of being a good fellow, turned out a cowardly and savage brute. His character and manners are sketched after the author's happiest manner, so that a painter or novelist might work, and finish a perfect picture from the outline. But we pass on to Egypt, where the Major, though he had remained six months, could not have exhausted the subjects to which his pen would have been devoted; and thence to Caifa, which he reached after a most perilous voyage, in the midst of a dreadful storm. But nothing disconcerts him; he is in his element when exposed to annoyances that would prove unendurable to most men, or to disasters that must have been fatal to one possessed of less buoyant spirits, and muscular vigour, than his own. Let us see how he commenced his travels in Syria.

"January 17.—When the day dawned it was still raining most bitterly: we were fortunate enough to get a boat from a brig near us, for there was none belonging to the schooner, and I accompanied the binbashi to the shore. We went merrily on till within a short distance of the land, when a heavy swell rolling in cast us upon a ledge of rocks, and swamped the boat. A little more water was of no consequence to people already so drenched, so we floundered out of the sunk boat, and waded through the surf to the beach. Thus began my travels in Syria, but my water expedition I soon discovered was not yet at an end.

"Caifa, or, as the Arabs call it, Haifa, is a walled city, and has one small gate towards the sea, into which I could scarcely pass, on account of a river of three feet deep that rushed through, bringing wood and even stones with it. When I saw the state of affairs, I took off my trousers and shoes, that I might make a more comfortable, if not respectable entrée to the town, and packing them up in my dripping cloak, strode boldly forward. Having accomplished an entrance, which was by no means an easy feat, I found myself in the midst of what appeared to be a pretty little lake, nearly up to my waist; all around was the accumulated rubbish that the river I had met on its way out of town had brought here to deposit. This seemed to be a court yard, but the only building standing in it was a high tower, at the base of which was a door leading into a dark chamber, where I was delighted to take refuge.—It turned out to be the guard-house; two Turks were dozing over a large pan of charcoal at one end of it, while the Egyptian soldiers were stretched on the floor at the other. I crept in, and endeavoured to dry myself; but the charcoal was too much for me, and I was glad to escape to the door, where I sat shivering in hope that some change might take place in the weather.

"After an hour of suspense, I was relieved to perceive two men with long beards, in the Hebrew dress, creep from beneath the corner of a shed which was yet supported by a tottering pole, the rest of it having already given away. They saw me, and approaching with evident pleasure exclaimed in Italian, 'God be with you, signore!'—'And with you also!' cried I; 'Pray, tell me, is not this Caifa, and where are the houses?'—'There are no houses in Caifa,' said they; 'they are all washed down by the rain that has lasted here for several days. Ecco!'—pointing to the river which was sweeping with increasing force round the gable of a house at the end of the principal street—'you see, do you not?'—'What am I to do then?' thought I. 'Pray,' I continued, addressing the Jews, 'how many hours' journey is it to Acre?'—'Oh,' replied the Hebrew, 'you need not go there, for there is not even a shed left standing. Ibrahim Pasha has destroyed the whole city.'—'Then, gentlemen,' I exclaimed, 'what fortune has brought you here, for you could scarcely have fixed upon a more unlucky spot?' 'E lei!—and you, signore!'—they answered, and looking at me with something of a waggish expression, seemed to wait for an explanation."—vol. i, pp. 60—63.

The two Jews were merchants, who had, during the night been, wrecked in the Gulf, and lost all their goods, and who had passed the intervening period in the hovel from which they now emerged.—Their interview with the Frank, who, from being partly clothed after his country's fashion, and partly naked, must have been any thing but a picturesque apparition, was brief, for he immediately set forth in quest of new adventures.

"After scrambling over a few ruined huts, I turned into an open space that seemed to lead to the principal battery, upon which six guns were mounted. I stood here for a moment to decide upon a fresh direction, when a little old man, spying me from the door of a tumble-down hut, made towards me with all the speed he could, calling out to me in Italian, 'Wait, sir, wait; I want to speak to you.' I hailed his voice with joy, and walked towards him. He was a shrivelled old creature, of nearly seventy years of age, with a thin white beard, and dressed in a costume half Syrian and European. When I came close up to him, 'Bene, signore,' said he, 'come va la Christianità?' and, crossing his arms, drew himself up as I imagined to enter the lists of disputation, for I construed his address into the question of 'How goes on Christianity?'* 'Is there any thing new in it?' he continued; 'come, let us have it.'

"The notion that I was expected to stand in the midst of the rain, with my trousers like a hood thrown over my shoulders, to enlighten this old gentleman upon the schisms and new-found miracles of the church, set me off in a fit of laughter, that, added to my ludicrous appearance, had a most strange effect upon him. He soon forgot his interest in Christianity; and conceiving, I imagine, that he had fallen in with a madman, began to shuffle away as quickly as he had come towards me before. I called him back, and learnt from him that for fourteen days it had been raining incessantly; and that a small river, which flows from Mount Carmel, had broken its bounds and swept through the town, causing the mischief that I had seen. 'However,' said he, 'the consul's house is still standing,' and he pointed towards a square building with a long pole upon it. 'For what nation is he consul?' I asked. 'For all Christianity,' replied my old informant. 'Then,' thought I, he must have a tolerable share of philanthropy; and, as I am, I will assail him.'

"The water was knee-deep in the court-yard in which his house stood, and breaking prettily against the steps that led up to it, made a little cascade with which a cockney would have been proud to ornament his garden. A general barking of dogs gave the alarm, and brought a crowd of singularly dressed people to the top of the ladder, for it was no better, that I was scaling. An elderly woman, and two very pretty girls, had risen suddenly from some domestic office, and smiling, beckoned me to enter. They were dressed in the Syrian costume: the bosoms of the young ones were bare, and their black tresses hung nearly over them; their complexions were beautifully fair, and if it had not been for the deep line of antimony on their lower eyelids, which contrasted so unpleasantly with their white skins, I believe I should have stood gazing at them all the day long, for I was so confounded to find in the midst of so much desolation such pleasing objects.

"I was ushered into a small room by the old lady, amid the unsuppressed laughter of her two daughters, and stood, 'sans culottes,' in the presence of the universal representative. He was a modest-looking young man, and the brother of the young ladies, and had fallen into his present office by the death of his father during the siege of Acre. He was miserably lodged, poor youth! but he could not have been better attended, for his only handmaidens were his two pretty sisters. They were engaged as I entered in the delicate office of skinning a wild boar, and the fragments of the beast were strewed about the floor over which I passed: the operation was awhile suspended to regale me with a portion of its flesh fried, which was soon served by the eldest of the damsels, while the second brought in a flask of Cyprus wine."—vol. i, pp. 64—67.

Every thing, for a little time, promised well in this hospitable mansion. The traveller was receiving a minute account of the casualties of the night before, which had amounted to the loss of an old woman, and a couple of donkeys; "but more may have been destroyed," continued the consul, "for, except mine, I do not think there is a safe house in Caifa." But just at the moment when this gratifying confidence was uttered, plump into the midst of their savoury mess, came about a yard square of the plaster of the roof, which in a twinkling sent the householders into the court-yard, to avoid greater damage.

We cannot, in so far as the reader's interest is concerned, but congratulate him that the gallant author chose the most inclement season of the year for his journey through Syria and the adjacent parts; for though he was exposed to the most formidable obstacles and dangers, which snow, rain, and winter hurricanes could present, we could not otherwise have had a greater number of curious adventures, treats, and amusing incidents, from his pen. But to return to Caifa, for a moment;—the untravelled reader will naturally wonder how a town which is described as a walled city, should be so situated as to become subject to a river's devastation, or how that river could summarily do the damage described. Nay, the author elsewhere in these volumes informs us, that the snow in that country has the power of demolishing a town in a night; in a country too, where there are some of the most ancient and imposing specimens of architectural art. But the apathy and degradation of the people are to be accounted for; for these forbidding and degenerated conditions could only exist in a nation subject to the Turkish influence. It is impossible says the Major, to conceive the extent of the curse of such a power in the parts described. "The villages are mere burrows; the roofs and walls of the huts within them, grown over by grass, give to their dirty inhabitants as they come from them, the air of persecuted wretches that had taken refuge in the holes of the earth. In the commoner towns the stones are piled loosely up in their building, without much care for preserving the perpendicular; heavy coats of mud over reeds, or such sticks as would be used to prop up peas in England, compose their roofs."

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* "'*La Christianità,' Christendom is the name given to Europe by the Christians of the Levant.*"

The storm, during which our author arrived in Syria, raged for many days; but he found a hearty reception in the convent which occupies the promontory of Mount Carmel. Here he was admitted to all the privileges, except that of celebrating mass, while he enjoyed more indulgences than the fathers themselves. The convent is designed as an asylum for Christian travellers, and has one wing set aside for that purpose, into which even "errant damsels" may be admitted without endangering the sanctity of the place. We quote some notices respecting the inhabitants of this hospitable mansion.

"Immediately after matins I am visited by the superior, and we walk up and down my room in very edifying conversation, till coffee, and most excellent bread, baked in the convent, make their appearance. Padre Camillo has lived a great deal in the world for a man who belongs to so austere an order as that of Mount Carmel. He was some time at Bagdad when Mr. Rich was resident there, and takes great delight in speaking of him; but, although in many respects an intelligent man, his ideas of the Church of England are the queerest that can be imagined. He could not comprehend the sort of being an English bishop was, and could scarcely credit that we believed in the Trinity. As I endeavour to soften his feelings with regard to our heresy, he breaks out into passionate exclamations, standing with his hands clasped in the centre of the room, and grows sometimes most eloquent in his prayers for our return to the Roman fold. 'To be so near it, and not of it,' he says, 'is dreadful:' but, interrupting himself in his rhapsodies, he assures me that he does not mean to take the advantage my confinement beneath his roof gives him to beat me, but promises that before I quit Jerusalem I shall be fully convinced of my errors.

"At twelve o'clock we adjourn to the refectory, where a most plentiful dinner, under the auspices of Fra Mattèo, awaits us. A very long grace is chanted by the monks, which concluding by a benediction to all those within the pale of the church, perplexed them a little, on recollecting that I could not be entitled to its advantages. I was standing on the left of the superior, with great gravity trying to follow the meaning of their thanksgiving, when I perceived the sudden dilemma. The monks looked at each other to take counsel in this strait, when Padre Julio, a good-natured indifferent old man, with a solemn low tone ended his mumbling by saying, 'e lei signore'—'and you too, sir.' This became the form on all occasions during my stay; and I felt quite satisfied with the supplementary blessing.

"Padre Julio has been forty years a recluse of Mount Carmel. It has been always his duty to perform mass at Caifa, where there is a little chapel and cell for him to sleep in. Every day in all weather he walks up to dinner on the mount, and returns in the afternoon to the town: he is upwards of seventy years of age, and a native of Malta. He has had the advantage of being several times imprisoned, and was once, under Djezzar Pasha, led out to be beheaded, but escaped by a miraculous intervention that had the effect of softening the butcher's heart, although I did not comprehend the nature of it. He is merry and healthy, and seems to think very little about the time or manner of his death. He possesses as few of the attributes of a hermit as I ever met with; but his brother Emanuel, who is soon to succeed the present superior in his office, is a most rigid recluse: he never has a smile on his lips, and scarcely ever a word. I should have thought he never suffered his mind to wander from divine contemplation, if he had not, one evening, when looking towards the ocean, burst into a loud and enthusiastic admiration of Columbus and all early navigators. He seemed to have read every voyage of discovery down to the death of Cook, but of more modern events he was singularly ignorant. He told me that the only recreation he ever allowed his mind was in the perusal of books of travels, of which he possessed the earliest, translated into Italian. He had the greatest possible rage for following the steps of those he so much venerated. But what could he do—a poor monk? I was astonished, for I had set him down as the very pattern of a hermit, and fancied that during his frequent absences he might have been ruminating in some cave of the mountains. But, thus cribbed in a convent, his heart has all his life been beating to lead him into distant lands—a most unfortunate predilection; his journeys have extended no farther than from Malta to Carmel, where he means, I conceive, to die."—vol. i, pp. 85—87, 89—91.

Elijah is held to have been the first of all hermits, and many are the spots around Carmel that are sacred on his account, and that of others celebrated in Holy Writ. The point of the sacrifice of Elias, for example—"The Fount of Elias," &c., are shown by the monks, and many miracles in modern times recorded in connexion with such places. But there is not a spot in all these regions which the author visited, that has not been consecrated by the memory and imagination of the reader, as the scene of extraordinary events and deeds; while many of them engage the author's happy delineation. We must therefore proceed with him in his journey, without lingering long at any one post. It is proper, however, before going farther, to state that he engaged in Egypt a youth, whom he calls his squire, to be his attendant to the East. Hassan was a staunch believer in the Mahomedan creed, but one of the shrewdest and most faithful lads we ever heard of—a squire quite worthy of such a chieftain. Their mutual esteem was strong and lasting. Hassan, however, entertained a thorough contempt for Christians in general, which the conduct, appearance, and trifling superstitions, as well as legends of the professed believers in the cross, whom our travellers met with in the East, must have tended greatly to increase. But excepting his squire, and a guide, with horses or other necessary cattle, as means of conveyance, the Major neither possessed nor sought for state or protection. He trusted to his equanimity and vivacity as the best guarantees of safety with the wild people among whom he travelled, and on no occasion exhibiting either the weapons of war, nor a reliance upon such appeals, nor a distrust of even the wandering Arabs. And by so conducting himself, he escaped the formidable encounters described by most adventurers in the regions described. Others have written, to use his own words, of their dragomas, firmans, and escorts; "but my case, I am convinced, is better secured without them." "I am to find my way to the neighbourhood of Delhi, and this I may consider my first step towards that city; and here I sit, dining on bread and water, under a blanket that is shaking in the wind, and threatening a flight from the sticks that hold it." As a specimen of many of his midnight lodgings, although it is much more favourable than others, we quote his account of one spent in a village, not far from Nazareth.

"The best house was that of a Christian, an acquaintance of the monks, and I went to it. In the centre of the floor was seated a very pretty woman, nearly lost in the smok which rose from a fire by her side. Had she been old and ugly, I should have started from her, as from a witch engaged in her unholy incantations. All about her had the aspect of 'a deed without a name.' A large caldron was simmering upon the hissing wet logs, into which she was throwing the ingredients of some not ill-omened smelling mess. A naked child was lying asleep at her feet, as if ready to be popped into the pot. When we disturbed her, she rose hastily, and brushing her dark locks from a really fine countenance, welcomed us with a good deal of grace to her fireside. It was just dusk, and rain had begun to fall. There was but one room, I perceived, and no outlet for the smoke, which grew thicker and thicker.

"The husband soon came in, followed by a herd of cattle, and goats and sheep that bleated most emulously. Our chamber was elevated about four feet above the ground, and at the edge of it was scooped a manger, where the provision for the night was thrown; and in the passage below it, within the door, all the beasts were huddled. The kids and the lambs, however, were suffered, as a special indulgence, to frisk all over the place. The master was happy to see us, and ordered a kid to be slain for the occasion.

"The party now began to increase. More children ran in; and a solemn Turk, on his journey arrived to partake of the hospitality. In about an hour the dinner was prepared, and to work we all went, eighteen in number. The host, being a Christian, had a large bottle of wine in the house that he had lately brought from the convent of Nazareth; this was uncorked to do honour to the feast. The smoke, however, had nearly blinded me; and I sat with a bandage round my eyes, very much to the amusement of the more practised ones about me. I peeped from beneath it every now and then to dip my hand into the dish, and caught a misty glimpse of my companions. The Turk thought it proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood of the wine-vessel, which was a most capacious one, and sat aloof.

"When dinner was at an end, came coffee and conversation, and I was most completely put to the question. I was obliged to describe my birth, parentage, and occupation; to tell the names of all belonging to me, and draw little pictures of their beauties. The woman of the house was most intelligent, and took great interest in my narrations; but in the East women are seldom more than listeners. I did not hear her own voice much.

"The party now gradually lessened; each spread his carpet, and threw himself upon it, till at length we were all stretched in a row, with our heads to the wall; the lady first, then the master, and so on to the Turk, who had the outside. I came next to the children, with a calf tied to a pillar between us; a few kids were lying at our feet. The cows munched audibly all night, and the goats hiccoughed without interruption. Sleep, therefore, was hopeless, and I rolled about in envy of all in the place, until daylight came to my relief.

"The moment it peeped into the room, up rose the good dame to bake cakes; and her three daughters, Sarah, Husnee, and Satafie, scrambled away, after having most piously crossed themselves, to milk the cows, who had already begun 'to sniff the morning air,' and were butting with all their might at the door. This commotion brought us suddenly to our legs; the door was at length opened, and out we all rushed to the youngest kid of the family. The court-yard was covered with snow, which had fallen during the night; and, having no desire to paddle about in it, I returned to the house, where new milk and barley cakes awaited us. The master, whose treatment of us had been truly Christian and truly Arab, resolved to guide us to the banks of Kishon, and over the sacred mount."—vol. i. pp. 111—114.

All this is picturesque and primitive enough; but *there is not a page in* the work which contains not a *portion of narrative of equal or* surprising interest, and *as felicitously given. These Adventures* really furnish a humanizing sort of reading—an excellence in a book of travels not often attained. But we must not saunter, when we have such a guide. Soon after leaving the hospitable roof where Sarah, Husnee, and Satafie's assiduities were so early witnessed, we find the Major making for the black tents of a tribe of Arabs. On riding into the camp, an old man came up to the traveller, and said at once, "Will you eat?" and, of course, nothing but peace and good will were here exhibited. The women, however, were "particularly ugly," though hospitable, while the men are generally handsome. A tall bony woman, in a loose blue shift, that concealed few of her beauties, presented a bowl full of fresh butter, on the top of which some of her stray black hairs were "sprawling like rivers over a map;" another brought hot cakes and threw them at his feet. They buttered their cakes by rubbing them every now and then into the bowl. Sweet milk and butter milk ended the meal; and thus the author, as he himself esteemed it, fared sumptuously.

The Arab method of binding the ewes to be milked, and of churning, is expeditious and simple. The author says, that opposite each tent two lines of them are drawn up standing face to face. A rope being fastened firmly round the neck of the first of the file, is then passed round that of every other, until secured to the stump on the other extremity, drawing them so closely together, that each looks over the shoulders of its opposite neighbour. The women stand ready with their bowls, and to work they go, finishing the affair in less time than it takes to drink one of the bowls out. Close to the milking ground is a triangle of wood, in which hangs an ox-hide, having at each end of it two small sticks for handles. When the milk is put into the skin, two women draw it backward and forward between them, and in this way the sweetest butter the Major ever tasted is churned. The following extract affords a lively account of certain other particulars, descriptive of Arab character and manner of life. Our travellers are accosted by a single Arab who carried a spear in his hand, and in his girdle a hatchet. He was coal-black, and of a most formidable height.

"'Peace be to you!' said he, striding into the midst of our little circle, and then pausing, as if doubtful whether we merited such a salutation. 'Upon you also be peace! Whence come you?' replied my spokesman. 'From there,' continued the Arab, pointing in a careless manner with his chin, which seemed to say, 'That's enough for you to know;' and, sitting down by my feet fixed his eyes for some moments upon me.

"Breaking silence at length, he began a cross-examination of Hassan in a blunt tone, that showed, in his own estimation at any rate, he was the greatest man of the party. 'What do you do with that Frank?' said he to Hassan. 'He is my master,' was the reply; 'what should I do with him?' 'He is an infidel?' 'What do I know? He is an Englishman.' 'God is merciful. Is he a fool or a dervish, that he sits here at the close of day? Where is he going?' 'Inshallah, to Jerusalem,' answered Hassan; 'and if you can show us a ford over the river you shall be well rewarded; and that will be more to the purpose than asking questions here.' 'Wullah, you say well,' cried the Arab; 'I came across the river this morning. Let me see what I shall have, and in an hour I'll show the ford.'

"The bargain was soon struck; for I was so pleased to escape from the necessity of lodging where he had found me, that I promised him a sum beyond his hopes. 'Emchi,' said he, the moment he heard it, 'let us be gone;' and, instantly mounting, we prepared to follow. But, too much delighted with his good fortune, our guide was anxious to have it at once in possession, and, turning suddenly, demanded payment before he set out. I was not in a humour for dispute, and, in spite of the entreaties of the Christian and the doubts of Hassan, I paid him all without condition. He now strode away without uttering a syllable, or deigning to satisfy our curiosity about the part of the river to which he meant to lead us.

"In an hour, however, true to his word, he brought us to it. There was a small island in the midst of the stream, past which it ran at a great rate, and the Arab declared the water was much more rapid and higher than in the morning. I saw but little chance of reaching the other side, and was not over-pleased to perceive our sulky leader seat himself by the bank, and, lighting his pipe, resign himself quietly to smoke. 'You may go over if you like,' said he when I addressed him, 'but I don't think you'll reach the other side. God is merciful, and we shall see.' 'You promised to take us over,' was the answer from my side, and an Arab never fails in his word.' 'God forbid,' continued he; 'but I cannot swim across, and have no horse.'

"I proposed that he should ride mine, and try the ford, and we would wait until he came back. He at once agreed, and leaping upon him, rode into the stream. The current, however, was too strong; the horse was swept away, and the Arab, being thrown off, had some difficulty to regain the bank. He exerted himself to recover the horse, who landed safely a little lower down, and bringing him up to me, put the money that I had given to him into my hand, saying, with the same blunt manner, 'I can't take you across; there is your money.' I urged him to keep it, as he had accomplished for us all he could do. He was nevertheless positive, counted out the piastres, and, in placing the last in my hand, 'There,' said he, 'an Arab never fails in his word. You cannot cross to-night. If you like to follow me, I'll show you where you may rest;' then, without waiting for an answer, walked away. I was so delighted with the unexpected change in the character of this man, who was one of the most forbidding looking fellows I ever saw, that I willingly followed him, resolved to mistrust an Arab no more.

"Before dark, we reached an encampment of black tents situated in a hollow among trees. Before we had entered it, our friend had slipped away. As I was about to make my debut in an Arab camp, Hassan, afraid that I might betray ill manners, whispered to me, 'On no account ask hospitality. We must take it as a matter of course.' With perfect confidence, therefore, I rode up to the best looking tent of the tribe, and dismounting, established myself within it. The women and children were all employed in driving in the animals, and I sat for some minutes without being perceived.

"At length the master of the adjoining tent came in, and observing that I was a Christian, merely said, 'Good evening!—you are welcome,' and instantly ordered a fire to be made. A large hole was dug at the mouth of the tent, and in a very few minutes we had a famous blaze. I spread my carpet in front of it, and awaited the dinner that I had overheard our host order. His family occupied the next division to the one wherein we were seated, which I found was destined for the young of the flocks. The lambs and the kids were brought in, and tied to pegs in the ground; some of the smallest being allowed to go loose and play about. The goats and sheep were driven to some distance; and the constant barking of the dogs showed that they were well watched. A partition of reeds, covered with cloth, divided us from the women and children, who were chattering away and making cakes at a great rate.

"The hour of dinner at length arrived. The men knelt at the mouth of the tent, and prayed for some minutes, while the women brought in messes of milk and hot cakes. My share was half a dozen of the latter, and a large bowl of sweet milk, to which I did ample justice. I was so well pleased at the turn affairs had taken under the auspices of the black Arab, who might have been one of the good genii of the river for aught I could discover, for I could learn nothing about him in the camp, that I was as much satisfied with my country fare as if I had feasted from the turtle I had seen on the sea-shore.

"It rained very hard all night, and, with my feet to a log of wood that had been thrown on the fire before we prepared for rest, I slept so soundly, that I did not notice until day broke the strange bedfellows with whom my travelling had brought me acquainted. The kids and lambs that had been left loose had collected together upon my blanket, some underneath and some above it. One had perched like the nightmare upon my breast, and another had taken possession of my pillow so completely, that I must have rested my head frequently upon it during the night. The ewes had just been milked, and, loosened from their tether, rushed into the tent to recover the young they had been deprived of during the night. I was nearly swept away in the confusion of recognition; and, apprehensive of punishment from the anxious dams, in case I had ignorantly overlaid any of their noisy progeny, I hastily rose, and left them to enjoy their maternal raptures undisturbed."—vol. i, pp. 158—164.

The author declares that he never looked upon a place of so melancholy an aspect as Nazareth. The snow and the rain had here done much damage, as in other villages and towns. The inhabitants seemed to be frozen, and sat without energy in their door-ways, suffering the streams to wander as they listed. Our travellers made for the convent, and reached it after much toil, on account of the miserable state of the street or way that led to the "hospice." The vesper service was being performed, and while the organ's deep sound, accompanying a full choir, echoed among the hills, all else around was still as death. The monks were all upon their knees, with their arms stretched, in the manner of the Franciscans, towards heaven. They were immovable in prayer. The contrasted effect of such a scene with the cold and the deep snow from which the author had just escaped, must have been most striking. Instead of inclement skies, bitter winds, and bleak sights, here were devoted attitudes, bald heads, and long beards of men doing homage to the Saviour of mankind, whose history upon earth is irrefragably so closely associated with the despised town of Nazareth. The notes of the organ, the odour of incense, and the handsome building itself, together with many indescribable sources of emotion, as now witnessed by our traveller, must have been affecting in the extreme. One extract must suffice in regard to the sacred spots in this locality.

"A little before midnight, the monk proposed to guide me to the Grotto of the Virgin, and I followed him through the silent galleries of the convent, and through a most mysterious passage into the church, which is at all times lit up. We descended into a blaze of light from the suspicious way through which we wound. The sanctity of the grotto, over which the church was built by St. Helena, arises from its being the identical spot where the Virgin Mary received the annunciation. The place where the angel stood is pointed out by one pillar, while another indicates the hallowed ground on which the Virgin stood. The monk detailed to me very minutely, and with much apparent belief in the truth of all he told, the miraculous and holy characters of the places round. He made me observe the smoke in the grotto, for it was the kitchen of the Virgin's house, and was the only apartment allowed to remain behind, as there the annunciation had taken place, the rest of the dwelling having been whisked off to Loretto; the often told tale of the broken pillar, the upper portion of which is supernaturally fixed in the rock above; with the blindness of the Turk whose avarice called forth the miracle, to save the money, I conceive, to the convent, and to add brighter lustre to the spot. He also pointed out, while we stood in the grotto, the precise spot where St. Helena took her breakfast when she gave her superintendence to the building of the church. Lamps were burning over all the altars, and the monk, as we walked past them, swung incense from the silver censors that were standing ready upon them.

"The stillness of the place, the soft light, the fragrance of the incense, and the seeming piety of the minister to heighten their effect, had an air of solemnity in them that was very impressive; although the mysteries of the spot could scarcely have inspired any sense of true religion."—vol. i, pp. 132—134.

Major Skinner's sketches of the manner of life of the monks, and the observances of the devotees that throng to the many sacred spots about Nazareth and the Holy City, are remarkably spirited and graphic, sometimes highly amusing, on other occasions impressively serious. He has no sympathy with mere mummery or superstition, or any purely external token of devotion. It was the silent and speechless homage of the heart—the sublime emotions and reflections of the soul, which he experienced. The first morning after his arrival in Jerusalem, he set out to visit the oft-described spots of sacred fame in and around the city, choosing one of the attendants of the convent for his guide. But he adds—

"If on common occasions a cicerone be the greatest possible plague, how terrible are his chattering interruptions in such scenes as these! I was not prepared for the careless volubility of my guide, who gave me no time for thought in the zeal with which he dwelt upon the idle details with which his head, and the heads of all attached to the convents, are filled."—vol. i, pp. 203, 204.

Still, with equally proper feeling, he admits, that the faith of those who undergo so much as pilgrims to Jerusalem, is of too interesting a nature to speak of lightly; and that the spectacle which their kissing of pavements, pillars, and stones, presented to him, was far from tempting him to shock their feelings by an appearance of doubt. But the descriptions by other travellers, of the Holy City, have been so minute and numerous, that we go on towards Damascus, whither the author next directed his steps, passing over all notice of many scenes of striking interest between these two places, which are among the principal cities of the Eastern world. The following general observations are, however, too important to be left out of our pages.

"The positions for cities throughout Palestine are well defined by nature, which has given no space for them to swell out, as the towns of Europe are able to do. Such as they are to-day, I conceive they must have been at the time they poured out their multitudes under all their kings to fight against Israel; and no wonder it should have so perplexed commentators and travellers to reconcile the population with the circumscribed means of providing for it. The manners and habits are probably but little altered in the present day from the remotest periods. Throughout the East, in every hut, in every paltry village, now, there are more people crowded together than would after our own customs occupy a long street; and the larger houses in towns contain each nearly numbers sufficient to constitute *a small parish.* Yet the population for cities was the least *part, perhaps, of a nation whose people* being pastoral, lived as the Arabs of the desert at this moment do. A chief from a town on the Euphrates to-day could call his thousands about him to fight in defence of the faith at a very short summons."—vol. i, pp. 274, 275.

There is one renowned plain, too, the history of which is forcibly recalled to mind by Major Skinnner's particular notice.

"How well is the plain of Esdraelon calculated for the monstrous gatherings and destructive battles that have from the first taken place upon it! When we stood by the village of Endor, we looked over the scene most probably of the overthrow of Sisera. From before us came Barak into the valley; and this very ground shook 'with the prancings of their mighty ones,' so beautifully recorded in the Song of the inspired Deborah. Here too is to be fought the great battle of Armageddon on some day not very far off, as modern prophets, I believe, have settled. Close to this village, in our own days, General Kleber with a handful of men opposed twenty-five thousand Turks, until a small reinforcement in the evening enabled him to beat them off. It seems to have been destined for the arena of great battles."—vol. i, p. 279.

The above extract intimates that our author has a true perception of the propriety and beauty of Scriptural expressions. Indeed, he takes frequent opportunities of noticing the forcible meaning and descriptive power of the language of the Bible. For instance, he declares, that since he has seen so much of the Oriental costume, and has worn it himself, he can more fully understand certain scriptural notices and epithets. Again, he says, "How often while the bleak wind I have mentioned is moaning over the dreary waste, particularly in the depth of the night, have I thought of the beauty and justice of the expression of the 'howling wilderness!'"

Major Skinner found, that since Ibrahim Pasha had taken Damascus, a great change in the behaviour of the Damascenes had been effected towards the Franks, who might now walk in their proper dress through the city, without molestation. He, himself, however, was on more occasions than one made the subject of contempt and ridicule, on account of his costume and manners. The veiled Turkish damsels would even mutter, as he passed them, "God is merciful," thus seeming to call for protection from his ill-omened aspect. It must have been no easy affair, however, to traverse and thread his way among the streets of Damascus. He says—

"The streets are narrow, without any particular marks in them, and have a large door at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, and, I have read somewhere, wives: I proved, however, that a very small bribe will open it at any hour of the night, for there is always a gate-keeper at hand. The houses present no more than mud walls, with an ill-built latticed window at a considerable height. They are sometimes constructed on arches that hang across the streets, making it quite dark. Wooden rafters, too, when the arch has not been turned, are visible frequently from below, and render the way still more gloomy.

"No town, however, can be better supplied with water; numerous fountains are in the streets, and in the court of every house there is also one, or even two or three. Within, the houses are very magnificent. Their airiness is exceedingly delightful; balconies, with gaily painted chambers opening into them, hang over the paved court, in which the fountain plays beneath the shade of orange and lemon trees. Elevated recesses, gilded most richly, and

> spread with rarest carpets, form the lower rooms. When lounging upon the softest cushions in the most voluptuous 'far-niente' manner, the Turks enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms and the refreshing patter of their 'jets d'eaux.'
>
> "In such a climate there is real luxury in this mode of whiling away the hottest part of the day. To complete the soft-sounding picture of such an existence, I will add, that they sip from cups of porcelain iced sherbet made of violets or roses. Who would not wish to dwell in Damascus? or who, on being forced to quit it, would not sigh for 'the pleasant banks of the Pharphar?'"—vol. ii, pp. 29—31.

The Major's entire account of Damascus tends much to qualify the impression left by this single extract, though the picture is deeply interesting. Another renowned city became the next point of his destination, viz: Bagdad. The journey through the Desert thither, and thence to Babylon, is described, perhaps, in the most enlivened manner of any thing in these volumes. The accidents, adventures, and escapes of the travellers, the various portraitures introduced, and the spirit which animates the author on every occasion, whether of suffering, fear, joy, or compassion, communicates to the whole a fervour and gladsome humanity of character which cannot be too much admired. There has not been a work published since the present year set in, which will leave a greater number of satisfied and delighted readers than Major Skinner's Adventures during his Journey Overland to India. We have not, by any means, culled the most interesting passages; but after the extract now to be introduced, we believe that we have given specimens of his details upon a sufficient variety of subjects, to tempt every one of our readers to desire a particular acquaintance with all that he has written. This last extract describes a visit to the site of Babylon.

> "I found that I could not stand directly across to the tower, which, like a rock above the sea, rose in the midst of a waste of water. The river had risen and had met the waters of the lake. I continued for some time parallel to the river, resolved upon reaching the tower, by rounding, if possible, the ocean that divided me from it. How desolate was Babylon! My miserable party—two riders and a guide on foot—were all that moved upon its site, excepting here and there the water-birds that flapped their wings over the lake.
>
> "I reached at length a long ridge of sand that ran from the river-side nearly to the mound on which stood the tower; it was fifteen or twenty feet above the plain, and I was able to ride upon it. In some parts it formed a double bank with a shallow hollow between. I could perceive nothing beyond it to the southward: it may be six or seven miles from the town, for I had been two hours on the journey; and though no antiquary, as I have said, I determined in my mind that I was passing along the walls of Babylon. Many fragments of bricks were lying among the sand, some marked with the character I noticed in Hillah. All was barren around; although at some distance, where the waters were shallowest, I could see the grass peeping above them. By the walls I had found a dry road to the base of the huge shapeless mound on which the tower is placed; its circumference is estimated at a little more than seven hundred yards: a narrow way divided it from a still larger and more irregular heap, upon the side of which stood, facing the tower a small mosque. If the dervishes to whom these memorials are erected, lived on the spots where the tombs now stand that are to be seen over the remains of Babylon, they selected well for the abandonment of the world; more forlorn spots could scarcely be found, for, in the great Desert even, there is verdure and flower; here all is utter misery.
>
> "On the height of the first mound stands a well built tower, of something less than forty feet high. Such an erection in modern days would excite admiration for its workmanship; with what astonishment must it be viewed in the supposition that its age exceeds four thousand years! Huge heaps of brick lie about, melted into solid masses, as if by the action of fire; and the whole mound on which the pillar stands is covered with fragments of well-baked bricks: and this is the Temple of Belus, it is said, or the Tower of Babel. At any rate, be it what it may, it stands on the plain of Shinar, where Babylon once stood; and most completely, as my eyes wandered over the scene of desolation, did I feel the truth of the fulfilment of the judgments pronounced against her—yes, 'Every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished.'"—vol. ii, pp. 197—199.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE THREE WISHES.

(CONCLUDED.)

"'Follow me,' said the physician.

"With a hasty step we crossed the narrow space that lay between us and my house; having entered and secured the outer door, he led on to an inner apartment. 'Captain,' said he, 'you are not yet acquainted with your own resources; from this apartment there is a free passage to the mountains; it was built by the grandfather of king Malek, during a long siege which he sustained against the Tartars, and hath ever since been used; we may now save ourselves by means of it.' While he was speaking he raised a square flag, and uncovered a black and steep descent, down narrow and unfinished stairs, which wound almost precipitously down into a darkness which the eye could not fathom. I knew that there was no other hope; yet the appearance of this horrid pit dismayed me mightily. There was also somewhat about the manner and physiognomy of the Armenian which impressed invincible distrust. But I saw no alternative, and as my father followed him coolly, I manned myself, and proceeded without demur.

"We descended in silence, and slowly; it tasked our whole attention to keep our footing, the steps were so far asunder and so precipitous, so slippery and incomplete, that I expected every moment to reach some point where they might altogether fail. To such a point, indeed, he came, but fortunately, as it seemed, the doctor here pulled out a coil of rope, which he immediately proceeded to make fast at one end to a strong iron hook, which seemed to have been placed there for the purpose. By means of this we let ourselves down about thirty feet, and dropping about ten more, we landed in the centre of a vast gloomy cavern, feebly illumined by a beam of light, which came from a crevice on one side. I felt a momentary relief: our way seemed to slope gently from the other side of this dim cave, and to be not without some faint light from numerous fissures overhead, which showed that it ran near the surface of the hill. 'Here,' said the Armenian, 'we must await the gloom of evening. Our way lies on the open hillside; to escape, we must not be seen.'

"The two doctors sat down; they seemed in all things prepared, as if the least circumstance had been foreseen. The Armenian drew out a small wallet, from which he produced some cold fowls, and abundance of cakes and dried fruits, with some bottles of the choicest wine. 'We have work before us yet, my learned brother, and valiant captain, and cannot employ a few hours better than in fortifying our limbs and spirits with food and wine, which the wisdom of the sage King Solomon hath praised, as befitting our present need of comfort as well as courage.' So saying, he sat himself down, and fell to with vigour; we quickly followed his example.

"Having finished their meal, the two doctors filled their cups, and engaged in a learned conversation, to which, in despite of my anxiety, I listened with considerable interest. They talked for some time on the subject of life and death—of the connexion between the mind and body—and the possibility of animating an artificial, or reviving a dead body, and many questions of learned depth, which, as the Armenian observed, the wisest of all nations have studied from the beginning of time, without adding much to their wisdom. 'For my part, learned Acmar,' said my father, 'no man has more devoted himself to the advancement of knowledge, than the unworthy member of our learned mystery who sits before you; and it has not fallen to the lot of many to be so fortunate in the experiments which they have made—to draw discoveries from the actual experience of pain and death.'

"'I applaud thy wisdom, my brother,' answered the Armenian gravely, 'experiment must, in the end, be the only chance of obtaining such knowledge of the subtle element of life, as may be permitted by the destinies of science; nevertheless, I have not yet been able to discover any way into the other world, by which there is any reasonable certainty to find one's way back.'

"'True, learned brother,' replied my father, looking, I thought, with complacent consciousness of superiority—'true; yet to the reach of genius, truths appear and expedients present themselves, which mere learning and industry must, at their utmost heights and depths, fall short of."

"The Armenian's vanity seemed provoked at this demonstration of his brother chip's conceit; he threw back his head, and with an irritable side glance, answered—'Few, O wise Egyptian, have less desire, or if the truth were to be said, more just cause to boast than I; yet, I am not the quack to pretend that I have been able to try the sensations of death by personal experience, as I doubt not you have.'

"'Not on my own person,' exclaimed my father hastily, and in anger, 'your stupidity must surpass your modesty itself, if you do not admit that there are other ways than exposing oneself to unnecessary pain.'

"'I prithee be not angry, brother,' said the Armenian, 'but rather let me have the benefit of thy wisdom.'

"'I may hereafter impart to you some facts which I have not yet sufficiently observed,' replied my father, 'but at present it were well could we obtain a convenient subject for an experiment, of which I have been thinking since yesterday.'

"'I have been similarly engaged,' said the Armenian, 'I have been reflecting on the importance of first ascertaining in what exact part of our bodies the spirit resides.'

'I have myself devised a beautiful investigation, which cannot fail to settle that point,' said my father, 'and the first steps are already established to our hand. There is a punishment adopted by the Tartar kings, which limits our experiments to the upper and nobler parts of the body. In this beautiful and philosophic operation, a shawl is drawn with force round the waist, and when it is thus compressed within so small a space that you might span it with your hand, the operator, with a sharp scimitar, cuts the subject two at a blow; the cautery is instantly applied, and life is found to remain in the upper part, while the lower instantly falls dead. Now, this much being settled, the next point is by some further skilful dismemberments to ascertain the last and small portion within which the life of man can be preserved.'

"I thrilled with horrid sympathy. The Armenian glowed with pleased excitement. 'Brother,' said he, 'it is delightful to meet the master of his art, and it exhilarates more than this generous wine of Schiraz, to interchange thought, and find coincidences of opinion in one of your rare knowledge. I have been meditating over the same experiment.'

"'I should be gratified, most discerning brother,' said my father, 'to know the result of your profound deliberations. I would'—

"'Cut off the head,' interrupted the excited Armenian.

"'Quite my opinion,' said my father.

"'The life will be found'—said the Armenian.

"'In the heart,' said my father, interrupting in his turn.

"'In the head,' said the Armenian.

"'I feel it here,' said my father, laying his hand upon his breast.

"'It stops when the head is off,' said the Armenian, eagerly.

"'When it stops, the head dies,' said my father bitterly.

"'That is the question,' said the Armenian, derisively.

"The argument here came to a stand. The two doctors had, in the heat of the contest, drunk all the wine; and, as it seemed now nearly dark, the Armenian pressed our departure. We passed on a little further.

"Having advanced about a hundred paces, we came to what might have been mistaken for the mouth of a cave; it opened over the edge of a steep, which, to my alarmed gaze, seemed to fall perpendicularly several hundred fathoms, into the darkness of the ravine which lay beneath, in the shadow of night. A little to the left, the light of fire and torch glimmered up, and faintly showed the imperfect forms of objects far below. A faint twilight fell around the spot on which we stood. 'In the name of Allah let us descend,' said the Armenian, 'mind your footing, brother—mind your footing, captain.' My flesh crept with fear—black space lay beneath me—below it, the unseen depth, the marble cliff; footing I saw none. 'I will go back,' said I. 'You cannot,' answered the Armenian, 'unless you can catch the rope by which we descended into the large cavern.' It was too true. While I hesitated, the two old men were some distance below me. With a sense of terror not to be described, I committed myself to the frail footing of this descent. Your sovereign lordship may be surprised that I did not feel reassured by the confident advance of the two old men. But they were both light and active, as a pair of lean monkeys, while I was heavy, cumbrous, and though stronger than either, yet, inactive and clumsy in my movements. Nor was there in fact any difference in point of years, for though my age was not much above twenty, yet that of the frame which I then occupied was at least three times that age. The various evil chances I had hitherto sustained, had also impressed me with a sense of some misadventure in every change. The horoscope of my destiny seemed laden with portents. And, with the eunuch's frame, I acquired his temperament. Thus affected by my nature and position, your lordship's wisdom can easily penetrate the state of my feelings at that awful moment."

The genie looked sagacious as an elephant.

" With difficulty I descended a few feet, expecting at each step that a loose stone, or the failure of my convulsive grasp, would precipitate me through the empty darkness, upon some flinty crag far below. My heart was dead within me. To return was impossible; for, having deviated from the straight line, when I looked upward there was only to be seen a naked surface, the very sight of which was sickening to my stomach. The Armenian waited for me. 'Will you be all night, captain,' said he, 'why how clumsy you are.' A diabolical grin gave a hideous expression to his wizardlike physiognomy; and the gleam of his eye shot a thrill through my breast. I felt—I knew not how, as if I were the plaything of a pair of fiends, without any power to escape; and piously resolved that I would instantly leave them, should I be so fortunate as to reach the valley alive. At present I felt it was essential to suppress the instinct which was enervating my frame; and if possible to shake off the terrors which were crowding upon me. 'Learned doctor,' said I, drawing my breath at every syllable, 'this is a new way of travelling.'

" 'I hope you like it, valiant sir,' said he, with a laugh.

" 'It is rather slow.'

" 'Let go that stone, and your valour will travel fast enough.' I did my best to laugh, but only effected a hideous quaver, in which the chattering of my teeth was the chief sound.

" 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Armenian, 'how merry you are.'

" 'Doctor,' said I, 'have we far to go?'

" 'Not above two hundred fathoms—you are in a great hurry, I believe.'

" 'I am a little tired.'

" 'Never mind—you will not be so long.' The words had little meaning—the manner was frightfully significant. Unwilling to extract portentous meanings, and fully engrossed by one fear, I simply answered—'I only desire to reach the bottom of this fearful steep.'

" 'Perhaps, when there, you'll be right glad to get back.' So saying, he was seized with another uncontrollable fit of laughter, and again I answered with a convulsive laugh, which died within my throat as it rose.

" 'You are the gayest travelling companion I ever knew,' said the Armenian, 'and it is a pity you are encumbered by that huge carcass.'

" 'I could not travel far without that, learned doctor.'

" 'You will soon travel far enough without it, brave captain.'

" 'What can he mean,' thought I, but resolving to keep up a fearless tone, I said, 'I know, learned doctor, that according to your notion of life, a man might do without his body.'

" 'You shall soon be wise enough, my son, on that point,' said he, again breaking into a furious cachination.

" 'Brother,' said my father, breaking silence for the first time, 'I think it would be injudicious to throw away the opportunity without trying both ways together.'

" 'Nay, learned brother,' said the Armenian, 'thy experiment hath been tried: let us now try mine.'

" 'Well, as you please, brother—there are, no doubt, a few more to be despatched, and we can easily procure another.'

" A new light broke upon my ideas: at this moment we had reached a projecting ridge, which ran downward; and while it much facilitated my descent, at the same time offered me the opportunity of taking a path separate from the two doctors, who were already some distance down. Hoping to escape, I now quickened my descent, and as the way became very easy, I soon cleared some hundred cubits with considerable rapidity. Surely, thought I, as I scrambled down, I can easily escape along yonder thicket—the bitterness of death is past. The thought had scarcely passed across my mind, when my foot entangling, while I was in rapid motion, I was tumbled forward, and came rolling down the steep. In my fall I came with some force upon the ground, but fearing that the noise might be heard by the old men, I leaped upon my feet without delay. My persecutors were quietly standing at my side. From the cavern, of which the ridge along which I had come down seemed to be the roof, a broad, clear, steady light fell upon the malignant eye and caustic smile of the Armenian.

" 'You are improved in speed,' he whispered, adding with a loud voice, 'the King of Georgia awaits you—pray, be quick.'

" I knocked the Armenian down, and darted towards the darker side of the place were we were. A precipitous rampart of stone rose straitly up; darting across the opposite side—I leaped into the arms of two stout sentinels, and was hurried into the cave, in the midst of which stood the young king, surrounded by his captains. An ill-suppressed laugh ran through the group—a sneer sat on the king's face.

" Said he, 'if you had a little patience you would not so often miss your way—I would advise you to think twice before you choose next.'

" I now perceived that he knew my true history, and, as a last resource, I resolved to avail myself of the circumstance, and answered quickly:

" 'The next time, O King, I will be the King of Georgia.' King Malek turned pale. Said he to the Armenian, I cannot grant thy petition—the knave must be kept alive.'

" 'My lord king,' said the Armenian, 'it cannot be —his fool's head has not wit to preserve his beastly carcass; besides, the Tartar King has sworn to destroy him, and to-morrow may place it in his power.'

" 'Let him be carried to my capital,' said the King, 'a dungeon fifty fathom under ground will secure his worthless life.'

" 'O King,' said the Armenian, 'determined malice and cruel suffering may refuse to live.'

" 'What then is to be done—extricate me from this danger, and thou shalt be Vizier of Georgia, and master of ten cities,' said King Malek.

" 'O King,' said the Armenian, at the same time giving me a glance of the most significant malice, 'my worthy brother here and I have by our art discovered a new method of putting a criminal to death, by which the body is killed, and the spirit imprisoned and kept in any place your majesty may choose to command.'

"The King's face glowed with delight; 'Let me have him in a small iron box, which may be contained in a small furnace.'

"The Armenian prostrated himself before the King: 'I honour thee for the sublime notion, and deeply I regret, that our art, though powerful, does not go quite so far, but it is a settled fact, in experimental physic, that the head when severed from the body still continues to live; and by a device we have struck out, may be preserved so to an indefinite period.'

" 'Babour,' said the King to a tall African who stood behind him. The black came forward, his dark eye rolled upon me as he awaited the King's desire—it deprived me of the words I had meditated to utter:—'Follow the directions of this learned Armenian.'

" 'Cut off his head, Babour,' said the Armenian, 'and, my good fellow, with thy sharpest weapon and best skill, and see that it does not fall.'

" 'I have,' answered I, 'a mortal contusion on the the back of my head.'

"A loud laugh ran round as I said these words. My heart, which knocked painfully at my ribs, became so suddenly still, that I scarcely noticed a slight pang which ran across the back of my neck. The grin of derision yet sat on the courtiers' faces, when I found myself hanging in the African's hand, so near the ground, that I guessed the truth—I was a severed head. Strange to say, I still felt as if my whole body was clinging to me; yet on looking round, I was shocked by the sickening and revolting sight of a headless trunk, which I knew. In a second I was in the Armenian's hand, which trembled with eager delight, My cruel enemy's eye was fixed in triumphant malice on mine. 'Are the arteries secure?' said he.

" 'All right,' said my father from behind me.

"He set me down; a huge and overpowering agony filled me, while a hissing and a crackling noise rose about my ears, and a hot steam of broiling meat about my nostrils and eyes.

" 'There, it is enough,' said my father's voice.

"I was now carried out by the Armenian. My father followed; and a black carried a torch before us. Going down a little slope on the left of the cavern, they entered another cave and placed me on a flat stone, lying on my right ear. The coolness of the stone was delicious. The two old men sat, one on each side, and appeared to consider me attentively.

" 'Brother,' said the Armenian, 'is it alive or dead?'

"My father paused for a long time, with his forefinger pressed against the tip of his nose. Having placed me on his knee, he applied his finger to the forepart of my ear. At length he shook his head with much gravity.

" 'I doubt it, learned brother.'

"I resolved not to give them any satisfaction, so abstained from moving an eye.

" 'Brother,' said the Armenian thoughtfully, 'the face twitched perceptibly on the frying-pan.'

" 'The heat was too much,' said my father, 'we *had better fly with* all speed.'

" '*It may live,' said the Armenian.*

" 'O brother, we may try that at leisure, when we are out of harm's way,' answered my father.

" 'Can we not swear to King Malek that he lives,' said the Armenian.

" 'Brother, you forget—at this instant may the spirit of this head have seized on King Malek's heart and brain.'

" 'Then,' said the Armenian, 'we have no time to lose.'

"The Armenian snatched me up, with a grasp that nearly tore my hair from the roots. Cautiously creeping up the steep over the cave, they went a considerable distance up the same precipice we had so recently descended; and I experienced no very pleasing sensation on finding myself on the dizzy scene of my late terrors, with nothing to support me but the lock of hair by which I hung in the Armenian's grasp.—Presently they turned and began to descend in a different direction, and I could perceive that we were approaching a large thicket, at the base of the steep. A deep savage bark was heard, not very far in the wood; it was quickly answered from the opposite side.

" 'Brother, we are no better than dead men!' said my father.

" 'My sister lives beyond the marsh,' said the Armenian, 'Let us push across.'

" 'Is it safe footing?' said my father.

" 'It is for life!' said the Armenian.

"On they went, up to the knees in the shaking fen; the cold water touched me on the raw wound, but this was nothing to my mental suffering. We came into some of those places where the stiff bulrush grows; here had I but the organ of respiration, I would have roared aloud, to the great satisfaction of my tormenters. As it was I shut my eyes, and prayed Allah for the approach of the wolf. My prayer, O King of the Genie, was heard; the doctors were moving on with loud and splashing steps, which roused at every instant some marsh bird from the numerous pools around, or drove the wild drake, with clapping wing and loud clamour from the sedge. I, however, having my ear close to the ground, heard the pattering steps of some wild quadruped, come on our very trace.

" 'Brother,' said my father, 'thou hast lost thy way, we shall never cross this broad stream.'

" 'We must retrace our steps,' said the Armenian, turning round, then, suddenly dropping his voice, 'ha, seest thou not something black yonder?'

" 'Yes,' said my father, in a shuddering and hissing whisper, 'it moves this way—what is it!—what can it be!'

" 'In the name of Allah, let us leap the stream—it is a prodigious wolf,' said the Armenian. As he spoke, he flung me over. I fell among the tall stiff reeds which sprung thickly from the edge of a deep pool. They bent under my weight, but yet continued to sustain me. I now saw the Armenian spring into the stream, and in another moment he had struggled across. My father's heart failed; he ran twenty ways. The black spot enlarged as it approached, into a vast black wolf. My father threw himself on the bank, and seemed as if endeavoring to shrink into himself. It was vain—the savage of the desert stood growling over his prey. I spare your lordship the harrowing recital of that cruel moment. The cry of savage hunger, mingled fearfully with a frantic scream of animal terror coming from the human voice. The

Armenian spent a few minutes in looking round for me in vain—but overcome by terror, he soon retreated. A moment more had sealed his doom: another gaunt monster mingled in the ghastly chorus, on the other side of the stream, and joined in a scene too horrible and too disgusting to be described. It was a night of horrors unutterable. Consciously an appalling object myself, I looked on all that is repulsive to our nature. Even death, for which I intensely longed, was before me, in a form too hideously revolting to be thought upon without the shrinking of every nerve."

The genie looked puzzled.

"The darkness became deeper. The horrid feast was ended, and the fearful brutes had slunk away to their dens. I was left alone to reflections darker than the gloom of night. What was I reduced to! A fearful remnant of humanity, without members, powers, functions, or appetites,—an object fearful to the living instincts of man—a ghastly head, severed from its trunk; and alive, though bereft of motion, in this haunt of every fierce and savage thing.—How long, too, might I thus endure. To die, to escape, I must encounter some fearful fate. Some hideous jaw, alone could set me free. To what, alas, had visionary ambition reduced me. While occupied with these thoughts, an imperfect slumber came to my relief. In dreams I was transported back to my haunts in the valley of the Nile. I was once more painless and free, seated by the peaceful poverty of my father's board, the quiet labour, the succeeding stroll in the calm evening air,—the discontent, and the fascinating visions, exchanged, alas, for horrible realities,—all came with extraordinary distinctness, that approached reality. Many changes followed fast, as if the fleeting events of life were acted in some vast pantomime of destiny. The awful hall; the prison; the field of Teflis, alive with Georgian chivalry; the forest march; the battle-field; the fearful precipice. I started into a more terrific life. The sun stood on the horizon, and scattered lines of light interspersed with broad shadows, over the ridge of the rocky Caucasus, the wild forest, the broad flat plain, and the broken surface of the desolate morass in which I lay. The plain was covered with Tartar chivalry, and the light wreathes of early smoke arose from many a thousand fires. It was a gorgeous and glittering scene. I cast my eye down upon the pool,—I saw a cadaverous and ghastly face,—a head,——alas, myself."

The old man blubbered as he went on. The genie seemed diverted hugely.

"As I lay grinning with dissevered lips, and hideous eye, that spoke of terror not to be uttered, the pool, breaking into little waves, dispelled the grisly shadow, and a duck and wild drake came quietly feeding from among the green reeds,—their plumage glowed with lovely variety of tints, in the lonely and wild luxuriance of savage nature. The sound of many wings, accompanied by a plaintive, wild note, swept by, and in an instant the pool was all alive with feathered riot. I almost forgot my fearful self in the beauty, the brilliancy, and frolic life of the brilliant little birds of the duck kind, that were darting, and tossing up the water into foam beneath me, and all round. Of a sudden all became still,—all the little eyes grew troubled with alarm. I thought, at first, that I was perceived where I lay, but their eyes seemed looking on some other object. Suddenly the greater portion of the flock sprung upward from the pool with disordered wing—a few stole in among the thickest cover of the sedge and reeds. The air around me was fanned by a heavy wing: the vulture of Caucasus, with harpy talon, grim beak, and ghastly head, hung three fathoms above me on the air. Looking round, like a winged fiend, the morning sunbeam shone reflected on the keen, cruel glance of his devouring, eager, and blood-thirsty eye: it fixed wistfully on something beyond the stream; yet something there deterred it. A low, hoarse growl arose,—my weight had sunk me too low among the rushes, and I could not see beyond the high bank.

"Suddenly while I was yet thrilling through every nerve—the fierce eye transfixed me with its hungry gleam. A slight expression of doubt or fear came over it, and instead of pouncing on me at once—the fierce bird rose upward, with a wave of its long wings—and began to wheel its slow circles around me. I was dreadfully frightened, as your lordship may believe—had I but a hand to wave, a foot to run, or a voice to speak my terror—Allah! what a scream I would have given! But full as I was of shrinking life, I lay motionless as a stone. Every circle brought the fierce creature nearer and nearer, until his wing just flapped upon the bullrushes above me. Twice the harpy talon dropped within a hair's-breadth of my right eye—and the savage bird went past—the third time I felt my scalp griped with a painful force; and in a moment I was raised high above the morass. It was a moment, fearful and sublime—as we ascended with inconceivable swiftness, the objects beneath shrunk into a map-like minuteness—and a cloud-like haze overshadowed the moor, the mountains, and the plain, over which helmet and spear shot up innumerable gleams and flashes, from the whirling squadrons of the Tartar cavalry. Having ascended to a dizzy height, my savage possessor uttered an exulting yell, so loud and piercing, that I nearly fainted with the pain and terror. For a moment it stood balanced on its vast pinions, and glanced around with its terrific eye. Suddenly an expression of sudden alarm came upon its fierceness. Not far behind, the heavy flap of monstrous wings smote upon the thin air. Away we swept with arrowy speed—mountains, moor, and clouds swept by us, as we darted through the aerial space. But in vain—our winged pursuers came on with savage yells, and gained at every stroke upon our now encumbered speed. I must (I fancy) have been a heavy head enough. We were now fully caught. My bearer tried to gain by rapid evolutions, what it lost in swiftness. I cannot describe the horror of that tossing—the mountains and the clouds, and the low-lying earth, spun in dizzy circles, or threw gigantic somersets, as we dived, and soared, and wheeled in all directions. Such a chace no mortal ever heard of before. We were in the mean time turned back upon our course—until we were again over the field of arms. Many a fearful dip gave me the sensation ofa f all—many an ear-splitting yet and stunning buffet I had to endure—many a fell and hungry snap from the large beak of each harpy-eyed pursuer. At last, one fell swoop extricated me from the vulture talon that upheld me—down, down, down I went for a second, with sublime slowness—then in the twinkling of an eye, I was dashed amid the white plumes of a warrior's helmet, with a force that took away my senses. The unutterable agonies of reanimation again came over me——

"Again a bright torrent of unearthly radiance rushed upon my newly recovered sight: as its overpowering effect sudsided, the ample spaces and sublime proportions of the hall of destiny grew distinct to my view. As my quivering and agonizing nerves became composed, the perception of the senses once more expanding through the members of an entire frame, communicated a sensation of delightful astonishment; for a moment I even doubted of the too great bliss. I had never, during the entire of my last horrid sufferings, altogether lost a strange illusory sense of a body, over the limbs of which I had no power; so that there not unnaturally lingered some distrust. But the use of my sight confirmed the impression of the other senses. I recognised my own dear little self with an affection only to be understood by those who may have undergone a separation, which I can assure your sovereign lordship is worse than death.

The genie lifted his eyebrows, and looked sublimely indifferent.

"Long did I in this condition lie revolving on the turns of my singular fate, and contemplating the infelicity of those who exchange the delights of imaginary splendour for the grandest realities on earth. The visions of my youth—delightful to memory, and more so by the recollected constraints, privations, and severities from which they were as a refuge and a rest—were far more full of satisfaction, than any state I had found from real experience. Was I splenetic—heads fell, limbs writhed under the lash, fields were strewn, dungeons packed with vanquished foes: they were, to be sure, shadows—but had they been more I should scarcely be more delighted; the feelings exercised were real. Again—I was neither the slave of accident or error—all changed according to my will. It is true, I mostly grew weary when I had completed my scheme of enjoyment."

The genie's face distended into a portentous yawn. The old man and dogs caught the infection. The merchant gave a reproving shake of his head. The third old man continued without heeding—"But then I had only to change the vision. How widely different were the realities of my fatal experience?—the mightiest monarch sat exposed to domestic treason and external hostility—the fiery plate in the dungeon—the scimitar in the field. For the politic minister and the commanding warrior, anxiety and peril lay in constant watch—the rivals hate—the despot's caprice—the perils without the honours of the throne. Yet could I now resolve to sink back contentedly into my former state? No—I had seen too much of substantial realities to be any longer contented with shadows.

"I had suffered indignities more than mortal: were they to pass unavenged? The Armenian doctor was to repay a fearful debt of suffering. The Georgian king—should he not be humbled? All the vultures in Caucasus—should they not be exterminated? My heart swelled with that fearful passion—the craving of vindictive animosity. 'What,' I said, 'were the power and grandeur of Solomon, should they escape."

The genie looked respectfully at the speaker.

"But the question now arose—by what means was I to combine these anxious objects? how avoid the dangers which had hitherto baffled my best intentions? 'The king is liable,' I said within myself, 'to the *casualties of the man*—his arm is shortened by error, *ignorance, the limits of his power*, and the strength of his adversary. The power that brought me here must be the greatest upon earth; I will bc some great magician—it is resolved.' Having framed this wise resolution, I started to my feet, and fevered by the intensity of many conflicting emotions, I traversed the broad pavement of the ample hall. I was rather at a loss how to proceed. I should fix on some particular magician, and how could I still be sure—my foe, the Armenian, might exceed in power. I turned on my steps—your majesty may judge of my astonishment—who but my deadly foe should stand before me; it was the Armenian himself. Had I force equal to my will I might have torn him in pieces—had I courage equal to my fury, I should at least have made the trial. In the person of the Tartar, I had stood half a foot above him in height, and more in robustness; now I was as far beneath him. I consoled myself in the keen purposes of my heart. He smiled on me with an eye of derision, veiled by assumed pity.

"'My dear friend,' said he, grasping at my hand which I wanted firmness to withdraw, 'how has my heart bled for you; I would have saved you all suffering, but for the unlucky accident of that fatal night. Dreadfully harsh your sufferings have been; but your father, poor dear man—forgive me if I weep—we have planned the whole for your escape.'

"I did not believe a word he said; but I resolved to play his own game with him; and looked as simple and credulous as possible."

The genie smiled.

"'But how, my poor friend, did you escape, or when?—did your spirit fly hither from that fatal blow, or did it continue in the severed head?'

"I told him all.

"Various were the emotions with which he heard the wondrous tale; and I could perceive that it cost him much effort to preserve even a decorous appearance of sympathy. When I told him of the pangs of the cautery, the exclamation 'beautiful,' burst from his lips; as I proceeded with the shocking narrative, the look of forced pity forgot itself into the radiance of delight. 'Wonderful,' 'superb,' 'delicious,' were the slightest of his exclamations.

"'O my son,' said he, as I concluded the harrowing and pathetic tale, 'what kingly glory has ever approached the supreme felicity you enjoyed. To no mortal has it hitherto been granted to obtain so near and distinct a view of the shadowy barriers of life and death. O head supremely honoured—had but a wink my son given testimony of your life, immortal had been your honour; we should have set you in a frame of diamond, and fixed you up for the worship of the learned of all future ages. Had but the twinkling of your eye assured us of life, King Malek would have showered honours upon his sages, and you would have been the pride and boast of the glorious art.'

"I was overwhelmed by his volubility—he suddenly came to a pause: 'What,' said he, 'will you do next? I came to assist you with my skill.'

"'I have resolved to be a mighty enchanter,' I replied, 'but know not who to name.'

"A shade of alarm crossed his visage—he was evidently trembling for himself. It would not, however, satisfy my purpose, to take a form which I desired to torture, so I hastened to reassure him.

"'Can you,' said I, 'O sage Armenian, guide my wishes to their object. I would take the form of the greatest enchanter upon earth. Thou shalt have thy reward—my gratitude will not fail.' As I spoke, there rose in his eye a mysterious and malignant twinkle. 'Thou hast some potent enemy,' said I, 'O father, of whom thou wilt thus avenge thyself, by placing a friend in his stead.'

" '*Two*, my son, *two*,' answered he significantly; 'thy choice shall avenge me on both. Name Senechus, the sage, my son; his power is boundless; his wealth is great; he rules the king of the Tartars.'

" 'But I would see him, O father, first. I have been twice deceived by haste.'

" 'The third,' said he, 'shall end thy troubles. Look in yonder mirror on which Samarcand is inscribed, and watch until you see your man—you will recognise him by a sign not to be mistaken. Wait for ten days—farewell; we shall meet again.'

" So saying he began to walk quietly away until he reached the centre of the hall, and crossing the bright volume of light which descended on its floor—I saw him no farther.

" Ten days! it was an eternity to the fever of revenge. I pass it over—it was a season of suffering beyond endurance; but I was gifted with some supernatural force to bear prolonged misery. I never before was so distinctly enabled to form some notion of eternity. The ten days seemed to have no end. At first I continued to charm away the wolfish internal pang of craving emptiness—a hunger that would devour one's grandfather—by watching the quick and splendid changes of the vast mirror of Tartary; it was like the brilliant forms of vapour which open and unfold in the zenith of a frosty night. Such changes! Again I saw the cruel king who caused me to be blinded and bowstrung: the pang of famine intermitted while I vowed revenge. I saw King Malek who mutilated me in the plains of Tefflis, and beheaded me in the ravine at Kortene; he was in chains at the Tartar's throne. 'Both!' I thought—it was a pleasure too grand for a common mortal; and to crown the glorious prospect, I saw my most accursed foe the archtraitor, the Armenian conversing with a venerable old man, of the most commanding aspect, upon whom even the king looked with reverence. He was dressed as the chief of the magicians, but with a splendour far beyond any one else I saw, and he seemed to deliver his sentiments with a leisurely and emphatic dignity, which showed the respect his sayings ensured. It was enough; pain itself—and much was the pain I endured—could not keep me from the enjoyment of my varied plans of vengeance and of power.

The tedious lapse of days was spent. I looked around for the little silver bell: it was near me. I seized it with the hurried hand of expectation, and rung it with a violent jerk. Low and melancholy music dropped liquidly, as a trickling dew-drop from the snowy cup of the lily it resembled; loud and fierce rung back the ponderous vibration of the solemn dome above. The last long and low chord scarce died on the shadowy brightness of the hall of destiny, when the beautiful fairy was standing before me, with her pensive eye and sparkling cup. The sight of her brought back the memory of all my woes.

" Invited by the gentle and soothing expression of her mild and sympathizing countenance, I narrated the whole story of my disappointments. She listened with a placid interest, but without apparent surprise. I was indeed a little disappointed by the small impression I could make; the slight and almost imperceptible movement of her features was unnatural. When any face of mortal mould on which I had ever before had the honour to exert the powers of language, would have been twitched into all the changes of a day in autumn; a scarcely perceptible shadow of a smile or frown swept over her statue-like features, like the faint ruffling of a fountain, when the summer breeze touches it with its softest breath."

The genie's face was twisted into contortions of impatience, more hideous than the spasms of a parturient mountain. The merchant trembled with dismay. 'For the love of Allah, brother, get on with your tale,' said he, 'and shorten your descriptions.'

The old man seemed to be short of hearing, and went on coolly. " 'Mortal,' said she, when I had concluded, 'to be the teller of such a tale, is a distinction for which you should be thankful—privileged beyond the common lot, if your errors have made you wise, and your sufferings brought experience—the true object and end of existence. The events of life are linked together by a chain, of which the links are human folly and virtues—that which is fortune to the prudent, leads the fool to misery, and destiny cannot change the course of things, though virtue may. As you sow you shall reap; drink this and follow your destiny. If you meet with further mishap and escape with life, you must wander over all the world till you find yourself—farewell.'

" While the fairy made this speech I held the cup in my hand—as she uttered the last words, I had drained it. I did not stay even to see her vanish; fairy and pillared hall passed as the shadow of a dream from my sight; my right hand was in the Armenian's grasp—his eye fixed on mine; his face wore the expression of one listening with interest; there was yet profound silence; a sudden thought lit up his earnest eye.

" 'Father,' said he, 'are you taken suddenly ill? why pause you thus?'

" 'I am suddenly affected with a pain in the head, my son,' answered I. I thought it the wisest way to conceal from my enemy the change, for which I knew him to be on the watch. He mused a while in silence.

" 'But, O father, the words of the wise are more precious than the diamonds of Giamschid. Wilt thou but repeat thy three last words, which I was so unhappy as to miss.'

" I forgot myself so far as to look puzzled. He eyed me with an expression of singular excitement. 'My friend,' said I, tease me not with repeated questions. I am in too much pain to comply with thy desires.' The Armenian smiled with the same ominous gleam of malignity I had so often remarked.

" 'Well, father,' he replied, 'I urge thee not—thou wilt need repose, as thou art expected to show a singular specimen of thy power and knowledge before the king to-morrow morning—till then, farewell.' So saying, in a tone of very disagreeable significance, the Armenian left the little room in which we were.

" Anxious to ascertain the full extent of my powers, and the entire advantages of my situation, I now began to examine myself and the place. It was a small apartment. Many rolls of written paper were piled in the corners; some lay on a marble slab, on which various instruments were laid out as if for use. I could not conjecture the uses of the instruments, nor could I read the characters of the scrolls. This perplexed me somewhat—for though every round gave testimony to the extraordinary knowledge of my predecessor; yet I found myself not yet perfectly clear as to where my knowledge was to be found. 'No matter,' thought I, 'if I am less wise than he was, yet I know pretty well that a few wise words may conceal much ignorance. I shall take care not to be found wanting in assurance—a little confident smatter and impudence will always impose on the vulgar, who love to be duped.'

"With these words I set myself to consider how I might best ascertain the real nature and extent of my magical powers, and how they were to be carried into action. I bade the inkstand to be turned into a mouse—but to my dismay it still continued to be an inkstand. I next rubbed an old lamp which stood in a niche in the wall with some pertinacity—but no subject genie appeared. There was a large ring on my finger, which I tried next with the same anxious wish, and the same success. I saw that there were engraved upon it certain talismanic characters—but I could not read them. I sat down to deliberate—but no bright ray of intelligence dawned upon my puzzled imagination. Having exhausted conjecture, I rose to try what a more extended search might throw in my way.

"It was all in vain. I tried a hundred objects but found that I could understand nothing. In some other apartment I might perchance discover a clue for my proceedings. 'If,' thought I, 'I am not wiser to-morrow than to-day, I shall cut a pretty figure at court.' It now occurred to me what, I was surprised had not sooner occurred, that where power consisted in knowledge, I had vainly obtruded myself into the sage's place. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'the best thing I can do for myself, is to run away.' I immediately resolved to put this wise resolution into practice, and having huddled up a variety of strange things, of which I did not know either the name or use, I looked for the door. To my extreme dismay, there was none to be found. This was a serious inconvenience—yet I knew that the Armenian must have gone out somewhere. With this thought I looked overhead—the walls of the apartment shot up to an amazing height, as perpendicularly as a wall, and as smooth as glass. I was in a ticklish position. I plainly saw that there was no escape. Alone, without food or drink, and in the power of an inveterate foe, what could I now do? Towards evening I became both hungry and thirsty. Looking round in this distressing situation, my eye was caught by certain vessels upon shelves, which were carefully made up. Upon looking I found them to contain various portions of animals, floating in some bright fluid. They were excessively disgusting; but hunger and thirst are like relentless creditors, and will not be put off; so I—"

Here the old man stopped and made a face which made his hearers step out of the way.

"After this horrid banquet, a sense of horror and self-hatred fell upon my frame. I threw myself on the floor, and by degrees fell into a torpor. How long this continued I know not. When I came to myself, a flood of unbearable splendour deluged the little room; it came from a small cup of some bright liquid that lay on the centre of the floor. I turned my head and was surprised to see the Armenian's hateful eye gleaming over me. An icy thrill ran through my frame. 'What *light is this,' said I, wishing* to begin the conversation *in an easy and confidential tone.*

"'This, O sage Senechus, thou knowest to be sunshine.'

"'And how did it come here?'

"'By a distillation from pumpkins, O sage, thou knowest.'

"'And what seekest thou here, learned Armenian, at this hour of sleep?'

"A sour smile crossed the Armenian's visage as he replied: 'My venerable master forgets that he has given permission to the humblest of his pupils to try his skill upon the preparations necessary for his new trial to-morrow before the king.'

"'And hast thou completed thy task my son,' asked I, in a patronizing tone.

"'Thy wisdom may judge,' said the Armenian, rising and walking across the room, until he laid his hand on a pretty large spheroidical object, which was something like a large water-melon, and hung suspended as if by its own buoyancy upon the air. It was fastened down by a strong cord to an iron ring in the floor.

"'It is nicely adapted,' said he, 'for the weight it is to bear, and no precaution has been neglected to guard against an accident which might deprive the Alchemick science of its father and ornament.' As he uttered these words the Armenian bent his head with a complimentary expression of countenance.

"'I thank thee for thy pious duty, my sweet pupil,' said I; 'and the further to practise thy science, let me ask thee to state distinctly the intent and use of this new invention of thy master's.'

"'O venerable master, in the morning when the King and court, and the entire city shall have first assembled around thy dwelling, this carpet, on which thy honoured limbs are now extended, shall be attached to yonder bulb, which has been inflated with bituminous vapour from beneath the ruins of Babylon. This done, thy pupil shall reverently wish thee a good voyage, and loosen the bands, upon which thou shall ascend to astonish the world with a proof of skill never before known to human science.'

"'And how high, my son, thinkest thou that I shall ascend?' said I, with the air of one giving instruction.

"'I count that thou mayst mount some five or six miles, if thy wisdom so desire it, venerable master.'

"'My son,' said I, with a patronizing smile, I am meditating new honours for thy successful diligence. I shall forego the honour to be derived from this exploit in thy favour. Thou shalt thyself be the first mortal to ascend the heavens in my new machine. I would myself witness the effect upon the spectators and gaze on thy sublime ascent from below.'

"'I am not worthy, O most venerable, and the king would be enraged at so unworthy a substitute. But I leave thee to thy rest—my master will have need of all his strength and spirit to buffet with the winds, and stand encounter with the clouds in the cold upper regions of the thin morning air.' So saying, he turned down a large cup over the brilliant fluid that lit the chamber, and I was in total darkness.

"Not to weary your lordship's highness with the painful reflections of a night spent in the terror of frightful anticipations—the morning came. I was lying in a half torpid state upon my back, and gazing with imperfect consciousness up the lofty shaft or funnel overhead, where it seemed to ascend into the very zenith—the cold gray light from which came down as through the dim tube of a hollow cylinder of tarnished steel. The gathering hum of voices came faintly also from above, and grew louder and louder, until a loud shout as from a host came ringing on my ears. At the instant a side pannel was drawn on the opposite side of the apartment, and half-a-dozen figures entered in succession. One of them approached the centre of the room, and stooping down uncovered the same bright cup of light which I have already mentioned to your lordship. It was the Armenian—a smile of mockery sat upon his long drawn lips, and wreathing upward in many a deep line, blended with the wrinkles of an insolent leer of triumph that twinkled in his crafty eye. Words were needless to tell his cruel thoughts.

"Approaching me with gestures of mock reverence, he informed me that it was time to begin, and that the king and court awaited my ascent. While he spoke, the persons who had entered with him deliberately took up the four corners of the carpet on which I lay, and placed me under the buoyant spheroid which I have described; four cords hung from its opposite sides, which they quickly hooked to four rings in the carpet.

"'It now only remains to cut this cord, O venerable enchanter, and the wisest of mankind shall be seen floating up into the morning. I need not inform thy wisdom, that when thou hast satisfied the curious glances of the admiring multitude, thou mayst throw out one or two of these little iron balls, and thy ascent will become more easy. But,' added he, after a long pause, during which the smile of malignity which sat on his face shifted its revolting lines into the form of a demoniac rage, 'but before I part with thee, I would learn from thy wisdom what punishment can be devised for the insult of which thou knowest.'

"'What insult, my son?'

"'Rememberest thou of the vale of Kortene, when the fool's spirit in the black eunuch's base body dishonoured an Armenian sage with the bastinado.'

"I lay confounded, his eyes flashed fire from their hellish orbs, as he turned to the attendants and said, 'cut the cord.'

"The word was scarcely spoken, when I was ascending slowly through the shaft, and I had not yet recovered from my first amaze, when I emerged into the morning light. A tremendous shout called me to myself. A scene of magnificence beyond the power of words to paint, lay a few fathoms beneath me. The king with all his court occupied a vast platform, which was raised against an opposite building. Squadrons of Tartar cavalry were drawn up beneath; outside these the population of the city, swelled by thousands from the surrounding country extending their thronged multitudes. My eye was dazzled by the variegated glitter of their array. A million of shawls and scarfs rippled like the billows of a sea beneath me, and a deep murmur of wonder and delight breathed from the vast surface. Gradually, however, the crowd and the city of Samarcand dwindled into a smaller compass, as the surrounding hills came together in the expanded compass of my glance. A stream of air carried me off some distance toward the sunrise; but ascending very little further, I entered a very chill current, which slowly carried me back upon the same course, until I stood poised exactly over the platform on which the gorgeous crowd were yet gazing on me from beneath. I could, notwithstanding the distance, plainly descry the King reclining on a chair of state, with his hand across his forehead, as he looked up, and my foe, the wicked Armenian, standing next him, with the action of one relating some tale of interest. I could even perceive that much laughter was excited by his narration. I had no doubt of the subject of their merriment. His voice came up with surprising distinctness; 'Hold fast up there, Huckabac,' said he, in a laughing tone, 'and do not fall upon us'—a thought flashed across my mind; 'my turn is at hand,' thought I—as I selected a few of the weightiest iron balls from the bag at my right hand; for a moment I dallied with my vengeance—while I took an aim—and letting go:—the laugh was not out of his mouth, when the metal plumped precisely on the Armenian's accursed face."

The genie laughed, and rubbed his hands together.

"The ball had scarcely left my hand when I had the satisfaction to see him roll prostrate on the platform. As I began to rise rapidly at the same instant, I feared to loose the remainder of my vengeance, so that I cast a couple more in rapid succession—neither seemed to tell; but my revenge was ampler than I had even hoped. A violent commotion was raised among the courtiers, and every one was rushing from side to side; at once the platform gave way—a crash, mingled with a mighty yell, came up with surprising loudness, as king and court were poured like corn from the winnower's hand off the sloping floor, and thundered down upon the confused troops beneath. A volume of dust came up; and a confused uproar, beginning fiercely and wildly at the centre, ran outward over the dense mass. 'I have not wished in vain,' was the thought that rushed over my heart.

"The clatter from beneath died upon my ear, as I rose to such a height that all the lesser details of the scene were lost in the gray obscurity beneath. I now seemed to have entered a very rapid stream of air, and the country below was fleeting away eastward with a cloudlike motion.

"I was passing above the waters of Aral, when I was suddenly startled by a sudden sound of heavy wings, and before I could turn my head a rush of white plumage came round me like a torrent. The air for some moments was filled by a double file of wild swans. The concussion of their wings upon the air communicated an exceedingly singular motion to my vehicle. I uttered a cry of anger and alarm; and in an instant the whole flock precipitated itself down the steep air until they reached the surface of the lake below. They were just beginning to throw themselves on the waters with a great foam; but before the half of their number were settled, a note of alarm sounded up the air; and again they began to wind their way up in magnificent spirals. As they rose nearer I began to perceive a dark fowl of stronger wing, towering up with dart-like ascent from beneath them; in a moment it stood in the air many thousand fathoms above, and appeared to be balancing for a stoop upon its prey, when my approaching vehicle attracted its notice.

"In an instant it was near. It was the most astonishing sight to see that splendid bird towering in the free field of its own unbounded element. Its eyes sparkled with a diamond lustre; there was a calm and kingly sternness upon them. The wave of its outstretched wing told exulting power. I envied the magnificent creature, as without effort he rose, and stooped, and wheeled in countless dizzy circles all round my airy way."

The genie stared at the old man's volubility—he went on with accelerated velocity.

"It was easy to perceive, my Lord genie, that the powerful creature was considering in its own mind, upon eating me up. You may conceive that I was not quite at ease. Yet, in truth, I was beginning to become seasoned to all sorts of terrors and alarms, and now began to feel as much wonder and curiosity as fear. Truly, O sovereign, king of genies, if half the strange things to which I have been the unwilling witness, were told me by another person, I should have pronounced him the greatest liar in the whole world."

The genie laughed significantly.

"As I was saying, the great bird seemed to have a monstrous mind to eat me. The hungry expression grew more and more intense as every wheel brought it nearer. But the strangeness of my vehicle protected me; and the form and features of my kind produced the effect which they commonly have on all the inferior tribes of animals. I had yet half a bag full of iron balls; but I found that every ball I parted with, I rose so many fathoms higher; and I was aware that my only chance depended upon my keeping below the level of the high ridge of the Caucasus, to which my course was directed. While I was in this anxiety, by no means satisfied with my travelling companion, a new incident, for a time at least, set me at ease. About half way beneath me, and the western shore of this inland sea, a flight of gannets came sweeping on in a lengthened line beneath. In a trice my persecutor was down among them. Away they scattered on every side. One was singled out, and there began a chace, which, in spite of cold, hunger, and my strange and fearful situation, I could not help viewing with all a hunter's interest. Often, indeed, my lord, had I heard of the enlivening enthusiasm of the chace, but never till now did I know what it is. Borne upon a rapid breeze, I dashed after them as they swept along, straining every inch of feather; the gannet impelled by fear, the eagle by hunger. We had considerably lowered; fear and fatigue had increased my weight, and a heavy moisture, contracted in passing through some dense masses of cloud, had also contributed to the same effect. Away we went over a thousand hills, and plains, and populous villages; and I could perceive the interest which so singular a chace naturally caused among the population of the whole country; crowds were congregated on the hills, and horsemen were endeavouring to keep pace with us; but all our terrene pursuers were quickly distanced as we rushed on in a southern direction towards the shore of the Caspian Sea. Soon the Caspian waters were spread beneath our flight; the birds darted impetuously on, and the chace, from its duration, acquired added interest. The eagle was rather gaining on the gannet, yet not so fast as to put the event beyond doubt—both had a little slackened in their speed. Hugh clouds lay beneath us, through the rifts of which the dark waters of the Caspian appeared far below, like the depths of some vast abyss. A little above these damp gray masses, the chace and flight swept on; still swift, yet with a more laborious flight, the gannet evidently losing distance in every league. I lost sight of them for a few minutes; for the cloudy stratum was ascending on the air, and the chace became enveloped in its misty masses. A few minutes more and I was myself wrapped in the cold wet mist through which I could not see a foot. After a few minutes, however, I emerged from beneath. It was the most fearful sensation I ever felt; if you can perceive the sudden precipitation from a vast plain of clouds, which concealed from the eye the dreadful depth beneath, into the awful void—the clear emptiness of thin, insubstantial objectless space between me and the sea, two miles below."

The genie lifted his eyebrows with supercilious impatience.

"I struggled against the painful sensation, and looked around for the chace. The gannet was in great extremity. Its winged pursuer appeared to be within a snap of its tail; still it held on with a perseverance truly wonderful to behold. With greatly diminished speed the two strong birds seemed to reel and stagger onward in their flight; I had gained upon them, and was now enabled to see their very eyes—the gannet's were shrunk with terror, the eagle's quite divested of their nobler and more kingly beams, and contracted into a look of the steadfast rancour of baffled hate. I came up to them just as we passed a large black cloud. I was a few feet below the gannet, the eagle flew about two feet above it; suddenly the poor gannet, making a desperate effort, pitched itself into the carpet on which I sat. On this the eagle uttered the loudest scream I ever heard from any living thing, and made a similar effort, but it fell short; and in spite of its strongest efforts we were leaving it far behind. It was a fearful thing, my lord, to watch the fierce creature's straining fury as it flapped after us. Its beak was a little open, and a black scum had worked out upon its vast chaps, which extended behind nearly to the broad burning eye-ball that flashed a livid fire. It had thus acquired the appalling and demoniac expression which your lordship may have remarked in a mad cat. My lord, I am by nature one of the most benevolent of mortals, so your lordship may judge of the human satisfaction I felt at the safety of the poor dear gannet. I rejoiced to think that the poor bird had after all its terror and fatigue escaped from that fell beak. Besides it was, indeed, no small gain to one who had not tasted food for I know not how long, to become thus unexpectedly possessed of a fine fat piece of game. I now began to feel the pangs of intolerable hunger, and lost no time in putting my new *protégé* into a fitting condition to supply the demands of appetite. In short, my lord, I eat the gannet without much cookery.

"We had now nearly crossed the Persian empire; the snowy ridge of the Caucasus began to appear far away, walling the horizon from north to south as far as the eye could measure. The tired eagle was yet in sight, sinking downward to the plains with flagging wings. My spirits were lightened. The rapid changes of climate, the fleetness with which seas, lakes, rivers, cities, mountains, forests, and banks of clouds swept by, as I glided onward without labour or intervention, had the effect of exhilarating me. Caucasus grew broad and rugged as it approached the eye; and I had every hope of safely landing on its firm declivities.

"Vast masses of clouds came floating around me in all directions, as I floated in among the spacious recesses of this enormous range. For a time I glided on a few yards above a dense, wet, level surface, in which—will your lordship believe me—I saw my apparatus reflected with the minutest precision. Having passed this, the bluish-black gulph of a deep mountain defile opened beneath me—it was formed by two projecting buttresses of broken granite, which approached each other from opposite sides. Each was turbanned with a huge wreath of black cloud from which it fell sheer down into a blackness of depth that I could not fathom with my straining eye. I now discovered what, to your lordship, must be familiar; that great depths of space appear more formidable to the eye, when measured along some steep surface, than while merely seen apart from all objects. I did not till now discover much difference between looking down from five miles or from one; or to speak accurately, as I approached the earth, it was more unpleasant to look down. But I know not how it was, these solid masses of precipitous rock imparted a fearful sense of falling to the heart, and I now began to contemplate my position with much terror. While I was thus embayed in the centre nearly of this breezeless recess, and hanging almost without motion in the thin but sultry air, a sudden clap of thunder, the loudness of which almost annihilated all my faculties, reverberated from one of the dense clouds upon the opposite heights, and a dazzling sparkle, more swift than sight, quivered and vanished over the centre of the hollow interval. It was as instantaneously, as loudly, and as brightly returned from the opposite cloud. And the two clouded precipices thus continued for some time assaulting each other, like two gigantic demons mailed in adamantine panoply, and armed with the elements, their feet in the infernal regions and their heads among the clouds of heaven."

The genie looked supercilious and critical.

"My lord, you will easily imagine my horror when I discovered that I was myself slowly approaching to the very centre of this awful collision, with a motion which I could only account for on the supposition of an attraction, which I conjectured to be owing to some magical property in my vehicle. It was a truly fearful moment; nothing I could do had the slightest effect on the motion with which I felt myself carried forward like an air-bubble on the edge of some vast cataract, to the point at which opposite deaths were meeting every second moment. I had advanced insensibly so near as to perceive the sulphury smell which these fierce explosions threw out upon the sultry atmosphere, when suddenly I was by some unseen power sent like an arrow back to the point from which the contrary force first had attracted me.

"Well, my lord, this most horrible alternation of opposite powers continued so long that I began to think myself the subject of contention among the powers which were thus at strife among the elements, when suddenly the air was darkened overhead by a vast mass of sable clouds, which all of a sudden opened their black depths with a roar which made all the mountain heads tremble like reeds, and rend into a thousand enormous fissures which ran downward with a loud crackling like the sifting together of all the cities in the world. A broad volume of the intensest light accompanied the crash. It was for a time followed by the blackness of perfect darkness. Torrents of water came streaming from the sable canopy: and in a few moments I had the supreme luxury of being drenched from head to foot. My thirsty members drank at every pore the liquid refrigeration of the freshening element."

The genie looked puzzled.

"The mass of clouds began to disperse and settle in small masses among the surrounding steeps, and I now had the pleasure to witness the same tremendous uproar of conflicting elements going on about half a mile below me, while the heights around and above stood basking in the brightness of a splendid evening sun.

"A chilness beyond words to express came over my steaming limbs; but I had the gratification to feel myself perceptibly sinking down into a lower region. I sunk down until I was at the level at which the wooded region commenced. I approached slowly towards an inlet where cliffs and stunted copses, with here and there some blasted trunk of larger growth, lay intermingled in vast confusion. A cloud of vultures (my old enemies) now came gathering around me from all the neighbouring steeps. If your sovereign lordship has ever witnessed the shoal of large fishes collecting round a bait of prey as it sinks down under the deep blue billows of the Erythryan sea, it will give some idea of the appearance of these ferocious looking monsters of the sky as they shot by, or dived beneath or balanced near on hovering wing, turning on me their spectral, devouring eyes. None, however, ventured to approach within cast of the iron ball with which I had in my fear armed myself.

"I presently came close enough to a tuft of stunted oak to lay hold of a bough and draw myself into the centre of a thicket, where, to my infinite relief, I quitted the strange vehicle in which I had lain for fourteen hours at the mercy of all the winds. I now found the true cause of the immense clatter which my approach had occasioned among the feathered inhabitants of this savage region. I had scarcely emerged from the entanglement of the matted boughs, when I found myself on the flat summit of a crag, which was more than half occupied by an enormous nest, in the middle of which two great birds covered with yellow down, lay screaming with wide opened jaws. To approach them was a service of danger, as the fierce mother came flapping round with an outcry that daunted me seriously. By the help of one of my iron balls I struck sparks from the hard cliff, and succeeded in setting fire to the dry sticks and withered leaves of which the nest was built. It was the first sensation of real comfort I had felt for a long time. A canopy of smoke spread itself around and shut out the vulture flock. I stretched my chilled limbs before a brilliant fire, and as my appetite was revived by the steam of the grilling vultures, I quickly indemnified my stomach for the last three hours' famish in the mountain air. Of all the birds in the air, the most delicate is the young vulture.

"It was too late to think of descending into the plains. It would, I perceived, be unsafe to face the wilderness of steeps and broken crags that lay beneath in the uncertain twilight of the hour. I therefore resolved to remain where I was until the morning. The mountain birds had gone to roost, save when at distant intervals some huge dark fowl, of noiseless wing, floated cloudlike by. A faint girdle of light lay far off on the north-eastern horizon, while a deep gloom concealed the plains. Out of this arose scattered groups of twinkling lights, from the numerous villages. Close around me the broad shadows fell from crags of grotesque shape, and from the shrubby tufts and stunted bushes. The innumerable mountain herbs exhaled a grateful odour on the night air. The red embers of my fire threw a genial warmth. I slept awhile; but a dream of falling down some steep awaked me; and while I lay composing myself for another nap, I thought I could faintly hear the sound of human voices, at no great distance, shouting in extravagant mirth. The direction was quite uncertain; nor could I by the closest attention conjecture from whence it proceeded; but what was, for the moment at least, better, my ear caught the pleasant music of water trickling among the rocks. I was devoured with thirst, so that I ventured to follow the sound, and, cautiously groping my way, I had the unspeakable delight to bathe my parched lips and burning throat in a glorious draught of the pure mountain element. Composed by the grateful draught I sunk once more into a refreshing slumber, and slept until near dawn.

"When I awoke, a glowing crimson stained the eastern distance; the Persian lark sung far beneath among the gray mists. By degrees, a multitude of broader and richer hues lay heaped and scattered along the horizon, until it glowed, my lord, like the counter of an eastern merchant, when he displays his richest stuffs to the chief Sultana of the magnificent Haroun. Many sounds floated up the morning air; and last, like the golden dome of some gigantic Mosque of Stamboul or Cairo, the sun appeared above the distant eastern plain.

"It was time I thought for breakfast; nor was I long in cooking my morning meal. On this I need not dwell; but simply to apprise your lordship of the important fact, that vultures' flesh is not quite so palatable on the second day.

"I now took to exploring about me with serious diligence, but to little purpose; I could discover no downward path consistent with safety. As I was about to lie down to rest, after much vain fatigue, my eye was caught by a thin column of smoke which rose out of a small rocky crevice not far below. I was considering how to make my way down, when suddenly, as if from the mountain side, a little lower, some half dozen of tall ferocious-looking men came out and stood upon a little shrubby platform; they looked like bravoes before the door of some house of ill resort; they were half drest, and had something of the lazy, rakish, and lounging look of such persons in the morning after a hard night's drinking—I did not at all like their looks.

"'I wonder whither Hassan can have taken himself,' said one of these strange persons.

"'He was not with us at supper,' said another.

"'He came in when thou wert drunk as a Frank,' said the first.

"'Ay,' said a fourth voice, 'he slipped away before dawn; and I say it cannot be for nothing that he is thus every day stealing off and not seen again till midnight.'

"'He has too much wit to be trusted,' observed the second voice.

"'Sadak would keep all our confidence to himself,' said the first.

"'Nay, brethren,' said Sadak, 'Hassan has been thus ever since our council refused to make him sole treasurer.'

"'Take care,' said the fourth voice, 'that he is not at this moment engaged in procuring a key in yonder village. I saw him two mornings since in close debate with little Doubar the smith.'

"'I propose that we try that without delay,' said *the first.*

"'And seize little Doubar,' said the second.

"'And force him to confess,' said the third.

"'And seize all his goods,' said the fourth.

"'Come on, then, lads, let us speed,' said a fifth, who had been till now silent.

"I had, on the first discovery of these persons, concealed myself behind some bushes, through which I could securely watch them; there I remained until they came forth again. Their number was now increased to eleven—they were drest in short cloaks and armed. They threw themselves with much agility down among the steeps, and were quickly out of sight. 'Now,' thought I, 'for the treasure.'

"I could not immediately descend from where I stood, so resolved on trying a little further for some practicable way. In the search I was forced to ascend considerably. I did not go far before I reached a deep hole from which some great stones had been imperfectly rolled away. In this hole a thick rope, which was fastened to a tree, descended. As the hole sloped in its descent, I resolved to explore it for a little way. A few fathom brought me to the edge of a deep cavern, into which the rope hung, having been at this point formed into a kind of ladder. The cavern was very spacious and by no means dark; it received light from a great many small chinks. I thought at first that I had reached the dwelling of the robbers; but, on descending, found that it was nothing less than the treasury itself! This was, indeed, something; after all my mishaps I had by this accidental turn of my affairs attained the most immense wealth. Though neither a monarch nor a magician, here at least were ample means to command all the substantial enjoyments of this world. Though I could not flatter myself with the hope to cut off the Armenian's head, or burn out the eyes of the Georgian King; yet I should have the pleasure to astonish the coxcombs of Cairo. I should mortify those who had insulted my poverty with purse-proud insolence; I should bathe in the most generous vintage, and roll in sugar comfits; I should eat off crystal and gold; and attire myself in the far-sought splendours of eastern magnificence. I could not for some time compose my spirits for the precautions necessary to secure this new-found fortune. And it was not until I had in imagination contrived a grand palace, with a secure treasury large enough to contain the whole immense wealth that lay around me on every side, that I began seriously to consider the necessity of first securing the possession of it. I did not ponder long on this subject, when I chanced to cast my eyes on a small cask, which, by the care with which it was treasured among the most costly things, I inferred to be some priceless jewel, which might perhaps be worth every thing else there; in this error I was more confirmed when I found it inscribed, 'An easy way to be greater than the king.'

"On opening it, my nostrils were greeted by a rich and pungent odour; and a sparkling crystalline liquor met my eye; it was far more generous than the strongest wine; and as I found, by reading a scroll which was carefully folded and laid up in the same crypt, it was extracted from a grain called barley, by a process which imparts a pleasant flavour of the smoking fuel."

The genie smacked his lips with a thundering sound.

"'When there is smoke,' thought I, 'there must be the vital and essential element of fire.' I at once comprehended, my lord, that the effect of this generous beverage, would be to restore my youthful strength.

And as I had found an honest means to enrich myself, by restoring all this plunder to fair circulation; so I should thus gain strength and spirit to effect this laudable purpose. 'When I become greater than the king,' said I, 'I need not fear a den of robbers.' So saying, I took a long and vigorous draught. It was scarcely down, when an astonishing flow of brilliant and airy conceptions came pouring pell-mell into my head. My notions, always grand, became attired with new magnificence. Not being able to restrain the gay impulses which had seized both mind and body, I sang, shouted, made speeches to imaginary public assemblies: I danced and tumbled in heaps of gold and silver.

"I was for a moment reposing myself in a state of pleasing delirium, after so much delightful excitement, when my ear was caught by a low scrambling sound, which I could not at first trace to any particular direction. I at first supposed it might be some long-headed rat engaged in gnawing its way to affluence. Rapidly the sound increased, and the fall of some gravel and small fragments of rock, turning my eye to the aperture, from which the rope ladder yet hung—to my surprise I saw a gigantic leg thrust down; it was followed by another of the same formidable proportions, descending step by step. The huge stature of a man, such as might be expected from such precursors, revealed itself to my fear-struck sense. His back was turned as he came down. 'This,' thought I, 'is the thief of the world, Hassan—come to rob the robbers—what a superlative villain must he be.' As this thought flashed across me, the robber touched the floor, and turned nearly half round. He did not yet see me—his eager eye seemed to devour the glittering heaps, by which he was surrounded. I never before or since remember to have seen a face so strongly marked with the intentness of purpose. Although the desire of acquisition was the obvious expression of the moment; yet other passions were legibly traced in its harsh and deep lines:—it was easy to see that his eye was familiar with murderous deeds, and that he would think very lightly of killing one, if the whim seized him. 'Destiny,' thought I, 'has served me a pretty trick.' He did not yet see me. Without a moment's hesitation, he caught up a large leathern sack, from which he expertly turned out the contents, a shining heap of silver coins. I could not help envying the force displayed by the plundering ruffian. He next strode over bags and boxes, and heaps of divers riches, until he reached a large porphyry vase, from which he took jewels in huge handfuls and deposited them in his bag. Having emptied the vase, he took up his bag and came straight across to where I lay. The ruffian's large eye quickly turned upon me; the effect was not what I expected. No words can express the startled look he gave—the eye of inflamed cupidity changed so quickly into affright, that it startled me to see such a grimace. It was strange to see the broad shouldered robber look so startled at one so weak as I.

"'In the name of the Prophet, what art thou?' said he, with a gulphing breath.

"'Hassan,' said I, 'I am the genie to whom this cave belongs—I give thee freely what thou hast taken—but begone quickly, and come back no more.' The fellow's courage seemed to return as I spoke—my voice came thick with a drunken lisp—his eye fell upon the vessel from which I had been drinking—it was nearly full. He lifted it, and putting it to his lips drank off its contents at a draught.

"'You are drunk,' said he.

"'I came here for that sole purpose, my son,' said I.

"'And so you say this is your cave,' said he, with a tone half-questioning, half-ferocious—'do you know whose wine you are drunk with?—answer that.

"'It belongs,' said I, 'to my beloved son, your captain.'

"A ferocious smile flashed from the ruffian's face, as he said—'And what is the name of that beloved son of yours.'

"I felt sadly posed—'You know that well enough, without troubling me with disrespectful questions—pray leave me, I am sleepy.'

"'Ho, ho, ho! you are a nice sort of a genie—drunk, sleepy, and a blunderer.'

"I was becoming dreadfully alarmed. 'Leave me, my son—leave me, before you provoke me to show my power.'

"'It is not every day one has the honour to get drunk with genies—come, you must let me see some of your tricks.'

"The ruffian sat down opposite me.

"'I cannot do any thing till I am sober, my son,'—the fellow laughed aloud.

"'Come,' said he, 'my good fellow, that won't go down with me—you are only pretending to be drunk—come, conjure, you old rogue of a genie; let me see you conjure.'

"'Name but your wish, my son, said I, 'and you shall have it in the morning, if you leave me now.'

"Again the same fierce smile came over his face.

"'That,' said he, 'will just suit my purpose;' his tongue grew confidential as he went on, 'thou knowest that it is my purpose to carry off the whole of this treasure, and that I must prevent all suspicion among my comrades, until I have it secured. Now, if thou wilt be found lying like one slain at the door of the outward cave, I can easily lead them to suspect that thou hast been carrying away the treasure, when they come to miss it.'

"My blood ran cold within me—'but they will quickly discover the cheat, my dear comrade,' said I, 'and kill me outright.'

"'I can play a surer trick than that,' said the ruffian, with a confidential wink, 'I will warrant thee safe from their daggers.'

"'But I cannot see how, my dear son.'

"'For a genie, thou art the dullest,' said he, with a caustic but smiling stare, 'I'll tell thee, I will kill thee myself—nay, do not look so thunderstruck—you are as frightened as if you were no genie at all; sure you will come to life when you grow sober.'

"'I will—be sober—enough—if you kill me—my—dear—son,' said I, unable to articulate distinctly.

"'Ar'n't you terribly afraid for a genie,' said he.

"'I only fear your plan must fail.'

"'You have a violent anxiety for my plans,' said he, tauntingly.

"'I have a great regard for you, my son,' said I.

"'Did you ever see me before,' said he.

"'Often,' said I.

"'You tell lies faster than a camel can trot,' said he, 'but come, we are wasting our precious time, my dear friend, stand up if thou are able, and I will help thee up yon ladder.'

" 'I saw that he could not kill me where we were, without leaving some sign that he had been in the cave himself—his object was evidently to drive me down the mountain, as far as the other cave, and there execute his purpose.

" 'I am not yet able to stir,' said I.

" 'The ruffian, laughing loudly, sprang on his feet, and in a trice, emptying a large bag, approached me with it.

" 'What is that for?' said I.

" 'You are a very curious old fellow,' said the ruffian, 'come, put your feet in here, and you shall know.'

" 'I'll not go to be murdered,' shrieked I.

" 'Won't you, indeed,' said he, as he began to shuffle me into the great bag. When he had me in to the waist, my hand came into accidental contact with the handle of his dagger, which came away so easily that the robber did not perceive the incident. I felt my advantage. I had latterly noticed that he had but one eye.

"Not having force of arm to give a sure blow to any other part, I now watched my advantage as he stood over me, and just as he was jeeringly asking me if I felt quite at ease, I gave him an inch of his own dagger in the sound eye: uttering the loudest yell I ever heard, the murderous ruffian threw up both his hands to the wound, and, giving an enormous backward spring, fell over a heap of bags.

"I lost not an instant in extricating myself from the entanglement of the bag, and with as little noise as possible creeping away from the spot. I was not too soon; the ruffian instantly guessed what I was about, and with wonderful self-command sprung on his feet, cautiously, yet quickly feeling his way, he began to grope about for me. In spite of my best efforts he was several times on the point of seizing me, the noise of my feet guided him. His hands were clenched—his teeth set—the muscles of his cheeks played convulsively—from his quenched eyeball large drops of blood rolled down his grim visage, or dropped on the floor as he changed his attitude. It was rather trying to my nerves, as he now and then groped within a few feet of me, to feel that a chance spring must place me in his iron gripe. Even yet, I cannot, without a shudder, recollect the numerous hairbreadth escapes of that horrid hour—ten times was his hand on the point of seizing me, and as often I escaped by stooping from beneath his grasp.

"At last a bright thought seized me. Taking up a couple of golden coins, I gently tossed them one by one, so that they fell a little beyond him. The device took, he groped after the sound. Being thus allowed to pick my steps, I stole without noise to his bag of plunder, which I gently lifted to my shoulder. The ruffian listened: I repeated the former stratagem—he was again deceived. As he made much noise, I found it no hard task to make my way to the rope ladder, near which I fortunately stood. Cautiously, with trembling frame I climbed up to the mouth of the cavern. A falling splinter of stone drew the attention of my blind foe. Immediately changing his course, he began to move towards the centre of the cavern, groping in the air as for the rope. In his course he approached a small door, which, when he perceived he made a desperate effort to tear open; it resisted his *utmost force. It was,* I suspect the regular entrance *from the robber's den. I now* saw that the robber was fairly caught in his own trap, and—having drawn up the pendant ladder—I resolved to pay him for his insolence. With a gentle voice I called 'Hassan.'

" 'Oh my venerable friend,' answered he, 'are you there—speak again.'

" 'What idle game are you playing in this dangerous moment? come hither.'

"The ruffian followed my voice, he presently stood beneath me. I could scarcely resist the opportunity to throw the bag of jewels at his head—love of wealth however restrained me. 'You see,' said I, 'how little is to be got by treachery and violence—you are in my power.'

" 'But you are too generous to oppress a conquered enemy; throw down the ladder, and I will repay your mercy with a bag of jewels, worth all the rest of this treasure.'

" 'I have secured your bag,' said I, 'and cannot trust you quite so far; but I wish you no ill, and will return your dagger.'

"What can I do with a dagger?' said the crestfallen ruffian.

" 'You may try that little experiment you proposed to me on yourself. It will save you from the tender mercies of your comrades.'

"The ruffian winced at the idea of the punishments which awaited him.

"I caught the hint adroitly, 'you will be embowelled alive—you will be roasted over a slow fire—you will be impaled—you will be flayed and hung out for the vultures of Caucasus.'

" 'Good father,' said he, interrupting, 'you are much misled by your tender fears for me. I am as apprehensive for your own safety, which you have overlooked in your generosity. Listen, when I shall be found here, it will be easy to satisfy my comrades by a specious tale. I shall persuade them that I have suffered thus cruelly in defending this treasure. You will then be hunted out, and taught lessons in the mysteries of torture, which shall astonish your weak mind.'

" 'It is quite true,' thought I, my desire for tormenting the ruffian giving way to fear. He went on speaking, but I did not wait to hear a word further. Having scrambled out of the dim passage, I found my way down to the robbers' cave. I was too much exhausted to make further efforts without food.

"I entered the cave. It was a spacious apartment, boarded off rather neatly. Several doors indicated a spacious well-contrived dwelling in this cavern of the rocks. A long carpet ran along the centre, by the side of which were numerous large hassocks and cushions. But my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a lad of fourteen years of age, who sat tied in a corner, regarding me with a steady eye.

" 'Art thou a captive here?' said I.

" 'I am, as thou seest, venerable sir; if thou wilt cut this band, I may do thee good service.'

"With Hassan's dagger I cut the cord which bound the youth, and asked him to show me where the robbers kept their food. The youth cast a long keen look upon the dagger; and then, without a word, opened a large press, from which he laid before me several dishes of rice, some butter, and the remains of a roasted kid. The effect of the strong wine upon my empty stomach and wearied frame, was to produce a ravenous appetite; and I now fell upon the meat in such a manner as to astonish the lad, who sat gazing on me in silent wonder, while the several dishes vanished under my active celerity of tooth.

" 'And now, good sir,' said the youth, 'what chance or design has brought thee hither?'

" My sufferings had taught me caution; so I told him in as few words as possible, something very far from the ordinary veracity of my narrations, and then pressed upon him that he should be my guide to the plains, in return for his liberty, and a reward which I assured him I could well give.

"The youth agreed, but not until he had strongly urged me to remain; he said that the robbers were not cruel; and never attempted to rob poor travellers. His reasons had no weight with me, further than to excite a little distrust of the adviser; I therefore stepped forth with an air of decision, and he followed. I now explained that it was my desire to reach the plains by some way unfrequented by the robbers, and the lad, in his rapid and silent manner, struck at once into a narrow way among the rocks, leading in the same direction in which I had first approached the robbers' cave. We wound among the cliffs and bushes for nearly a league, until we reached the very spot where I had first landed from the flying gourd.

"Though the effect of repeated misadventures had the natural effect of considerably abating the sanguine spirit of my expectations, yet I began now to hope that fortune was about to smile upon one who had so long been her plaything. I had of late escaped from the most serious and perplexing trials; and the end of all, was wealth sufficient to purchase the richest merchant in the wealthy Cairo. I determined to avoid inquiry and fraud, by setting up a shop and selling my own jewels; until the whole being converted into money, I would then purchase a splendid house in the outlets, built in the centre of a delicious garden, and complete in baths, fountains, aviaries, haram, treasury, banquetting room, and all other appointments of a luxurious and costly abode. There I would live apart from kings, courtiers, and magicians. No doctor should ever approach to make anatomical experiments upon me; but forgetful of ambition, the perils and vicissitudes—the conjurations and confusing adventures of that great stage of witchery and craft—the world—I would forget my past cares in an even course of peaceful and unruffled enjoyment; as the poet Sadi has written—

Forgetful of men, and to be forgotten by them.

"While these thoughts amused the toil of our difficult path, we had reached the place where I had landed on the previous day. The distrust with which I regarded my young companion had worn off, and in the native frankness of my temper, I had told him my adventures, all of which he listened to with great indifference until I came to tell my escape from the cavern. His features, hitherto listless, then at once sharpened into a ferocious interest that alarmed me; he looked so keen, determined, and crafty, that I had enough to do to remind myself of his youth. In truth, from that moment a more manly, thoughtful, and firm expression came over his whole appearance. The deepest distrust came over me. The lad was evidently meditating some determined course of action; and trying to conceal his abstraction. From time to time he asked questions to which he endeavoured to give a driftless tone.

" 'Surely,' he would say, 'it was a very rash thing to leave the rope ladder in the vicinity of the cavern; had I not better return and secure it.'

"This of course I did not assent to. He also pressed very much to be allowed to carry the dagger which I wore still about my person; and I was much struck by the earnest glances with which his eye rested upon it. To my questions he gave very reserved and doubtful answers from the moment I had told him of my escape: but before that I had ascertained that he was the son of one of the robbers; that he and his father had concerted their escape; that in the absence of his father, he was beaten and tied up as I had found him, by the rest of the gang. He also told me that the entrance by which I had entered the treasure, was but recent and not known to the gang. There was, he said, a door and long passage out of the den, by which the robbers had access. He also informed me that the robbers were but twelve, and had no captain; but that all enterprises and public acts were decided in council.

"It now became necessary to determine my next movement. The descent before us was fearful—the night just setting in. A strong line of light on the eastern plain, defined the vast shadow of this lofty range, and showed that the sun was near the other horizon; the darkness of the intermediate vale showed how low it must be.

" 'We must rest here for the night,' said the lad.

"The necessity was evident; so we addressed ourselves to our several arrangements for the night. The lad had providently enough loaded himself with abundant materials for our supper; and this being despatched, we were quickly nooked in such positions of rest as the place admitted. Suspecting the lad I caused him to lie so that my eye rested upon him as he lay. For some hours I lay fevered with busy thought: we were close above the steep, and in the mountain recess beneath, the blackness of darkness lay so intensely, that it gave, by contrast, a clear and transparent lustre to the soft darkly-azure concave overhead, from which countless starry groups and clusters shot down a pure unearthly lustre from their remote ethereal depths."

The genie lifted his eyebrows critically, and stroked his chin.

"At last it began to grow intensely cold, and as the lad, whom I perceived to be as restless as myself, began to breathe through his nostrils, I resigned myself to sleep.

"I awoke about midnight: there was moonlight. To my astonishment the lad was gone. I felt for my bag of jewels, and was rejoiced to find them safe. In lying down I had secured the dagger, by putting it into the bag; it was still there; what then could be the object of the little thief; I could not conjecture, but resolved to change my place; and conceal myself more fully. Taking up the little robber's bag which to my surprise he had left; I clambered up about thirty fathoms until I reached the edge of a steep cliff, projecting over the place where we had lain. Looking about me here, I found the flying vehicle, firmly tied down where I had left it. I was glad to repose myself on its soft carpet; and fortified myself with a vigorous cup of wine.

"I was not long in this position, when I heard voices whispering not very far off. I could not be mistaken; it was Hassan's harsh growl; he had fallen over a stump or stone, and uttered a curse as he rose.

" 'Hush, father, or you will rouse the thief,' whispered the lad's voice.

"They were coming slowly on—I saw my peril, and the necessity of the moment, and matured a plan of consummate art and daring. Joining the cord which secured the bags, the lad's, my own, and the heavy bag of iron balls, together with some of the cordage of the air carriage, I formed a long rope with a running noose at one end, to which I also fastened a weight of iron to make it swing at will. Arranging this for my purpose, I let the loop down from the overhanging steep. The moonlight lay brightly on the spot below, as with stealthy step I saw the gigantic form of Hassan, led by the young robber, come with a groping step into the clear light.

" 'Father,' said the youth, 'the thief is gone, what shall we do?'

" 'Hush, my son, he may have rolled or moved a little way; search cautiously about, let us not lose our vengeance.'

"The little robber now began a slow search into all the surrounding hollows and crevices of the platform on which they stood. I had laid the keen-edged dagger at my side; disposed every thing for my ascent, if necessary, and began to watch the motions of the lad. A step brought him into my snare.

" 'Father!—father!—father!—I am caught by the leg; I am caught.'

" 'Where are you my son,' shouted Hassan, springing to the spot.

" 'Oh father! father! your hand! I am over your head! Oh father, jump up.'

" 'I cannot reach you, my son—oh you have broken my skull you little imp.'

" 'Oh father, I cannot help it I am swung—o-o-ogh'.

" 'Hallo-ogh, my son.'

" 'Make a catch at me, father dear, oh father,'

" 'Where are you now?'

" 'Oh here, here, here.'

"Loud and fearfully the last words rung back from the dark hollows of the opposite steep, as cutting the rope that tied me down, I was slowly lifted into the night air, with the little robber dangling thirty fathoms beneath, over the dark and dreadful abyss.

" 'Oh father—father—here—here—here.'

" 'Hassan, where art thou?' shouted I.

" 'Ha, Satan,' roared the frantic ruffian, as he rushed forward with a bound; five steps precipitated him heels over head into the empty gulf of glimmering obscurity; from which his garments sent up a flashing reflection of the moonlight as he vanished into a deeper darkness below.

" 'Oh my father; my poor father,' screamed the youth.

" 'The tone of bitter grief saved the little wretch's life; I was about to drop him into the darkness, when a feeling of sympathy arrested me. We were rather descending than rising, and the moonbeams were strongly reflected from the little fellow's face, as he swung over the dim hollow of night. I resolved to land him the first instant it became possible. I became the more anxious to effect this, as the little wretch presently began a low heart-breaking cry; partly, I believe, the effect of pain, which was multiplied by a thousand ghastly echoes; so that it sounded as if the wailing of the enemies of the Prophet, came up from the black abyss, over which I hung in the melancholy moonlight.

" 'Stop that dismal howl,' said I, 'or I will drop thee into the gulf.'

"The echo of my own voice reverberated like the taunt of some master fiend, quelling the outcry of the eternal wo. The youth stopped.

"We had now sunk considerably; the vast shadows of an inferior region, floated upward in the ghastly gloom; the dim outline of a broken pinnacle swelled upon the eye, like a sunken rock from the surface of a sable ocean.

" 'Oh my father—my father—my dear father,' screamed the little lad.

"A red glisten came up from the splintered cliff, and some dark form was stretched across it; in which I could indistinctly perceive the distorted outline of the human form: the little lad was bending over it.

"Seeing him thus in safety, I untied the cord by which he was bound to the machine—the instant effect was startling. Thus reduced in weight, it darted up with arrowy speed.

"In a single minute I was standing in the moonlight on a level with the everlasting snows upon the summit of the Caucasus. The cold was beyond endurance, the air was painful to inhale. My head became confused; I lost all consciousness.

"When I awoke, the evening sun gleamed upon my eyes. My lord, this was the most wonderful of all my adventures. I had passed in my long sleep, or rather trance of a night and day across numerous regions, homeward to the valley of the Nile; and now awoke lying on my back in the very spot where all my misadventures had begun. The air carriage was gone, I know not how; I must have rolled out when it touched the summit of the pyramid; the wonderful machine had passed away to astonish distant regions, or soared up into the first heaven; but alas! sovereign king of the genies; alas! it carried with it my bag, my inestimable bag, won with so much pain and toil." Here the old man blubbered aloud.

The genie frowned.

The old man recovering himself, concluded thus: "I knew, my lord, that no one could recognise me in my present form. So waiting till the first blush of morn I sallied forward to find my poor dear lost body; and begged my way until I came to this place."

"I do not believe one word of your story," said the genie. "Nevertheless, because you are the biggest liar I ever met, I consent to pardon the remaining third of the merchant's crime."

So saying, the genie stamped on the ground, which opening beneath him with a hideous yawn, he sank instantly out of sight.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

Pause—for the spirit of the past
  Broods o'er these mouldering walls:
And spectres of departed power
  Haunt the deserted halls.
Pause—for the place is holy ground,
  Hallowed by praise and prayer;
By human suffering, human tears,
  Repentance and despair.

Oh, could these crumbling walls but speak,
  How many a tale they'd tell:

Of hearts, dark superstition doomed
For ever here to dwell.
The stifled shriek, they only heard,
The tear forbid to flow:
The restless vigil, night of pain,
And day of hopeless wo.

All silent now—bare, desolate, lone,
All silent as the dead;
Save when some fast-decaying tomb
Re-echoes back thy tread.
Save when the wind, low moaning sweeps
O'er these decaying piles;
And voices more than earthly, talk
In whispers, through yon aisles.

Yet here, even here, all is not Death's,
Nor undisturbed his sway:
From yonder grave, sweet violets spring,
Fresh verdure from decay.
O'er altar, cell, and moss-grown stone,
Is wreathed the wild wall-flower,
Green ivy veils the broken shrine,
And clasps the falling tower.

Above is spread the glorious heaven,
It shines as brightly blue,
As when these halls, in all their pride,
First met the gazer's view.
As gently break the lake's still waves,
In murmurs at their feet,
And to the quiet earth and sky,
The self-same tale repeat.

Shall we not pause then, here and muse,
How all man's works decay,
And he, and his proud monuments
Together, pass away.
While still unchanging, and the same,
Nature to every age,
For the pure heart to muse and learn,
Unfolds her gracious page.

J. T. B.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to Heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;—
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Thro' the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,—
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,
And the glad heart from whence all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the freqnent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile:—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—
But in the Mother's heart, found room for ALL!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BENIDEN DE BERG; OR, THE UNDERCLIFF.

A TALE OF THE VOYAGE OF HENDRICK HUDSON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"It is but an arm of the sea, as I told thee, skipper," said John Fleming, the mate of the "Haloe-Mane," standing ready to jam down the tiller, and bring-to, if his master should agree with him in opinion.

Hudson stood by his steersman with folded arms, now looking at the high-water mark on the rocks, which betrayed a falling tide; now turning his ear slightly forward, to catch the cry of the man who stood heaving the lead from the larboard bow. The wind drew lightly across the starboard quarter, and, with a counter-tide, the little vessel stole on scarce perceptibly, though her mainsail was kept full,—the slowly-passing forest-trees on the shore giving the lie to the merry and gurgling ripple at the prow.

The noble river, or creek, which they had followed in admiring astonishment for fifty miles, had hitherto opened fairly and broadly before them, though once or twice its widening and mountain-girt bosom had deceived the bold navigator into the belief that he was entering upon some inland lake. The wind still blew kindly and steadily from the south-east, and the sunset of the second day—a spectacle of tumultuous and gorgeous glory, which Hudson attributed justly to the more violent atmospheric laws of an unsettled continent—had found them apparently closed in by impenetrable mountains, and running immediately on the head-shore of an extended arm of the sea.

"She'll strike before she can follow her helm!" cried the young sailor in an impatient tone, yet still, with habitual obedience, keeping her duly on her course.

"Port a little!" answered the skipper a moment after, as if he had not heard the querulous comment of his mate.

Fleming's attention was withdrawn an instant by a low guttural sound of satisfaction which reached his ear as the head of the vessel went round, and, casting his eye amidships, he observed the three Indians who had come off to the Half-Moon in a canoe, and had been received on board by the master, standing together in the chains, and looking forward to the rocks they were approaching with countenances of the most eager interest.

"Master Hendrick!" he vociferated, in the tone of a man who can contain his anger no longer; "will you look at those grinning red devils, who are rejoicing to see you run so blindly ashore!"

The adventurous little bark was by this time within a biscuit-toss of a rocky point that jutted forth into the river with the grace of a lady's foot dallying with the water in her bath; and, beyond, the sedgy bank disappeared in an apparent inlet, barely deep enough, it seemed to the irritated steersman, to shelter a canoe.

As the Half-Moon obeyed her last order, and headed a point more to the west, Hudson strode forward to the bow, and sprang upon the windlass, stretching his gaze eagerly into the bosom of the hills that were now darkening with the heavy shadows of twilight, though the sky was still gorgeously purple overhead.

The crew had by this time gathered, with unconscious apprehension, at the halyards, ready to let go at the slightest gesture of the master; but, in the slow progress of the little bark, the minute or two which she took to advance beyond the point on which his eye was fixed, seemed an age of suspense.

The Half-Moon seemed now almost immovable; for the current, which convinced Hudson there was a passage beyond, set her back from the point with increasing force, and the wind lulled a little with the sunset. Inch by inch, however, she crept on, till at last the silent skipper sprang from the windlass upon the bowsprit, and running out with the agility of a boy, gave a single glance ahead, and the next moment had the tiller in his hand, and cried out, with a voice of thunder, "Stand by the halyards!—helm's-a-lee!"

In a moment, as if his words had been lightning, the blocks rattled, the heavy boom swung round like a willow-spray, and the white canvass, after fluttering an instant in the wind, filled, and drew steadily on the other tack.

Looks of satisfaction were exchanged between the crew, who expected the next instant an order to take in sail and drop anchor; but the master was at the *helm*, and, to their utter consternation, he kept her steadily to the wind, and drove straight on; while a gorge, that, in the increasing darkness, seemed the entrance to a cavern, opened its rocky sides as they advanced.

The apprehensions of the crew were half lost in their astonishment of the grandeur of the scene. The cliffs seemed to close up behind them; a mountain, that reached apparently to the now colourless clouds, rose up, gigantic in the increasing twilight, over the prow: on the right, where the water seemed to bend, a craggy precipice extended its threatening wall; and in the midst of this round bay, which seemed to them to be an inclosed lake in the bottom of an abyss, the wind suddenly took them aback, the Haloe-Mane lost her headway, aad threatened to go on the rocks with the current, and audible curses at his folly reached the ears of the determined master.

More to divert their attention than with a prognostic of the direction of the wind, Hudson gave the order to tack; and more slowly this time, but still, with sufficient expedition, the movement was executed, and the flapping sails swung round. The halyards were not belayed, before the breeze, rushing down a steep valley on the left, struck full on the larboard quarter, and, running sharp past the face of the precipice, over the starboard bow, Hudson pointed out exultingly to his astonished men the broad waters of the mighty river, extending far through the gorge beyond—the dim purple of the lingering day, which had been long lost to the cavernous and overshadowed pass they had penetrated, tinting its fair bosom like the last faint hue of the expiring dolphin.

The exulting glow of triumph suffused the face of the skipper; and relinquishing the tiller once more to the mortified Fleming, he walked forward to look out for un anchorage. The Indians, who still stood in the chains together, and who had continued to express their satisfaction as the vessel made her way through the pass, now pointed eagerly to a little bay on the left, across which a canoe was shooting, like the reflection of a lance in the air; and, the wind dying momently away, Hudson gave the order to round-to, and dropped his anchor for the night.

In obedience to the politic orders of Hudson, the men were endeavouring, by presents and signs, to induce the Indians to leave the vessel; and the master himself stood on the poop with his mate, gazing back on the wonderful scene they had passed through.

"This passage," said Hudson musingly, "has been rent open by an earthquake, and the rocks look as if they still felt the agony of the throe."

"It is a pity the earthquake did its job so raggedly, then!" answered his sulky companion, who had not yet forgiven the mountains for the shame their zig-zag precipices had put upon his sagacity.

At that instant a sound like that of a heavy body sliding into the water struck the ear of Fleming, and looking over the stern, he saw one of the Indians swim away from the vessel with a pillow in his hand, which he had evidently stolen from the cabin window. To seize a musket, which lay ready for attack on the qnarter-deck, and fire upon the poor savage, were the sudden thought and action of a man on the watch for a vent to incensed feelings. The Indian gave a yell, which mingled wildly with the echoes of the report from the reverberating hills; and, springing waist-high out of the water, the gurgling eddy closed suddenly over his head.

The canoe in which the other savages were already embarked, shot away like an arrow to the shore, and Hudson, grieved and alarmed inexpressibly at the fool-hardy rashness of his mate, ordered all hands to arms, and established a double watch for the night.

Hour after hour, the master, and the now repentant Fleming, paced fore and aft, each in his own quarter of the vessel, watching the shore, and the dark face of the water with straining eyes; but no sound came from the low cliff, round which the flying canoe had vanished, and the stars seemed to wink almost audibly in the dread stillness of nature. The men, alarmed at the evident agitation of Hudson, who, in these pent-up waters, anticipated a most effective and speedy revenge from the surrounding tribes, drowsed not upon their watch; and the gray of the morning began to show faintly over the mountains, before the anxious master withdrew his aching eyes from the still and starry waters.

Like a web woven of gold by the lightning, the sun's rays ran in swift threads from summit to summit of the dark green mountains; and the soft mist that slept on the breast of the river began to lift like the slumberous lid from the eye of woman when her dream is broken at dawn. Not so poetically were these daily glories regarded, however, by the morning watch of the Haloe-Mane, who, between the desire to drop asleep with their heads on the capstan, and the necessity of keeping sharper watch, lest the Indians should come off through the rising mist, bore the double pains of Tantalus and Sisyphus' ungratified desire at their lips, and threatening ruin over their heads.

After dividing the watch at the break of day, Hudson, with the relieved part of his crew, had gone below, and might have been asleep an hour, when Fleming suddenly entered the cabin, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. The skipper sprang from his birth with the habitual readiness of a seaman, and followed his mate upon deck, where he found his men standing to their arms, and watching an object that, to his first glance, seemed like a canoe sailing down upon them through the air. The rash homicide drew close to Hendrick as he regarded it; and the chatter of his teeth betrayed that, during the long and anxious watches of the night, his conscience had not justified him for the hasty death he had awarded to a fellow-creature.

"She but looms through the mist," said the skipper, after regarding the advancing object for a moment. "It is a single canoe, and can scarce harm us. Let her alongside!"

The natural explanation of the phenomenon at once satisfied the crew, who had taken their superstitious fears rather from Fleming's evident alarm, than from their own want of reflection; but the guilty man himself still gazed on the advancing phantom. and, when a slight stir of the breeze raised the mist like the corner of a curtain, and dropped the canoe plain upon the surface of the river, he turned gloomily on his heel, and muttered, in an under-tone, to Hudson, "It brings no good, skipper Hendrick!"

Meanwhile, the canoe advanced slowly. The single paddle which propelled her, paused before every turn; and, as the mist lifted quite up, and showed a long green line of shore between its shadowy fringe and the water, an Indian, highly painted, and more ornamented than any they had hitherto seen, appeared, gazing earnestly at the vessel, and evidently approaching with fear and caution.

The Half-Moon was heading up the river with the rising tide, and Hudson walked forward to the boom to look at the savage more closely. By the eagle and bear so richly embroidered in the gay-coloured quills of the porcupine on his belt of wampum, he presumed him to be a chief, and glancing his eye into the canoe, he saw the pillow which had occasioned the death of the plunderer the night before, and on it lay two ears of corn, and two broken arrows. Pausing a moment, as he drew near, the Indian pointed to these signs of peace, and Hudson, in reply, spread out his open hands, and beckoned to him to come on board. In an instant, the slight canoe shot under the starboard bow; and, with a noble confidence which the skipper remarked upon with admiration, the tall savage sprang upon the deck, and laid the hand of the commander to his breast.

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The noon arrived, hot and sultry, and there was no likelihood of a wind till sunset. The chief had been feasted on board, and had shown in his delight the most unequivocal evidence of good feeling, and even Fleming at last, who had drank more freely than usual during the morning, abandoned his suspicions, and joined in amusing the superb savage who was their guest. In the course of the forenoon, another canoe came off, paddled by a single young woman, whom Fleming recognized as having accompanied the plunderers the night before, but, in his half-intoxicated state, it seemed to recall none of his previous bodings, and, to his own surprise and that of the crew, she evidently regarded him with particular favour, and by pertinacious and ingenious signs endeavoured to induce him to go ashore with her in her canoe. The particular character of her face and form would have given the mate a clue to her probable motives, had he been less reckless from his excitement. She was taller than is common for females of the savage tribes, and her polished limbs, as gracefully moulded in their dark hues as those of the Mercury of the fountain, combined with their sligtness a nerve and steadiness of action which portrayed strength and resolution of heart and frame. Her face was highly beautiful, but the voluptuous fulness of the lips was contradicted by a fierce fire in her night-dark eyes, and a quickness of the brow to descend, which told of angry passions habitually on the alert. It was remarked by Hans Christaern, one of the crew, that when Fleming left her for an instant, she abstracted herself from the other joyous groups, and, with folded arms and looks of brooding thoughtfulness, stood looking over the stern; but immediately on his re-appearance her snowy teeth became visible between her relaxing lips, and she resumed her patient gaze upon his countenance, and her occasional efforts to draw him into the canoe.

Quite regardless of the presence of the woman, the chief sat apart with Hudson, communicating his ideas by intelligent signs, and, after awhile, the skipper called his mate, and informed him that, as far as he could understand, the chief wished to give them a feast on shore. "Arm yourselves well," said he, "though I look for no treachery from this noble pagan, and if chance should put us in danger, we shall be more than a match for the whole tribe. Come with me, Fleming," he continued, after a pause, "you are too rash with your fire-arms to be left in command. Man the watch, four of you, and the rest get into the long-boat. We'll wile away these sluggish hours, though danger is in it."

The men sprang gaily below for their arms, and were soon equipped and ready, and the chief, with an expression of delight, put off in his canoe, followed more slowly by the heavy long-boat, into which Hudson, having given particular orders to the watch to let no savages on board during his absence, was the last to embark. The woman, whom the chief had called to him before his departure by the name of Kikyalee, sped off in her swift canoe to another point of the shore, and when Fleming cried out from the bow of the boat, impatiently motioning her to follow, she smiled in a manner that sent a momentary shudder through the veins of the skipper, who chanced to observe the action, and by a circular movement of her arm, conveyed to him that she should meet him from the other side of the hill. As they followed the chief, they discovered the wigwams of an Indian village behind the rocky point for which she was making, and understood that the chief had sent her thither on some errand connected with his proposed hospitality.

A large square rock, which had the look of having been hurled with some avalanche from the mountain, lay in the curve of a small beach of sand, surrounded by the shallow water, and on the left of this, the chief pointed out to the skipper a deeper channel, hollowed by the entrance of a mountain-torrent into the river, through which he might bring his boat to land. At the edge of this torrent's bed, the scene of the first act of hospitality to our race upon the Hudson, stands at this day the gate to the most hospitable mansion on the river, as if the spirit of the spot had consecrated it to its first association with the white man.

The chief led the way, when the crew had disembarked, by a path skirting the deep-worn bed of the torrent, and after an ascent of a few minutes, through a grove of tall firs, a short turn to the left brought them upon an open table of land, a hundred and fifty feet above the river, shut in by a circle of forest-trees, and frowned over on the east by a tall and bald cliff, which shot up in a perpendicular line to the height of three hundred feet. From a cleft in the face of this precipice, a natural spring oozed forth, drawing a darker line down the sun-parched rock, and feeding a small stream that found its way to the river, on the northern side of the platform just mentioned,—creating, between itself, and the deeper torrent to the south, a sort of highland peninsula, now constituting the estate of the hospitable gentleman before alluded to.

Hudson looked around him with delight and surprise when he stood on the highest part of the broad natural table selected by the chief for his entertainment. The view north showed a cleft through the hills, with the river coiled like a lake in its widening bed, while a blue and wavy line of mountains formed the far horizon at its back; south, the bold eminences, between which he had found his adventurous way, inclosed in like the hollowed sides of a bright green vase, with glimpses of the river lying in its bottom like crystal; below him descended a sharp and wooded bank, with the river at its foot; and directly opposite rose a hill in a magnificent cone to the very sky, sending its shadow down through the mirrored water, as if it entered to some inner world. The excessive lavishness of the foliage clothed these bold natural features with a grace and richness altogether captivating to the senses, and Hudson long stood, gazing around him, believing that the tales of brighter and happier lands were truer than he had deemed, and that it was his lucky destiny to have been the discoverer of a future Utopia.

A little later, several groups of Indians were seen advancing from the village, bearing between them the materials for a feast, which they deposited under a large tree indicated by the chief. It was soon arranged, and Hudson with his men surrounded the dishes of shell and wood, one of which, placed in the centre, contained a roasted dog, half buried in Indian corn. While the chief and several of his warriors sat down in company with the whites, the young men danced the calumet dance to the sound of a rude drum, formed by drawing a skin tightly over a wooden bowl, and near them, in groups, stood the women and children of the village, glancing with looks of curiosity from the feats of the young men to the unaccustomed faces of the strangers.

Among the women stood Kikyalee, who kept her large bright eyes fixed almost fiercely upon Fleming, yet when he looked towards her, she smiled and turned as if she would beckon him away—a bidding which he tried in vain to obey, under the vigilant watch of his master.

The feast went on, and the Indians having produced gourds, filled with a slightly intoxicating liquor made from the corn, Hudson offered to the chief some spirits from a bottle, which he had entrusted to one of the men to wash down the expected roughness of the savage viands. The bottle passed in turn to the mate, who was observed to drink freely, and, a few minutes after, Hudson rising to see more nearly a trial of skill with the bow and arrow, Fleming found the desired opportunity, and followed the tempting Kikyalee into the forest.

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The sun began to throw the shadow of the tall pines in gigantic pinnacles along the ground, and the youths of the friendly tribe who had entertained the great navigator ceased from their dances and feats of skill, and clustered around the feast tree. Intending to get under way with the evening breeze, and proceed still farther up the river, Hudson rose to collect his men, and bid the chief farewell. Taking the hand of the majestic savage, and putting it to his breast, to express, in his own manner, the kind feelings he entertained for him, he turned toward the path by which he came, and was glancing round at his men, when Hans Christaern inquired if he had sent the mate back to the vessel.

"*Der teufel, No!*" answered the skipper, missing him for the first time; "has he been long gone?"

"A full hour," said one of the men.

Hudson put his hand to his head, and remembered the deep wrong Fleming had done to the tribe. Retribution, he feared, had overtaken him; but how was it done so silently? How had the guilty man been induced to leave his comrades, and accelerate his doom by his own involuntary act?

The next instant resolved the question. A distant and prolonged scream, as of a man in mortal agony, drew all eyes to the summit of the beetling cliff which overhung them. On its extremest verge, outlined distinctly against the sky, stood the tall figure of Kikyalee, holding from her, yet poised over the precipice, the writhing form of her victim, while, in the other hand, flashing in the rays of the sun, glittered the bright hatchet she had plucked from his girdle. Infuriated at the sight, and suspecting collusion on the part of the chief, Hudson drew his cutlass, and gave the order to stand to arms; but as he turned, the gigantic savage had drawn an arrow to its head with incredible force, and, though it fell far short of its mark, there was that in the action and in his look which, in the passing of a thought, changed the mind of the skipper. In another instant, the hesitating arm of the widowed Kikyalee descended, and loosening her hold upon the relaxed body of her victim, the doomed mate fell heavily down the face of the precipice.

The chief turned to Hudson, who stood trembling and aghast at the awful scene, and, plucking the remaining arrows from his quiver, he broke them and threw himself on the ground. The tribe gathered around their chief, Hudson moved his hand to them in token of forgiveness, and, in melancholy silence, the crew took their way after him to the shore.

From the Quarterly Review.

LABORDE'S JOURNEY THROUGH ARABIA PETRÆA.

1. *Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée, par Leon de Laborde et Linant. Publié par Leon de Laborde.* Gr. fol. Paris, 1830. pp. 87.

2. *Journey through Arabia Petræa to Mount Sinai and the excavated city of Petra, the Edom of the Prophecies.* By M. Leon de Laborde. 8vo. London, 1837. pp. 331.

Our readers will not have forgotten the mention—incidental as it was—which we made towards the conclusion of our review of "Keith on the Prophecies" (*Quarterly Review*, vol. liii. p. 144) of M. Laborde's splendid volume on Arabia Petræa, which, amongst much curious but less important matter, gives us a detailed description of that wonderful city which Burckhardt had discovered amongst the mountains of Edom—that "*monumental miracle*" as we ventured to call it—which beyond all hope—suddenly re-appeared, as it were, in the wilderness—a new *vox clamantis in deserto*—to proclaim the *literal* and *visible* fulfilment of some of the scripture prophecies, which had hitherto appeared the most obscure and incomprehensible. Although we on that occasion produced in Doctor Keith's quotations from M. Laborde, and added from our own consideration of the subject, ample confirmation of the general scope of the prophetic denunciations against Edom, we intimated our intention of returning, at a future opportunity, to a more general examination of M. Laborde's work, with the intention of giving our readers a detailed and topographical view, not merely of the miraculous city of Petra, but also of the whole journey of M. Laborde through the Sinaic peninsula—a tract so imperfectly known, yet so interesting and important in scriptural history. We were, however, induced to defer executing this intention by learning that a *translation* of the work was in progress, which was likely to be, in many views, more suited to our purpose than the original, which, from its unwieldy size and its confused and desultory arrangement, is altogether unfitted for common use. M. Laborde had separated his materials into three distinct parts—first, an Introduction, which contains a general historical and statistical view of the ancient and the actual state of the Arabian peninsula; secondly, a series of rather superficial Notes, in explanation of the numerous drawings, made by him and M. Linant, of the principal objects which they fell in with; and, lastly, a succinct Itinerary, or, as he calls it, *topographical journal* of their route, as far as Petra, where it is discontinued, just at the moment when it was most wanted. We cannot understand why this order, or rather disorder, was adopted, and why the transactions and objects of one day and one spot are thus scattered into different and distant pages of an unmanageable folio. M. Laborde states, indeed (p. 73 and *passim*,) that he intends to publish a regular narrative of his journey, more *carefully considered*, *better arranged*, and in *a more convenient form*. This announcement on the part of the author is a candid admission of the defects of his book in its present state; but why, with such an opinion and such an intention, he should have given to his imperfect sketches so magnificent a size and form, seems to us unaccountable—particularly as seven years have now elapsed since the publication of his great volume, and we have not heard of the appearance of the better digested work which we were promised. Whatever may have been M. Laborde's motive for this inconvenient mode of publication, the loss of the English reader is considerably diminished by the translation now before us, which, though it cannot, of course, be expected to supply the defects of the original work, has remedied two of its most striking inconveniences by bringing together into one view the *disjecta membra*, and by reducing to a portable size and a readable narrative the different divisions of the desultory folio. We do not mean to say that the translator's use of the materials is always that which we should have advised—far from it; nor has he strictly followed out his own principle, of working up all the parts into a continuous whole; for he has, we know not why, omitted the majority of the dates of time and place furnished by the *topographical journal*. There are several other objections[*] of detail which we could make; but on the whole this publication is a considerable improvement on the unwieldy disorder and extravagant expense[†] of the original, of which it contains the whole substance, and almost every sentence, while it elucidates the text with extracts from, and references to, the travels of Burckhardt, Henniker, Irby and Mangles, Bankes, &c.—on several points which M. Laborde, *en attendant* his better digested narrative, had treated too slightly. Nor has the work suffered any injury, in point of *embellishment*, from the considerable reduction in the size and the inconsiderable diminution of the number of the graphic illustrations—*all* that have any interest or beauty (and, indeed, rather more) have been copied; and the excellence of the execution, both of the lithographies and the wood-cuts, appear to us, notwithstanding their diminished size, to be, in almost every case, equal, and in some, superior to the originals. The most important omission is of the plates which affect to exhibit the topographical details of M. Laborde's route; but these are so confused, and sometimes so inconsistent with the narrative, that the book is really better without them. So much for the English volume. We shall now pursue the general subject.

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[*] The *translation* is on the whole very well done, but in some few places the translator has mistaken the author's meaning, as, in p. 106, he mistakes a species of rabbit, called the *oueber*, or *weber*, for the *gazelle*. This whimsical error was occasioned by an ambiguity in the original, which says that the Arabs went out to hunt the gazelle, and came back triumphantly with four *animals* they had captured—these animals the translator supposed must needs be gazelles, but in fact they were *webers*.

[†] We believe that the subscription price was about 10*l*. The London price is 12*l*.

Our readers are aware that several travellers, who had heard from the Arabs strange accounts of architectural ruins of great beauty and extent in the desert, had endeavoured to reach them, but in vain. The inhospitable prohibition first addressed by the Edomites to Israel, "*Thou shalt not pass through*," (Numbers xx. 18,) and afterwards reiterated against themselves as a penal denunciation, "*None shall pass through it*" (Isaiah xxxiv. 10,) appeared to be still in full force. Seetzen, Mr. Joliffe, and Sir Frederick Henniker, successively failed. But the time was at last arrived when it pleased God to reveal the full and perfect accomplishment of a long line of prophecies, and in 1811 Burckhardt, under the name of *Sheik Ibrahim*, and in the disguise of a poor Arab, at last succeeded in obtaining, with great difficulty and danger, a hasty glimpse of the wonderful valley of Petra, which exceeded all that the Arab rumours had promised, and at once cleared away all the clouds and difficulties which had hitherto involved the divine denunciations against Edom. Incited by Burckhardt's success, and the important consequences with which this signal discovery was pregnant, Captains Irby and Mangles of the British navy, with Messrs. Bankes and Legh, resolved in 1818 to endeavour to penetrate the wilderness of Edom: they accordingly set out on the 6th May from Jerusalem, and after a violent resistance from one party of the natives, which was overcome by the perseverance of another, whose protection the travellers had obtained, they succeeded, on the 24th May, in reaching the city of Petra, situated in a complication of rocky glens, called by the general name of *Wady Mousa*, or the valley of Moses. Their stay was abridged to two days, and their observations much circumscribed and impeded by the jealousy of the neighbouring tribe. Captains Irby and Mangles printed and distributed to their acquaintance, but have not *published*, an account of their travels, in which this visit to Petra formed much the most striking feature; Mr. Bankes is said to have made drawings of the chief objects, but only one of them has reached the public.* We cannot comprehend why our ingenious countrymen left to M. Laborde the *éclat* of revealing the details of these extraordinary scenes to the world: but so it is.†

M. Leon Laborde—the son of Count Alexander Laborde, known in the literary world as the author of "Travels in Spain," and some other works—being at Cairo in 1828, after having just completed a tour in Egypt, conceived the project of visiting Arabia Petræa, and especially its capital: he naturally wished to have a companion in his tour, and proposed to associate himself with "some Englishmen whose enterprising disposition harmonised with his own;" and joint preparations were accordingly made; but "difficulties connected with the future publication of their notes were found insuperable," and the intended partnership was abandoned. At this moment, M. Linant, a Frenchman, who seems to have been, as well as M. Laborde, a skilful draughtsman, arrived from Upper Egypt, and he and M. Laborde presently came to an understanding with each other, and agreed to make the tour to Petra together.

We shall not occupy our space with more of M. Laborde's preparations for his undertaking than the description of his party and escort—

"Toualeb, of the tribe of Oualed Said, who was well known to M. Linant, was sent for to Sinai: upon my part I engaged Hussein, whom I had often met at the Greek convent at Cairo, and whose appearance inspired me with confidence in his integrity. These two persons were charged with the whole of our arrangements. We directed them to procure for us two other Arabs as guides, men of character and firmness; and also nine dromedaries. M. Linant took with him, moreover, an old friend of his, who had the care of his house at Cairo, M. Petit-Jean, a veteran *décoré* of the grand army; who, after having gone through the campaigns of the Revolution, as well as those of the empire, including Waterloo, was among the first of the Europeans who were employed to drill the negroes and Fellahs, and to teach them military manœuvres in the camps of Assouan. His was one of those iron frames upon which fatigue, wounds, and maladies appeared to have left no trace: his very soul seemed bronzed, and devoid of all faith except in the temper of his good sword, and the charms of a good dinner. Petit-Jean was, in fact, a character such as our nation alone, and our twenty-five years of war, could have exhibited. During our journey he was an unfailing resource in danger, an active auxiliary in all our exigencies, and, even when circumstances proved most adverse to our hopes, his cheerfulness seemed inexhaustible. My dragoman also attended me, the good-natured and faithful Bellier, of whose excellent qualities I had in this, as in my former journies, the most satisfactory experience. We employed a Berbier for menial services."—pp. 42, 43.

"On the 25th February, the Tohrats, our Arab guides, made their appearance in front of our house, with nine dromedaries, which knelt down at their command. The whole street was in confusion. The cries of the animals, mingled with the equally hoarse shouts of the Arabs and the passengers, gave peculiar animation to the scene."—p. 51.

The party thus described accomplished the journey to Suez in four days, and arrived at that town on the evening of the 28th. That night the dromedaries forded the Red Sea—

"Some writers suppose that it was by this ford the Israelites traversed the Red Sea. It appears to me that the ford in question is too near the northern shore to be rendered consistent with the recorded history of that event: it is much more probable that they effected the passage at a place *much more to the south*, where the Arabs *frequently cross the gulf even at the present day*, as I think I can show; but these observations would require too much extent to be introduced here."—p. 70.

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* In Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

† The translator has inserted in his second chapter *the account* given by Captains Irby and Mangles of their *expedition to Petra, which*, as a verbal description, is *much better than that of M.* Laborde.

Of this *southern ford* we find no subsequent mention, and we could not have a stronger instance of the unsatisfactory style of M. Laborde's observations, than that he should have treated in so loose a way such a very important geographical fact—not giving us the least indication of the part of the Red Sea where this ford is to be found, but only adding, that he meant in a future work to show that Ayoun Mousa—*the fountains of Moses*, which are near the ford Suez, could *not* have been in the line of the march of the Israelites. We know not what arguments M. Laborde may have in store on this point, but we think we may venture to assert that the *fact* on which we suppose his theory rests, namely, a ford *much to the south of Suez*, is wholly unfounded. First, no other traveller mentions such a ford, and in the particular circumstances in which Burckhardt found the country when he returned by the eastern shore of the Gulf of Suez, such a ford would have been of so much importance, that it must have been mentioned; but moreover, the East India Company have lately published an admirable chart, made from actual survey by Captain Moresby and Lieutenant Carless of their navy, by which it appears, there is nothing like a ford anywhere to the southward of Suez, there being a depth of water in the middle of the whole gulf of from twenty to forty fathoms. About four or five miles south of Suez, nearly opposite *Ayoun Mousa*, the shores approach a little, and there is about eight fathom water at that part—but eight fathom (forty-eight feet) is no more a ford than eighty fathoms; and besides, according to M. Laborde's *hints*, the pretended ford must have been *much* to the southward, in which direction, as we have said, there is nothing like one. We, on the contrary, after an attentive consideration of the Scripture narrative and of the local circumstances, are inclined to fall in with the general opinion that the Israelites crossed *in the neighbourhood of Ayoun Mousa* either at the eight-fathom strait we have just mentioned, or more probably at the *still existing ford*—which is only occasionally practicable—and where, though M. Laborde's camels crossed, those of Pococke and Burckhardt could not, and were therefore obliged to go round the head of the gulf.

Pococke and Bruce do not, as we recollect, notice this *ford*, and seem to believe that the Jewish passage was effected at what we, after the late survey, have called the *eight-fathom* strait, though Bruce says it is *fourteen* fathom deep. But Niebuhr and Burckhardt, and other modern authorities, argue that the passage was made at the existing ford. As this question is not only of great interest in itself, but has lately given rise to an important theological discussion, perhaps we shall be forgiven for developing the reasons which incline us to the opinion of Niebuhr and Burckhardt. The question is one of very grave interest.

Though Bruce does not particularly mention the *ford*, yet he discusses the question (which had been put to him) whether the passage might not be accounted for by the action of the Etesian winds, or other *natural* causes. On this he remarks—

> "That we are told in Scripture that the passage was a miraculous one; and if so, we have nothing to do with natural causes: if we do not believe Moses, we need not believe the transaction at all, seeing that it is from his authority alone that we derive it. If we believe that God made the sea, we must believe that he could divide it when he sees proper. It is no greater miracle to divide the Red Sea than to divide the river Jordan."—*Bruce*, vol. i. p. 235.

And we know that persons of a graver authority even than Bruce have been offended at any attempt to explain scriptural miracles, and particularly that of the passage of the Israelites, in connexion with *any natural* causes; "because," say they, "it was *as easy for the Almighty* to pass his people through the widest and deepest parts of the sea, as the narrowest and most shallow." But we think this doctrine—which abstractedly is undeniable, and which we do not mean at all to deny—may be pushed too far, and that it might lead to a dangerous misconception of the true character of the scriptural miracles—which are distinguishable from the wide and general operations of Omnipotence, by being special and exceptionable, and produced *by and for particular occasions*: the faith in them is therefore not invalidated, but, on the contrary, fortified by tracing the particular circumstances which called for and accompanied the special interference. Let us examine the proposition in its strict application to this particular case, and we shall see into what a labyrinth the doctrine of divesting miracles of all local or personal appropriateness would lead us.

We are told that the short and direct road of the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan would have been through the country of the Philistines; but from that they were "turned" on account of the superior military skill of the Philistines, and directed towards the sea-shore (Exodus xiii. 17, xiv. 1.) Now it would have been *as easy for the Almighty* to have so intimidated and weakened the Philistines, or to have so encouraged and strengthened the Israelites, that the latter might have been enabled to follow the direct road, as to have passed them through the Red Sea. This, however, it was not His pleasure to do, and He turned them back to the sea-shore, where Pharaoh, hearing "they were entangled in the land," was induced to pursue them with his characteristic obstinacy, and so to consummate his own fate. Again; it would have been *as easy for the Almighty* to have passed the Israelites over the gulf *per saltum*, and to have consumed the Egyptians by fire, or buried them in the sands of the desert, as to have overwhelmed them in the sea; but such was not His pleasure. It seems, as far as human reason may presume to guess at the motives of Omnipotence, that He designed that Pharaoh's destruction should be, in a certain degree, his own act—one at least which, had his heart been less obdurate, he might have escaped; and it seems, further, to have been the Divine will that each of the whole series of miracles attending on the exode of the Israelites should be—as indeed all miracles whatsoever seem to have been—limited to the occasion in hand—to an adequate manifestation of the Divine power, with as little further disturbance of the general laws of nature as might be. God leads the Israelites into a barren land, whose condition even at this day testifies that they could not be subsisted without a miracle—into an arid desert, where water could only be obtained by the supernatural gushing of the rock. When Jerusalem was to be (as miraculously foretold by the prophecies) overthrown, the Almighty did not disdain to use the Romans as His instruments; and the most signal of the miracles of our Saviour himself—for example, the change of water to wine, the

> on each side the graceful head of Isis, with elongated eyes and oxen ears. . . . . . I wandered for some time amidst the heaps of ruins that lay around, and sketched many of the details, in order that nothing should escape my attention. But they were in such a state of disorder, that I found it difficult to obtain an accurate idea of the forms in which they appeared when fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. I have copied from them, however, two sets of hieroglyphics, which may, perhaps, serve to fix the date of these monuments."—pp. 79, 80–3.

These two specimens are very perfect—the stones themselves are exactly the shape of, though somewhat higher than the head-stones of a country church-yard in England, and some of the figures are so clear, that if we ever discover a certain key to Egyptian hieroglyphics, the inscriptions will be as easily read as a page of our Review. M. Laborde asserts that they are the reliques of a colony of Egyptians whom he, somewhat gratuitously, supposes to have settled here for the purpose of working certain mines, of the existence of which he speaks very positively, but without, as we understand him, any other proof than that the rocks in the neighbourhood are stained with oxide of iron, and exhibit indications of the presence of copper. We do not partake his opinion: these ruins seem too costly and too extensive for the mere cemetery of working miners; and considering the peculiarly interesting region in which they are found, we should feel grateful to any proficient in Egyptian inscriptions who could give us anything like an explanation of them. Who can say that they would not throw some important light on profane or even sacred history?

From this M. Laborde directed his course along a great glen called Wady Cheick, which—with Wady Feiran running down westwards towards the gulf of Suez, and Wady Zackal, which runs south-east towards the Elanitic gulf, the north-eastern arm of the Red Sea—forms a path across the Sinaic peninsula. We shall give one sketch of the interior of this rocky desert:—

> "While returning by Wady Cheick we traversed, at the embrochure of a ravine, a narrow passage formed by an isolated rock in the middle of the valley. This place is called *El Boueb.* The sides of the valley become wider as they get lower, disclosing to view a high mountain, through which there is no passage except a narrow opening between two perpendicular walls of great height. At an angle made by two turnings of this gigantic defile, the point where its seclusion protects it from the rays of the sun, and the voice of man and the cry of the camel are reflected back in sonorous echoes, stands a remarkable isolated rock seven feet in height. Our Arabs dismounted silently from their camels, and approaching it, passed the right hand over its surface, which is rendered smooth by the frequency of these touches, and then drew it back again to the forehead, crying out, 'El fatha,' the usual invocation during journeys and dangers of any description. Our cattle having stopped, as if they had been accustomed to the ceremony, we followed the example of the Arabs; and our gravity during this religious formality pleased them much. The spectacle of our caravan halting in the midst of this magnificent defile, representing as it did a striking trait in the manners of the desert, was highly picturesque; but it was a scene which demanded a more skilful pencil than mine to paint it to advantage. Tradition relates that Moses rested on this stone, while he was still a shepherd, meditating his projects for the deliverance of his brethren, and the conquest of an entire country, and that he was disturbed from his reflections by one of the goats of the herd of Jethro, which happened to be straying about. Another version of the story fixes upon this stone as the resting-place of Mahomet, while he was still a camel driver, and on his way to Syria. . . . . . .
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> "On quitting this passage, the traveller perceives Mount Sinai, whose prominent point is overhung by the mountain of St. Catherine, which is more rounded in its form. They were both then capped with snow, and their dark bases seemed to bring out their whitened summits in bolder relief upon the azure ground of the sky. We emerged from Wady Cheick, and after having crossed the ridge of a mountain, which forms a grand point of intersection between two declivities, we descended into the valley of Zackal, which continues on to the gulf of Akaba. The route on which we now entered was the most singular that the imagination can picture. The valley, shut in within a width of about fifty paces by masses of granite, of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet in height, which often rose like perpendicular walls even to their very tops, exhibited the appearance of a Cyclopean street, the ravines branching out from which, on each side, seemed to be adjoining streets, all belonging to some ancient and abandoned town. The extraordinary shape and immensity of the masses accumulated on the right and left were calculated to terrify, and almost overwhelm the mind; an effect which was not a little augmented by the enormous fissures that occurred here and there, presenting huge fragments which had tumbled from the summit of the mountain. The silence prevailing all around us was that of the grave; the wind was unheard amidst these almost subterraneous passages; the sun touched with its golden hue only the most elevated points; and the tranquillity of the place would have been undisturbed, had not every step and every sound of our voices been re-echoed from the steeps on each side as we pursued our way."—pp. 86—90.

Through these valleys the traveller, leaving Sinai to the right, descended to *Dahab*, on the Elanitic gulf, and thence pursued his way northward along the uninteresting shore to Akaba, a town or rather fort at the head of the gulf, which is now generally called by its name. Akaba consists of a few houses protected by the fort, which M. Laborde calls a citadel, built probably by the crusaders, who have left us still more massive evidence of their sojourn in an extensive fortress on an island near Akaba, called by M. Laborde *Graia*, but on the last charts of the Red Sea *Juzerat Faroun*. By a visit to this island—(where M. Laborde, though he could only reach it on a raft and stark-naked, was so puerile as to plant the *French flag*—an exploit which would have justified his arrest, and a prohibition of his further proceedings)—and by some other excursions in the neighbourhood, M. Laborde diverted—dully enough, it would seem—the time (from the 12th to the 24th of March) which he was obliged to wait for the return of a message, which he had sent to *Akmed Raschid*, the chief of the Alaouins, the most powerful tribe in these parts, for permission and an escort to visit *Wady Mousa.* At length the messenger returned, bringing with him, not as was expected, Akmed Raschid, but one *Abou Raschid*, the brother, and three or four younger men, nephews of Akmed, together with an old chief called *Abou Djazi*, who seemed to be the first in rank and importance. As the practicability of visiting Petra dren ask in times to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord."—*ib.* iv. 6, 7.

Yet the place thus marked by God was a *ford;* and is to this day a ford, varying, however, in difficulty, according to the season—Captains Irby and Mangles crossed it with considerable danger (as did also some plundering Arabs, who were in pursuit of them,) at the very season in which we are told (1 Chron. xii. 15) that David's allies crossed over to join him, notwithstanding the height of the water. Why, then, should it be interesting and edifying to trace the scene of this miracle to the *ford of the Jordan*, and yet the contrary to suppose the earlier and analogous miracle to have been performed at the *ford of the Red Sea?*

From all this we conclude that it would in no degree derogate from a due respect for Almighty power, to believe—as all tradition seems to assert, and as all the localities warrant—that the passage of the Israelites was made at a ford, miraculously rendered practicable at a season and for a period, when it was not naturally so; and we have been induced to offer these considerations, because we are convinced that reason will be best satisfied, and faith best confirmed, by admitting that miracles were not mere vague exhibitions of Almighty power, but were limited to the occasion, and suited to the circumstances—nay, that they were sometimes a mere *extension* of a natural incident—such an extension being, the moment it *passes* nature, as miraculous as an event *wholly out* of nature. Because an event is *miraculous*, it does not follow that it must be *unreasonable*—on the contrary, we believe that reason, and not vague and credulous enthusiasm, is the true road to faith, and eventually to salvation.*

We, therefore, do not hesitate to express our conviction that the passage was effected *near Suez*, because those localities seem, in our judgment, to agree better with all the proceedings of the Israelites, both previous and subsequent to the event, than any other part of the coast; and we cannot see that Scripture authority is at all impugned by those who suppose, with Niebuhr and Burckhardt, that it happened at the present ford. If M. Laborde could designate his southern ford, we should revise our opinion, but this we are confident he cannot do.

M. Laborde, who deems it a sufficient reason to take little notice of a place if "it does not offer an object for the pencil,"—(p. 76)—throws no new light on the march of the Israelites. He makes, indeed, a few occasional observations, but professes to reserve for his promised work a detailed dissertation on that point: we, however, cannot omit a very curious particular, which seems to prove that the march was along the sea-shore as far as a valley called Wady Garendel,† the line followed by Pococke, Niebuhr, and Burckhardt, and, in a great part, by Laborde. Pococke and Niebuhr had found at Garendel a station which agreed, in distance and other circumstances, with *Elim*, the place of the "seventy palm trees and twelve springs," the second (that is, the *fourth day's*) resting-place mentioned by Moses; but Niebuhr had not found the bitter fountain of *Marah*, which was the first halt of the Israelites on the third day, and which, therefore, should have been met before *Garendel*, supposing *it* to be *Elim*. This, of course, threw some doubt on Niebuhr's conjecture, with those who did not know that Pococke, who, like Niebuhr, identified Elim and Garendel, had discovered a salt well, near a place still called *El Marah*, which lies between Ayoun Mousa and Garendel, at the proportionate distance which *Marah* would occupy between the ford above Ayoun Mousa and the station at Elim. And Burckhardt, who seems not to have been aware of Pococke's statement, when following the same direction sixty year's later, also found, what is, no doubt, the same *bitter* well, though he calls it *Howara*. We need not solicit our reader's attention to the value of such fortuitous concurrences of testimony, given without any reference to the conjecture which it tends so forcibly to corroborate.

But we must follow M. Laborde:—he, as the other travellers did, struck into the mountains to the left or eastward, and arrived at the singular collection of Egyptian tombs and funeral monuments at *Sarbout el Cadem*, first discovered by Niebuhr, of which M. Laborde has given both general and detailed views, and which Sir Frederick Henniker, (quoted in one of the translator's notes,) with true English simplicity and force, describes as a "temple and a variety of upright stones—the *tout ensemble* resembling a [ruined] church and churchyard."—(p. 83.) This resemblance is exceedingly strong in M. Laborde's drawing. His account of these ruins is as follows:—

"We reached the funeral monuments, which rise like so many apparitions in the midst of this strange and gloomy wilderness. The first appearance of these tombs astonished us; consisting as they did of stones standing up, carved in the Egyptian style, and placed amidst solitude and silence, without any connexion whatever with the neighbouring desert. . . . . These remains, doubtless of great antiquity, occupy a space of about seventy-five paces in length, by about thirty-five in breadth. The grave-stones, about fourteen in number, are partly thrown down; a few are still standing, and their fronts, which are much fretted by the northern blasts, still exhibit the traces of hieroglyphics. They vary in height from five to eight feet; in breadth, from eighteen to twenty inches; and in thickness, from fourteen to sixteen. We observed here, also, a wall belonging to some inclosure; a portion of a sanctuary, and of a small temple; some sepulchral chambers; a small building, the roof of which is sustained by a pilaster; the fragments of some Egyptian statues mouldered by time; and some square capitals, presenting on each side the graceful head of Isis, with elongated eyes and oxen ears. . . . . . I wandered for some time amidst the heaps of ruins that lay around, and sketched many of the details, in order that nothing should escape my attention. But they were in such a state of disorder, that I found it difficult to obtain an accurate idea of the forms in which they appeared when fresh from the chisel of the sculptor. I have copied from them, however, two sets of hieroglyphics, which may, perhaps, serve to fix the date of these monuments."—pp. 79, 80–3.

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* There is a very curious passage in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. p. 122, which records a tradition of the inhabitants on the shores of the Red Sea, that *on one occasion in ancient times* there had been such a reflux of the sea that one portion of the bottom was left dry, while in other parts the waters were proportionably elevated.

† The word *Wady* is probably from the same root as the Latin *vadum*—a passage—which, though it usually means a *ford* across a river, is sometimes used for the bed of the river, as well as for any other *passage*. Most of these *Wadys* are the beds of torrents. But *this* Garendel, which runs up from the shores of the Red Sea into the hills, must not be confounded (as is done by the translator, p. 140) with another Garendel at the eastern side of the peninsula, which descends from the neighbourhood of Wady Mousa into Wady Araba. Neither Burckhardt or Laborde make the distinction between these two Garendels, which they probably thought too obvious to require notice, as they are distant from each other full two degrees of longitude.

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"The first question was put on our side, our object being to know if we could go to Wady Mousa mounted on our dromedaries. Abou Djazi assured us that we could; adding, at the same time, that he would be answerable for them, and would look upon them as his own. We would, undoubtedly, have been perfectly satisfied with this promise; but our Tohrats forthwith proceeded simultaneously to exclaim, and to protest that they would not enter a territory where they had no guarantee for their safety. On the other side, the Alaouins vociferated that they had nothing to fear, inasmuch as engagements were made in their behalf in the presence of the governor and the topschi (the gunner of the fort.) 'And,' cried out Hussein, solemnly, standing up at the same time, 'if one of our party be killed, we shall have two Alaouins in exchange.' Upon this the clamour became still louder; each man was anxious to take part in the discussion, and ranged himself on one side or the other. We knew not how to obtain a hearing; and to put an end to this uproar, as our Tohrats no longer listened to us, we arose and returned to our apartments, doubting whether some obstacles to the completion of our journey might not proceed from our own guides. They followed us; but judge of our astonishment when we were alone, on seeing them break out into a burst of laughter, saying that all this clamour was nothing more than a *ruse*, in order to compel the Alaouins to pay strict attention to their promises, and to establish, before setting out, all the conditions of the bargain in the most positive manner. They added, that they had quitted Cairo to accompany us during our journey, and that they risked not only their dromedaries but their heads if it failed. We paid no further attention to the submissiveness which they showed on this occasion; they had already accustomed us to it, and we had no reason to think it insincere. It only remained for us to admire the tactics by which they contrived to conceal their real fears under the mask of simulated passion throughout this discussion. The whole of this comic scene, so characteristic of the manners of these tribes, served as a lesson to us for the future, teaching us to extract all the benefits we could from the 'hubbub wild' of these Arabs."—pp. 129, 30.

We suspect that M. Laborde did not discover the real motive of this squabble—that assigned by the Tohrats is evidently insufficient, and, indeed, absurd. The sequel will probably induce our readers to be of our opinion :—

"We then returned with all due gravity to the divan, having, as we wished it to be supposed, succeeded in persuading our guides to come to terms; and it was arranged that we should go to Wady Mousa, to Mahan and Shobek, in short, to every place under the authority of the Alaouins. Old Djazi seemed, however, dissatisfied with our wishing to visit Shobek; alleging that he was unwilling to conduct us thither, as his people had killed one of its inhabitants the year before, and he was apprehensive of reprisals. We were, nevertheless, upon the whole, well pleased with the frankness and civility which these people exhibited on this occasion; and we had nothing more to insist upon, except a clear understanding as to the time we were to remain at Petra. We were resolved on having this point fixed beforehand, and to make it one of the conditions upon which the liberality of our reward should depend when we returned. A sojourn for any time in the valley of Mousa was denied to all our predecessors; but it was the only means by which we could hope to render our journey useful. We did not intend merely to see Petra, but also, as our Arabs said, to carry it away in our portfolios. This matter was attended with as little difficulty as the others. 'Please God,' exclaimed old Djazi, 'you shall remain there twenty days—a month if you like!' No bargain was made as to the amount of pecuniary compensation we were to give; that was left over for future settlement, according to the discretion of each party. Our departure was fixed for the next day.

"A conversation arose about the travellers who had preceded us to Wady Mousa. We questioned our new friends as to Burckhardt's visit: they did not remember having seen or heard of any Frank at that period. We the more admired the circumspection of that celebrated traveller, who had thus succeeded so well by his costume and manners in deceiving a people who are always on the watch for strangers. We next spoke of the Europeans who had penetrated ten years before into the mysterious valley, under the guidance of their relative *Akmed* Raschid. We alluded to the journey of Mr. Bankes and his companions, of whom we were anxious to hear some details. But we no sooner entered on this subject than we found it was peculiarly disagreeable to the Alaouins. There was a confusion in their replies, which clearly gave us to understand that they wished we should pass to some other topic. They seemed to be in the presence of witnesses before whom they were desirous of keeping their mouths shut. Djazi himself made no answer at all. We did not discover the reason for this mystery until afterwards."—pp. 130—2.

On a subsequent occasion, when old Djazi was out of hearing, one of the young men gave them the following account of Mr. Bankes's visit:—

"'That Christian,' said Akmed in a low voice, which he accompanied so well by his animated countenance, 'came one day from Karak to the tents of my uncle, and said that he wished to go to Wady Mousa to see the old buildings. Akmed Raschid said in reply, that he would conduct him thither, and that he might remain there as long as he pleased. Old Abou Djazi, however, who at that time commanded nearly the half of our tribe, and was not upon good terms with us, learned at Gaza, where he happened to be, that Akmed was about to accompany a European to Wady Mousa. Having resolved on preventing Akmed from doing any such thing, he quitted Gaza, induced the Fellahs to join him, and persuaded them that the only object which the Frank had in view was to take away the treasures which he might find in the place, to dry up all the wells, and to prevent the rains from ever falling there again. They were thus prevailed upon to oppose his entrance into the valley; even our uncle was told that he should not put his foot within Wady Mousa. Seven days passed in discussions upon this subject, in demands on one side, and refusals on the other. At length the Christian said to Akmed Raschid, 'They have guns, so have you; let us see who is the stronger, and let us go on.' Our uncle complied with his suggestion; he directed all our horsemen to mount their horses, and we forced an entrance into the valley in spite of the guns of the Fellahs and their hollow rocks. But as we were continually annoyed by the inhabitants as well as by Abou Djazi's people, we were under the necessity of quitting the valley the day after, and we brought away the Christian with us, who regretted our premature departure very much.' "—pp. 144–146.

As M. Laborde seems to have seen the work of Captains Irby and Mangles, we are surprised that he does not notice some inconsistencies between his account and theirs. In the first place, the protector of the English officers was not called *Akmed* Raschid, but *Abou* Raschid; and from the personal description that each party gives of the Arab whom they both call *Abou* Raschid, it is hardly possible to doubt that it was the same person; and M. Laborde, in the early part of his work, repeatedly (pp. 35 and 46) calls the chief to whom he was to apply *Abou*, though he within two or three pages changes the name, without assigning any reason, to *Akmed*. It seems also that the person who opposed the party of Captains Irby and Mangles was not called Abou *Djazi*, but Abou *Zeitoun*, who was one of the Wady Mousa people—and that a man called Ebn *Jarzee*, who probably is the same person whom Laborde calls *Djazi*, appeared rather to act as a mediator between *Abou Raschid*, the friend of the travellers, and *Abou Zeitoun*, their adversary. The conclusion we incline to draw from all this is, that the self-same parties who had presented themselves to the English, now, at the interval of ten years, offered themselves to the French travellers—with a mere change of the characters they were to act —*Djazi* being now the protector, and *Raschid* a sulky spectator; perhaps the rivals may have so divided their district, that the one profits by travellers from the *north*, and the other by travellers from the *south;* or may not the squabbles of all kinds which these people exhibited in both cases have been got up for the occasion with some view to intimidation or extortion? One thing seems certain—that provided travellers (in addition to personal precautions—the best of which is to have it well known that they have little property with them) will steadily resist the payment of the rewards to the guides till their *return*, the valley of Petra may be as safely visited as any part of Palestine or the Sinaic district.

On the morning of the 24th March, they set out from Akaba about mid-day, and pursued their course nearly north, along a great valley—in all respects resembling the bed of a dried-up river which might be supposed to have once fallen into the head of the Gulf of Akaba. This is called the *Wady Araba—the valley of the wheel or chariot:*—it has probably derived its name from its having been, in all times, the great and only level passage into *Arabia* from Palestine and Syria, and from it perhaps the region itself has its ordinary name.

This remarkable valley, of which Burckhardt was the first modern European discoverer, opens some interesting speculation on another event of sacred history, of the most remote period, and yet still of great curiosity and interest—the miraculous destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. If there be any scriptural relation which has more than another excited the ridicule of scoffers and the doubts even of the sober, it is this—which appears so much out of the course of nature, and so little vouched by any local evidence, as to have exceedingly perplexed the best expounders of the Pentateuch. We do not say that the discovery of Wady Araba can explain the details of that stupendous *miracle;* but it proves, we do not hesitate to affirm, that *some such* great and (except as a miracle) unaccountable convulsion of nature did actually occur; nay, we will go further, and say, that it seems to us that there are at this moment existing the evident proofs of a miraculous interference, in all respects according with the scriptural narrative. Our readers are aware that the river Jordan, which takes its rise in the chain of mountains called *Anti-Lebanon*, flows down to the plain, where it spreads out into a lake, called the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee, after which it becomes again narrowed to a river, and flows through a tolerably fertile plain till it again expands into what is called the Dead Sea, which has now no visible outlet, and which therefore is salt even to bitterness, and has some other remarkable qualities, arising as well from its being impervious, as from the nature of the surrounding and subjacent soils. The basin of this sea was supposed to have been *naturally* formed by its being enclosed by mountains on all sides, save where the Jordan enters it; and the constant flow of the water of the Jordan was supposed to be dissipated partly by exhalation, and partly, perhaps, by some secret subterranean outlet. This is, no doubt, the present state of the country; but it seems equally certain that this state of things did not always exist. Those who have travelled round the southern boundary of the Dead Sea found that it ended in a bay, beyond which it occasionally overflowed some marshes, which marshes, being bounded by a range of hills nearly parallel to the sea-shore, prevented the escape of the waters on that side. So Captains Irby and Mangles saw it:—

> "Leaving this hill"—[down which they descended into the valley where the Dead Sea ends]—"the plain opens considerably to the south, and is bounded, at a distance of about eight miles, by a sandy cliff, which runs directly across and down the valley of Ghor, thus forming *a margin for the uttermost limits of the Dead Sea to the southward, when its waters are at their greatest height*. We were told that the plain on the top of this range of cliffs *continues the whole way to Mecca*."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 353.

These intelligent observers, we see, had no idea of an outlet in this direction; and—although several modern writers concluded that the waters of Jordan, *if* ever they had flowed to the sea, must have taken this direction—yet no one, we believe, before Burckhardt, suspected that this was the valley of Jordan; and, indeed, Burckhardt himself who *crossed* but did not *follow* this valley Araba, makes only a general observation upon it,—

> "That it is a continuation of the *Ghor*, which may be said to extend from the Red Sea to the sources of the Jordan."—p. 441.

But he does not state that it is obviously the ancient bed of the Jordan, through which the river must have at some period actually flowed, till it threw itself into the Red Sea at Akaba.

Now let us observe what the Scripture says, when Lot was desired by Abraham to choose whatever portion of the country he might prefer for his own abode—

> "Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the *plain of Jordan*, that it was *well watered every where, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah*, even as the garden of the Lord, *like the land of Egypt*."—*Gen.* xiii. 10.

And one part of this plain of Jordan was called the *Valley of Siddim*, "where," says the Scripture, "is now the SALT *Sea*."—(Gen. xiv.)

Here we have a clear statement that the Jordan flowed through fertile plains—even as the *Nile waters Egypt*—and that, where the *Salt* Sea now spreads its fetid waves, there was once the beautiful and populous valley of Siddim. What, according to all the earlier *local* evidence, could seem less credible than this? And where on earth is there a greater natural contrast than between the lifeless shores of the Dead Sea and the teeming banks of the Nile? Yet it now seems indubitable that such must have been the original aspect of the country before it pleased God to alter its face by a great convulsion.

Hear what M. Laborde tells us—

> "This valley of the Jordan, *Wady Araba*, which was for a long time unknown, though discovered again by Burckhardt, who traversed it to some extent,—[this is mistranslated, it should be—*who crossed it*,]—has never been fully explored by any European traveller. I have described its direction and appearance to a distance of about twenty-two leagues, [sixty miles—above half its whole length,] and no doubt can now remain, I imagine, that at a remote period the Jordan flowed through it to the sea. This opinion harmonises perfectly with the account we have in Genesis of the interruption of the course of the river. . . . .
>
> "Without discussing the different opinions of authors, some of whom hold that, in the course of nature,—others that, through the indignation of the Omnipotent,—the slime pits were ignited, which are mentioned in Genesis, xiv. 10, it appears evident, that they were the origin of the volcano which destroyed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the plain between them; and that they formed, by the irruption of volcanic matter, a large basin into which the Jordan precipitates itself, thus ceasing its course towards the Red Sea. Afterwards, subterraneous drains, as well as a considerable evaporation always going on, have prevented this species of tunnel from overflowing.
>
> "Wady Araba, since it has been deserted by the river, has become encumbered in some parts with heaps of sand; but enclosed as it is between mountains of granite and porphyry, there can be no doubt as to its natural and ancient direction."—pp. 260–262.

Colonel Leake, the ingenious editor of Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, had from his author's observations, come to the same conclusions; but M. Laborde's more extensive examination leaves no doubt of the exactness of the scriptural description of the country prior to the formation of the Asphaltic Sea, and of the consequent probability (setting aside for the moment the Divine *revelation*) that it was formed by some such accident as the Scriptures relate! We cannot pursue all the details of this interesting subject; but there is a slight circumstance which has not been before noticed which we think deserving attention—the part of the valley where the Jordan now *enters* the Dead Sea is called *Ghor*, and the continuation of the valley at the other end of the Dead Sea, now an arid desert, is also called *Ghor*. Ghor we know is a *descriptive name* for one class of valleys;* but nothing in nature can be more dissimilar than the present appearance of these two places: is it not therefore probable that the descriptive appellation dates from the time when the whole was one fruitful valley, and that the name of *Ghor* had survived the circumstances under which it was originally given?

M. Laborde now again fell in with the track of the Israelites through the desert, and every step, as far as he describes it, affords a confirmation of the accuracy of the Scripture narrative:—

> "When the Israelites were defeated by the Amalekites and the Canaaneans, and refused admission into the country of the Edomites, they descended into Wady Araba, the way to the Red Sea, in order to *turn* Idumea. Already wearied by the continued privations which they experienced during an expedition that appeared at first so inviting, from the fertility of the countries they passed through, on arriving in this valley their sufferings were still further augmented by the multitude of serpents which assailed them on all sides. The fact thus recorded in the Scriptures is fully confirmed by the report of the Arabs, who told us that scorpions and serpents abound in this part of the desert, as well as by the vast numbers of those reptiles which we found two leagues to the east of this place, on our return to Akaba.
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> "These reptiles are expressly mentioned in Deuteronomy:—'Who led thee through the great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water? who brought thee forth water out of the rock of flint?'
>
> "In the book of 'Numbers' mention is made of Mount Akrabbim, that is to say, of the mount of scorpions, situated to the south of the Dead Sea:—'And your border shall turn from the south to the ascent of Akrabbim, and pass on to Zin.' The same name occurs in Joshua, and in the book of Judges. The mountain took its name from the quantity of serpents found in its neighbourhood. It is not necessary to go into any detail here as to the various researches of which the serpent has been the subject: it will be sufficient to state, that the 'fiery serpents' are so called, in a metaphorical sense, from the burning effect of their bites."—pp. 138, 139.

The travellers had now reached that part of Wady Araba whence a series of rocky defiles leads to the capital of Edom. They were within sight of Mount Hor, where Aaron was buried, and on its top discerned an edifice which in all ages has been venerated as his tomb. It was probably in this immediate neighbourhood that Moses entered into his unsuccessful negotiation with the Edomites. The proceedings of the Israelites are accurately, though succinctly described, by the editor of Burckhardt, in a passage which the translator of M. Laborde has very properly subjoined to the scanty notices of his original:—

> "In the course of their residence in the neighbourhood of Kadesh, the Israelites obtained some advantages over the neighbouring Canaanites; but giving up at length all hope of penetrating by the frontier, which lies between Gaza and the Dead Sea, they turned to the eastward, with a view of making a circuit through the countries on the southern and eastern sides of the lake. Here, however, they found the difficulty still greater: Mount Seir of Edom, which, under the modern names of Djebal Shera, and Hesma, forms a ridge of mountains, extending from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akaba, rises abruptly from the valleys El Ghor and El Araba, and is traversed from west to east by a few narrow Wadys only, among which

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* Habitacula autem gentis Lot—mare fetidum usque ad Baisan et Tiberiadem vocantur *Ghaur* (*profundum*,) quia videlicet est planities quædam inter duos montes. —*Geog. Nub. à G. Sionita et J. Hesronita*, Par. 1619. p. 111.

the Gheoyr alone furnishes an entrance that would not be extremely difficult to a hostile force. This perhaps was the 'highway' by which Moses, aware of the difficulty of forcing a passage, and endeavouring to obtain his object by negotiation, requested the Edomites to let him pass, on the condition of his leaving the fields and vineyards untouched, and of purchasing provisions and water from the inhabitants. But Edom 'refused to give Israel passage through his border,' and 'came out against him with much people, and with a strong hand.' The situation of the Israelites, therefore, was very critical. Unable to force their way in either direction, and having enemies on three sides, (the Edomites in front, and the Canaanites and Amalekites on their left flank and rear,) no alternative remained for them but to follow the valley El Araba southwards, towards the head of the Red Sea. At Mount Hor, which rises abruptly from that valley, 'by the coast of the land of Edom,' Aaron died, and was buried in a conspicuous situation, which tradition has preserved as the site of his tomb to the present day. Israel then 'journeyed from Mount Hor, by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom,' . . . and then issued into the great elevated plains which are traversed by the Egyptian and Syrian pilgrims on the way to Mekka, after they have passed the two Akabas. Having entered these plains, Moses received the divine command, 'You have compassed this mountain long enough, turn you northward.' "—*Burckhardt, Preface*, pp. xiv.-xvi.

This supposition M. Laborde, who travelled the same road, fully confirms. But he was now able to make his way into the heart of Edom, which had been denied to the Israelites. He struck out of the Wady Araba to the right, or eastward, and, after winding for some time through a rocky desert, which resembled "a chaotic sea, the waves of which had been suddenly petrified," he reached Petra:—

"We arrived from the south, and descended by a ravine. By advancing a little in that direction we commanded a view of the whole city covered with ruins, and of its superb inclosure of rocks, pierced with myriads of tombs, which form a series of wondrous ornaments all around."—pp. 152, 153.

It would be utterly impossible, within our limits, or, indeed, within any limits without the assistance of numerous plates, to convey any adequate idea of this wonderful place. Our readers must therefore be contented with a general description extracted from Burckhardt, Mangles, and Laborde, the latter of whom, however, is very deficient in the narrative and topographical parts; thinking, we suppose, that his admirable drawings superseded the necessity of any great detail in his text: but that is not quite the case; for there are several points in which we find it very difficult to reconcile his plates with the explanation which accompanies them.

It has been always known that the Nabathean Arabs, the Edomites of Scripture, possessed a capital city, known under the name of *Petra*—the *rock*, or the *rocky*—which is as perfect a description of the identical place as a *name* can be. The accounts which the ancients give us of Petra are but meagre. Ptolemy gives only its name as one of the cities of Arabia Petræa, but assigns its geographical position with tolerable correctness:—

"Pliny states that 'the Nabatæi inhabit a city called Petra, in a hollow somewhat less than two miles in circumference, surrounded by inaccessible mountains, with a stream running through it. It is distant from the town of Gaza, on the coast, 600 miles, and from the Persian Gulf 122"[*]—[*Nat. Hist.* vi. 28.] Strabo says, "The capital of the Nabatæi is called Petra; it lies in a spot which is in itself level and plain, but fortified all round with a barrier of rocks and precipices; within, it is furnished with springs of excellent quality for the supply of water, and the irrigation of gardens; without the precinct, the country is in a great measure desert, and especially towards Judæa.' [*Strab.* l. xvi. p. 779.]—p. 16.

We are informed by Diodorus that about 310 A. C. Athenæus, the general of Antigonus, and subsequently that monarch's son, Demetrius, invaded the Nabatheans; the first, after plundering the town, situated *on* a *rock*, during the absence of its inhabitants at a *neighbouring emporium*, was himself surprised, and his army cut to pieces; the second was glad to give up the siege of the rock after a negotiation—but it seems to us doubtful whether this *rock* was *Petra;* because, first, says Diodorus, επὶ πέτρας τίνος, which Rodoman renders '*in rupe quadam*,'—*a certain rock*,—though he afterwards translates the same form, as if it were a proper name, *ad Petram:* secondly, that it is stated that there was a steep *ascent* to it made by hands, ουσας μίας ἀναβασεως χειροποιη τον. (Dio. Sic. xix. 724:) and thirdly, that the details of the two attacks do not at all agree with the localities of *Petra*, but rather with those of *Kerck*, (a word also signifying a *rock*,) the *Mons Regalis* of the middle ages. The great *emporium* at which, it is said, the inhabitants of the *rock* were absent when Athenæus took it, may have been Petra. Dean Vincent collected evidence that Petra was a great commercial emporium:—

"The capital of Edom or Seir, the Idumæa or Arabia Petræa of the Greeks, the Nabatea considered both by geographers, historians, and poets, as the source of all the precious commodities of the East." (*Com. of the Anc.* ii. 263.)—p. 17.

Arrian, or whoever wrote the Periplus of the Red Sea, tells us that Leuke-Come is the port whence people go to Petra, εἰς πέτραν, and not, as Diodorus always has it, εἰς τὴν πέτραν. Pompey is said to have marched against it. In the reign of Augustus, Ælius Gallus was sent to plunder, it is said, the country. Trajan besieged and took the city: and Arabia Petræa becoming a Roman province, Petra continued to be its capital.

This, we believe, is nearly all that classic literature tells us of Petra, in which there is no intimation of the *peculiar features* of this city; of these nothing was known before the visit of Burckhardt, who first discovered this existing proof of the fulfilment of the prophetic denunciations against Eden—

"*that it should become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse; and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual wastes. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill. Though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord.*"—Jer. xlix. 7—18.

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[*] The figures here must be transposed. Petra is four times as far from the Persian Gulf as from Gaza.

That these words could apply to a city, which, even in the reign of Trajan, was the capital of a Roman province, and then and long before the busy emporium of all the commerce of the East, who could imagine? Nay, did not the very expressions seem to all our previous ideas vague and inconsistent? How was *pride of heart* shown by dwelling in the *clefts of the rock*, by *holding the height of the hill*, and by making the *nest as high as the eagle?* Generally speaking, such kind of habitations were only resorted to by those who could find no others, and these expressions were therefore considered merely as *typical* of arrogance and obduracy. St. Jerome himself, in his commentary on these passages, is perplexed by this apparent inconsistency —"*quamque habites in speluncis imò in cavernis, humilis et pauperculus;*" and does not hesitate to call the allusion an "*ænigma.*" (*Hieron. op. omn.* iii. 1458. Ed. 1704.) Whereas it turns out to be literally descriptive of the habits of the people, and of the local features of the cities of Edom.

Petra itself occupied a valley or dell many hundred feet lower than the surrounding country; the sides of this dell are for the most part stupendous walls of bare rock, so precipitous, that the only entrance to the valley is by a chasm or ravine, through which the brook of Wady Mousa has forced its way, and which is as narrow as any lane in the city of London, while its lateral walls are everywhere higher than the cross of St. Paul's, and sometimes twice as high. This gigantic lane opens into an irregularly shaped area about a mile wide, and a mile and a half long,[*] the surface of which is very unequal, though, *compared with the neighbourhood*, Strabo might be justified in calling it a plain. Over this area, and into some collateral ravines was spread the ancient city, of which vast fragments are strewed around, but nothing remains standing but an isolated and much-defaced column of one temple—parts of the walls of another, with fragments of its frieze, entablature, and pilaster—and three ragged piers of a triumphal arch of a very florid style: there is also a theatre, the seats of which being cut out of the solid rock, are tolerably perfect. The jealousy of the Arabs did not allow either Mr. Bankes's party or M. Laborde to make any researches among the ruins that cover the valley—but the fragments themselves testify that the original edifices were of the most sumptuous character:—

> "That part of the valley which presented a level space the inhabitants sought to extend as much as possible, in order to construct upon it a continuation of their forum, or rather a grand avenue, bordered on each side by sumptuous monuments. Hence the river passes under a vaulted covering, and the square extends over both banks, the pavement being formed of large slabs. The collection of temples and tombs which were to be seen from that place all round the horizon must have presented a most magnificent spectacle when Petra was in its glory. . . . . . We continued our course through the ruins of these monuments, which time and man, who is also an active destroyer of his own works, had scattered in confusion. Amongst them we easily distinguished a colossal temple, whose entire destruction appeared to be spontaneous, for its ruins were placed in an order analogous to the positions which they had occupied in the building. Here are columns whose different component parts from the base to the capital follow each other on the ground, and near the latter are the entablatures as well as the cornices which it had sustained. Here also are seen the foundations uncovered, which seem waiting for the first layer of stones. It looks like a *vast pile asleep ready to get up.*"—pp. 160—162.

But these magnificent remains are at Petra secondary and subordinate objects. The rocky precipices which enclose the valley and its ravines present an aspect infinitely more striking and extraordinary—for not only do they exhibit, even at inaccessible heights, innumerable excavations in the surrounding cliffs, but the face of the rock itself has been cut into a great variety of architectural façades, all wonderful, and some of singular beauty; and behind each façade the interior rock has been hollowed out into chambers of greater or less size, but quite plain, and bearing no analogy to the somewhat florid magnificence of the exterior. These countless excavations are generally considered as *tombs*, and certainly most of the interiors that have been visited seem by their small and unadorned features to sanction that supposition, and to justify Captains Irby and Mangles in calling the valley "*a vast necropolis;*" but the inspection of all the travellers, including even M. Laborde, was so hurried and superficial, that there is little evidence on this point beyond the difficulty of imagining any other use to which these excavations could be applied. But besides the scriptural description of the Edomites as "dwellers in the clefts of the rock," there is abundant evidence that some at least of these excavations were human residences. St. Jerome, in his commentary on the remarkable prophecy of Obadiah against Edom, says—in explanation of the text, *thou who dwellest in the clefts of the rock*—"This refers to the nature of the place; for the inhabitants of the whole southern region of Idumæa, from Eleutheropolis to Petra and Aila—which is the possession of Esau—have small dwellings in caverns (*in specubus habitatiunculas.*) and on account of the too great heat of the sun, use this subterraneous shelter." (*Hieron. in Abdiam. ubi supra.*) And Edrisi—commonly called the *Nubian Geographer*—(Climate iii. par. 5, p. 110. Ed. 1619) gives a perfect description of the site of Petra, under the name of Hagiar,[*] (a rock), and adds, "that the *houses* were excavated in the rock—*domus excisæ in petrâ;*" and although this, as Captains Irby and Mangles remark, "could not be *universally* true, as is evident from the great quantity of stones employed in the lesser kind of edifices which are scattered over the whole site; yet it is true that there are grottoes in great number which were certainly not sepulchral."—p. 426.

Some of these grottoes were, from their internal distribution, obviously dwelling-places, but none of this class of excavations seem to have any remarkably external decoration. This is natural; the rich inhabitants would prefer building a commodious house at probably less expense and trouble than would be required to carve an architectural front to an inconvenient cavern—though the passage before quoted from St. Jerome leads to a conjecture that some of these architectural fronts, which accord so ill with the character of *tombs*, may in fact have been *summer-houses*, in which the rich occasionally enjoyed subterranean shelter from the excessive heat. But many of the excavations are certainly tombs, for they have niches and cells of the size and shape suited to receptacles of the dead, and two have inscriptions—one at least of which seems to prove *that* particular monument (and by inference others of the same kind) to be sepulchral.

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[*] M. Laborde's plan makes it about 1400 yards by 1000; but from some of his incidental observations we conclude it must be much more.

[*] Dr. Vincent says that Edrisi calls Petra, *Thomud.* This seems to be an error—Edrisi says, "*Hagiar* est arx pulchrè sita inter montes, in quibus comorebatur *familia Thomud*, &c. (*ubi supra.*)

> "We found here a Latin inscription in three lines, carved on a tablet, *the only inscription we discovered at Petra*. It is of importance, as it gives the name of the officer, Quintus Prætextus Florentinus, who died in this capital while he was governor of this part of Arabia. It appears to be of the time of Adrian, *or* of Antoninus Pius. The sepulchral chamber, like the others, does not contain any kind of ornament, and seems to have been intended not for a single individual, but for a whole family."—pp. 179—89.

This extract is an example of the very loose way in which M. Laborde's notes are sometimes made—he calls this "the *only* inscription discovered in Petra," though he had just before (p. 165) given us an account of "a *Greek* inscription" which he had copied, but could not translate; and he makes, we see, several statements about the date and purpose of this Latin monument, without saying whether he derives them from the inscription or not. Why did he not give us a copy of the inscription? and why did he not also favour us with a fac-simile of the "Greek inscription" which he says he copied? For though he and his Parisian friends have not been able to decipher it, others might be more fortunate; and we need not say of what extreme importance and interest, as regards the monuments of Petra, these probably contemporary inscriptions must be. The omission, therefore, of them in a work of this kind, which gives so many inferior details, seems to us very strange, and it is the more to be regretted because the account given of them by M. Laborde does not correspond with that given by the English travellers of the only two which *they* saw, and which were neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, nor any, to them, intelligible language. We suspect, however, that what M. Laborde calls *Greek* is what the English gentlemen describe as "well cut and in wonderful preservation, but the form of the letters such as none of them had ever seen before, except Mr. Bankes, who thought them similar to those scratched on the *Gibel Mokatteb*, or Written Mountains, near Sinai;"—of which we shall see something by and by.

M. Laborde, both in his text and on the face of his engraved plan, distinctly tells us that the ravine down which the torrent of Wady Mousa forces its way, and through which Burckhardt and Mr. Bankes's party both arrived, is "the *only* entrance into the valley"—which is another strange inconsistency, as it was not by *it* that M. Laborde himself either entered or left it—nor amidst his profusion of sketches does he give any idea of his own route *in* or *out*—though, if it was, as he seems to imply, more difficult than the ravine through which the other travellers passed, it must be exceedingly remarkable. The truth, we suppose, is, that the eastern ravine is the only *road*, or remains of a *road*, by which the city can or ever could be approached, but that there are passes both from the *south (by which* M. Laborde came) and other points, down which men and even camels and horses can scramble. Burckhardt says that "the way to Gaza from Wady Mousa proceeds *westward* by Mount Hor and the tomb of Aaron, and though very difficult for beasts of burden, is still frequented by the people of Maan and the Bedouins."—(p. 430.) As M. Laborde has not given us any indications of his route, we will, with the assistance of Captain Mangles and Irby, lead our readers down the ravine—the common, if not the only, *road* into Petra.

On the higher level of the country, a few miles eastward of Petra, rises from a copious spring the stream of Wady Mousa. It flows at first through a cultivated valley, which by degrees narrows itself to a mere chasm, descending between stupendous precipices to the city. The way at the bottom of this cleft seems to have been once regularly formed or paved with large stones, though it is now broken up and encumbered by rocks rolled down by the torrent, which in floods must be very violent; there are in the sides of the rock evident remains of watercourses and dams made to conduct and regulate the course of the stream for the use of the town below.

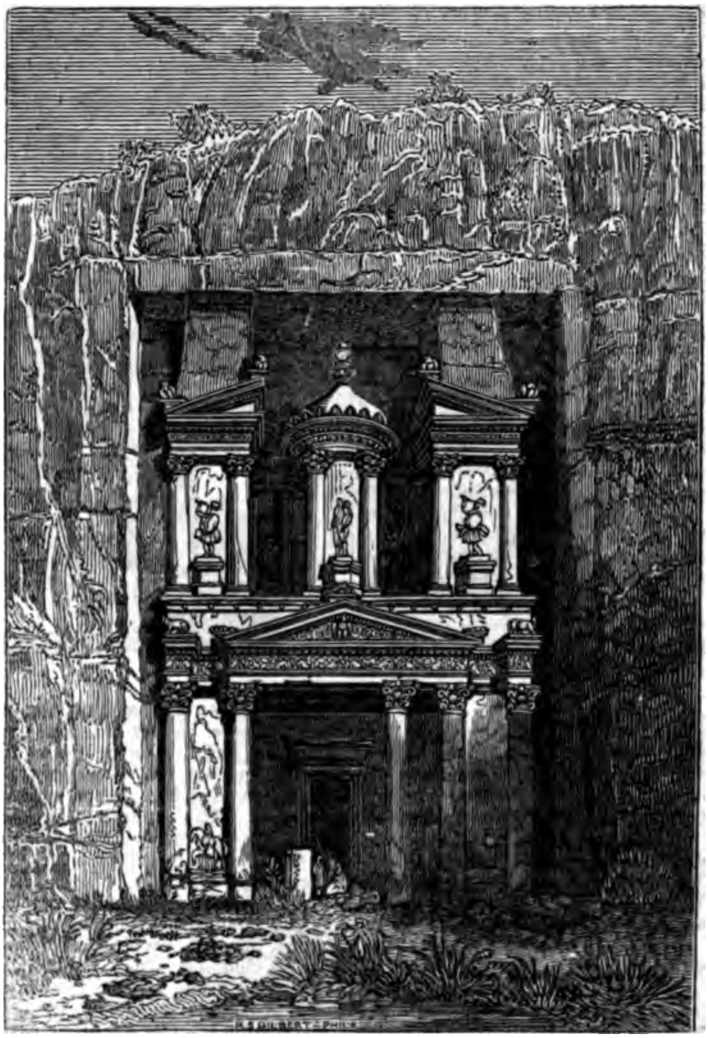
The excavations of Petra commence in the upper valley, a few hundred yards below the spring. Many doorways are visibly cut upon different levels in the face of the mountain, and along the road side are architectural monuments fashioned out of the rock—one of these is a wide façade of a rather low proportion, loaded with ornaments in the Roman style, but in a bad taste, with an infinity of broken lines and unnecessary angles and projections, and multiplied pediments and half pediments, and pedestals set upon columns that support nothing. It has more the air of a fantastical scene in a theatre than an architectural work of stone, and the English travellers who saw it —(which, unluckily, M. Laborde did not, at least he does not mention it)—thought, that for unnecessary riches of decoration and poverty of conception, it resembled the style with which Borromini debased Roman architecture about two hundred years ago. After passing this and some similar monuments—which form as it were a suburb to the town—the sides of the valley become still more precipitous, with high detached masses of rock standing here and there, hewed into the shape of towers:—the greater number of these face the road, but some stand back in the wild nooks and recesses of the mountain. At last the valley narrows into a ravine, and as the traveller proceeds, the natural features of the defile grow more and more imposing at every step, and the excavations and sculptures more frequent on both sides, till at last it presents a continual street of what the travellers call *tombs*; beyond which the rocks, gradually approaching each other, seem all at once to close without any outlet. On a nearer approach, however, one narrow and frightful chasm was discovered, through which the stream finds its way, and which was, say the English travellers, "*anciently* the only avenue to Petra *on this side*." It is impossible to conceive anything more awful or sublime than this approach; the width is nowhere more than just sufficient for the passage of two horses abreast; the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from 400 to 800 feet in height, and they often so overhang, though without meeting, that the sky is intercepted and completely shut out for a hundred yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern. The grottoes at each side of this

glen—running east and west, and thus sheltered
the sun, and refreshed with the perennial fall of
r—would be delightfully cool, and afford just the
of *habitatiunculas propter nimios calores* men-
ed by Jerome.

Here and there large slabs indicated the ancient
ment, which conferred upon the ravine, though at
ent so savage in appearance, and encumbered by
s, the character of a fine avenue created by na-
, and improved to magnificence by the skill and
stry of man. After making many turns through
almost subterraneous street, the rocks at the top
ly touching each other, and after having already
a degree of admiration which seemed incapable of
g exceeded, we were enchanted by the view of an
ct which I should in vain endeavour to describe.
and triumphal arch, erected over the ravine after
fashion of the ancients, who usually constructed
lar arches at the entrance to their cities, boldly spans the two lofty walls of rock on each side. The savage wildness of the situation has no parallel. The impression which it produces at the moment of entering this almost covered way is inexpressible."*—p. 172.

This half subterranean passage continues for nearly two miles; the prospect to which it opens towards its termination we shall give in the words of the English travellers, because M. Laborde's course was in the opposite direction, and he himself tells us that the "impression is much greater to those who arrive by the proper entrance:"—

"We followed this sort of half subterranean passage for the space of nearly two miles, the sides increasing in height as the path continually descended, while the tops of the precipices retained their former level. Where they are at the highest, a beam of stronger light breaks in at the close of the dark perspective, and opens to view, half seen at first through the tall



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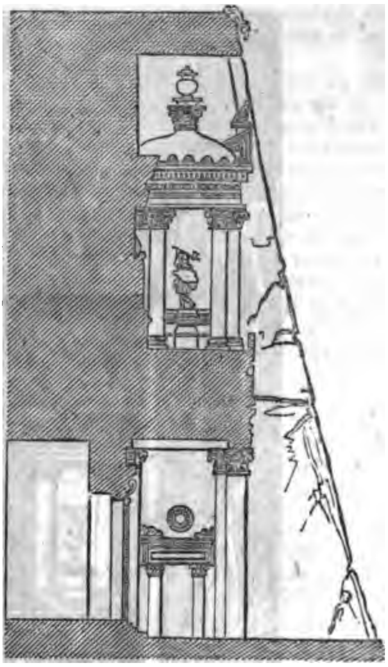
* A view of this arch over the ravine is given in the Landscape Illustrations to the Bible.

narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints or weather stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour, which was warmed, at the moment we came in sight of them, with the full light of the morning sun. The dark green of the shrubs that grow in this perpetual shade, and the sombre appearance of the passage whence we were about to issue, formed a fine contrast with the glowing colours of the edifice. We know not with what to compare this scene; perhaps there is nothing in the world that resembles it. Only a portion of a very extensive architectural elevation is seen at first; but it has been so contrived, that a statue with expanded wings, perhaps of Victory, just fills the centre of the aperture in front, which, being closed below by the sides of the rock folding over each other, gives to the figure the appearance of being suspended in the air at a considerable height; the ruggedness of the cliffs below setting off the sculpture to the highest advantage. The rest of the design opened gradually at every pace as we advanced, till the narrow defile, which had continued thus far, without any increase of breadth, spreads on both sides into an open area of a moderate size, whose sides are by nature inaccessible, and present the same awful and romantic features as the avenues which lead to it: this opening gives admission to a great body of light from the eastward. The position is one of the most beautiful that could be imagined for the front of a great temple, the richness and exquisite finish of whose decorations offers a most remarkable contrast to the savage scenery which surrounds it."—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 419.

The monument here denominated a *temple*, and which Laborde supposes to have contained the tombs of its founders, is now called the *Khasne Faraoun*, or *Treasury of Pharaoh*, and is the most important object now remaining in Petra, both in original elegance of design, and in its preservation. M. Laborde and his companion have drawn it with great diligence and skill, giving views front, oblique, and interior, plan, elevation, section, and restoration; but he has given no verbal description, and, indeed, any verbal description would be inadequate to give a precise idea of so extraordinary an object. We have, therefore, copied in the foregoing and following wood-cuts, M. Laborde's front *view* and his *section* of the Khasné, which, inferior as they necessarily are to the original plates, will give a better idea of Petra than ten pages of description.

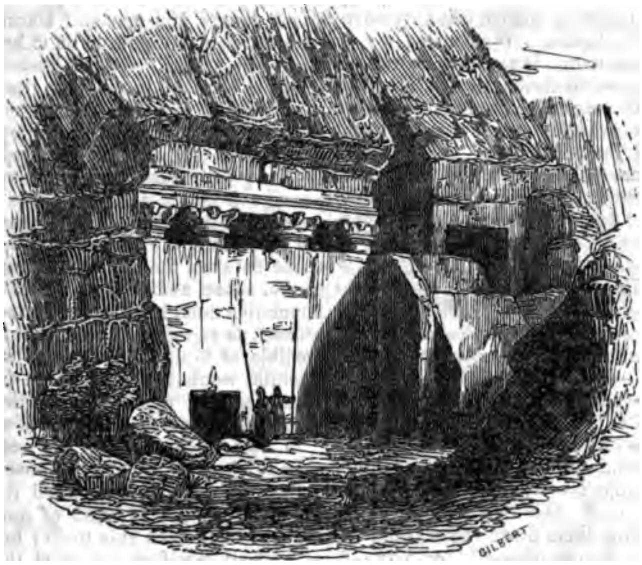
With these before them, our readers will have no difficulty in understanding the account of the English travellers:—



"It is of a very lofty proportion, the elevation comprising two stories. The taste is not exactly to be commended, but many of the details and ornaments, and the size and proportion of the great doorway especially, to which there are five steps of ascent from the portico, are very noble. No part is built, the whole being purely a work of excavation, and its minutest embellishments, wherever the hand of man has not purposely effaced and obliterated them, are so perfect, that it may be doubted whether any work of the ancients, excepting perhaps some on the banks of the Nile, have come down to our time so little injured by the lapse of ages. There is, in fact, scarcely a building of forty years' standing in England so well preserved in the greater part of its architectural decorations. Of the larger members of the architecture, nothing is deficient, excepting a single column of the portico: the statues are numerous and colossal. Those on each side of the portico represent, in groups each of them, a centaur and a young man. This part of the work only is imperfect, having been mutilated, probably, by the fanaticism of early Christians or Mussulmen, directed against idolatry, and particularly the human form. In the upper tier the figures are females; two are winged, and two appear to have been dancing, or much in action, with some instruments lifted above their heads, of which that on the left hand appears to be the Amazonian bipennis. Unfortunately, the centre figure, which was doubtless the principal one, is too much defaced for her attributes to be determined; nor is there anything in the ornaments that could enable us to discover to what divinity the temple has been dedicated. The principal chamber of the interior is large and remarkably lofty, but quite plain, with the exception of the door-frames and architraves, of which there are three, one at the further end, and one at each side, all opening into small and plain cells. There is also a lateral chamber on each side, opening from the portico, of a rude form. The centre of the superstructure, which comprises the second story, is a circular elevation, surrounded by columns, with a dome surmounted by an urn. This latter has not escaped or failed to excite the covetousness of the natives. We heard of it as the deposit of a vast treasure, 'Hasnah el Faraoun' (Treasure of Pharaoh) as far as Jerusalem; and that it had been repeatedly aimed at by musket shot there are evident proofs in the marks of bullets in the stone. No one, however, seems to have succeeded in arriving at it by climbing, which would indeed be a difficult task. The green stains on either side would lead to the supposition that the handles had been of bronze. It is doubtful whether one of the perforations by a musket ball does not show that the urn is hollow. Above ument the face of the rock is left overhanging; s to this that the excellent preservation of its to be ascribed. The half-pediments, which the wings of the building, are finished at the eagles, which, combined with a style of ar- re differing little from the Roman, can leave t that this great effort of art is posterior to the rajan's conquest."—*Ir. and Man.* pp. 419–421.

can be, we suppose, no doubt that these gen- re right in their idea that this work is of the Trajan, or later. The style is even more florid thing we know of that day; but if that be so, lty of these sculptured mountains must be modern; for the same style may be said to run all; and in two remarkable instances, the very distribution of the *Khasné* have been repeat- e rudely further on in the valley—and again larger scale than the Khasné itself, in a grand alled by the Arabs *El Deir*, or *the Convent*, beyond the valley to the north, which the travellers were not permitted to visit, but of f. Laborde gives us a perfect drawing. Its character is, as we have just said, that of the but of greater dimensions, with less unity of design, and less elegance of detail. Indeed, on the latter point we are inclined to suspect the details of El Deir were *never finished*, for the capitals of the columns seem to us to be in the state in which Ionic capitals are now to be seen in stone-yards, before the volutes are worked out; and the same may be said of the plain circular pallets between the tryglyphs of the frieze, which are capable of being sculptured into either wreaths or pateras.

But whatever be the dates of *these* monuments, the *city* itself, of which the finest of them were only *suburban* ornaments, must have already been of great wealth and splendour, and probably, from the early days in which the Edomites inhabited the mere "clefts of the rock," had gone on advancing (under occasional vicissitudes) in importance, till, having reached its acmé of grandeur, it was, *we know not how*, reduced to the state of desolation denounced against it in the Scriptures—the sculptured mountains only remaining to contrast with the ruins of the city, and to testify additionally the accomplishment of the prophecies. In order to explain more clearly the mode in which these works were executed, we insert the view of an *unfinished* tomb or temple.



affords a clue to the plan which was pursued nstruction of their other monuments. The at first cut down in a perpendicular direction, buttresses on each side, which preserved their form. The front, which was thus made smooth, t marked out, according to the style of the re adopted for the purpose; and then the of the columns were fashioned. Thus the nts of Petra, so peculiar in their appearance, ifferent in many respects from other ruins of , are still more strongly characterized by the inary mode in which they were constructed, men beginning at the top and finishing at the It was, in fact, necessary to proceed in that separating from the rock the upper part of the n the first instance, allowing the weight of the to rest on the ground until the monument was ed. With respect to the tomb in question, it seems probable that the great expense of the work, exceeding perhaps the means of the family to which it belonged, caused them to give up the idea of completing it externally."—pp. 156, 157.

Opposite the Khasné the defile widens so as to afford an area about fifty yards wide, in front of the temple, after which it resumes for three hundred yards its narrow and awful character, with a variety of sculptured tombs, or at least grottoes, "both Arabian and Roman," on each side. This pass conducts to the theatre already mentioned:—

"And here the ruins of the city burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren, craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys, like those we had passed, branch out in all directions. The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented, altogether, the most singular scene we ever beheld. We must despair to give the reader an idea of the peculiar effect of the rocks tinted with most extraordinary hues, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, whilst their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface."—*Ir. & Man.* pp. 35, 36.

If an eye-witness thus despairs of conveying to his readers any adequate idea of this wonderful scene, we can have no excuse for attempting any further details, and we therefore must content ourselves with saying generally that those details are not more curious in their individual character, than interesting and important in elucidation of the Scriptural denunciations against Edom.

We need not repeat the observations which we have already quoted and made on this latter branch of the subject; but we can most conscientiously say, that the discovery of this singular place seems to us to be the clearest and most unquestionable confirmation of Scriptural prophecy which has occurred since the destruction of Jerusalem. We are aware that some persons do not see this matter in the same important light, and think that works so comparatively recent as the days of Trajan or Adrian can have no relation to the ancient prophecies. We confess we do not understand this objection. It seems to us that the *greater* and the *more recent* the civilization, the more difficult is it to explain this vast change from causes merely natural; and what *natural* differences are to be found between the days of Trajan and our own? These monumental remains are at least proofs of the population, wealth, and magnificence of a city, of which now nothing is to be traced but what the prophets emphatically call "*the stones of emptiness and the line of confusion.—They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, and none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing—and thorns shall come upon her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fastnesses thereof, and it shall be an habitation for dragons* [scorpions,] *and a court for owls.*"—Isaiah xxxiv. 11—13.

In the centre of the valley, towards the west side of the town, stands a lofty, conical rock, very difficult of access, and crowned with ruined buildings—probably the *Arx* specially mentioned by Jerome and other writers, a kind of acropolis—where "they *held the height of the hill, and made their nest as high as the eagle's;*—but I will bring them down *thence, saith the* Lord, *and Edom shall be a desolation*" (Jer. xlix. 16, and Obed. iii.)—and He *has* brought them down, and Edom *is* a desolation—and this once proud acropolis is a heap of such undistinguishable ruins—*such a line of confusion, and such stones of emptiness*—that none of the travellers were able to ascend it, or even to select any portion for description either by pen or pencil.

But it was moreover distinctly foretold that the cities of Edom should—after at least one desolation, and a subsequent restoration—be made desolate *again and for ever.* "*Whereas* Edom *saith,* '*we are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places,*'—*thus saith the* Lord *of hosts*—'*They shall build, but I will throw down.*'"—(Mal. i. 4.) This remarkable prophecy would have no meaning, if the cities of Edom had not been *restored* at a period long subsequent to the last of the prophets. Nor should it be forgotten that these prophecies do not apply to the city of Petra alone—they apply to the whole land of Edom; and we shall see presently that there are scattered over the desert the remains of numerous *cities* which afford as certain, though not—as yet, at least—such striking and picturesque evidence of the fulfilment of the prophecies, as Petra itself. We have already said that we do not approve the zeal which endeavours, by straining texts on one hand, and facts on the other, to establish the *literal* accomplishments of what were probably meant as *general* denunciations; but it is remarkable that some of even the minutest circumstances of the Divine denunciations seem to be still in existence and operation. We do not doubt that the prophecy—being, as it unquestionably is, *accomplished in all its parts*—may be considered as exhausted; and, as we before said, if the valley of Petra were now to become as much frequented as the valley of Chamounix, it would not derogate from the prophetic truth already fulfilled; but Dr. Keith may be excused for observing, that *up to this day*, in spite of all the efforts which various travellers have made, the denunciation, "*and none shall pass through it,*" is unimpaired. No one seems to have yet *passed through it*, and all the visits—even M. Laborde's, which was the longest—have been only feverish halts, crippled and curtailed by frequent danger and constant alarm; but this, though curious, does not seem to us to be of any real importance—the phrase "*none shall pass through,*" is not, we think, to be taken in the mere literal sense that a common traveller or a wandering Arab should not be able to find his way through the valley. Nor do we suppose that at any time there existed a *road* right *through it*—the great ravine was, to all appearance, the main passage both *in* and *out*. The prophecy was pronounced against Edom when it was a great and flourishing emporium, the heart and *thoroughfare* of all the traffic between the eastern and western world: it was in that sense, and to that state of affairs, that the denunciation must have been pointed, and it was, when uttered, as significant in its local meaning, and as incredible as to its future accomplishment, as a similar interdict would now be against Cheapside, the Pont Neuf, or any other channel through which "the great tide of human existence flows."

M. Laborde seems (for his account is, as we have already observed, somewhat obscure) to have left the valley by the way he entered it. He did not visit Mount Hor, nor *the tomb of Aaron*, as the English travellers had been able to do; but if he could not do so without sacrificing some of the time dedicated to his beautiful drawings, we will readily admit that he was better employed—as there was on the summit of Hor little to delineate, and nothing to tell that the English travellers had not already told. Yet we wonder that he should not have felt a strong desire to visit personally, when so near it, the scene of an event—the earliest, we believe, in the annals of mankind to which an exact *local identity* can be authentically assigned. It is clear that M. Laborde, though he does not enter into any details on the subject, was, during his stay in this neighbourhood, under constant and considerable apprehensions from the jealousy of the *Fellahs*, the tribe to which Wady Mousa *territorially* belongs; and though he boasts that he and M. Linant had passed an entire week where Burckhardt could pass only a few hours, and Mr. Bankes's party but two days, yet he incidentally confesses that "they endeavoured by every means to conceal their arrival," (p. 159)—"that their movements were circumscribed by fear of the Fellahs," (p. 174)—and that they "departed furtively" (p. 190) "and in haste," (p. 195) "without having ventured" (p. 175) to visit either the curious works which the English travellers had seen at the eastern entrance of the great ravine, or the tomb of Aaron, which our countrymen had explored. We notice all this because, though M. Laborde, in his anxiety to surpass his predecessors, slurs it over, it is an important consideration for future travellers; and as these Fellahs of Petra have intercourse with Gaza (p. 201,) it seems not unlikely that this latter city would be a better point of departure from Petra than either Kerek or Akaba, whence Messrs. Bankes and Laborde were obliged to proceed, under the guidance of the *Alaouins*, who seem to be in rivalry, if not in hostility, with the Fellahs. It was from Gaza that Messrs. Strangways and Anson reached Petra, as it is said, without difficulty, and under the guidance of a single Arab.—(p. 132.)

On quitting Wady Mousa, M. Laborde proceeded in a southern direction, and soon reached the valley of Sabra, which is a smaller Petra:—

> "We had scarcely proceeded an hour's distance down the rapid declivity of Wady Sabra, leading our dromedaries after us, when the supporting walls, ruined buildings, and well preserved benches of a theatre attracted our attention. . . . . The ruins of Wady Sabra, as well as those of Wady Pabouchebe, indicate these places to have served as suburbs to the capital,—the young swarms sent forth from the parent hive. Had we been enabled to explore the whole of the valleys in the neighbourhood of Wady Mousa, we should, doubtless, have found on all sides similar establishments, which the enormous population of Petra sustained."—p. 195.

This is remarkable. The prophets had not only denounced the desolation of the capital, but of the neighbouring *cities*.

> "*Set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophecy against it. I will stretch out my hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate; I will lay thy* cities *waste, and thou shalt be desolate. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy* cities *shall not return. Thus saith the Lord* GOD *to the mountains, and to the hills, and to the rivers, and to the valleys, to the desolate wastes,* and to the cities that are forsaken, *which became* a prey and derision to the residue of the heathen that are round about—*surely have I spoken against the residue of the heathen,* and against all Idumæa!"—Ezek. xxxv.–vi.

Mount Seir—still called *Mount Shera*—is the range of hills which M. Laborde was now traversing; but what and where are these *cities?* Who had heard of them? The skeptics laughed, and the commentators were perplexed at the idea of CITIES, numerous and flourishing, in a stony desert which can hardly feed a tribe of Bedouins.[*] At length Volney reported (ii. 317) that "he had heard from the Arabs of Bakir and the people of Gaza who go along the pilgrim's track to Maan and Kerek, that there are to the south-east of the Asphaltic Lake, within three days' journey, upwards of *thirty* ruined towns entirely deserted—several of them have large edifices with columns that may have belonged to the ancient temples, or at least to the Greek churches." These reports the subsequent travellers in Idumæa had partly confirmed, and finally, M. Laborde's researches and testimony leave no doubt as to the numerous and once splendid but now desolate *cities* of Edom. In this very place, Sabra, there exists a monument of art and luxury, for which even the evidence of Petra had not prepared us:—

> "One of the ruins of this ancient town, which may be said, however, to be of a higher order, and to display a greater degree of skill in its arrangements, is the theatre, or, as I call it, the *Naumachia*. It was not without surprise that we discovered in Arabia Petræa, in the midst of the desert, a naumachia for naval games. The inhabitants, annoyed every year by the torrents in the rainy season, which ravaged their plantations, bethought themselves of erecting barriers against them to restrain their violence. Considerable traces of these works may still be seen extending across the valley. Observing that a part of the waters discharged themselves through an adjoining ravine, they took advantage of it in order to prevent them passing away. . . . . . A reservoir was hollowed out from the rock, and benches were left in relief, cut with great regularity. . . . . The overflow of the reservoir was conducted by a pipe into the arena of the theatre, which was hewn perpendicularly to a depth of eight feet. Being coated with mastic, which is still well preserved, it would contain the water for the naval games, a singular entertainment in the midst of the general aridity of the desert."—pp. 196, 7.

From Sabra M. Laborde returned to Akaba along the ridge of the hills which form the eastern side of Wady Araba, a course nearly parallel to his former route. On arriving at the top of a mountain, called El Nakb,[*] M. Laborde was struck by a panorama of rocky desert, "the sad and mournful character of which," he adds, "it is difficult to represent even with the aid of a pencil; the strong and lofty language of Ezekiel is alone adequate to the description of this mighty desolation."—(p. 198.)

Such is the evidence of an eye-witness, to whom no suspicion of superstitious credulity can attach.

Again; falling in with some cultivated spots in this rocky wilderness, he says:—

> "The wonderful fertility of these rare patches of earth, in the midst of a sterile country, seemed intended to remind us that one day that region had been happy, before a powerful hand had weighed so heavily upon it.
>
> "There is to be found at Kerek a species of bearded wheat, that justifies the text of the Bible against the charges of exaggeration of which it has been the object; and the vines, also, of this country, of the fruit of which we saw some specimens, account for the enormous grapes which the spies sent out by Moses brought back from the places they had visited."—pp. 203, 204.

These grapes, we find from the specimen copied by

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[*] The whole of this country is very thinly inhabited. "I believe," says Burckhardt, "that the population of the entire peninsula, south of a line from Akaba to Suez, does not exceed 4000 souls," p. 560. The district north of Akaba, in which Petra stands, is even still less populous. Between Akaba and Petra, M. Laborde did not hear of a human being but the small tribe of Wady Mousa itself.

[*] Any steep declivity is called by the Bedouins *Nakb*. (Burckhardt, p. 537.)

M. Laborde, to be an inch and a half in their longer, and seven-eighths of an inch in their shorter diameter.

As he approached the town of Ameimé, about half way between Petra and Akaba, he fell in with another object of art:—

"We observed with astonishment, as we pursued our way down the mountain, the ancient aqueduct which conveyed the water from the wells of Gana and Guman to the town of Ameimé, which was built in the plain on the road from Petra to Aila. This aqueduct, extending beyond three leagues [nine miles,] follows the level of the surface of the country, above which it never rises. It could only have been by attending most carefully to the undulations of the soil, and by a remarkable proficiency in the scientific operations for taking levels, that the projectors were enabled to succeed in preserving a regular descent for the waters over so great a distance."—pp. 206, 207.

Nothing of any particular interest occurred in the remainder of his route to Akaba, nor in his farther journey, till he reached Mount Sinai, and here he has little to *tell* that had not been already told by former travellers. His *plates*, however, of the Convent of Mount Sinai (commonly, and by M. Laborde, called the Convent of St. Catherine, but really dedicated to the *Transfiguration*,) as well as those of Mount Sinai itself, and of the *Gibel Mokatteb*, or Written Mountains, are exceedingly interesting. We must make a few extracts from the explanations of these plates for the use of those readers who may not have the accounts of former travellers in their recollection, and we shall subjoin a few observations on one or two important points which occur in the narrative:—

"Continuing our course towards the north, we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents that flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge, we perceived the Convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a prolongation of Sinai; and in the distance extends the plain where the people of Israel encamped on their journey through the wilderness. . . . . .

"The convent of Sinai is built in an oblong form, and has only one great gate, which opens to the north-west. . . . . . The walls are of unequal height, as they follow the inequalities of the earth. . . . . . As the principal gate is always barricaded, [*walled up*, we believe] to prevent surprises on the part of the Arabs, whoever wishes to enter the convent must take hold of a cord, and allow himself to be drawn up to a window thirty feet high, formed in the wall, which looks towards the north-east. . . . . .

"The window, which is the only entrance,—the cord, which is the only communication with the external world,—give to the whole of this building a grave and solemn appearance. When I was drawn up by means of this machine, I felt the same impression as if I heard the creak of the hinges of a large door which closes on the visiter who enters through curiosity a state prison. . . . . .

"When we entered the convent we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy-looking monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect, to which no artificial addition has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed is far from being uniform: clouds frequently lower over this peaceful horizon. During my sojourn there, a pilgrim received a ball in the thigh, skilfully aimed at him by a Bedouin, who thought he was paying off one of the monks to whom he owed some grudge. He had remained some time on the watch for his prey, upon the top of one of the rocks which command the walls. The convent was all in alarm, for their disputes with the Bedouins seldom proceeded to the extent of bloodshed. A parley was held; and, doubtless, the affair was arranged after my departure."—pp. 228—239.

The convent is situated on the side of "Mount Horeb, which," says M. Laborde, "forms a kind of breastwork from which Sinai rises, the former being only seen from the valley, which accounts for the appearance of the *burning bush* on *that* mountain and *not* on Sinai, and the spot of this miraculous appearance is supposed to be included in the walls of the convent." We are aware that it is a common opinion that Horeb and Sinai are merely different names for the same mountain; though some believe that they are rather different *parts* of the mountain; and in the appropriation of these names M. Laborde follows Pococke, and what are, we believe, thought the best authorities. But we confess ourselves to have considerable doubts on this subject, which—however presumptuous they may seem to be at this day—we will venture to state—they have been suggested to us by a comparison of Laborde's and Burckhardt's accounts of the rock shown as that from which Moses produced the miraculous gush of water.

M. Laborde says:—

"Descending by the ravine which separates Sinai from Mount St. Catherine, we found, amidst numerous traces of the veneration formerly paid to all these places, the stone from which Moses caused water to spring forth by the command of God."—p. 244.

And he subjoins the passage from Scripture which relates the miracle:—

"And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim: and *there was no water for the people to drink*.

"Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the Lord? . . . . .

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go.

"Behold, I will stand before thee there, upon THE ROCK *in Horeb*; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel."—pp. 244, 245.

Pococke and Shaw both saw this stone, and do not state any *local* objection to its identity. On the contrary, Pococke states that the vale in which it stands is "certainly the valley of Riphidim," (i. 143,) and Shaw says of the holes or water channels which its surface exhibits, that "neither art nor chance could by any means be concerned in the contrivance of these holes, which formed so many fountains."—(*Obser.* 352.) There can be no doubt, that if this were the miraculous rock, this part of the Sinaic range would be *Horeb*, or conversely, if this were *Horeb*, this block might be the miraculous rock; but Burckhardt, besides observing that the tradition was discredited by the fact that the openings by which the water was supposed to have gushed were obviously factitious and forgeries of the monks, raises a still more important objection. "In this part of the peninsula," he says, "the Israelites could not have suffered from thirst; as the Upper Sinai is full of wells and springs, the greater part of which are perennial; and on whichever side the pretended rock of Moses is approached, copious sources are found within a quarter of an hour of it" (p. 579;) and there are two fine springs within the convent, which are as near to the plain in which the Israelites must have encamped, as the rock in question.

Now, as the miracle was certainly performed in *Horeb*, this objection would place *Horeb* at a certain *distance* from *Sinai* and its water-springs; and that such was the fact seems clearly stated in the scriptural account of the progress of the Israelites. "*They pitched in Rephidim, where there was no water;*" and Moses "*smote the rock in Horeb.*"—(Exodus xvii. 2—6.) *Rephidim* and *Horeb* were therefore the same or nearly adjoining places, and thereabouts was the battle with the Amalekites. But after that battle the Israelites continued their march. "*For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness, and there Israel camped before the mount.*"—(Ezek. xix. 2.) Thus it is clear that *Rephidim*, and of course *Horeb*, must have been, *at least*, *one* day's march from Sinai. All this seems quite clear; whence then, the general, and we believe up to this moment unquestioned opinion, that Horeb and Sinai are the same? First, there is the text in the third chapter of Exodus, ver. 1, which states that Moses, during his exile from Egypt, "*led his flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to* HOREB," where God appeared to him in the burning bush, and gave him his mission for the deliverance of Israel. Secondly, the text from Deuteronomy, in which Moses tells the people that "the *Lord our God made a covenant with us* in HOREB," (v. 2,) meaning, as is evident in the sequel, the delivery of the law on Mount *Sinai*. Thirdly, the text in 1 Kings, viii. 9—that there was "*nothing in the ark but the two tables of stone which Moses put there at* Horeb, *when the Lord made the covenant;*" and another, ib. xix. 8, that Elijah journeyed from Beersheba *forty days and forty nights unto* HOREB, *the mount of God.* All these and other similar texts seem to imply that *Sinai* and *Horeb* were the same—which is contrary to the import of the former passages, and to the *fact* of the abundance of water near Sinai.

The only attempt we know of to reconcile these apparent inconsistencies is an incidental suggestion of Dr. Hales, who, although he says, that "this famous mountain is called *indiscriminately* in Scripture *Horeb* and *Sinai*, yet immediately adds an important distinction—"*Horeb* seems to be the general name of the whole mountain, signifying '*a desert;*' *Sinai* appropriated to its highest summit." (*Analys. of Chron.* i. 407.) This explanation, which still identifies the *place*, is not inconsistent with the *march from* Horeb *to* Sinai, or with the springs near Sinai; but if, on Doctor Hale's hint that *Horeb* is the *general* name for a *desert*, we suppose it to belong—not to one mountain or part of a mountain, but to the whole *Sinaic district*, the difficulties[*] are considerably lessened if not altogether removed, and all passages seem reconcilable. There is a remarkable text, and one of great authority, which seems to support this conjecture. St. Stephen, in his apologetical address to the Jews (Acts vii. 30,) states the miracle of the *burning bush*—which, as we have seen, occurred in *Horeb*—to have happened "in the *wilderness of Mount Sinai*"—ἐν τῃ ἐρήμω του ὄρους Σινα—thus making *Horeb*, and—*not* "Sinai" but—"the *wilderness* of Sinai," synonymous. But, however this may be, it is, we think, clear that there is no sufficient warrant for calling, as M. Laborde, and, we believe, most modern travellers do, one of the shoulders of Mount Sinai by the distinctive title of *Horeb*—and still less for assigning the miracle of the water from the rock to that very part of the mountain where natural water abounds: particularly as Dr. Pococke found another rock—also traditionally believed to be the scene of the miracle—which does lie in the line of the Israelite march, about the distance that *Rephidim* probably was from Sinai. Pococke believing the rock in Sinai to have been that of the *first* miracle mentioned in Exodus, ascribes to the more northern rock the *second* miracle mentioned in Numbers xx. 11, though it seems clear that the latter event did not take place in this neighbourhood. But the truth is, that it is idle to look for any existing traces of *these* miracles—none can remain; and the holes and channels which pious fraud has cut in both those rocks, to imitate apertures worn by water, are not merely obvious but idle forgeries; for there is no warrant for supposing the water to have flowed long enough to have worn channels in stone.

We have dwelt upon this point because, when every new discovery in the Holy Land seems to afford additional proofs of the exact truth of Holy Writ, we could not but feel some degree of surprise and vexation at Burckhardt's weighty objections against the received locality of *Horeb*—objections to be met only by showing, as we hope to have done in some degree, that the tradition which M. Laborde adopts, and Burckhardt overthrows, does not rest on the authority of Scripture; but that, on the contrary, the plain interpretation is, that the miracle took place at some considerable distance from the water springs of Mount Sinai.

We shall now make a summary of M. Laborde's "pilgrimage" to the summit of Sinai:—

> "None of the monks were disposed to accompany me; they lent me therefore one of their Arabian ser-

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[*] The chief difficulty is that the scene of the burning bush in "*Horeb*" is called also "*the Mountain of God,*" and "*Holy Ground,*" terms which are held to be *appropriate* to Sinai; but this seems not quite conclusive. At the time spoken of (long before the Exode) *Sinai* itself had no claim to be called "Holy Ground," or "the Mountain of God;" and though no doubt it might be so called by anticipation, yet it is clear that the place where that miracle was performed was called "*Holy Ground*" with respect to the actual presence of God on that occasion, and without any reference to the long subsequent events which made Sinai also "holy ground."

vants, a sort of Helots among the Bedouins, to be my guide as well as to carry the provisions which were necessary for this fatiguing journey. I fastened myself to the rope, and the windlass being turned round, I was gently deposited at the foot of the walls. The rope was rapidly drawn up again to assure the poor monks that they were perfectly isolated in the midst of this hostile desert. . . . . .

"Our course towards the summit of Sinai lay through a ravine to the south-west. The monks had arranged a series of large slabs in tolerably regular order, which once formed a convenient staircase to the top of the mountain. The rains, however, have disturbed them, and, as no repairs had been for a long time attended to, the stairs were in many places in ruins. Just before reaching the foot of Sinai, immediately after quitting Horeb, the traveller sees a door [way] built in the form of an arch; on the key-stone of the arch a cross has been carved. . . . . .

"An affecting custom used to take place near this door: one of the monks of the convent employed himself there at prayer, and heard the confessions of the pilgrims, who when thus nearly at the end of their pilgrimage, were not in the habit of accomplishing it until after they had obtained absolution.

"We passed another similar door before arriving at a small level spot, whence we discovered the summit of Sinai, and the two edifices which surmount it. One is a chapel, the other is a mosque. . . . . . We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting at each cleft or salient part of the rock, to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes—Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation.

"I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creeds which they once professed with so much ardour."—pp. 238–243.

On his descent from the summit, he passed, as we have already seen, by the rock of Moses, in the valley between what he calls Horeb and Mount St. Catherine; but it is strange that he does not so much as allude to the celebrated Sinaic inscription, nor to any of the numerous inscriptions which former travellers found in the immediate neighbourhood of Sinai.

He now proceeded on his return to Suez, winding round Mount Serbal, and descending to the shore of the Red Sea through the celebrated Wady Mokatteb, or valley of the Written Mountains. It was in 1722 that these inscriptions were brought into notice by the superior of the Franciscans, who, on his return from a pious visit to Mount Sinai, was astonished to behold the two fronts of the rocky valley covered for the length of an entire league with ancient inscriptions. "These mountains," he says, "are called Gebelel Mokatteb, that is to say, the Written Mountains; for, as soon as we quitted the mountains of Faran, we *passed* along others, during a whole hour, which were covered with inscriptions in an unknown character, and carved in these hard rocks of marble to a height which, in some places, was from ten to twelve feet above the surface of the ground: and, although we had amongst us men who understood the Arabian, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Coptic, Latin, Armenian, Turkish, English, Illyrian, German, and Bohemian languages, there was not one of us who had the slightest knowledge of the characters engraved in these hard rocks with great labour, in a country where there is nothing to be had either to eat or drink. Hence it is probable that these characters contain some profound secrets, which, long before the birth of Christ, were sculptured in these rocks by the Chaldeans or some other persons." This description M. Laborde found accurate, except only as to the nature of the rock, which, instead of being hard, is, in fact, crumbly freestone. Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, published the Prior's narrative, and offered a reward to any traveller who should bring back copies of the inscriptions. Pococke and Wortley Montague brought over copies of some of them. In 1762 Niebuhr was sent by the King of Denmark to explore Arabia, but especially to copy the inscriptions on Wady Mokatteb—subsequently, other travellers made transcripts, and at last Mr. Grey published, says M. Laborde, 187 inscriptions in the Transactions of the Royal Society; but no satisfactory attempt has been hitherto made at deciphering them: and judging from the rude and irregular forms of what seem to be letters, and the disproportionate and childish sketches of men and animals with which the inscriptions are interspersed, there is little reason to suspect that they contain "profound secrets," or were even the works of men with any degree of literature and civilization; they look like the letters and figures which the village boys in England are in the habit of scratching wherever they find a sand-stone soft enough to yield to their puny tools, and probably are of no greater value.*

This brings us to the conclusion of M. Laborde's journey and publication, which is a valuable addition to geographical and Scriptural literature; less, however, as we have seen, by its narrative, which contains *very little novelty*, than by its illustrations, which are infinitely more copious and more accurate than any which we before possessed concerning these interesting regions, and which have powerfully contributed to one of the most important objects to which literature can be directed—the elucidation and confirmation of Scriptural truth. It seems to us indicative of the little taste that exists in France for such inquiries, that not only has M. Laborde not yet given us his promised narrative, but that there should have been no smaller edition of his great work for general use. For *us*, such an edition—valuable as we have it to be—was by no means so necessary as in s. *We* have the travels of Pococke, Shaw, Jo- Burckhardt, Irby, and Mangles, Legh, Henni- e., which relate nearly all that M. Laborde has , and his plates of the chief wonders of Edom een opened to the British public by copies in te editions of Dr. Keith's work on the Prophe- nd in that beautiful and most interesting work, n's Illustrations of the Bible,—of which let us n *passant*, that the admirable execution of the ,* and the style, spirit, and learning, of the ac- nying commentaries, make it a work gratifying e to taste and to piety. But with no subsidiary of this sort to satisfy, in any degree, public ity, the French literary world has for seven remained content with an enormous and ill-ar- d folio, which, from its size and cost, can have ut a very limited vogue.

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* The copy in the English work of M. Laborde's plate of the Gibel Mokatteb is the only one of which we see any reason to complain. The original expresses very distinctly the figures engraved on the rocks—the copy is only a wood vignette, which, though cleverly done as a general view, does not make these details (which are the real curiosity of the scene) sufficiently visible. We must also observe, that M. Laborde's designation of the vignette in p. 88 as the summit of Mount Sinai is erroneous; it *must* be a view *from* the summit of Mount Sinai.

have already hinted that we are not very hope- at M. Laborde will ever publish "the more re- and better digested work" which he promised. uspect that we already have in this publication of the *plumbs of his pudding*, and that he could do little more than make *dissertations* on facts stated, for which we confess ourselves not at xious; but we heartily wish that he would give octavo edition of his folio work, placing his in their natural order and connexion, supplying obvious deficiencies, and adding the matter, as it may be, which he tells us he had kept back s second publication. Nor need he fear that the ished size of the work would deteriorate, in any lerable degree, the beauty of his embellish- s; for, as we have already said, the English vo- now before us has reproduced all that is of any in his plates in a way,—to say the very least of erfectly satisfactory to the ordinary reader.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

UFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

Matthew, vi. 34.

BY THE REV. MR. CHRISTIE, OF EDINBURGH.

Oh, by that gracious rule,
Were we but wise to steer,
On the wide sea of thought,
What moments trouble fraught,
Were spared us here.

But we, perverse and blind,
As covetous of pain,
Not only seek for more
Yet hidden—but live o'er,
The past again.

This life is called brief,
Man, on the earth but crawls
His threescore years and ten,
And best fourscore—and then,
The ripe fruit falls.

Yet betwixt birth and death,
Were but the life of man
By his thoughts measured,
To what an age would spread
That little span.

There are who're born and die,
Eat, sleep, walk, rest between,
Talk, act by clock-work too,
So pass in order due,
Over the scene.

With these the past *is* past,
The future nothing yet;
And so from day to day,
They breathe, till called to pay,
The last great debt.

Their life in truth is brief,
A speck, a point of time;
Whether in good old age,
Endeth their pilgrimage,
Or in its prime.

But other some there are,
I call them not more wise,
With whom the restless mind,
Still lingereth behind,
Or forward flies.

With *these* things pass away,
But past things are not dead,
In the heart's treasury,
Deep, hidden deep, they lie
Unwithered.

And there the soul retires,
From the dull things that are,
To mingle oft and long,
With the time-hallowed throng,
Of those that were.

Then into life start out,
The scenes long vanished;
Then we behold again,
The forms that long have lain—
Among the dead.

We feel their grasp of love,
We meet their beaming eye,
We hear their voice—ah, no!
'Twas our own murmuring low,
Unconsciously.

The years shift on and on,
Years rapidly pass by,
And now still watch we keep,
As in disturbed sleep,
The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face,
Seen by the dim watch light,
Shuddering, we gaze and pray,
And weep, and wish away
The long, long night.

And yet minutest things,
That mark time's heavy tread,
Are on the tortured brain,
With self-protracting pain—
Deep minuted.

The drops with trembling hand,
Love steadied, poured out,
The draught replenished,
The label oft re-read,
With nervous doubt.

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e could have wished that Mr. Turner's fantastical and other gratuitous additions to the original hes had been spared. They derogate somewhat the sober truth, which is the best characteristic s rest of the publication.

The watch that ticks so loud,
The winding it for one
Whose hand lies powerless,
And then the fearful guess,
"That this hath run."

The shutter half unclosed,
As the night wears away,
Ere the last stars are set,
The few that linger yet,
To welcome day.

The moon so oft invoked,
That bringeth no relief,
From which, with sick'ning sight,
We turn as if its light
But marked our grief.

Oh, never after dawn,
For us the east shall streak,
But we shall see again,
With the same thoughts as then,
That pale day break.

The desolate awakening,
When first we feel alone;
Dread memories are these,
Yet who for thoughtless ease,
Would exchange one.

These are the soul's hid wealth,
Relics embalmed in tears;
Anon her curious eye
Searcheth futurity—
The depth of years.

And there in early life,
Enchanted land she sees,
Blue skies, and sunbright bowers,
Reflected—and tall towers
On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect
Over that bright blue sky;
And rough winds rend the trees,
And lash the glassy seas
To billows high.

And then the next thing seen
By that dim light, may be,
With helm and rudder lost,
A lone wreck, tempest tost,
On the dark sea.

Thus doth the soul extend
Her brief existence here,
Thus multiplieth she,
Yea, to infinity,
Her short career.

Presumptuous and unwise,
As if the present sum
Were little of life's woe—
Why seeketh she to know,
Ills yet to come.

Look up—look up, my soul,
To loftier mysteries,
Trust in his word to thee,
Who saith "all tears shall be
Wiped from all eyes."

And when thou turnest back,
Oh what can chain thee here;
Seek out the spots of light
On "memory's waste" yet bright;
Or if too near
To desolate plains they lie,
All dark with guilt and tears;
Still, still retrace the past,
Till thou alight at last,
On life's first years.

Then not a passing cloud
Obscures the sunny scene,
No blight on the young tree,
No thought of what may be,
Or what hath been.

But all in hope—not hope,
For all things are possessed;
No peace without alloy,
And innocence and joy,
In the young breast.

And all confiding love,
And holy ignorance;
Their blessed veil soon torn
From eyes foredoom'd to mourn,
For man's offence.

Oh! thither weary spirit,
Flee from this world defiled;
How oft, heart sick and sore,
I've wished I were once more,
A little child.

From the Forget-me-not

PARTING WORDS.

"And he said, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"
Genesis, xxii.

Let me go, the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below;
Upward now I bend my way;
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go: I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If ye love me, let me go.

We have travell'd long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
While I sigh "*Farewell!*" to you,
Answer, one and all, "*Adieu!*"

'Tis not darkness gathering round me
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither—come and see.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

OCTOBER, 1837.

From the Retrospective Review.

MEMOIRS OF PHILIP DE COMINES.

The Memoirs of Philip de Comines: containing the History of Lewis XI. and Charles VIII. of France, and of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to which Prince he was Secretary: as also the History of Edward IV. and Henry VII. of England; including that of Europe for almost half the Fifteenth Century; with a Supplement, as also several original Treaties, Notes and Observations. And lastly, the Secret History of Lewis XI. out of a book called "The Scandalous Chronicle," and the Life of the Author prefixed to the whole, with Notes upon it, by the famous Sleidan. *Faithfully translated from the Edition of* Monsieur Godefroy, *Historiographer Royal of France. To which are added, Remarks on all the Occurrences relating to England. By* Mr. Uvedale. *London*, 1712.

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, Edward IV. of England, Francis of Bretagne, "the best humored Prince in the world," are personages who possess sufficient interest, to render us willing to endure for a short time some acquaintance with* Lewis XI., a king notorious for a bad disposition, an unquiet reign, oppressive to his subjects, and disgraceful to himself, and a penitence awakened rather by personal sufferings, at the close of his career, than the genuine repentance of religious sincerity, and honest remorse.

However difficult it might be to speak of such a man and his measures, with that impartial and calm examination, which should ever influence the historian, we cannot forbear to give our full assent to the character given to Philip de Comines in the preface, after which we shall proceed to the examination of his work methodically.

"He commends no man more for being of his own family or country; nor the Kings themselves in whose court he had been raised, unless the goodness of their actions could justify his relations, and where they were faulty, he never fails to show it. In a word, he is all over like himself, honest, entire, and faithful as he ought to be; what he says is graceful, and his relations are intermixed with many wise sayings. When he falls upon any thing more than ordinarily remarkable, there is an advertisement to the reader, and particularly to young Princes, to consider it seriously, to have a care of what has proved dishonourable or prejudicial to other people, and when he has done, shows them frankly and generously what is their duty. I would not be thought to have insisted too long upon his praise; what I have said is true, and his Excellence will be better discovered by reading his History, in which it is not to be doubted but that those who peruse it will find in it several important and memorable occurrences; and one may venture to recommend him with the greater confidence, because we find but few that imitate him.

"But besides this character that Sleidan gives him, he has another qualification to recommend him to the favour of an Englishman, and that is, that whenever he has occasion of mentioning the English in his history, he always does it after an honourable manner; and though, indeed, he will not allow us to be as cunning politicians as his own countrymen, yet he gives us the character of being a generous, bold-spirited people, highly commends our constitution, and never conceals the grandeur and magnificence of the English nation."

The "Memoirs" of this faithful and accomplished delineator of "his own times" commence with informing us, "that as soon as he was fit for business, he was presented to Charles, Duke of Burgundy (at that time only Count de Charalois) in 1464." It appears, that within three days after thus entering into the service of this remarkable man, Comines was witness to those conversations between him and other great lords in France, which ended in their declaration of war against Lewis, under pretence of the public good. Our author candidly informs us, that the great personages who assumed this character of philanthropic warriors, had each some private object; some near family connexion to oblige, some insult to revenge, some town to regain, or some debt to insist upon, which were at the bottom very prompting principles of action, in addition to the professed and glorious principle of compelling a tyrannical despot to his duty.—In this book, we have a digression, which gives a striking picture of the situation not only of the people of whom it speaks, but of many others who have been afflicted with the government of a warlike prince, who is seldom less "a rod" to his enemies than his friends, as may be proved from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

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* Lewis the Eleventh was the son of Charles the Fortunate, so named from having expelled the English from his dominions, in which he was grealty assisted by the celebrated Joan of Arc. The rebellious conduct of his son embittered all his latter days, and having discovered that, in conjunction with some malcontents, Lewis had laid a plot to poison him, he abstained from all food six days, and when prevailed upon to take it, expired in consequence.

"The subjects of the house of Burgundy lived at that time in great plenty and prosperity, grew proud, and wallowed in riches, by reason of the long peace they had enjoyed, and the goodness of their prince, who laid but few taxes upon them; so that in my judgement, if any country might be called then the Land of Promise, it was his country, which abounded in wealth and repose, more than ever it did since, and it is now three and twenty years since their miseries began. The expenses and habits both of women and men were great and extravagant: their entertainments and banquets more profuse and splendid than in any other place that I ever saw. Their baths and their treats for women, lavish and disorderly, and many times immodest: I speak of women of inferior degree. In short, the subjects of that house were then of opinion no prince was able to cope with them, at least to impoverish them: and now in the whole world I do not know any people so desolate and miserable as they are."

After this war had been carried on with such alternate success, as to leave no increase of power on either side, and to no apparent end, save to prove the personal intrepidity and endurances of the Duke of Burgundy, he concluded peace with the King of France; and the second book commences with showing him engaged in besieging the city of Liege. In this war, Lewis took part, in consequence of which he became a prisoner to the duke in the castle of Peronne, and purchased his liberty by making peace with his conqueror, and turning his arms against his late allies, the Liegeois. Our historian's third book introduces us to the affairs of our own country, the support given by the Duke of Burgundy to Edward IV., whose sister he had married, and the aid privately afforded by Lewis to the Earl of Warwick (the king-maker,) whereby he effected, for a period, the imprisonment of his royal master, and restored the crown to Henry VI. An account is also given of the Earl of Warwick's arrival at Calais, and the conduct of the governor, who opposed his entrance. We here learn, that the court of France used to negotiate then, (as it is well known they have frequently done since) by means of the fair sex, as we are told, that "A lady of quality was employed on business of importance, which she accomplished at last, to the utter destruction of the Earl of Warwick and his party."

"This lady was no fool, nor blab of her tongue; and being allowed the liberty of visiting her mistress, the Dutchess of Clarence, she, for that reason, was employed in this secret, rather than a man. Vaucler was a cunning man, and jealous enough; yet this lady was too hard for him, wheedled him, and carried on her intrigues, till she had effected the ruin of the Earl of Warwick, and all his faction: for which reason 'tis no shame for persons in his condition to be suspicious, and keep a watchful eye over all comers and goers; but 'tis a great disgrace to be circumvented, and out-witted, and to lose any thing through one's own negligence or credulity; however, our suspicions ought to be grounded on some foundation, and not to be entertained on every trivial occasion, for that is as bad the other way."

Comines tells us, "King Edward was not a man of any great management, or foresight, but of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful prince mine eyes ever beheld." And it certainly appears in the course of the fourth book, when this king was reinstated in his throne, and had marched into France to take vengeance on Lewis for the part he had acted, that he was indeed capable of being managed by the wily Frenchman, who, through the medium of a valet, dressed up as a herald, prevailed on Edward to accede to that remarkable meeting, which took place between these two monarchs on the bridge of Picquigny; whereon "was built a large wooden grate, somewhat resembling a lion's cage, about breast high, so that the two kings might lean over it, and discourse together;" and where, it appears, Edward, although he had twenty thousand well-equipped fighting men lying within a league, was induced to make a truce for nine years with the man who had assisted his enemies, and insulted him in his misfortunes. As it cannot fail to be gratifying to our national pride to see how formidable the English were to France at this period, even after they had ceased from considering themselves as sovereigns, and had been long suffering from their own desolating civil wars; we again offer an extract, in which is described our own monarch at this singular conference.

"The King of England advanced along the Causey (which I mentioned before) very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king: there were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain called the Lord Hastings, his chancellor, and other peers of the realm; among which there were not above four drest in cloth of gold, like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large flower de luce, made of precious stones, upon it: he was a prince of a noble majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat; I had seen him before, when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of the kingdom, then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance, my eyes had never beheld a more beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail, he pulled off his cap, and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning over the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect: they embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus:—'Cousin, you are heartily welcome, there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion.' The King of England returned the compliment in very good French; then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Ely) began his speech with a prophecy (with which the English are always provided,) that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French: after he had finished his harangue, the instrument was produced, which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The chancellor demanded of our king, whether he had sent the said articles, and whether he had agreed to them? the king replied, Yes: and King Edward's being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon the book, and the other upon the true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it

> should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated as was stipulated by the said treaty of peace. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our king, (who had always words at command) told the King of England, in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his majesty at Paris, and that if he would come and divert himself with the ladies, he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor, who he knew would willingly absolve him, if he should commit any sin by way of love and gallantry. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his majesty several handsome repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion. After some discourse to the purpose, our king, to show his authority, commanded us who attended him to withdraw, for he had a mind to have a little private discourse with the King of England. We obeyed, and those who were with the King of England, seeing us retire, did the same, without expecting to be commanded. After the two kings had been alone together for some time, our master called me to him, and asked the King of England if he knew me? the King of England replied he did, named the places where he had seen me, and told the king that formerly I had endeavoured to serve him at Calais, when I was in the Duke of Burgundy's service. The King of France demanded if the Duke of Burgundy refused to be comprehended in the treaty (as might be suspected from his obstinate answer) what the King of England would have him do? The King of England replied, he would offer it him again, and if he refused it then, he would not concern himself any farther, but leave it entirely to themselves. By degrees, the king came to mention the Duke of Bretagne (who, indeed, was the person he aimed at in the question,) and made the same demand about him. The King of England desired he would not attempt any thing against the Duke of Bretagne, for in his distress he never found so true and faithful a friend. The king pressed him no farther, but recalling the company, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner, and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier; and mounting on horseback, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army."

It appears, that the invitation thus given was by no means sincere, for the King of France, speaking of Edward, observes:

> "He is a beautiful prince, a great admirer of the ladies, and who knows but some of them may appear to him so witty, so gay, and so charming, as may give him a desire of making us a second visit: his predecessors have been too often in Paris and Normandy already; and I do not care for his company so near, though on the other side of the water I should be ready to value and esteem him as my friend and brother."

It appears, that such was the anxiety of the people for this peace, that superstition was called in its aid, and it was universally reported, that the Holy Ghost had descended on the King of England's tent in the form of a white pigeon, during the conference; an idea scouted by the historian, who displays throughout his work a deep sense of religion, untinctured by the errors of his day; and in his observations, evinces profound reflection and rational piety.

The fifth book of these memoirs commences with the Duke of Burgundy's making war upon the Swiss, from whom he experienced his first material defeat, which was soon followed by a second.

> "His concern and distraction for his first defeat at Granson was so great, and made such deep impressions on his spirits, that it threw him into a violent and dangerous fit of sickness; for whereas before, his choler and natural heat was so great, that he drank no wine, only in the morning he took a little tisane, sweetened with conserve of roses, to refresh himself; this sudden melancholy had so altered his constitution, he was now forced to drink the strongest wine that could be got, without any water at all; and to reduce the blood to his heart, his physicians were obliged to apply cupping-glasses to his side: but this (my Lord of Vienna) you know better than I, for your lordship attended on him during the whole course of his illness, and spared no pains that might contribute to his recovery; and it was by your persuasion that the duke was prevailed upon to cut his beard, which was of a prodigious length. In my opinion, his understanding was never so perfect, nor his senses so sedate and composed, after this fit of sickness, as before. So violent are the passions of persons unacquainted with adversity, who never seek the true remedy for their misfortunes, especially princes who are naturally haughty; for in such cases our best method is to have recourse to God, to reflect on the many vile transgressions by which we have offended his Divine Goodness, to humble ourselves before him, and to make an acknowledgment of our faults; for the event of all human affairs is in his power, and at his disposal alone; he determines as it seems best to his heavenly wisdom, and who dares question the justness of his dispensations, or impute any error to him? The second remedy is, to unbosom ourselves freely to some intimate friends, not to keep our sorrows concealed, but to expatiate on every circumstance of them, without being ashamed or reserved, for this mitigates the rigour of our misfortunes, revives the heart, and restores the usual vigour and activity to our dejected spirits. There is another remedy also, and that is labour and exercise, (for as we are but men, those sorrows are to be dissipated with great pains and application both in public and private) which is a much better course than what the duke took, to hide himself and retire from all manner of conversation, for by that means he grew so terrible to his own servants, that none of them durst venture to come near him to give him either counsel or comfort, but suffered him to go on in that melancholy state of life, fearing lest their advising him to the contrary, might have turned to their destruction."

After this, the duke had to contend with conspiracies at home, as well as enemies abroad; and in the course of the next chapter we find, that in consequence of rejecting the advice of his officers, and once more meriting his appellations of "the bold," or "the rash:" this great prince, the last as well as greatest of Burgundy, was slain in battle, near the old town of Nancy, where "the Duke of Lorrain, to his eternal honour, buried him with great pomp and magnificence." He was discovered, after the battle, stripped naked, with several others, with his skull cloven, and a pike in his body, but his identity was fully ascertained by the scars of former wounds, and other peculiarities in his person.

An only daughter was the heir of this great prince, and she appears to have experienced, at a very early period, all those evils his ambition had prepared for her. The enemies he had humbled, particularly the

King of France, sought to wreak their vengeance on her; the towns he had conquered refused their allegiance and tribute to her; and her own conquered army and impoverished subjects were ill able to assist her. Many who were supported by her bounty soon deserted her interest, and those who were faithful to her were persecuted even to death, under the pretext of law, by a party who sought to bestow her hand on one of the many pretenders to it. We can scarcely conceive a young, lovely, and royal female, in a situation of more affecting interest.

"As soon as the Princess of Burgundy (since Dutchess of Austria) had received the news of their condemnation, she came herself in person to the Town-hall, to beg their lives, but finding she could not prevail, she ran into the market-place, where the mob where got together in arms, and the two prisoners upon the scaffold. The young princess was in mourning, her head dressed carelessly (on purpose to move pity and compassion,) and in this posture, with tears in her eyes, and her hair dishevelled, she begged and entreated the people to have pity upon her two servants, and restore them to her again. A great part of the mob were touched with compassion, and would fain have complied with her request, and were willing they should be saved, but others violently opposed it, and they were at push of pike one with another: at last, those who were for the execution, being the stronger party, called out to the executioners to do their office, and immediately both their heads were struck off, and the poor princess returned to her palace very sad and disconsolate, for the loss of two persons in whom she chiefly confided.

"After the Gantois had committed this horrid piece of villany, they removed from about the Princess of Burgundy, the Lord de Ravestein, and the dutchess dowager, Duke Charles's widow, because both of them had signed the letter which the chancellor and the Lord d'Hymbercourt had delivered to the king, as you have heard; so that the citizens had now the sole authority and management of the poor young princess, and well may she be called poor, not only in respect of her great loss of the several towns which had been taken from her, which were irrecoverable by force, by reason of the great power and strength of the king, who was now in possession of them.

The author concludes this book with a long dissertation on the errors of kings, which he affirms arise in general from their education and situation in life; and observes, "that there is a necessity that every prince, or great lord, should have an adversary to restrain, or keep him in fear; otherwise there would be no living under them, or near them."

The second volume opens with the plans of Lewis to possess himself of the royal orphan's property, his successful "wheedlings of the English, for fear they should interrupt him in his designs," and his offer of the Dauphin (his son, then nine years old, and already contracted to a princess of England) to be the husband of the daughter of the late Duke. This offer was abruptly objected to by Madam Haltenein, first lady of the bedchamber, to whom it was made; for she said truly "there was more need of a man than a boy, that being what her dominions needed more than any thing else;" the historian adds, "it pleased God to appoint her another husband, viz. the Duke of Austria," son of the Emperor Frederick III., "the near*est* and most covetous prince, or person, of his time," so that it appears the unhappy lady was obliged to supply him with money, and a retinue, before he could wait upon her to consummate the marriage, and that he was little likely to be pleasing to a daughter of Burgundy, "whose tables are nicely served, whose palaces are magnificent, and whose dress was sumptuous. But the Germans are quite of a contrary temper, boorish in their conversation, and nasty in their way of living."

Soon after this marriage, Artois fell into the hands of Lewis, and was followed by several other acquisitions of the same nature; as it appears that the young bridegroom, disliked by his new subjects, and cramped by the sordid spirit of his father, was unable to protect the sovereignty to which he was called. The interesting daughter of Charles the Bold, however, dies within four years of her marriage.

"The fourth year the Princess[*] died of a fall from her horse, or a fever, but it is certain she fell, and some say, she was breeding! Her death was a mighty loss to her subjects, for she was a person of great honour, affable and generous to all people, and more beloved and respected by her subjects than her husband, as being sovereign of their country. She was a tender and passionate lover of her husband, and of singular reputation for her modesty and virtue. This misfortune happened in the year 1482."

Lewis now pursued new means of increasing his dominions by open war; and although in one great battle we see the Duke of Austria remain master of the field, and in no case desert the duties which, by the death of his wife, had devolved wholly upon him, yet the wily Lewis, by that management, which his historian terms "his great policy and wisdom," gained town after town, of the late Burgundian dominions, and seems to have arrived at nearly all he wished in point of aggrandizement, although at the expense of the true glory of a king (the happiness of his subjects,) when he was seized with an illness, which eventually proved mortal.

This sickness of the king's, or rather his conduct under it, has been frequently the subject of comment by various authors, and serves to prove how difficult it is for a successful bad man to think resignedly of quitting a situation, which he has, however, rendered one of ceaseless turmoil, suspicion, and disquietude. In proportion as Lewis found himself weakened by a wasting disease, and disqualified by repeated fits from attending to the duties of his kingly station, the more closely he grasped at the power, and the evil exercise of that power. In the fear that his incapacity should induce his subjects to deprive him of his rights, he compelled himself to attend to every matter of business which could be brought before him, and though unable to see a single word, would affect to read over all the documents committed to his secretaries. To prove his memory, and assert his right, he dispossessed numbers of his servants of their places and pensions; and gave them to others, who, in their turn, were the slaves of his caprice. Every hour dreading the rebellion he was perhaps conscious of meriting, yet had no cause for fearing, he directed his house to be fortified and guarded, and denied himself farth-

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[*] "She died the second of March, in the year 1482, through an excess of female modesty, choosing rather to die, than suffer a surgeon to set her thigh, which was broken by the fall from her horse."

could be obtained in one narrow court. He
faith in the aid of medicine, but to one phy-
whose skill he had confidence, he was
etter than a slave; and, from superstition,
d adoration to an holy hermit, whom he was
could save his life. Indeed, such was his
elics, that the holy oil was brought from
nd kept constantly on his cupboard. The
; him various articles of assistance from
d even the grand Turk despatched a deputa-
Constantinople of holy relics, but which he
ccepting from infidel hands. During a short
convalescence, he made a pilgrimage to St.
who was his favourite saint; and he regu-
tained, that he was better than he appeared
hough the evident pain he suffered, and the
appearance of his frame, filled all who be-
with a mixture of horror and compassion;
ot a little increased by the melancholy con-
ch the splendour and magnificence of his
w 'become an object of especial care) pre-
the feeble and wasted form it covered.

this season of affected grandeur, and de-
mbecility, still Lewis preserved his powers
, and procured the marriage of his son the
with a rich heiress, Margaret of Flanders,
on which he had long set his heart; al-
s heir was actually betrothed to the daugh-
ward IV. King of England. As Lewis had
punctually paid to this Monarch, a yearly
f fifty thousand crowns, and Edward had
ressed an earnest desire for the union; his
ent and indignation, at the conduct of Lewis,
said, were such as greatly to affect his
nd added to a surfeit which he had at the
ears to have produced an apoplectic attack,
he died after a very short illness, to the joy
' of the slowly expiring Lewis.

however, the awful summons at length ar-
King sent for his son, gave him much good
nd departed with decency. The author winds
aracter, which is at once fairly and charita-
ined, with saying, "I will not accuse him,
ever saw a better prince, for though he op-
subjects himself, he never suffered any other
do it;" and then goes forward to give us a
ch we quote as indicative, not only of the
the times in which he lived.

' so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God,
. of miracle, restored him both in body and
s his divine method in such kind of wonders.
him out of the world in perfect ease, under-
and memory; having called for all the sacra-
nself, discoursing without the least twinge, or
n of pain, to the very last moment of his life.
directions for his own burial, appointed who
end his corpse to the grave, and declared that
d to die on a Saturday of all days in the week;
he hoped our Lady would procure him that
whom he had always placed great part of his
, served her devoutly. And so it happened,
ed on Saturday the thirtieth of August, 1483,
t at night, in the castle of Plessis, where his
im on the Monday before. • • • •
w him, and was entertained in his service in
r of his age, and the height of his prosperity,
er knew him free from labour and care. Of
ons he loved hunting and hawking in their
ut his chief delight was in dogs. As for ladies, he never meddled with any in my time; for about the time of my coming to court he lost a son called Joachim, who was born in 1459, for whose death he was extremely afflicted, and made a vow in my presence, never to be concerned with any other woman but the Queen; and though this was no more than what he was obliged to by the canons of our church, yet it was much, that his command of himself should be so great, that he should be able to continue his resolutions so firmly, considering the Queen, (though an excellent Princess in all other respects) was not a person in whom a man could take any great delight.

"In hunting, his eagerness and pain were equal to his pleasure, for his chace was the stag, which he always run down. He rose very early in the morning, rode sometimes a great way to his dogs, and would not leave his sport, let the weather be never so bad; and when he came home at night was always very weary, and generally in a violent passion with some of his courtiers, or huntsmen; for hunting is a sport not always to be managed according to the master's direction; yet in the opinion of most people, he understood it as well as any man of his time. He was continually at his sports, lying up and down in the country villages as his recreations led him, till he was interrupted by the war, which for the most part of the summer was constantly between him and Charles, Duke of Burgundy, and at winter they made a truce."

Nor are *we* sorry to make a *truce* with such subjects; for battles unredeemed by any of the attributes of heroism, save personal courage; and politics, whose eternal manœuvres and petty cunning are unrelieved by any great or noble views, soon pall upon the mind, and urge us forward to seek either in the grandeur of tragic incident, or the display of domestic virtue, some repose for the heart, or some solace to the imagination.

The history of Lewis XI. is followed by a supplement, which is so far useful as it gives a general account of the affairs of Europe at this period, and especially those of England, which include the history of Richard III. and the succession of Richmond; of whom he speaks, "as a man who had long suffered in his fortunes, and was without power, money, or right;" but was greatly assisted by Charles, son and successor of Lewis.

The 7th and 8th books of these Memoirs contain the public life of Charles VIII., the last of the line of Valois; the great business of whose life it was to become possessed of the crown of Naples, a point he attained, only from his enemies being still more deficient than himself in the art of war, for of his own ignorance, unadvisedness, and deficiency of all requisites, save personal fortitude, he gave abundant proof. The resolution of his Swiss soldiers, in dragging the cannon over the highest mountains, and difficult passes of the Appennines, is justly extolled, but we are at this time surprised to learn, "our artillery killed not ten in both armies." The author, speaking of his countrymen, says,—"certainly, upon a charge, they are the fiercest nation in the world;" but, he agrees with the Italian authors who assert of the French, "in their attacks they are more than men, but less than women in their retreats."

After suffering much to gain Naples, Charles VIII. lost it to the Spanish crown with less trouble, and spent the remainder of his short life in plans to regain it, and to benefit his subjects by systems of reformation, both in church and state, of a much wiser nature.

He was cut off by an apoplectic stroke, to the great grief of his court and his subjects, being a Prince "of excellent temper, and as it appears, munificent in his gifts and designs.

The author intermixes with his detail of his Royal Master's death, an account of the domestic misfortunes of the Royal Family of Spain, at that time one of great power, who lost both their children within three months; after which, we have a short genealogy of the Kings of France, which concludes the labours of Philip de Comines, lord of Argentum: a laborious, faithful, pious, but somewhat dry, and tedious historian.

The remainder of the second volume is devoted to the *Secret History of Lewis XI.*, otherwise called *The Scandalous Chronicle*, by one John de Tragos. This work opens in a manner so different from that of any Scandalous Chronicle of our own times, that it would be wrong to withhold it.

"To the honour and praise of God, our sweet Saviour and Redeemer, and the blessed glorious Virgin Mary; without whose assistance no good works can be performed. Knowing that several kings, princes, counts, barons, prelates, noblemen, ecclesiastics, and abundance of the common people, are often pleased and delighted in hearing and reading the surprising histories of wonderful things that have happened in divers places, both of this and other Christian states and kingdoms, I applied myself with abundance of pleasure, from the thirty-fifth year of my age, instead of spending my time in sloth and idleness, to writing a history of several remarkable accidents and adventures that happened in France."

Why our present chronicler should term himself or his records *scandalous*, we know not, as they appear to us, after the closest investigation, entirely free from that noxious quality; and no other than simply annals of the times, given by a plain man, in plain language; untinctured by the malevolence of party feeling, and only occasionally naming those self-evident errors which admitted of no toleration in the King's conduct. As much in this detail must necessarily recapitulate the events already mentioned, we shall only offer occasional extracts, wishing that our space would allow of longer quotations, as we certainly consider M. de Troyes a pleasanter writer than the Lord of Argentum.

"About this time, (A. D. 1466,) a war broke out between the Liegeois and the Duke of Burgundy; upon which he immediately took the field with his whole army, and being a little indisposed, was carried in a litter; commanding his son the Count de Charolois, with all the nobles and officers that were with him, to march forward with a strong detachment to invest Dinant, and leave him to come up with the rest of the army. Upon his arrival, the town was formally besieged; which occasioned several sallies and bloody actions on both sides, much to the disadvantage of the Burgundians in the beginning of the siege; but at last, whether by force of arms or treason, the town was taken by the Burgundians; who, only reserving a few of the chief citizens whom they made prisoners of war, turned out men, women, and children, and gave it up to be plundered by their soldiers. Nor were they content with this; they set fire to the churches and the houses, and having burnt and consumed everything they could lay their hands on, they ordered the walls to be demolished, and the fortifications to be blown up; by which means, the poor inhabitants were reduced to extreme want and necessity, and abundance of young women were forced to betake themselves to a vile and shameful way of living. * * * * * *

"On Tuesday the first of September, (A. D. 1467,) the Queen also came from Roan to Paris by water, and landed at Nostre Dame; where her Majesty was received by all the presidents and counsellors of the court of parliament, the bishop of Paris and several persons of quality, in their robes and formalities. There was also a certain number of persons richly dressed to compliment her on the part of the city; and abundance of the chief citizens and counsellors of Paris went by water to meet her Majesty, in fine gilded boats covered with tapestry and rich silks, in which were placed the queristers of the holy chapel, who sung psalms and anthems after a most heavenly and melodious manner. There was also a great number of trumpets, clarions, and other softer instruments of musick, which altogether made a most harmonious concert, and began playing when the Queen and her maids of honour entered the boat, in which the citizens of Paris presented her Majesty with a large stag made in sweet-meats; besides a vast quantity of salvers heaped up with spices and all sorts of delicious fruits; roses, violets, and other perfumes being strewed in the boat, and as much wine as every body would drink. After the Queen had performed her devotions to the Blessed Virgin, she came back to her boat, and went by water to the Celestin's church-gate, where she found abundance of persons of quality more, ready to receive her Majesty, who, immediately upon her landing, with her maids of honour, mounted upon fine easy pads, and rode to the hotel des Tournelles, where the King was at that time, and where she was received with great joy and satisfaction by his Majesty and the whole court, and that night there were public rejoicings and bonefires in Paris, for her Majesty's safe arrival.

"On the fourteenth of September, the King, who had ordered the Parisians to make standards, published a proclamation, commanding all the inhabitants from sixteen to threescore, of what rank or condition soever, to be ready to appear in arms that very day in the fields; and, that those that were not able to provide themselves with helmets, brigandines, &c., should come armed with great clubs, under pain of death; which orders were punctually obeyed, and the greater part of the populace appeared in arms, ranged under their proper standard or banner, in good order and discipline; amounting to fourscore thousand men; thirty thousand of which were armed with coats of mail, helmets, and brigandines, and made a very fine appearance. Never did any city in the world furnish such a vast number of men, for it was computed there were threescore and seven banners or standards of tradesmen, without reckoning those of the court of parliament, exchequer, treasury, mint, and chastellet of Paris, which had under them as many or more soldiers than what belonged to the tradesmen's banners. A prodigious quantity of wine was ordered out of Paris, to comfort and refresh this vast body of men, which took up a vast tract of ground; extending themselves from the Lay-stall between St. Anthony's gate, and that of the Temple as far as the Town-ditch upwards to the Wine-press; and from thence along the walls of St. Anthoine des Champs, to the Grange de Ruilly; and from thence, to Conflans; and from Conflans, back again by the Grange-aux-Merciers, all along the river Seine, quite to the royal bulwark over against the Tower of Billy; and from thence, all along the Town-ditch on the outside to the Bastille and St. Anthony's gate. In short, it was almost incredible to tell what a vast number of people there were in arms before Paris, yet the number of those within was pretty near as great."

We soon after find war declared, "by the ceremony of a naked sword in one hand, and burning torch in the other, signifying, that this was a war of blood and fire."

"About that time, (A. D. 1471,) great quarrels and contests arose in England, between Henry of Lancaster king of England, the prince of Wales his son, the Earl of Warwick, and the rest of the Lords of the kingdom, who were of King Henry's side, against Edward de la March, who had usurped the Crown from Henry. This civil war had occasioned already abundance of murder and bloodshed, and was not like to be at an end yet, for in June, 1471, the king received certain advice from England, that Edward de la March, with a puissant army of English, Easterlings, Picardians, Flemings, and other nations that the Duke of Burgundy had sent him, had taken the field, and was going to oppose king Henry's forces, which were commanded by the Earl of Warwick, the Prince of Wales, and several Lords of that party. In short, the battle was bravely fought, and a vast number of men were killed and wounded on both sides, but at last Edward de la March gained the victory, and king Henry's army, partly by the treachery of the Duke of Clarence, and partly for want of conduct, was entirely defeated. The poor young Prince of Wales, who was a lovely youth, was barbarously murdered after the action was over, and the valiant Earl of Warwick, finding himself betrayed, and scorning to fly, rushed violently into the thickest of his enemies, and was killed upon the spot. Thus died this great man, who was so desirous of serving his king and country, and who had cost king Henry so much money to bring him over and fix him in his interest."

On the subject of the Duke of Burgundy's death, he is apparently better acquainted than his predecessor; and, after describing the battle and the losses of the Burgundians, the pursuit of the Swiss, &c. he informs us, that,

"On Monday, which was twelfth-day, (A. D. 1476,) the Count di Campobasso met with a page that was taken prisoner, belonging to the Count de Chalon, who was with the Duke of Burgundy in the battle. This lad, upon examination, confessed the Duke of Burgundy was killed; and the next day, upon diligent search after him, they found him stripped stark naked, and the bodies of fourteen men more in the same condition, at some distance from each other. The Duke was wounded in three places, and his body was known and distinguished from the rest by six particular marks; the chiefest of which was, the want of his upper teeth before, which were beaten out with a fall; the second was a scar in his throat, occasioned by the wound he received at the battle of Mont l'Hery; the third was, his great nails, which he always wore longer than any of his courtiers; the fourth was another scar upon his left shoulder; the fifth was a fistula in his right groin, and the last was a nail that grew into his little toe. And upon seeing all these abovementioned marks upon his body, his physician, the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the Bastard of Burgundy, M. Olivier de la Marche, his chaplain, and several other officers that were taken prisoners by the Duke of Lorrain, unanimously agreed it was the body of their lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy."

With this extract, we conclude our survey of a work which we consider valuable for its authenticity, and the simplicity, piety, and honesty with which it is given, rather than the subjects it embraces, or the amusement it bestows.

LORD BACON.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. A new Edition. By Basil Montagu, Esq. Sixteen Vols. 8vo. London: 1825-1834.*

We return our hearty thanks to Mr. Montagu, as well for his very valuable edition of Lord Bacon's Works, as for the instructive Life of the immortal author, contained in the last volume. We have much to say on the subject of this Life, and will often find ourselves obliged to dissent from the opinions of the biographer. But about his merit as a collector of the materials out of which opinions are formed, there can be no dispute; and we readily acknowledge that we are in a great measure indebted to his minute and accurate researches, for the means of refuting what we cannot but consider his errors.

The labour which has been bestowed on this volume, has been a labour of love. The writer is evidently enamoured of the subject. It fills his heart. It constantly overflows from his lips and his pen. Those who are acquainted with the Courts in which Mr. Montagu practises with so much ability and success, well know how often he enlivens the discussion of a point of law by citing some weighty aphorism, or some brilliant illustration, from the *De Augmentis* or the *Novum Organum*. The Life before us, doubtless, owes much of its value to the honest and generous enthusiasm of the writer. This feeling has stimulated his activity; has sustained his perseverance; has called forth all his ingenuity and eloquence: but, on the other hand, we must frankly say, that it has, to a great extent, perverted his judgment.

We are by no means without sympathy for Mr. Montagu even in what we consider as his weakness. There is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of human nature. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. This is, we believe, one of those allusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove. It is, in the phraseology of Bacon, one of the *idola tribus*. Hence it is, that the moral character of a man eminent in letters, or in the fine arts, is treated,—often by contemporaries,—almost always by posterity,—with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years all those whom he has injured disappear. But his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. The genius of Sallust is still with us. But the Numidians whom he plundered, and the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses at unseasonable hours, are forgotten. We suffer ourselves to be delighted by the keenness of Clarendon's observation, and by the sober majesty of his style, till we forget the oppressor and the bigot in the historian. Falstaff and Tom Jones have survived the gamekeepers whom Shakspeare cudgelled, and the landladies whom Fielding bilked. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favours,—how long we struggle against evidence,—how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth. They have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides by; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seem indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

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* Though we are quite aware that the unusual length of this article may be apt, notwithstanding the highly recommendatory nature of its subject, to startle some of our readers, we cannot bring ourselves to think it possible that there is any intelligent scholar, who, on perusal, could wish it shorter. Without shortening we could, no doubt, have divided it. The intellectual repast might well furnish two plentiful courses. But this would have been contrary to our general practice; and more likely, we think, to disappoint than to gratify those we are most anxious to please. We therefore present it entire and at once, confident that we shall receive the thanks of the best class of readers for doing so.

[In the Museum we are obliged to divide it. The first part relating to Bacon's *personal* character, will be relieved in the next No. by a view of the great philosopher and friend of humanity.]

Nothing, then, can be more natural than that a person of sensibility and imagination should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion. Yet nothing can be more certain than that such men have not always deserved, in their own persons, to be regarded with respect or affection. Some writers, whose works will continue to instruct and delight mankind to the remotest ages, have been placed in such situations, that their actions and motives are as well known to us as the actions and motives of one human being can be known to another; and unhappily their conduct has not always been such as an impartial judge can contemplate with approbation. But the fanaticism of the devout worshipper of genius is proof against all evidence and all argument. The character of his idol is matter of faith; and the province of faith is not to be invaded by reason. He maintains his superstition with a credulity as boundless, and a zeal as unscrupulous, as can be found in the most ardent partisans of religious or political factions. The most overwhelming proofs are rejected; the plainest rules of morality are explained away; extensive and important portions of history are completely distorted—the enthusiast misrepresents facts with all the effrontery of an advocate, and confounds right and wrong with all the dexterity of a Jesuit—and all this only in order that some man who has been in his grave for ages may have a fairer character than he deserves.

Middleton's "Life of Cicero" is a striking instance of the influence of this sort of partiality. Never was there a character which it was easier to read than that of Cicero. Never was there a mind keener or more critical than that of Middleton. Had the Doctor brought to the examination of his favourite statesman's conduct but a very small part of the acuteness and severity which he displayed when he was engaged in investigating the high pretensions of Epiphanius and Justin Martyr, he could not have failed to produce a most valuable history of a most interesting portion of time. But this most ingenious and learned man, though

> "So wary held and wise
> That, as 'twas said, he scarce received
> For gospel what the church believed,"

had a superstition of his own. The great Iconoclast was himself an idolater. The great *Avvocata del Diavolo*, while he disputed, with no small ability, the claims of Cyprian and Athanasius to a place in the Calendar, was himself composing a lying legend in honour of St. Tully! He was holding up as a model of every virtue a man whose talents and acquirements, indeed, can never be too highly extolled, and who was by no means destitute of amiable qualities, but whose whole soul was under the dominion of a girlish vanity, and a craven fear. Actions for which Cicero himself, the most eloquent and skilful of advocates, could contrive no excuse,—actions which in his confidential correspondence he mentioned with remorse and shame,—are represented by his biographer as wise, virtuous, heroic. The whole history of that great revolution which overthrew the Roman aristocracy,—the whole state of parties,—the character of every public man, is elaborately misrepresented, in order to make out something which may look like a defence of one most eloquent and accomplished Trimmer.

The volume before us reminds us now and then of the "Life of Cicero." But there is this marked difference. Dr. Middleton evidently had an uneasy consciousness of the weakness of his cause, and therefore

the most disingenuous shifts,—to unpar-
istortions and suppressions of facts. Mr.
faith is sincere and implicit. He prac-
rickery. He conceals nothing. He puts
efore us in the full confidence that they will
our minds the effect which they have pro-
his own. It is not till he comes to reason
to motives that his partiality shows itself;
he leaves Middleton himself far behind.
proceeds on the assumption that Bacon was
itly virtuous man. From the tree Mr.
udges of the fruit. He is forced to relate
ons, which, if any man but Bacon had com-
m, nobody would have dreamed of defend-
ons which are readily and completely ex-
supposing Bacon to have been a man whose
were not strict, and whose spirit was not
ions which can be explained in no other
out resorting to some grotesque hypothesis
there is not a tittle of evidence. But any
is, in Mr. Montagu's opinion, more proba-
at his hero should ever have done any thing
g.

de of defending Bacon seems to us by no
conian. To take a man's character for
nd then from his character to infer the
ity of all his actions, is surely a process
verse of that which is recommended in the
ganum. Nothing, we are sure, could have
ontagu to depart so far from his master's
xcept zeal for his master's honour. We
a different course. We shall attempt, with
e assistance which Mr. Montagu has afford-
ame such an account of Bacon's life as may
readers correctly to estimate his character.
dly necessary to say that Francis Bacon
of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the great
gland during the first twenty years of the
izabeth. The fame of the father has been
shade by that of the son. But Sir Nicho-
ordinary man. He belonged to a set of
It is easier to describe collectively than
whose minds were formed by one system
n; who belonged to one rank in society, to
ity, to one party, to one sect, to one ad-
; and who resembled each other so much
n opinions, in habits, in fortunes, that one
re had almost said one life, may, to a con-
tent, serve for them all.

re the first generation of statesmen by pro-
t England produced. Before their time
of labour had, in this respect, been very
Those who had directed public affairs had
few exceptions, warriors or priests; war-
rude courage was neither guided by sci-
ftened by humanity,—priests whose learn-
ities were habitually devoted to the defence
and imposture. The Hotspurs, the Ne-
Cliffords,—rough, illiterate, and unreflect-
ht to the council board the fierce and
isposition which they had acquired amidst
of predatory war, or in the gloomy repose
soned and moated castle. On the other
calm and subtle prelate,—versed in all
n considered as learning,—trained in the
nanage words, and in the Confessional to
rts,—seldom superstitious, but skilful in
n the superstition *of others,—false* as it
was natural that a man should be whose professio imposed on all who were not saints, the necessity o being hypocrites,—selfish as it was natural that a man should be who could form no domestic ties, and cherish no hope of legitimate posterity,—more attached to his order than to his country, and guiding the politics c England with a constant side glance at Rome. Bu the increase of wealth, the progress of knowledg and the reformation of religion produced a great change. The nobles ceased to be military chieftains; the priests ceased to possess a monopoly of learning; and a new and remarkable species of politicians appeared.

These men came from neither of the classes which had, till then, almost exclusively furnished ministers of state. They were all laymen; yet they were all men of learning, and they were all men of peace. They were not members of the aristocracy. They inherited no titles, no large domains, no armies of retainers, no fortified castles. Yet they were not low men, such as those whom princes, jealous of the power of a nobility, have sometimes raised from forges, and cobblers' stalls, to the highest situations. They were all gentlemen by birth. They had all received a liberal education. It is a remarkable fact that they were all members of the same university. The two great national seats of learning had even then acquired the characters which they still retain. In intellectual activity, and in readiness to admit improvements, the superiority was then, as it has ever since been, on the side of the less ancient and splendid institution. Cambridge had the honour of educating those celebrated Protestant Bishops whom Oxford had the honour of burning; and at Cambridge were formed the minds of all those statesmen to whom chiefly is to be attributed the secure establishment of the reformed religion in the north of Europe.

The statesmen of whom we speak passed their youth surrounded by the incessant din of theological controversy. Opinions were still in a state of chaotic anarchy,—intermingling, separating, advancing, receding. Sometimes the stubborn bigotry of the Conservatives seemed likely to prevail. Then the impetuous onset of the Reformers for a moment carried all before it. Then again the resisting mass made a desperate stand, arrested the movement, and forced it slowly back. The vacillation which at that time appeared in English legislation, and which it has been the fashion to attribute to the caprice and to the power of one or two individuals, was truly a national vacillation. It was not only in the mind of Henry that the new theology obtained the ascendant at one time, and that the lessons of the nurse and of the priest regained their influence at another. It was not only in the House of Tudor that the husband was exasperated by the opposition of the wife,—that the son dissented from the opinions of the father,—that the brother persecuted the sister,—that one sister persecuted another. The principles of Conservation and Reform carried on their warfare in every part of society,—in every congregation, in every school of learning, round the hearth of every private family, in the recesses of every reflecting mind.

It was in the midst of this ferment that the minds of the persons whom we are describing were developed. They were born Reformers. They belonged by nature to that order of men who always form the front ranks in the great intellectual progress. They were, therefore, one and all, Protestants. In religious matters, however, though there is no reason to doubt that they were sincere, they were by no means zealous. None of them chose to run the smallest personal risk during the reign of Mary. None of them favoured the unhappy attempt of Northumberland in favour of his daugher-in-law. None of them shared in the desperate councils of Wyatt. They contrived to have business on the Continent; or, if they staid in England, they heard Mass and kept Lent with great decorum. When those dark and perilous years had gone by, and when the crown had descended to a new sovereign, they took the lead in the reformation of the Church. But they proceeded not with the impetuosity of theologians, but with the calm determination of statesmen. They acted, not like men who considered the Romish worship as a system too offensive to God, and too destructive of souls to be tolerated for an hour; but like men who regarded the points in dispute among Christians, as in themselves unimportant; and who were not restrained by any scruple of conscience from professing, as they had before professed, the Catholic faith of Mary, the Protestant faith of Edward, or any of the numerous intermediate combinations which the caprice of Henry, and the temporizing policy of Cranmer, had formed out of the doctrines of both the hostile parties. They took a deliberate view of the state of their own country and of the Continent. They satisfied themselves as to the leaning of the public mind; and they chose their side. They placed themselves at the head of the Protestants of Europe, and staked all their fame and fortunes on the success of their party.

It is needless to relate how dexterously, how resolutely, how gloriously they directed the politics of England during the eventful years which followed,—how they succeeded in uniting their friends and separating their enemies,—how they humbled the pride of Philip,—how they backed the unconquerable spirit of Coligni,—how they rescued Holland from tyranny,—how they founded the maritime greatness of their country,—how they out-witted the artful politicians of Italy, and tamed the ferocious chieftains of Scotland. It is impossible to deny that they committed many acts which would justly bring on a statesman of our time censures of the most serious kind. But, when we consider the state of morality in their age, and the unscrupulous character of the adversaries against whom they had to contend, we are forced to admit, that it is not without reason that their names are still held in veneration by their countrymen.

There were, doubtless, many diversities in their intellectual and moral character. But there was a strong family likeness. The constitution of their minds was remarkably sound. No particular faculty was pre-eminently developed; but manly health and vigour were equally diffused through the whole.

They were men of letters. Their minds were by nature and by exercise well-fashioned for speculative pursuits. It was by circumstances rather than by any strong bias of inclination, that they were led to take a prominent part in active life. In active life, however, no men could be more perfectly free from the faults of mere theorists and pedants. No men observed more accurately the signs of the times. No men had a greater practical acquaintance with human nature. Their policy was generally characterized rather by vigilance, by moderation, and by firmness, than by invention, or by the spirit of enterprise.

They spoke and wrote in a manner worthy of their excellent sense. Their eloquence was less copious and less ingenious, but far purer and more manly than that of the succeeding generation. It was the eloquence of men who had lived with the first Translators of the Bible, and with the authors of the Book of Common Prayer. It was luminous, dignified, solid, and very slightly tainted with that affectation which deformed the style of the ablest men of the next age. If, as sometimes chanced, they were under the necessity of taking a part in those theological controversies on which the dearest interests of kingdoms were then staked, they acquitted themselves as if their whole lives had been passed in the Schools and the Convocation.

There was something in the temper of these celebrated men which secured them against the proverbial inconstancy both of the court and of the multitude. No intrigue, no combination of rivals, could deprive them of the confidence of their Sovereign. No parliament attacked their influence. No mob coupled their names with any odious grievance. Their power ended only with their lives. In this respect, their fate presents a most remarkable contrast to that of the enterprising and brilliant politicians of the preceding, and of the succeeding generation. Burleigh was minister during forty years. Sir Nicholas Bacon held the great seal more than twenty years. Sir Thomas Smith was Secretary of State eighteen years;—Sir Francis Walsingham about as long. They all died in office, and in the full enjoyment of public respect and royal favour. Far different had been the fate of Wolsey, Cromwell, Norfolk, Somerset, and Northumberland. Far different also was the fate of Essex, of Raleigh, and of the still more illustrious man whose life we propose to consider.

The explanation of this circumstance is perhaps contained in the motto which Sir Nicholas Bacon inscribed over the entrance of his hall at Gorhambury, —*Mediocria firma*. This maxim was constantly borne in mind by himself and his colleagues. They were more solicitous to lay the foundations of their power deep, than to raise the structure to a conspicuous but insecure height. None of them aspired to be sole Minister. None of them provoked envy by an ostentatious display of wealth and influence. None of them affected to outshine the ancient aristocracy of the kingdom. They were free from that childish love of titles which characterized the successful courtiers of the generation which preceded them, and that which followed them. As to money, none of them could, in that age, justly be considered as rapacious. Some of them would, even in our time, deserve the praise of eminent disinterestedness. Their fidelity to the State was incorruptible. Their private morals were without stain.—Their households were sober and well governed.

Among these statesmen Sir Nicholas Bacon was generally considered as ranking next to Burleigh. He was called by Camden, "Sacris conciliis alterum columen;" and by George Buchanan,

"Diu Britannici
Regni secundum columen."

The second wife of Sir Nicholas, and the mother of Francis Bacon, was Anne, one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke,—a man of distinguished learning, who had been tutor to Edward the Sixth. Sir Anthony had paid considerable attention to the education of his daughters, and lived to see them all splendidly and happily married. Their classical acquirements made them conspicuous even among the women of fashion of that age. Katherine, who became Lady Killigrew, wrote Latin Hexameters and Pentameters which would appear with credit in the *Musæ Etonenses*. Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, was described by Roger Ascham as the best Greek scholar among the young women of England, Lady Jane Grey always excepted. Anne, the mother of Francis Bacon, was distinguished both as a linguist and as a theologian. She corresponded in Greek with Bishop Jewel, and translated his *Apologia* from the Latin, so correctly, that neither he nor Archbishop Parker could suggest a single alteration.* She also translated a series of sermons on fate and free-will from the Tuscan of Bernardo Ochino. This fact is the more curious, as Ochino was one of that small and audacious band of Italian reformers,—anathematized alike by Wittenberg, by Geneva, by Zurich, and by Rome,—from which the Socinian sect deduces its origin.

Lady Bacon was doubtless a lady of highly cultivated mind after the fashion of her age. But we must not suffer ourselves to be deluded into the belief, that she and her sisters were more accomplished women than many who are now living. On this subject there is, we think, much misapprehension.—We have often heard men who wish, as almost all men of sense wish, that women should be highly educated, speak with rapture of the English ladies of the sixteenth century, and lament that they can find no modern damsel resembling those fair pupils of Aschan and Aylmer who compared, over their embroidery, the styles of Isocrates and Lysias, and who, while the Horns were sounding, and the Dogs in full cry, sat in the lonely Oriel, with eyes rivetted to that immortal page which tells how meekly and bravely the first great martyr of intellectual liberty took the cup from his weeping gaoler. But surely these complaints have very little foundation. We would by no means disparage the ladies of the sixteenth century, or their pursuits. But we conceive that those who extol them at the expense of the women of our time forget one very obvious and very important circumstance. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, and Edward the Sixth, a person who did not read Greek and Latin could read nothing, or next to nothing. The Italian was the only modern language which possessed any thing that could be called a literature. All the valuable books then extant in all the vernacular dialects of Europe would hardly have filled a single shelf. England did not yet possess Shakspeare's plays, and the Fairy Queen; nor France Montaigne's Essays; nor Spain Don Quixote. In looking round a well-furnished library, how few English or French books can we find which were extant when Lady Jane Gray and Queen Elizabeth received their education. Chaucer, Gower, Froissart, Comines, Rabelais, nearly complete the list. It was therefore absolutely necessary that a woman should be uneducated, or classically educated. Indeed, without a knowledge of one of the ancient languages no person could then have any clear notions of what was passing in the political, the literary, or the religious world. The Latin was in the sixteenth century all and more than all than the French was in the eighteenth. It was the language of Courts, as well as of the Schools. It was the language of diplomacy; it was the language of theological and political controversy. Being a fixed language, while the living languages were in a state of fluctuation,—being universally known to the learned and the polite,—it was employed by almost every writer who aspired to a wide and durable reputation. A person who was ignorant of it was shut out from all acquaintance,—not merely with Cicero and Virgil, not merely with heavy treatises on canon-law and school divinity,—but with the most interesting memoirs, state papers, and pamphlets of his own time;—nay, even with the most admired poetry and the most popular squibs which appeared on the fleeting topics of the day,—with Buchanan's complimentary verses, with Erasmus's dialogues, with Hutten's epistles.

This is no longer the case. All political and religious controversy is now conducted in the modern languages. The ancient tongues are used only in comments on the ancient writers. The great productions of Athenian and Roman genius are indeed still what they were. But though their positive value is unchanged, their relative value, when compared with the whole mass of mental wealth possessed by mankind, has been constantly falling. They were the intellectual all of our ancestors. They are but a part of our treasures. Over what tragedy could Lady Jane Gray have wept—over what comedy could she have smiled, if the ancient dramatists had not been in her library? A modern reader can make shift without Œdipus and Medea, while he possesses Othello and Hamlet. If he knows nothing of Pyrgopolynices and Thraso, he is familiar with Bobadil, and Bessus, and Pistol, and Parolles. If he cannot enjoy the delicious irony of Plato, he may find some compensation in that of Pascal. If he is shut out from Nephelococcygia, he may take refuge in Lilliput.—We are guilty, we hope, of no irreverence towards those great nations to which the human race owes art, science, taste, civil and intellectual freedom, when we say, that the stock bequeathed by them to us has been so carefully improved that the accumulated interest now exceeds the principal. We believe that the books which have been written in the languages of western Europe, during the last two hundred and fifty years, are of greater value than all the books, which at the beginning of that period were extant in the world. With the modern languages of Europe, English women are at least as well acquainted as English men. When, therefore, we compare the acquirements of Lady Jane Gray and those of an accomplished young woman of our own time, we have no hesitation in awarding the superiority to the latter. We hope that our readers will pardon this digression. It is long; but it can hardly be called unseasonable, if it tends to convince them that they are mistaken in thinking that their great-great-grandmothers were superior women to their sisters and their wives.

Francis Bacon, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas, was born at York House, his father's residence in the Strand, on the 22d of January, 1561. His health was very delicate, and to this circumstance may be partly attributed that gravity of carriage, and that love of sedentary pursuits, which distinguished him from other boys. Every body knows how much his premature readiness of wit, and sobriety of deportment, amused the Queen; and how she used to call him her young Lord Keeper. We are told that while still a mere child he stole away from his playfellows to a vault in St. James's fields, for the purpose of investigating the cause of a singular echo which he had observed there. It is certain that, at only twelve, he busied himself with very ingenious speculations on the art of legerdemain,—a subject which, as Professor Dugald Stewart has most justly observed, merits much more attention from philosophers than it has ever received.—These are trifles. But the eminence which Bacon afterwards attained renders them interesting.

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* Strype's Life of Parker.

In the thirteenth year of his age he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.—That celebrated school of learning enjoyed the peculiar favour of the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Keeper; and acknowledged the advantages which it derived from their patronage in a public letter which bears date just a month after the admission of Francis Bacon.[*] The master was Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, a narrow-minded, mean, and tyrannical priest, who gained power by servility and adulation, and employed it in persecuting with impartial cruelty those who agreed with Calvin about Church Government, and those who differed from Calvin touching the doctrine of reprobation. He was now in a chrysalis state—putting off the worm and putting on the dragon-fly—a kind of intermediate grub between sycophant and oppressor. He was indemnifying himself for the court which he found it expedient to pay to the Ministers by exercising much petty tyranny within his own college. It would be unjust, however, to deny him the praise of having rendered about this time one important service to letters.—He stood up manfully against those who wished to make Trinity College a mere appendage to Westminster school, and by this act—the only good act, as far as we remember of his long public life,—he saved the noblest place of education in England from the degrading fate of King's College and New College.

It has often been said that Bacon, while still at college, planned that great intellectual revolution with which his name is inseparably connected. The evidence on this subject, however, is hardly sufficient to prove what is in itself so improbable as that any definite scheme of that kind should have been so early formed, even by so powerful and active a mind. But it is certain that after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed, carrying with him a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there; a fixed conviction that the system of academic education in England was radically vicious; a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself.

In his sixteenth year he visited Paris, and resided there for some time, under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, Elizabeth's minister at the French court, and one of the ablest and most upright of the many valuable servants whom she employed. France was at that time in a deplorable state of agitation. The Huguenots and the Catholics were mustering all their force for the fiercest and most protracted of their many struggles: while the Prince, whose duty it was to protect and to restrain both, had by his vices and follies degraded himself so deeply that he had no authority over either. Bacon, however, made a tour through several provinces, and appears to have passed some time at Poitiers. We have abundant proof that during his stay on the Continent he did not neglect literary and scientific pursuits. But his attention seems to have been chiefly directed to statistics and diplomacy. It was at this time that he wrote those Notes on the State of Europe which are printed in his works. He studied the principles of the art of deciphering with great interest; and invented one cipher so ingenious that, many years later, he thought it deserving of a place in the *De Augmentis*. In February, 1580, while engaged in these pursuits, he received intelligence of the almost sudden death of his father, and instantly returned to England.

His prospects were greatly overcast by this event. He was most desirous to obtain a provision which might enable him to devote himself to literature and politics. He applied to the Government, and it seems strange that he should have applied in vain. His wishes were moderate. His hereditary claims on the administration were great.—He had himself been favourably noticed by the Queen. His uncle was Prime Minister. His own talents were such as any minister might have been eager to enlist in the public service. But his solicitations were unsuccessful. The truth is: that the Cecils disliked him, and did all that they could decently do to keep him down. It has never been alleged that Bacon had done anything to merit this dislike; nor is it at all probable that a man whose temper was naturally mild, whose manners were courteous, who, through life, nursed his fortunes with the utmost care, and who was fearful even to a fault of offending the powerful,—would have given any just cause of displeasure to a kinsman who had the means of rendering him essential service, and of doing him irreparable injury. The real explanation, we have no doubt, is this: Robert Cecil, the Treasurer's second son, was younger by a few months than Bacon. He had been educated with the utmost care; had been initiated, while still a boy, in the mysteries of diplomacy and court-intrigue; and was just at this time about to be produced on the stage of public life. The wish nearest to Burleigh's heart was that his own greatness might descend to this favourite child. But even Burleigh's fatherly partiality could hardly prevent him from perceiving that Robert, with all his abilities and acquirements, was no match for his cousin Francis. This seems to us the only rational explanation of the Treasurer's conduct. Mr. Montagu is more charitable. He supposes that Burleigh was influenced merely by affection for his nephew, and was "little disposed to encourage him to rely on others rather than on himself, and to venture on the quicksands of politics, instead of the certain profession of the law." If such were Burleigh's feelings, it seems strange that he should have suffered his son to venture on those quicksands from which he so carefully preserved his nephew. But the truth is, that if Burleigh had been so disposed, he might easily have secured to Bacon a comfortable provision which should have been exposed to no risk. And it is equally certain, that he showed as little disposition to enable his nephew to live by a profession, as to enable him to live without a profession.—That Bacon himself attributed the conduct of his relatives to jealousy of his superior talents, we have not the smallest doubt. In a letter, written many years after to Villiers, he expresses himself thus:—"Countenance, encourage, and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of *the Cecils, the father and the son*, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."*

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[*] Strype's Life of Whitgift.

Whatever Burleigh's motives might be, his purpose was unalterable. The supplications which Francis addressed to his uncle and aunt were earnest, humble, and almost servile. He was the most promising and accomplished young man of his time. His father had been the brother-in-law, the most useful colleague, the nearest friend of the minister. But all this availed poor Francis nothing. He was forced, much against his will, to betake himself to the study of the law. He was admitted at Gray's Inn, and, during some years, he laboured there in obscurity.

What the extent of his legal attainments may have been it is difficult to say. It was not hard for a man of his powers to acquire that very moderate portion of technical knowledge which, when joined to quickness, tact, wit, ingenuity, eloquence, and knowledge of the world, is sufficient to raise an advocate to the highest professional eminence. The general opinion appears to have been that which was on one occasion expressed by Elizabeth. "Bacon," said she, "had a great wit and much learning; but in law sheweth to the uttermost of his knowledge, and is not deep." The Cecils, we suspect, did their best to spread this opinion by whispers and insinuations. Coke openly proclaimed it with that rancorous insolence which was habitual to him. No reports are more readily believed than those which disparage genius and sooth the envy of conscious mediocrity. It must have been inexpressibly consoling to a stupid sergeant,—the forerunner of him who, a hundred and fifty years later, "shook his head at Murray as a wit;" to know that the most profound thinker, and the most accomplished orator of the age, was very imperfectly acquainted with the law touching *bastard eigné* and *mulier puisné*, and confounded the right of free fishery with that of common of piscary.

It is certain that no man in that age, or indeed during the century and a half which followed, was better acquainted with the philosophy of law. His technical knowledge was quite sufficient, with the help of his admirable talents, and his insinuating address, to procure clients. He rose very rapidly into business, and soon entertained hopes of being called within the bar. He applied to Lord Burleigh for that purpose, but received a testy refusal. Of the grounds of that refusal we can, in some measure, judge by Bacon's answer, which is still extant. It seems that the old Lord, whose temper, age and gout had by no means altered for the better, and who omitted no opportunity of marking his dislike of the showy, quick-witted young men of the rising generation, took this opportunity to read Francis a very sharp lecture on his vanity, and want of respect for his betters. Francis returned a most submissive reply, thanked the Treasurer for the admonition, and promised to profit by it.—Strangers meanwhile were less unjust to the young barrister than his nearest kinsmen had been. In his twenty-sixth year he became a bencher of his Inn; and two years later he was appointed Lent reader. At length, in 1590, he obtained for the first time some show of favour from the Court. He was sworn in Queen's counsel extraordinary. But this mark of honour was not accompanied by any pecuniary emolument. He continued, therefore, to solicit his powerful relatives for some provision which might enable him to live without drudging at his profession. He bore with a patience and serenity which, we fear, bordered on meanness, the morose humours of his uncle, and the sneering reflections which his cousin cast on speculative men, lost in philosophical dreams, and too wise to be capable of transacting public business. At length the Cecils were generous enough to procure for him the reversion of the Registrarship of the Star Chamber. This was a lucrative place; but as many years elapsed before it fell in, he was still under the necessity of labouring for his daily bread.

In the Parliament which was called in 1593, he sat as member for the county of Middlesex, and soon attained eminence as a debater. It is easy to perceive from the scanty remains of his oratory, that the same compactness of expression and richness of fancy which appear in his writings characterized his speeches; and that his extensive acquaintance with literature and history enabled him to entertain his audience with a vast variety of illustrations and allusions which were generally happy and apposite, but which were probably not least pleasing to the taste of that age when they were such as would now be thought childish or pedantic. It is evident also that he was, as indeed might have been expected, perfectly free from those faults which are generally found in an advocate who, after having risen to eminence at the bar, enters the House of Commons; that it was his habit to deal with every great question, not in small detached portions, but as a whole; that he refined little, and that his reasonings were those of a capacious rather than a subtle mind. Ben Johnson, a most unexceptionable judge, has described his eloquence in words, which, though often quoted, will bear to be quoted again. "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." From the mention which is made of *judges*, it would seem that Johnson had heard Bacon only at the bar. Indeed we imagine that the House of Commons was then almost inaccessible to strangers. It is not probable that a man of Bacon's nice observation would speak in Parliament exactly as he spoke in the Court of King's Bench. But the graces of manner and language must, to a great extent, have been common between the Queen's Counsel and the Knight of the Shire.

Bacon tried to play a very difficult game in politics. He wished to be at once a favourite at Court and popular with the multitude. If any man could have succeeded in this attempt, a man of talents so rare, of judgment so prematurely ripe, of temper so calm, and of manners so plausible, might have been expected to succeed. Nor indeed did he wholly fail. Once, however, he indulged in a burst of patriotism which cost him a long and bitter remorse, and which he never ventured to repeat. The Court asked for large subsidides, and for speedy payment. The remains of Bacon's speech breathe all the spirit of the Long Parliament. "The gentlemen," said he, "must sell their plate, and the farmers their brass pots, ere this will be paid; and for us, we are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skin them over. The dangers are these. First, we shall breed discontent and endanger her Majesty's safety, which must consist more in the love of the people than their wealth. Secondly, this being granted in this sort, other princes hereafter will look for the like; so that we shall put an evil precedent on ourselves and on our posterity; and in histories, it is to be observed, of all nations the English are not to be subject, base, or taxable." The Queen and her ministers resented this outbreak of public spirit in the highest manner. Indeed, many an honest member of the House of Commons had, for a much smaller matter, been sent to the Tower by the proud and hot-blooded Tudors. The young patriot condescended to make the most abject apologies. He adjured the Lord Treasurer to show some favour to his poor servant and ally. He bemoaned himself to the Lord Keeper, in a letter which may keep in countenance the most unmanly of the epistles which Cicero wrote during his banishment. The lesson was not thrown away. Bacon never offended in the same manner again.

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* See page 61, Vol. XII. of the present edition.

He was now satisfied that he had little to hope from the patronage of those powerful kinsmen whom he had solicited during twelve years with such meek pertinacity; and he began to look towards a different quarter. Among the courtiers of Elizabeth had lately appeared a new favourite,—young, noble, wealthy, accomplished, eloquent, brave, generous, aspiring,—a favourite who had obtained from the grey-headed queen such marks of regard as she had scarce vouchsafed to Leicester in the season of the passions; who was at once the ornament of the palace and the idol of the city; who was the common patron of men of letters and of men of the sword; who was the common refuge of the persecuted Catholic and of the persecuted Puritan. The calm prudence which had enabled Burleigh to shape his course through so many dangers, and the vast experience which he had acquired in dealing with two generations of colleagues and rivals, seemed scarcely sufficient to support him in this new competition; and Robert Cecil sickened with fear and envy as he contemplated the rising fame and influence of Essex.

The history of the factions which, towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, divided her court and her council, though pregnant with instruction, is by no means interesting or pleasing. Both parties employed the means which are familiar to unscrupulous statesmen; and neither had, or even pretended to have, any important end in view. The public mind was then reposing from one great effort, and collecting strength for another. That impetuous and appalling rush with which the human intellect had moved forward in the career of truth and liberty, during the fifty years which followed the separation of Luther from the communion of the Church of Rome, was now over. The boundary between Protestantism and Popery had been fixed very nearly where it still remains. England, Scotland, the Northern kingdoms were on one side; Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, on *the other.* The line of demarcation ran, as it still runs, through the midst of the Netherlands, of Germany, and of Switzerland,—dividing province from province, electorate from electorate, and canton from canton. France might be considered as a debateable land, in which the contest was still undecided. Since that time, the two religions have done little more than maintain their ground. A few occasional incursions have been made. But the general frontier remains the same. During two hundred and fifty years no great society has risen up like one man, and emancipated itself by one mighty effort from the enthralling superstition of ages. This spectacle was common in the middle of the sixteenth century. Why has it ceased to be so? Why has so violent a movement been followed by so long a repose? The doctrines of the Reformers are not less agreeable to reason or to revelation now than formerly. The public mind is assuredly not less enlightened now than formerly. Why is it that Protestantism, after carrying every thing before it in a time of comparatively little knowledge and little freedom, should make no perceptible progress in a reasoning and tolerant age;—that the Luthers, the Calvins, the Knoxes, the Zwingles, should have left no successors,—that during two centuries and a half fewer converts should have been brought over from the Church of Rome than at the time of the Reformation were sometimes gained in a year? This has always appeared to us one of the most curious and interesting problems in history. On some other occasion we may perhaps attempt to solve it. At present, it is enough to say, that at the close of Elizabeth's reign, the Protestant party,—to borrow the language of the Apocalypse,—had left its first love and had ceased to do its first works.

The great struggle of the sixteenth century was over. The great struggle of the seventeenth century had not commenced. The confessors of Mary's reign were dead. The members of the Long Parliament were still in their cradles. The Papists had been deprived of all power in the state. The Puritans had not yet attained any formidable extent of power. True it is, that a student well acquainted with the history of the next generation, can easily discern in the proceedings of the last Parliaments of Elizabeth the germ of great and ever-memorable events. But to the eye of a contemporary nothing of this appeared. The two sections of ambitious men who were struggling for power differed from each other on no important public question. Both belonged to the Established Church. Both professed boundless loyalty to the Queen. Both approved the war with Spain. There is not, as far as we are aware, any reason to believe that they entertained different views concerning the succession to the Crown. Certainly, neither faction had any great measure of reform in view. Neither attempted to redress any public grievance. The most odious and pernicious grievance under which the nation then suffered was a source of profit to both, and was defended by both with equal zeal. Raleigh held a monopoly of cards,—Essex a monopoly of sweet wines. In fact, the only ground of quarrel between the parties was, that they could not agree as to their respective shares of power and patronage.

Nothing in the political conduct of Essex entitles him to esteem; and the pity with which we regard his early and terrible end is diminished by the consideration, that he put to hazard the lives and fortunes of his most attached friends, and endeavoured to throw the whole country into confusion for objects purely personal. Still, it is impossible not to be deeply interested for a man so brave, high-spirited, and generous;—for a man who, while he conducted himself towards his sovereign with a boldness such as was then found in no other subject, conducted himself towards his dependents with a delicacy such as has rarely been found in any other patron. Unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire, not gratitude, but affection. He tried to make those whom he befriended feel towards him as towards an equal. His mind, ardent, susceptible, naturally disposed to admiration of all that is great and beautiful, was fascinated by the genius and the accomplishments of Bacon. A close friendship was soon formed between them,—a friendship destined to have a dark, a mournful, a shameful end.

In 1594, the office of Attorney-general became vacant, and Bacon hoped to obtain it. Essex made his friend's cause his own,—sued, expostulated, promised, threatened,—but all in vain. It is probable that the dislike felt by the Cecils for Bacon had been increased by the connexion which he had lately formed with the Earl. Robert was then on the point of being made Secretary of State. He happened one day to be in the same coach with Essex, and a remarkable conversation took place between them. "My Lord," said Sir Robert, "the Queen has determined to appoint an Attorney-General without more delay. I pray your Lordship to let me know whom you will favour." "I wonder at your question," replied the Earl. "You cannot but know that resolutely, against all the world, I stand for your cousin, Francis Bacon."—"Good Lord!" cried Cecil, unable to bridle his temper, "I wonder your Lordship should spend your strength on so unlikely a matter. Can you name one precedent of so raw a youth promoted to so great a place?" This objection came with a singularly bad grace from a man who, though younger than Bacon, was in daily expectation of being made Secretary of State. The blot was too obvious to be missed by Essex, who seldom forbore to speak his mind. "I have made no search," said he, "for precedents of young men who have filled the office of Attorney-General. But I could name to you, Sir Robert, a man younger than Francis, less learned, and equally inexperienced, who is suing and striving with all his might for an office of far greater weight." Sir Robert had nothing to say but that he thought his own abilities equal to the place which he hoped to obtain; and that his father's long services deserved such a mark of gratitude from the Queen,—as if his abilities were comparable to his cousin's, or as if Sir Nicholas Bacon had done no service to the State. Cecil then hinted that if Bacon would be satisfied with the Solicitorship, that might be of easier digestion to the Queen. "Digest me no digestions," said the generous and ardent Earl. "The Attorneyship for Francis is that I must have; and in that I will spend all my power, might, authority, and amity; and with tooth and nail procure the same for him against whomsoever; and whosoever getteth this office out of my hands for any other, before he have it, it shall cost him the coming by. And this be you assured of, Sir Robert, for now I fully declare myself; and for my own part, Sir Robert, I think strange both of my Lord Treasurer and you, that can have the mind to seek the preference of a stranger before so near a kinsman; for if you weigh in a balance the parts every way of his competitor and him, only excepting five poor years of admitting to a house of court before Francis, you shall find that in all other respects whatsoever no comparison between them."

When the office of Attorney-General was filled up, the Earl pressed the Queen to make Bacon Solicitor-General, and, on this occasion, the old Lord Treasurer professed himself not unfavourable to his nephew's pretensions. But after a contest which lasted more than a year and a half, and in which Essex, to use his own words, "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity," the place was given to another. Essex felt this disappointment keenly, but found consolation in the most munificent and delicate liberality. He presented Bacon with an estate, worth near two thousand pounds, situated at Twickenham; and this, as Bacon owned many years after, "with so kind and noble circumstances as the manner was worth more than the matter."

It was soon after these events that Bacon first appeared before the public as a writer. Early in 1597 he published a small volume of Essays, which was afterwards enlarged by successive editions to many times its original bulk. This little work was, as it well deserved to be, exceedingly popular. It was reprinted in a few months; it was translated into Latin, French, and Italian; and it seems to have at once established the literary reputation of its author. But though Bacon's reputation rose, his fortunes were still depressed. He was in great pecuniary difficulties; and, on one occasion was arrested in the street at the suit of a goldsmith, for a debt of £300, and was carried to a spunging-house in Coleman Street.

The kindness of Essex was in the meantime indefatigable. In 1596 he sailed on his memorable expedition to the coast of Spain. At the very moment of his embarkation, he wrote to several of his friends, commending to them, during his own absence, the interests of Bacon. He returned, after performing the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim. His valour, his talents, his humane and generous disposition, had made him the idol of his countrymen, and had extorted praise from the enemies whom he had conquered.* He had always been proud and headstrong; and his splendid success seems to have rendered his faults more offensive than ever. But to his friend Francis he was still the same. Bacon had some thoughts of making his fortune by marriage; and had begun to pay court to a widow of the name of Hatton. The eccentric manners and violent temper of this woman made her a disgrace and a torment to her connexions. But Bacon was not aware of her faults, or was disposed to overlook them for the sake of her ample fortune. Essex pleaded his friend's cause with his usual ardour. The letters which the Earl addressed to Lady Hatton and to her mother are still extant, and are highly honourable to him. "If," he wrote, "she were my sister or my daughter, I protest I would as confidently resolve to further it as I now persuade you." And again—"If my faith be anything, I protest, if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him, than with men of far greater titles." The suit, happily for Bacon, was unsuccessful. The lady indeed was kind to him in more ways than one. She rejected him, and accepted his enemy. She married that narrow-minded, bad-hearted pedant, Sir Edward Coke, and did her best to make him as miserable as he deserved to be.

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* See Cervantes's *Novela de la Espanola Inglesa.*

The fortunes of Essex had now reached their height, and began to decline. He possessed indeed all the qualities which raise men to greatness rapidly. But he had neither the virtues nor the vices which enable men to retain greatness long. His frankness, his keen sensibility to insult and injustice, were by no means agreeable to a sovereign naturally impatient of opposition, and accustomed, during forty years, to the most extravagant flattery, and the most abject submission. The daring and contemptuous manner in which he bade defiance to his enemies excited their deadly hatred. His administration in Ireland was unfortunate, and in many respects highly blameable. Though his brilliant courage, and his impetuous activity, fitted him admirably for such enterprises as that of Cadiz, he did not possess the caution, patience, and resolution, necessary for the conduct of a protracted war;—in which difficulties were to be gradually surmounted, in which much discomfort was to be endured, and in which few splendid exploits could be achieved. For the civil duties of his high place he was still less qualified. Though eloquent and accomplished, he was in no sense a statesman. The multitude, indeed, still continued to regard even his faults with fondness. But the Court had ceased to give him credit, even for the merit which he really possessed. The person on whom, during the decline of his influence, he chiefly depended,—to whom he confided his perplexities, whose advice he solicited, whose intercession he employed,—was his friend Bacon. The lamentable truth must be told. This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory.

But let us be just to Bacon. We believe that, to the last, he had no wish to injure Essex. Nay, we believe that he sincerely exerted himself to serve Essex, as long as he thought he could serve Essex without injuring himself. The advice which he gave to his noble benefactor was generally most judicious. He did all in his power to dissuade the Earl from accepting the Government of Ireland. "For," says he, "I did as plainly see his overthrow, chained as it were by destiny to that journey, as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents." The prediction was accomplished. Essex returned in disgrace. Bacon attempted to mediate between his friend and the Queen; and, we believe, honestly employed all his address for that purpose. But the task which he had undertaken was too difficult, delicate, and perilous, even for so wary and dexterous an agent. He had to manage two spirits, equally proud, resentful, and ungovernable. At Essex House, he had to calm the rage of a young hero, incensed by multiplied wrongs and humiliations: and then to pass to Whitehall for the purpose of soothing the peevishness of a sovereign, whose temper, never very gentle, had been rendered morbidly irritable by age, by declining health, and by the long habit of listening to flattery and exacting implicit obedience. It is hard to serve two masters. Situated as Bacon was, it was scarcely possible for him to shape his course so as not to give one or both of his employers reason to complain. For a time he acted as fairly as, in circumstances so embarrassing, could reasonably be expected. At length, he found that while he was trying to prop the fortunes of another, he was in danger of shaking his own. He had disobliged both the parties whom he wished to reconcile. Essex thought him wanting in zeal as a friend—Elizabeth thought him wanting in duty as a subject. The Earl looked on him as a spy of the Queen, the Queen as a creature of the Earl. The reconciliation which he had laboured to effect appeared utterly hopeless. A thousand signs, legible to eyes far less keen than his, announced that the fall of his patron was at hand. He shaped his course accordingly. When Essex was brought before the council to answer for his conduct in Ireland, Bacon, after a feint attempt to excuse himself from taking part against his friend, submitted himself to the Queen's pleasure, and appeared at the bar in support of the charges. But a darker scene was behind. The unhappy young nobleman, made reckless by despair, ventured on a rash and criminal enterprise, which rendered him liable to the highest penalties of the law. What course was Bacon to take? This was one of those conjunctures which show what men are. To a highminded man, wealth, power, court-favour, even personal safety, would have appeared of no account, when opposed to friendship, gratitude, and honour. Such a man would have stood by the side of Essex at the trial,—would have "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity" in soliciting a mitigation of the sentence,—would have been a daily visitor at the cell,—would have received the last injunctions and the last embrace on the scaffold,—would have employed all the powers of his intellect to guard from insult the fame of his generous, though erring friend. An ordinary man would neither have incurred the danger of succouring Essex, nor the disgrace of assailing him. Bacon did not even preserve neutrality. He appeared as counsel for the prosecution. In that situation, he did not confine himself to what would have been amply sufficient to procure a verdict. He employed all his wit, his rhetoric, and his learning,—not to ensure a conviction, for the circumstances were such that a conviction was inevitable,—but to deprive the unhappy prisoner of all those excuses which, though legally of no value, yet tended to diminish the moral guilt of the crime; and which, therefore, though they could not justify the peers in pronouncing an acquittal, might incline the Queen to grant a pardon. The Earl urged as a palliation of his frantic acts, that he was surrounded by powerful and inveterate enemies, that they had ruined his fortunes, that they sought his life, and that their persecutions had driven him to despair. This was true, and Bacon well knew it to be true. But he affected to treat it as an idle pretence. He compared Essex to Pisistratus, who, by pretending to be in imminent danger of assassination, and by exhibiting self-inflicted wounds, succeeded in establishing tyranny at Athens. This was too much for the prisoner to bear. He interrupted his ungrateful friend, by calling on him to quit the part of an advocate,—to come forward as a witness, and tell the Lords whether, in old times, he, Francis Bacon, had not under his own hand, repeatedly asserted the truth of what he now represented as idle pretexts. It is painful to go on with this lamentable story. Bacon returned a shuffling answer to the Earl's question: and, as if the allusion to Pisistratus were not sufficiently offensive, made another allusion still more unjustifiable. He compared Essex to Henry Duke of Guise, and the rash attempt in the city, to the day of the barricades at Paris. Why Bacon had recourse to such a topic it is to say. It was quite unnecessary for the pur- obtaining a verdict. It was certain to produce impression on the mind of the haughty and princess on whose pleasure the Earl's fate de-

The faintest allusion to the degrading tute- which the last Valois had been held by the f Lorraine, was sufficient to harden her heart a man who in rank, in military reputation, in ity among the citizens of the capital, bore semblance to the Captain of the League. Es- convicted. Bacon made no effort to save him, the Queen's feelings were such, that he might leaded his benefactor's cause, possibly with , certainly without any serious danger to him- e unhappy nobleman was executed. His fate strong, perhaps unreasonable feelings of com- and indignation. The Queen was received by ens of London with gloomy looks and faint tions. She thought it expedient to publish a tion of her late proceedings. The faithless who had assisted in taking the Earl's life was ployed to murder the Earl's fame. The Queen n some of Bacon's writings and had been with them. He was accordingly selected to A Declaration of the practises and treasons at- and committed by Robert Earl of Essex," was printed by authority. In the succeeding Bacon had not a word to say in defence of this ance—a performance, abounding in expres- hich no generous enemy would have employ- cting a man who had so dearly expiated his . His only excuse was, that he wrote it by d,—that he considered himself as a mere se- —that he had particular instructions as to the which he was to treat every part of the sub- nd that, in fact, he had furnished only the ar- nt and the style.

egret to say, that the whole conduct of Bacon, the course of these transactions, appears to ntagu not merely excusable, but deserving of miration. The integrity and benevolence of tleman are so well known, that our readers bably be at a loss to conceive by what steps he arrived at so extraordinary a conclusion; and half afraid that they will suspect us of prac- ome artifice upon them, when we report the l arguments which he employs.

ler to get rid of the charge of ingratitude, Mr. n attempts to show, that Bacon lay under obligations to the Queen than to Essex. What ligations were it is not easy to discover. The n of Queen's Counsel, and a remote reversion, rely favours very far below Bacon's personal ditary claims. They were favours which had the Queen a groat, nor had they put a groat on's purse. It was necessary to rest Eliza- laims to gratitude on some other ground; and r. Montagu felt. "What perhaps was her kindness," says he, "instead of having hastily d Bacon, she had, with a continuance of her ip, made him bear the yoke in his youth. re his obligations to Elizabeth." Such in- y were. Being the son of one of her oldest t faithful ministers—being himself the ablest t accomplished young man of his time—he n condemned by her to drudgery, to obscurity, ty. She had depreciated his acquirements. l checked him in the most imperious manner, when in Parliament he ventured to act an independent part. She had refused to him the professional advancement to which he had a just claim. To her it was owing that while younger men,—not superior to him in extraction, and far inferior to him in every kind of personal merit,—were filling the highest offices of the state, adding manor to manor, rearing palace after palace, he was lying at a spunging-house for a debt of three hundred pounds. Assuredly if Bacon owed gratitude to Elizabeth, he owed none to Essex. If the Queen really was his best friend, the Earl was his worst enemy. We wonder that Mr. Montagu did not press this argument a little further. He might have maintained, that Bacon was fully justified in revenging himself on a man who had attempted to rescue his youth from the salutary yoke imposed on it by the Queen,—who had wished to advance him hastily, —who, not content with attempting to inflict the Attorney-Generalship upon him, had been so cruel as to present him with a landed estate.

Again, we can hardly think Mr. Montagu serious when he tells us, that Bacon was bound for the sake of the public not to destroy his own hopes of advancement; and that he took part against Essex from a wish to obtain power which might enable him to be useful to his country. We really do not know how to refute such arguments except by stating them. Nothing is impossible which does not involve a contradiction. It is barely possible that Bacon's motives for acting as he did on this occasion, may have been gratitude to the Queen for keeping him poor; and a desire to benefit his fellow-creatures in some high situation. And there is a possibility that Bonner may have been a good Protestant, who, being convinced that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, heroically went through all the drudgery and infamy of persecution, that he might inspire the English people with an intense and lasting hatred of Popery. There is a possibility that Jeffries may have been an ardent lover of liberty, and that he may have beheadèd Algernon Sydney, and burned Elizabeth Gaunt, only in order to produce a reaction which might lead to the limitation of the prerogative. There is a possibility that Thurtell may have killed Weare, only in order to give the youth of England an impressive warning against gaming and bad company. There is a possibility that Fauntleroy may have forged powers of attorney, only in order that his fate might turn the attention of the public to the defects of the penal law. These things, we say, are possible. But they are so extravagantly improbable, that a man who should act on such suppositions, would be fit only for Saint Luke's. And we do not see why suppositions on which no rational man would act in ordinary life, should be admitted into history.

Mr. Montagu's notion that Bacon desired power only in order to do good to mankind, appears somewhat strange to us, when we consider how Bacon afterwards used power, and how he lost it. Surely the service which he rendered to mankind by taking Lady Wharton's broad pieces, and Sir John Kennedy's cabinet, was not of such vast importance as to sanctify all the means which might conduce to that end. If the case were fairly stated, it would, we much fear, stand thus :—Bacon was a servile advocate, that he might be a corrupt judge.

Mr. Montagu conceives that none but the ignorant and unreflecting can think Bacon censurable for any thing that he did as counsel for the Crown; and maintains that no advocate can justifiably use any discretion as to the party for whom he appears. We will not at present inquire whether the doctrine which is held on this subject, by English lawyers, be or be not agreeable to reason and morality;—whether it be right that a man should, with a wig on his head, and a band round his neck, do for a guinea what, without those appendages, he would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire;—whether it be right that, not merely believing but knowing a statement to be true, he should do all that can be done by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration, by indignant exclamation, by gesture, by play of features, by terrifying one honest witness, by perplexing another, to cause a jury to think that statement false. It is not necessary on the present occasion to decide these questions. The professional rules, be they good or bad, are rules to which many wise and virtuous men have conformed and are daily conforming. If, therefore, Bacon did no more than these rules required of him, we shall readily admit that he was blameless. But we conceive that his conduct was not justifiable according to any professional rules that now exist or that ever existed in England. It has always been held, that in criminal cases, in which the prisoner was denied the help of counsel, and above all, in capital cases, the advocate for the prosecution was both entitled, and bound, to exercise a discretion. It is true that, after the Revolution, when the Parliament began to make inquisition for the innocent blood which had been shed by the last Stuarts, a feeble attempt was made to defend the lawyers who had been accomplices in the murder of Sir Thomas Armstrong, on the ground that they had only acted professionally. The wretched sophism was silenced by the execrations of the House of Commons. "Things will never be well done," said Mr. Foley, "till some of that profession be made examples." "We have a new sort of monsters in the world," said the younger Hampden, "haranguing a man to death. These I call bloodhounds. Sawyer is very criminal and guilty of this murder." "I speak to discharge my conscience," said Mr. Garroway. "I will not have the blood of this man at my door. Sawyer demanded judgment against him and execution. I believe him guilty of the death of this man. Do what you will with him." "If the profession of the law," said the elder Hampden, "gives a man authority to murder at this rate, it is the interest of all men to rise and exterminate that profession." Nor was this language held only by unlearned country gentlemen. Sir William Williams, one of the ablest and most unscrupulous lawyers of the age, took the same view of the case. He had not hesitated, he said, to take part in the prosecution of the Bishops, because they were allowed counsel. But he maintained, that where the prisoner was not allowed counsel, the Counsel for the Crown was bound to exercise a discretion; and that every lawyer who neglected this distinction was a betrayer of the law. But it is unnecessary to cite authority. It is known to everybody who has ever looked into a court of quarter-sessions, that lawyers do exercise a discretion in criminal cases; and it is plain to every man of common sense, that if they did not excise such a discretion, they would be a more hateful body of men than those bravos who used to hire out their stilettoes in Italy.

Bacon appeared against a man who was indeed *guilty of a great* offence, but who had been his benefactor and friend. He did more than this. Nay, he did more than a person who had never seen Essex would have been justified in doing. He employed all the art of an advocate in order to make the prisoner's conduct appear more inexcusable, and more dangerous to the state, than it really had been. All that professional duty could, in any case, have required of him, would have been to conduct the cause so as to ensure a conviction. But from the nature of the circumstances there could not be the smallest doubt that the Earl would be found guilty. The character of the crime was unequivocal. It had been committed recently—in broad day-light—in the streets of the capital—in the presence of thousands. If ever there was an occasion on which an advocate had no temptation to resort to extraneous topics for the purpose of blinding the judgment, and inflaming the passions of a tribunal, this was that occasion. Why then resort to arguments which, while they could add nothing to the strength of the case, considered in a legal point of view, tended to aggravate the moral guilt of the fatal enterprise, and to excite fear and resentment in that quarter from which alone the Earl could now expect mercy? Why remind the audience of the arts of the ancient tyrants? Why deny, what everybody knew to be the truth, that a powerful faction at court had long sought to effect the ruin of the prisoner? Why, above all, institute a parallel between the unhappy culprit and the most wicked and most successful rebel of the age? Was it absolutely impossible to do all that professional duty required without reminding a jealous sovereign of the League, of the barricades, and of all the humiliations which a too powerful subject had heaped on Henry the Third?

But if we admit the plea which Mr. Montagu urges in defence of what Bacon did as an Advocate, what shall we say of the "Declaration of the Treasons of Robert Earl of Essex?" Here at least there was no pretence of professional obligation. Even those who may think it the duty of a lawyer to hang, draw, and quarter his benefactors, for a proper consideration, will hardly say that it is his duty to write abusive pamphlets against them, after they are in their graves. Bacon excused himself by saying that he was not answerable for the matter of the book, and that he furnished only the language. But why did he endow such purposes with words? Could no hack-writer, without virtue or shame, be found to exaggerate the errors, already so dearly expiated, of a gentle and noble spirit? Every age produces those links between the man and the baboon. Every age is fertile of Concanens, of Gildons, and of Antony Pasquins. But was it for Bacon so to prostitute his intellect? Could he not feel that while he rounded and pointed some period dictated by the envy of Cecil, or gave a plausible form to some slander invented by the dastardly malignity of Cobham, he was not sinning merely against his friend's honour and his own? Could he not feel that letters, eloquence, philosophy, were all degraded in his degradation?

The real explanation of all this is perfectly obvious; and nothing but a partiality amounting to a ruling passion could cause any body to miss it. The moral qualities of Bacon were not of high order. We do not say that he was a bad man. He was not inhuman or tyrannical. He bore with meekness his high civil honours, and the far higher honours gained by his intellect. He was very seldom, if ever, provoked into treating any person with malignity and insolence. No man more readily held up the left cheek to those who had smitten the right. No man was more expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was never accused of intemperance in his pleasures. His even temper, his flowing courtesy, the general respectability of his demeanour, made a favourable impression on those who saw him in situations which do not severely try the principles. His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. He seems to have been incapable of feeling strong affection, of facing great dangers, of making great sacrifices. His desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage,—the mace, the seals, the coronet,—large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets,—had as great attractions for him as for any of the courtiers who dropped on their knees in the dirt when Elizabeth passed by, and then hastened home to write to the King of Scots that her Grace seemed to be breaking fast. For these objects he had stooped to every thing and endured every thing. For these he had sued in the humblest manner, and when unjustly and ungraciously repulsed, had thanked those who had repulsed him, and had begun to sue again. For these objects, as soon as he found that the smallest show of independence in Parliament was offensive to the Queen, he had abased himself to the dust before her, and implored forgiveness, in terms better suited to a convicted thief than to a knight of the shire. For these he joined, and for these he forsook Lord Essex. He continued to plead his patron's cause with the Queen as long as he thought that by pleading that cause he might serve himself. Nay—he went further—for his feelings, though not warm, were kind—he pleaded that cause as long as he thought he could plead it without injury to himself. But when it became evident that Essex was going headlong to his ruin, Bacon began to tremble for his own fortunes. What he had to fear would not, indeed, have been very alarming to a man of lofty character. It was not death. It was not imprisonment. It was the loss of court favour. It was the being left behind by others in the career of ambition. It was the having leisure to finish the *Instauratio Magna*. The Queen looked coldly on him. The courtiers began to consider him as a marked man. He determined to change his line of conduct, and to proceed in a new course with so much vigour as to make up for lost time. When once he had determined to act against his friend, knowing himself to be suspected, he acted with more zeal than would have been necessary or justifiable if he had been employed against a stranger. He exerted his professional talents to shed the Earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken the Earl's memory. It is certain that his conduct excited at the time great and general disapprobation. While Elizabeth lived, indeed, this disapprobation, though deeply felt, was not loudly expressed. But a great change was at hand.

The health of the Queen had long been decaying; and the operation of age and disease was now assisted by acute mental suffering. The pitiable melancholy of her last days has generally been ascribed to her fond regret for Essex. But we are disposed to attribute her dejection partly to physical causes, and partly to the conduct of her courtiers and ministers. They did all in their power to conceal from her the intrigues which they were carrying on at the Court of Scotland. But her keen sagacity was not to be so deceived. She did not know the whole. But she knew that she was surrounded by men who were impatient for that new world which was to begin at her death,—who had never been attached to her by affection,—and who were now but very slightly attached to her by interest. Prostration and flattery could not conceal from her the cruel truth, that those whom she had trusted and promoted had never loved her, and were fast ceasing to fear her. Unable to avenge herself, and too proud to complain, she suffered sorrow and resentment to prey on her heart, till, after a long career of power, prosperity and glory, she died sick and weary of the world.

James mounted the throne; and Bacon employed all his address to obtain for himself a share of the favour of his new master. This was no difficult task. The faults of James, both as a man and as a prince, were numerous; but insensibility to the claims of genius and learning was not amongst them. He was indeed made up of two men,—a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued,—and a nervous, drivelling idiot, who acted. If he had been a Canon of Christ Church, or a Prebendary of Westminster, it is not improbable that he would have left a highly respectable name to posterity,—that he would have distinguished himself among the translators of the Bible, and among the Divines who attended the Synod of Dort,—that he would have been regarded by the literary world as no contemptible rival of Vossius and Casaubon. But fortune placed him in a situation in which his weakness covered him with disgrace; and in which his accomplishments brought him no honour. In a college, much eccentricity and childishness would have been readily pardoned in so learned a man. But all that learning could do for him on the throne, was to make people think him a pedant as well as a fool.

Bacon was favourably received at Court; and soon found that his chance of promotion was not diminished by the death of the Queen. He was solicitous to be knighted—for two reasons—which are somewhat amusing. The King had already dubbed half London, and Bacon found himself the only untitled person in his mess at Gray's Inn. This was not very agreeable to him. He had also, to quote his own words, "found an Alderman's daughter, a handsome maiden, to his liking." On both these grounds, he begged his cousin Robert Cecil, "if it might please his good Lordship" to use his interest in his behalf. The application was successful. Bacon was one of three hundred gentlemen who, on the coronation-day, received the honour, if it is to be so called, of knighthood. The handsome maiden, a daughter of Alderman Barnham, soon after consented to become Sir Francis's lady.

The death of Elizabeth, though on the whole it improved Bacon's prospects, was in one respect an unfortunate event for him. The new King had always felt kindly towards Lord Essex, who had been zealous for the Scotch succession; and, as soon as he came to the throne, began to show favour to the house of Devereux, and to those who had stood by that house in its adversity. Every body was now at liberty to speak out respecting those lamentable events in which Bacon had borne so large a share. Elizabeth was scarcely cold when the public feeling began to manifest itself by marks of respect towards Lord South ampton. That accomplished nobleman, who will be remembered to the latest ages as the generous and discerning patron of Shakspeare, was held in honour by his contemporaries, chiefly on account of the devoted affection which he had borne to Essex. He had been tried and convicted together with his friend; but the Queen had spared his life, and, at the time of her death, he was still a prisoner. A crowd of visiters hastened to the Tower to congratulate him on his approaching deliverance. With that crowd Bacon could not venture to mingle. The multitude loudly condemned him; and his conscience told him that the multitude had but too much reason. He excused himself to Southampton by letter, in terms which, if he had, as Mr. Montagu conceives, done only what as a subject and an advocate he was bound to do, must be considered as shamefully servile. He owns his fear that his attendance would give offence, and that his professions of regard would obtain no credit. "Yet," says he, "it is as true as a thing that God knoweth, that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship than this, that I may safely be that to you now which I was truly before."

How Southampton received these apologies we are not informed. But it is certain that the general opinion was pronounced against Bacon in a manner not to be misunderstood. Soon after his marriage he put forth a defence of his conduct, in the form of a Letter to the Earl of Devon. This tract seems to us to prove only the exceeding badness of a cause for which such talents could do so little.

It is not probable that Bacon's Defence had much effect on his contemporaries. But the unfavourable impression which his conduct had made appears to have been gradually effaced. Indeed it must be some very peculiar cause that can make a man like him long unpopular. His talents secured him from contempt, his temper and his manners from hatred. There is scarcely any story so black that it may not be got over by a man of great abilities, whose abilities are united with caution, good-humour, patience, and affability,—who pays daily sacrifice to Nemesis, who is a delightful companion, a serviceable though not an ardent friend, and a dangerous yet a placable enemy. Waller in the next generation was an eminent instance of this. Indeed Waller had much more than may at first sight appear in common with Bacon. To the higher intellectual qualities of the great English philosopher,—to the genius which has made an immortal epoch in the history of science,—Waller had indeed no pretensions. But the mind of Waller, as far as it extended, coincided with that of Bacon, and might, so to speak, have been cut out of that of Bacon. In the qualities which make a man an object of interest and veneration to posterity, there was no comparison between them. But in the qualities by which chiefly a man is known to his contemporaries there was a striking similarity. Considered as men of the world, as courtiers, as politicians, as associates, as allies, as enemies, they had nearly the same merits and the same defects. They were not malignant. They were not tyrannical. But they wanted warmth of affection and elevation of sentiment. There were many things which they loved better than virtue, and which they feared more than guilt. Yet after they had stooped to acts of which it is impossible to read the account in the most partial narratives without strong disapprobation and contempt, the public still continued to regard them with a feeling not easily to be distinguished from esteem. The hyperbole of Juliet seemed to be verified with respect to them. "Upon their brows shame was ashamed to sit." Every body seemed as desirous to throw a veil over their misconduct as if it had been his own. Clarendon, who felt, and who had reason to feel, strong personal dislike towards Waller, speaks of him thus:—"There needs no more to be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults,—that is, so to cover them that they were not taken notice of to his reproach,—viz., a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree,—an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any virtuous undertaking,—an insinuation and servile flattery to the height the vainest and most imperious nature could be contented with. . . . It had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked, and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious, and he was at least pitied where he was most detested." Much of this, with some softening, might, we fear, be applied to Bacon. The influence of Waller's talents, manners, and accomplishments, died with him; and the world has pronounced an unbiassed sentence on his character. A few flowing lines are not bribe sufficient to pervert the judgment of posterity. But the influence of Bacon is felt and will long be felt over the whole civilized world. Leniently as he was treated by his contemporaries, posterity has treated him more leniently still. Turn where we may, the trophies of that mighty intellect are full in view. We are judging Manlius in sight of the Capitol.

Under the reign of James, Bacon grew rapidly in fortune and favour. In 1604 he was appointed King's Counsel, with a fee of forty pounds a-year; and a pension of sixty pounds a-year was settled upon him. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1612 Attorney-General. He continued to distinguish himself in Parliament, particularly by his exertions in favour of one excellent measure on which the King's heart was set,—the union of England and Scotland. It was not difficult for such an intellect to discover many irresistible arguments in favour of such a scheme. He conducted the great case of the *Post Nati* in the Exchequer Chamber; and the decision of the judges,—a decision the legality of which may be questioned, but the beneficial effect of which must be acknowledged,—was in a great measure attributed to his dexterous management. While actively engaged in the House of Commons and in the courts of law, he still found leisure for letters and philosophy. The noble treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," which at a later period was expanded into the *De Augmentis*, appeared in 1605. The "Wisdom of the Ancients,"—a work which, if it had proceeded from any other writer, would have been considered as a masterpiece of wit and learning, but which adds little to the fame of Bacon, was printed in 1609. In the mean time the *Novum Organum* was slowly proceeding. Several distinguished men of learning had been permitted to see sketches or detached portions of that extraordinary book; and though they were not generally disposed to admit the soundness of the author's views, they spoke with the greatest admiration of his genius. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the most magnificent of English libraries, was among those stubborn Conservatives who considered the hopes with which Bacon looked forward to the future destinies of the human race as utterly chimerical; and who regarded with distrust and aversion the innovating spirit of the new schismatics in philosophy. Yet even Bodley after perusing the *Cogitata et Visa*—one of the most precious of those scattered leaves out of which the great oracular volume was afterwards made up—acknowledged that in "those very points, and in all proposals and plots in that book, Bacon showed himself a master-workman;" and that "it could not be gainsaid but all the treatise over did abound with choice conceits of the present state of learning, and with worthy contemplations of the means to procure it." In 1612 a new edition of the "Essays" appeared, with additions surpassing the original collection both in bulk and quality. Nor did these pursuits distract Bacon's attention from a work the most arduous, the most glorious, and the most useful that even his mighty powers could have achieved, "the reducing and re-compiling," to use his own phrase, "of the laws of England."

Unhappily he was at that very time employed in perverting those laws to the vilest purposes of tyranny. When Oliver St. John was brought before the Star Chamber for maintaining that the King had no right to levy benevolences, and was for his manly and constitutional conduct sentenced to imprisonment during the royal pleasure, and to a fine of five thousand pounds, Bacon appeared as counsel for the prosecution.—About the same time he was deeply engaged in a still more disgraceful transaction. An aged clergyman of the name of Peacham, was accused of treason on account of some passages of a sermon which was found in his study. The sermon, whether written by him or not, had never been preached. It did not appear that he had any intention of preaching it. The most servile lawyers of those servile times were forced to admit that there were great difficulties both as to the facts and as to the law. Bacon was employed to remove those difficulties. He was employed to settle the question of law by tampering with the Judges, and the question of fact by torturing the prisoner. Three Judges of the Court of King's Bench were tractable. But Coke was made of different stuff. Pedant, bigot, and savage as he was, he had qualities which bore a strong, though a very disagreeable resemblance to some of the highest virtues which a public man can possess. He was an exception to a maxim which we believe to be generally true,—that those who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful. He behaved with gross rudeness to his juniors at the bar, and with execrable cruelty to prisoners on trial for their lives. But he stood up manfully against the King and the King's favourites. No man of that age appeared to so little advantage when he was opposed to an inferior, and was in the wrong. But, on the other hand, it is but fair to admit that no man of that age made so creditable a figure when he was opposed to a superior, and happened to be in the right. On such occasions, his half-suppressed insolence and his impracticable obstinacy had a respectable and interesting appearance, when compared with the abject servility of the bar and of the bench. On the present occasion he was stubborn and surly. He declared that it was a new and a highly improper practice in the Judges to confer with a law-officer of the crown about capital cases which they were afterwards to try; and for some time he resolutely kept aloof. But Bacon was equally artful and persevering. "I am not wholly out of hope," said he, in a letter to the King, "that my Lord Coke himself, when I have in some dark manner put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, will not be singular." After some time Bacon's dexterity was successful; and Coke, sullenly and reluctantly, followed the example of his brethren. But in order to convict Peacham it was necessary to find facts as well as law. Accordingly, this wretched old man was put to the rack; and, while undergoing the horrible infliction, was examined by Bacon, but in vain. No confession could be wrung out of him; and Bacon wrote to the king, complaining that Peacham had a dumb devil. At length the trial came on. A conviction was obtained; but the charges were so obviously futile, that the government could not, for very shame, carry the sentence into execution; and Peacham was suffered to languish away the short remainder of his life in a prison.

All this frightful story Mr. Montagu relates fairly. He neither conceals nor distorts any material fact. But he can see nothing deserving of condemnation in Bacon's conduct. He tells us most truly that we ought not to try the men of one age by the standard of another,—that Sir Matthew Hale is not to be pronounced a bad man, because he left a woman to be executed for witchcraft,—that posterity will not be justified in censuring judges of our time, for selling offices in their courts, according to the established practice, bad as that practice was,—and that Bacon is entitled to similar indulgence. "To persecute the lover of truth," says Mr. Montagu, "for opposing established customs, and to censure him in after ages for not having been more strenuous in opposition, are errors which will never cease until the pleasure of self-elevation from the depression of superiority is no more."

We have no dispute with Mr. Montagu about the general proposition. We assent to every word of it. But does it apply to the present case? Is it true that in the time of James I. it was the established practice for the law-officers of the Crown to hold private consultations with the judges, touching capital cases which those judges were afterwards to try? Certainly not. In the very page in which Mr. Montagu asserts that "the influencing a judge out of court seems at that period scarcely to have been considered as improper," he gives the very words of Sir Edward Coke on the subject. "I will not thus declare what may be my judgment by these auricular confessions of *new* and pernicious tendency, and *not according to the customs of the realm.*" Is it possible to imagine that Coke,—who had himself been Attorney-General during thirteen years, who had conducted a far greater number of important state-prosecutions than any other lawyer named in English history, and who had passed with scarcely any interval from the Attorney-Generalship to the first seat in the first criminal court in the realm,—could have been startled at an invitation to confer with the crown-lawyers, and could have pronounced the practice *new*, if it had really been an established usage? We well know that where property only was at stake, it was then a common, though a most culpable practice, in the judges to listen to private solicitation. But the practice of tampering with judges in order to procure capital convictions, we believe to have been new, first, because Coke, who understood those matters better than any man of his time, asserted it to be new; and, secondly, because neither Bacon nor Mr. Montagu has shown a single precedent.

How then stands the case? Even thus:—Bacon was not conforming to an usage then generally admitted to be proper. He was not even the last lingering adherent of an old abuse. It would have been sufficiently disgraceful to such a man to be in this last situation. Yet this last situation would have been honourable compared with that in which he stood. He was guilty of attempting to introduce into the courts of law an odious abuse for which no precedent could be found. Intellectually, he was better fitted than any man that England has ever produced for the work of improving her institutions. But, unhappily, we see that he did not scruple to exert his great powers for the purpose of introducing into those institutions new corruptions of the foulest kind.

The same, or nearly the same, may be said of the torturing of Peacham. If it be true that in the time of James I. the propriety of torturing prisoners was generally allowed, we should admit this as an excuse,—though we should admit it less readily in the case of such a man as Bacon than in the case of an ordinary lawyer or politician, But the fact is, that the practice of torturing prisoners was then generally acknowledged by lawyers to be illegal, and was execrated by the public as barbarous. More than thirty years before Peacham's trial, that practice was so loudly condemned by the voice of the nation, that Lord Burleigh found it necessary to publish an apology for having occasionally resorted to it.* But though the dangers which then threatened the government were of a very different kind from those which were to be apprehended from anything that Peacham could write,—though the life of the Queen and the dearest interests of the state were in jeopardy,—though the circumstances were such that all ordinary laws might seem to be superseded by that highest law, the public safety,—the apology did not satisfy the country: and the Queen found it expedient to issue an order positively forbidding the torturing of state-prisoners on any pretence whatever. From that time, the practice of torturing, which had always been unpopular, which had always been illegal, had also been unusual. It is well known that in 1628,—only fourteen years after the time when Bacon went to the Tower to listen to the yells of Peacham,—the judges decided that Felton, a criminal who neither deserved nor was likely to obtain any extraordinary indulgence, could not lawfully be put to the question. We therefore say that Bacon stands in a very different situation from that in which Mr. Montagu tries to place him. Bacon was here distinctly behind his age. He was one of the last of the tools of power who persisted in a practice the most barbarous and the most absurd that has ever disgraced jurisprudence,—in a practice of which, in the preceding generation, Elizabeth and her ministers had been ashamed,—in a practice which, a few years later, no sycophant in all the Inns of Court had the heart, or the forehead, to defend.

Bacon far behind his age! Bacon far behind Sir Edward Coke! Bacon clinging to exploded abuses! Bacon withstanding the progress of improvement! Bacon struggling to push back the human mind! The words seem strange. They sound like a contradiction in terms. Yet the fact is even so: and the explanation may be readily found by any person who is not blinded by prejudice. Mr. Montagu cannot believe that so extraordinary a man as Bacon could be guilty of a bad action,—as if history were not made up of the bad actions of extraordinary men,—as if all the most noted destroyers and deceivers of our species, all the founders of arbitrary governments and false religions, had not been extraordinary men,—as if nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had any other origin than the union of high intelligence with low desires.

Bacon knew this well. He has told us that there are persons, "scientia tanquam angeli alati, cupiditatibus vero tanquam serpentes qui humi reptant:"* and it did not require his admirable sagacity and his extensive converse with mankind to make the discovery. Indeed, he had only to look within. The difference between the soaring angel, and the creeping snake, was but a type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General,—Bacon seeking for Truth, and Bacon seeking for the Seals. Those who survey only one-half of his character may speak of him with unmixed admiration or with unmixed contempt. But those only judge of him correctly, who take in at one view Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending how one and the same man should have been far before his age and far behind it,—in one line the boldest and most useful of innovators,—in another line the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses. In his library, all his rare powers were under the guidance of an honest ambition,—of an enlarged philanthropy,—of a sincere love of truth. There, no temptation drew him away from the right course. Thomas Aquinas could pay no fees—Duns Scotus could confer no peerages. The "Master of the Sentences" had no rich reversion in his gift. Far different was the situation of the great philosopher when he came forth from his study and his laboratory to mingle with the crowd which filled the galleries of Whitehall. In all that crowd there was no man equally qualified to render great and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a heart more set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness,—on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honour. To be the leader of the human race in the career of improvement,—to found on the ruins of ancient intellectual dynasties a more prosperous and more enduring empire,—to be revered to the latest generations as the most illustrious among the benefactors of mankind,—all this was within his reach. But all this availed him nothing while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the bench,—while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him by virtue of a purchased coronet,—while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a more cordial salute from Buckingham,—while some buffoon, versed in all the latest scandal of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James.

During a long course of years, his unworthy ambition was crowned with success. His sagacity early enabled him to perceive who was likely to become the most powerful man in the kingdom. He probably knew the King's mind before it was known to the King himself, and attached himself to Villiers, while the less discerning crowd of courtiers still continued to fawn on Somerset. The influence of the younger favourite became greater daily. The contest between the rivals might, however, have lasted long, but for that frightful crime which, in spite of all that could be effected by the research and ingenuity of historians, is still covered with so mysterious an obscurity. The descent of Somerset had been a gradual and almost imperceptible lapse. It now became a headlong fall; and Villiers, left without a competitor, rapidly rose to a height of power such as no subject since Wolsey had attained.

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* This paper is contained in the *Harleian Miscellany. It is dated 1583.*

* *De Augmentis*, Lib. v. cap. 1.

There were many points of resemblance between the two celebrated courtiers who, at different times, extended their patronage to Bacon. It is difficult to say whether Essex or Villiers was the more eminently distinguished by those graces of person and manner which have always been rated in courts at much more than their real value. Both were constitutionally brave; and both, like most men who are constitutionally brave, were open and unreserved. Both were rash and headstrong. Both were destitute of the abilities and the information which are necessary to statesmen. Yet both, trusting to the accomplishments which had made them conspicuous in tilt-yards and ball-rooms, aspired to rule the state. Both owed their elevation to the personal attachment of the sovereign; and in both cases this attachment was of so eccentric a kind, that it perplexed observers,—that it still continues to perplex historians,—and that it gave rise to much scandal which we are inclined to think unfounded. Each of them treated the sovereign whose favour he enjoyed with a rudeness which approached to insolence. This petulence ruined Essex, who had to deal with a spirit naturally as proud as his own, and accustomed, during nealy half a century, to the most respectful observance. But there was a wide difference between the haughty daughter of Henry and her successor. James was timid from the cradle. His nerves, naturally weak, had not been fortified by reflection or by habit. His life, till he came to England, had been a series of mortifications and humiliations. With all his high notions of the origin and extent of his prerogatives, he was never his own master for a day. In spite of his kingly title,—in spite of his despotic theories, he was to the last a slave at heart. Villiers treated him like one; and this course, though adopted, we believe, merely from temper, succeeded as well as if it had been a system of policy formed after mature deliberation.

In generosity, in sensibility, in capacity for friendship, Essex far surpassed Buckingham. Indeed, Buckingham can scarcely be said to have had any friend, with the exception of the two princes, over whom successively he exercised so wonderful an influence. Essex was to the last adored by the people. Buckingham was always a most unpopular man; except, perhaps, for a very short time after his return from the childish visit to Spain. Essex fell a victim to the rigour of the government amidst the lamentations of the people. Buckingham, execrated by the people, and solemnly declared a public enemy by the representatives of the people, fell by the hand of one of the people, and was lamented by none but his master.

The way in which the two favourites acted towards Bacon was highly characteristic, and may serve to illustrate the old and true saying,—that a man is generally more inclined to feel kindly towards one on whom he has conferred favours than towards one from whom he has received them. Essex loaded Bacon with benefits, and never thought that he had done enough. It never seems to have crossed the mind of the powerful and wealthy noble that the poor barrister whom he treated with such munificent kindness was not his equal. It was, we have no doubt, with perfect sincerity that he declared, that he would willingly give his sister or daughter in marriage to his friend. He was in general more than sufficiently sensible of his own merits; but he did not seem to know that he had ever deserved well of Bacon. On that cruel day when they saw each other for the last time at the bar of the Lords, the Earl taxed his perfidious friend with unkindness and insincerity, but never with ingratitude. Even in such a moment, more bitter than the bitterness of death, that noble heart was too great to vent itself in such a reproach.

Villiers, on the other hand, owed much to Bacon. When their acquaintance began, Sir Francis was a man of mature age, of high station, and of established fame as a politician, an advocate, and a writer. Villiers was little more than a boy, a younger son of a house then of no great note. He was but just entering on the career of court favour; and none but the most discerning observers could as yet perceive that he was likely to distance all his competitors. The countenance and advice of a man so highly distinguished as the Attorney-General, must have been an object of the highest importance to the young adventurer. But though Villiers was the obliged party, he was less warmly attached to Bacon and far less delicate in his conduct towards him than Essex had been.

To do the new favourite justice, he early exerted his influence in behalf of his illustrious friend. In 1616, Sir Francis was sworn of the Privy Council; and in March, 1617, on the retirement of Lord Brackley, was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal.

On the 7th of May, the first day of term, he rode in state to Westminster Hall, with the Lord Treasurer on his right hand, the Lord Privy Seal on his left,—a long procession of students and ushers before him,—and a crowd of peers, privy-councillors, and judges, following in his train. Having entered his court, he addressed the splendid auditory in a grave and dignified speech, which proves how well he understood those judicial duties which he afterwards performed so ill. Even at that moment, the proudest moment of his life in the estimation of the vulgar, and, it may be, even in his own,—he cast back a look of lingering affection toward those noble pursuits from which, as it seemed, he was about to be estranged. "The depth of the three long vacations," said he, "I would reserve in some measure free from business of estate, and for studies, arts, and sciences, to which of my own nature I am most inclined."

The years during which Bacon held the Great Seal were among the darkest and most shameful in English history. Every thing at home and abroad was mismanaged. First came the execution of Raleigh, an act which, if done in a proper manner, might have been defensible, but which, under all the circumstances, must be considered as a dastardly murder. Worse was behind—the war of Bohemia—the successes of Tilly and Spinola—the Palatinate conquered—the king's son-in-law in exile—the house of Austria dominant on the Continent—the Protestant religion and the liberties of the Germanic body trodden under foot. In the mean time, the wavering and cowardly policy of England furnished matter of ridicule to all the nations of Europe. The love of peace which James professed would, even when indulged to an impolitic excess, have been respectable, if it had proceeded from tenderness for his people. But the truth is, that while he had nothing to spare for the defence of the natural allies of England, he resorted without scruple to the most illegal and oppressive devices, for the purpose of enabling Buckingham and Buckingham's relations to outshine the ancient aristocracy of the realm. Benevolences were exacted. Patents of monopoly were multiplied. All the resources which could have been employed to replenish a beggared Exchequer, at the close of a ruinous war, were put in motion during this season of ignominious peace.

The vices of the administration must be chiefly ascribed to the weakness of the King, and to the levity and violence of the favourite. But it is impossible to acquit the Lord Keeper. For those odious patents, in particular, which passed the Great Seal while it was in his charge, he must be held answerable. In the speech which he made on first taking his seat in his court, he had pledged himself to discharge this important part of his functions with the greatest caution and impartiality. He had declared that he "would walk in the light"—"that men should see that no particular turn or end led him, but a general rule;" and Mr. Montagu would have us believe that Bacon acted up to these professions. He says that "the power of the favourite did not deter the Lord Keeper from staying grants and patents when his public duty demanded this interposition." Does Mr. Montagu consider patents of monopoly as good things? or does he mean to say that Bacon staid every patent of monopoly that came before him? Of all patents in our history, the most disgraceful was that which was granted to Sir Giles Mompesson,—supposed to be the original of Massinger's "Over-reach," and to Sir Francis Mitchell, from whom "Justice Greedy" is supposed to have been drawn,—for the exclusive manufacturing of gold and silver lace. The effect of this monopoly was of course that the metal employed in the manufacture was adulterated, to the great loss of the public. But this was a trifle. The patentees were armed with powers as great as have ever been given to farmers of the revenue in the worst governed countries. They were authorized to search houses, and to arrest interlopers; and these formidable powers were used for purposes viler than even those for which they were given—for the wreaking of old grudges, and for the corrupting of female chastity. Was not this a case in which public duty demanded the interposition of the Lord Keeper? And did the Lord Keeper interpose? He did. He wrote to inform the King, that he "had considered of the fitness and conveniency of the gold and silver thread business"—"that it was convenient that it should be settled"—that he "did conceive apparent likelihood that it would redound much to his Majesty's profit"—that, therefore, "it were good it were settled with all convenient speed." The meaning of all this was, that certain of the house of Villiers were to go shares with "Over-reach" and "Greedy" in the plunder of the public. This was the way in which, when the favourite pressed for patents,—lucrative to his relations and to his creatures, ruinous and vexatious to the body of the people,—the chief guardian of the laws interposed. Having assisted the patentees to obtain this monopoly, Bacon assisted them also in the steps which they took for the purpose of guarding it. He committed several people to close confinement for disobeying his tyrannical edict. It is needless to say more. Our readers are now able to judge whether, in the matter of patents, Bacon acted conformably to his professions, or deserved the praise which his biographer has bestowed on him.

In his judicial capacity his conduct was not less reprehensible. He suffered Buckingham to dictate many of his decisions. Bacon knew as well as any man, that a judge who listens to private solicitations, is a disgrace to his post. He had himself, before he was raised to the woolsack, represented this strongly to Villiers, then just entering on his career. "By no means,"—said Sir Francis, in a letter of advice addressed to the young courtier,—"by no means be you persuaded to interpose yourself, either by word or letter, in any cause depending in any court of justice, nor suffer any great man to do it where you can hinder it. If it should prevail, it perverts justice; but, if the judge be so just and of such courage, as he ought to be, as not to be inclined thereby, yet it always leaves a taint of suspicion behind it." Yet he had not been Lord Keeper a month when Buckingham began to interfere in Chancery suits, and his interference was, as might have been expected, successful.

Mr. Montagu's reflections on the excellent passage which we have quoted above are exceedingly amusing. "No man," says he, "more deeply felt the evils which then existed of the interference of the Crown and of statesmen to influence judges. How beautifully did he admonish Buckingham, regardless as he proved of all admonition!" We should be glad to know how it can be expected that admonition will be regarded by him who receives it, when it is altogether neglected by him who gives it. We do not defend Buckingham, but what was his guilt to Bacon's? Buckingham was young, ignorant, thoughtless,—dizzy with the rapidity of his ascent and the height of his position. That he should be eager to serve his relations, his flatterers, his mistresses—that he should not fully apprehend the immense importance of a pure administration of justice—that he should think more about those who were bound to him by private ties than about the public interest—all this was perfectly natural, and not altogether unpardonable. Those who entrust a petulant, hot-blooded, ill-informed lad with power, are more to blame than he for the mischief which he may do with it. How could it be expected of a lively page, raised by a wild freak of fortune to the first influence in the empire, that he should have bestowed any serious thought on the principles which ought to guide judicial decisions? Bacon was the ablest public man then living in Europe. He was nearly sixty years old. He had thought much, and to good purpose, on the general principles of law. He had for many years borne a part daily in the administration of justice. It was impossible that a man with a tithe of his sagacity and experience, should not have known, that a judge who suffers friends or patrons to dictate his decrees, violates the plainest rules of duty. In fact, as we have seen, he knew this well: he expressed it admirably. Neither on this occasion nor on any other could his bad actions be attributed to any defect of the head. They sprang from quite a different cause.

A man who stooped to render such services to others was not likely to be scrupulous as to the means by which he enriched himself. He and his dependents accepted large presents from persons who were engaged in Chancery suits. The amount of the plunder which he collected in this way it is impossible to estimate. There can be no doubt that he received very much more than was proved on his trial, though, it may be, less than was suspected by the public. His enemies stated his illicit gains at a hundred thousand pounds. But this was probably an exaggeration.

It was long before the day of reckoning arrived. During the interval between the second and third Parliaments of James, the nation was absolutely governed by the Crown. The prospects of the Lord Keeper were bright and serene. His great place rendered the splendour of his talents even more conspicuous; and gave an additional charm to the serenity of his temper, the courtesy of his manners, and the eloquence of his conversation. The pillaged suitor might mutter. The austere Puritan patriot might, in his retreat, lament that one on whom God had bestowed without measure all the abilities which qualify men to take the lead in great reforms, should be found among the adherents of the worst abuses. But the murmurs of the suitor, and the lamentations of the patriot, had scarcely any avenue to the ears of the powerful. The King, and the minister who was the King's master, smiled on their illustrious flatterer. The whole crowd of courtiers and nobles sought his favour with emulous eagerness. Men of wit and learning hailed with delight the elevation of one who had so signally shown that a man of profound learning and of brilliant wit might understand, far better than any plodding dunce, the art of thriving in the world.

Once, and but once, this course of prosperity was for a moment interrupted. It should seem that even Bacon's brain was not strong enough to bear without some discomposure the inebriating effect of so much good fortune. For some time after his elevation, he showed himself a little wanting in that wariness and self-command to which, more than even to his transcendent talents, his elevation was to be ascribed. He was by no means a good hater. The temperature of his revenge, like that of his gratitude, was scarcely ever more than lukewarm. But there was one person whom he had long regarded with an animosity which, though studiously suppressed, was perhaps the stronger for the suppression. The insults and injuries which, when a young man struggling into note and professional practice, he had received from Sir Edward Coke, were such as might move the most placable nature to resentment. About the time at which Bacon received the Seals, Coke had, on account of his contumacious resistance to the royal pleasure, been deprived of his seat in the Court of King's Bench, and had ever since languished in retirement. But Coke's opposition to the Court, we fear, was the effect, not of good principles, but of a bad temper. Perverse and testy as he was, he wanted true fortitude and dignity of character. His obstinacy, unsupported by virtuous motives, was not proof against disgrace. He solicited a reconciliation with the favourite, and his solicitations were successful. Sir John Villiers, the brother of Buckingham, was looking out for a rich wife. Coke had a large fortune and an unmarried daughter. A bargain was struck. But Lady Coke—the lady whom twenty years before Essex had wooed on behalf of Bacon—would not hear of the match. A violent and scandalous family quarrel followed. The mother carried the girl away by stealth. The father pursued them, and regained possession of his daughter by force. The king was then in Scotland, and Buckingham had attended him thither. Bacon was, during their absence, at the head of affairs in England. He felt towards Coke as much malevolence as it was in his nature to feel towards any body. His wisdom had been laid to sleep by prosperity. In an evil hour he determined to interfere in the disputes which agitated his enemy's household. He declared for the wife, countenanced the Attorney-General in filing an information in the Star Chamber against the husband, and wrote strongly to the King and the favourite against the proposed marriage. The language which he used in those letters shows that, sagacious as he was, he did not quite know his place;—that he was not fully acquainted with the extent either of Buckingham's power, or of the change which the possession of that power had produced in Buckingham's character. He soon had a lesson which he never forgot. The favourite received the news of the Lord Keeper's interference with feelings of the most violent resentment, and made the King even more angry than himself. Bacon's eyes were at once opened to his error, and to all its possible consequences. He had been elated, if not intoxicated, by greatness. The shock sobered him in an instant. He was all himself again. He apologized submissively for his interference. He directed the Attorney-General to stop the proceedings against Coke. He sent to tell Lady Coke that he could do nothing for her. He announced to both the families that he was desirous to promote the connexion. Having given these proofs of contrition, he ventured to present himself before Buckingham. But the young upstart did not think that he had yet sufficiently humbled an old man who had been his friend and his benefactor,—who was the highest civil functionary in the realm, and the most eminent man of letters in the world. It is said that on two successive days Bacon repaired to Buckingham's house—that on two successive days he was suffered to remain in an antechamber among foot-boys, seated on an old wooden box, with the Great Seal of England at his side; and that when at length he was admitted, he flung himself on the floor, kissed the favourite's feet, and vowed never to rise till he was forgiven. Sir Anthony Weldon, on whose authority this story rests, is likely enough to have exaggerated the meanness of Bacon and the insolence of Buckingham. But it is difficult to imagine that so circumstantial a narrative, written by a person who avers that he was present on the occasion, can be wholly without foundation; and, unhappily, there is little in the character either of the favourite or of the Lord Keeper to render the narrative improbable. It is certain that a reconciliation took place on terms humiliating to Bacon, who never more ventured to cross any purpose of any body who bore the name of Villiers. He put a strong curb on those angry passions which had for the first time in his life mastered his prudence. He went through the forms of a reconciliation with Coke, and did his best, by seeking opportunities of paying little civilities, and by avoiding all that could produce collision, to tame the untameable ferocity of his old enemy.

In the main, however, his life, while he held the Great Seal, was, in outward appearance, most enviable. In London he lived with great dignity at York-House, the venerable mansion of his father. Here it was that, in January, 1620, he celebrated his entrance into his sixtieth year amidst a splendid circle of friends. He had then exchanged the appellation of Keeper for the higher title of Chancellor. Ben Jonson was one of the party, and wrote on the occasion some of the happiest of his rugged rhymes. All things, he tells us, seemed to smile about the old house,—"the fire, the wine, the men." The spectacle of the accomplished host, after a life marked by no great disaster, entering on a green old age, in the enjoyment of riches, power, high honours, undiminished mental activity, and vast literary reputation, made a strong impression on the poet, if we may judge from those well-known lines—

> "England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,
> In his soft cradle, to his father's chair,
> Whose even thread the fates spin round and full
> Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

In the intervals of rest which Bacon's political and judicial functions afforded, he was in the habit of retiring to Gorhambury. At that place his business was literature, and his favourite amusement gardening, which in one of his most pleasing Essays he calls "the purest of human pleasures." In his magnificent grounds he erected, at a cost of ten thousand pounds, a retreat to which he repaired when he wished to avoid all visiters, and to devote himself wholly to study. On such occasions, a few young men of distinguished talents were sometimes the companions of his retirement. And among them his quick eye soon discerned the superior abilities of Thomas Hobbes. It is not probable, however, that he fully appreciated the powers of his disciple, or foresaw the vast influence, both for good and for evil, which that most vigorous and acute of human intellects was destined to exercise on the two succeeding generations.

In January, 1621, Bacon had reached the zenith of his fortunes. He had just published the *Novum Organum;* and that extraordinary book had drawn forth the warmest expressions of admiration from the ablest men in Europe. He had obtained honours of a widely different kind, but perhaps not less valued by him. He had been created Baron Verulam. He had subsequently been raised to the higher dignity of Viscount St. Albans. His patent was drawn in the most flattering terms, and the Prince of Wales signed it as a witness. The ceremony of investiture was performed with great state at Theobalds, and Buckingham condescended to be one of the chief actors. Posterity has felt that the greatest of English philosophers could derive no accession of dignity from any title which James could bestow; and, in defiance of the royal letters patent, has obstinately refused to degrade Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans.

In a few weeks was signally brought to the test the value of those objects for which Bacon had sullied his integrity, had resigned his independence, had violated the most sacred obligations of friendship and gratitude, had flattered the worthless, had persecuted *the innocent, had* tampered with judges, had tortured prisoners, had plundered suitors, had wasted on paltry intrigues all the powers of the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men. A sudden and terrible reverse was at hand. A Parliament had been summoned. After six years of silence the voice of the nation was again to be heard. Only three days after the pageant which was performed at Theobalds in honour of Bacon, the houses met.

Want of money had, as usual, induced the King to convoke his Parliament. But it may be doubted whether, if he or his ministers had been at all aware of the state of public feeling, they would not have tried any expedient, or borne with any inconvenience, rather than have ventured to face the deputies of a justly exasperated nation. But they did not discern those times. Indeed almost all the political blunders of James, and of his more unfortunate son, arose from one great error. During the fifty years which preceded the Long Parliament a great and progressive change was taking place in the public mind. The nature and extent of this change was not in the least understood by either of the first two Kings of the House of Stuart, or by any of their advisers. That the nation became more and more discontented every year, that every House of Commons was more unmanageable than that which had preceded it,—were facts, which it was impossible not to perceive. But the Court could not understand why these things were so. The Court could not see that the English people, and the English Government, though they might once have been well suited to each other, were suited to each other no longer,—that the nation had outgrown its old institutions, was every day more uneasy under them, was pressing against them, and would soon burst through them. The alarming phenomena, the existence of which no sycophant could deny, were ascribed to every cause except the true. "In my first Parliament," said James, "I was a novice. In my next, there was a kind of beasts called *undertakers*,"—and so forth. In the third Parliament he could hardly be called a novice, and those beasts, the *undertakers*, did not exist. Yet his third Parliament gave him more trouble than either the first or the second.

The Parliament had no sooner met than the House of Commons proceeded, in a temperate and respectful, but most determined manner, to discuss the public grievances. Their first attacks were directed against those odious patents, under cover of which Buckingham and his creatures had pillaged and oppressed the nation. The vigour with which these proceedings were conducted spread dismay through the Court. Buckingham thought himself in danger, and, in his alarm, had recourse to an adviser who had lately acquired considerable influence over him,—Williams, Dean of Westminster. This person had already been of great use to the favourite in a very delicate matter. Buckingham had set his heart on marrying Lady Catherine Manners, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Rntland. But the difficulties were great. The Earl was haughty and impracticable, and the young lady was a Catholic. Williams soothed the pride of the father, and found arguments which, for a time at least, quieted the conscience of the daughter. For these services he had been rewarded with considerable preferment in the Church; and he was now rapidly rising to the same place in the regard of

Buckingham which had been formerly occupied by Bacon.

Williams was one of those who are wiser for others than for themselves. His own public life was unfortunate, and was rendered unfortunate by his strange want of judgment and self-command at several important conjunctures. But the counsel which he gave on this occasion showed no want of worldly wisdom. He advised the favourite to abandon all thoughts of defending the monopolies—to find some foreign embassy for his brother Sir Edward, who was deeply implicated in the villanies of Mompesson—and to leave the other offenders to the justice of Parliament. Buckingham received this advice with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and declared that a load had been lifted from his heart. He then repaired with Williams to the royal presence. They found the King engaged in earnest consultation with Prince Charles. The plan of operations proposed by the Dean was fully discussed, and approved in all its parts.

The first victims whom the Court abandoned to the vengeance of the Commons were Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Michell. It was some time before Bacon began to entertain any apprehensions. His talents and his address gave him great influence in the house,—of which he had lately become a member,—as indeed they must have done in any assembly. In the House of Commons he had many personal friends and many warm admirers. But at length, about six weeks after the meeting of Parliament, the storm burst.

A committee of the lower house had been appointed to inquire into the state of the Courts of Justice. On the 15th of March, the chairman of that committee, Sir Robert Philips, member for Bath, reported that great abuses had been discovered. "The person," said he, "against whom these things are alleged is no less than the Lord Chancellor,—a man so endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." Sir Robert then proceeded to state, in the most temperate manner, the nature of the charges. A person of the name of Aubrey had a case depending in Chancery. He had been almost ruined by law-expenses, and his patience had been exhausted by the delays of the court. He received a hint from some of the hangers-on of the Chancellor, that a present of one hundred pounds would expedite matters. The poor man had not the sum required. However, having found out an usurer who accommodated him with it at high interest, he carried it to York-House. The Chancellor took the money, and his dependents assured the suitor that all would go right. Aubrey was, however, disappointed; for, after considerable delay, "a killing decree" was pronounced against him. Another suitor of the name of Egerton complained that he had been induced by two of the Chancellor's jackals to make his Lordship a present of four hundred pounds; and that, nevertheless, he had not been able to obtain a decree in his favour. The evidence to these facts was overwhelming. Bacon's friends could only entreat the house to suspend its judgment, and to send up the case to the Lords, in a form less offensive than an impeachment.

On the 19th of March the King sent a message to the Commons, expressing his deep regret that so eminent a person as the Chancellor should be suspected of misconduct. His Majesty declared that he had no wish to screen the guilty from justice, and proposed to appoint a new kind of tribunal, consisting of eighteen commissioners, who might be chosen from among the members of the two houses, to investigate the matter. The Commons were not disposed to depart from the regular course of proceeding. On the same day they held a conference with the Lords, and delivered in the heads of the accusation against the Chancellor. At this conference Bacon was not present. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all those in whom he had weakly put his trust, he shut himself up in his chamber from the eyes of men. The dejection of his mind soon disordered his body. Buckingham, who visited him by the King's order, "found his Lordship very sick and heavy." It appears from a pathetic letter which the unhappy man addressed to the Peers on the day of the conference, that he neither expected nor wished to survive his disgrace. During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him,—to forget him,—never again to name his name,—never to remember that there had been such a man in the world. In the mean time, fresh instances of corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers. The number of charges rapidly increased from two to twenty-three. The Lords entered on the investigation of the case with laudable alacrity. Some witnesses were examined at the bar of the house. A select committee was appointed to take the depositions of others; and the inquiry was rapidly proceeding, when, on the 26th of March, the King adjourned the Parliament for three weeks.

This measure revived Bacon's hopes. He made the most of his short respite. He attempted to work on the feeble mind of the King. He appealed to all the strongest feelings of James,—to his fears, to his vanity, to his high notions of prerogative. Would the Solomon of the age commit so gross an error as to encourage the encroaching spirit of Parliament? Would God's anointed, accountable to God alone, pay homage to the clamorous multitude? "Those," he exclaimed, "who now strike at the Chancellor will soon strike at the Crown. I am the first sacrifice. I wish I may be the last." But all his eloquence and address were employed in vain. Indeed, whatever Mr. Montagu may say, we are firmly convinced that it was not in the King's power to save Bacon, without having recourse to measures which would have convulsed the realm. The crown had not sufficient influence in Parliament to procure an acquittal, in so clear a case of guilt. And to dissolve a Parliament which is universally allowed to have been one of the best Parliaments that ever sat,—which had acted liberally and respectfully towards the Sovereign, and which enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the people, only in order to stop a grave, temperate, and constitutional inquiry into the personal integrity of the first judge in the kingdom,—would have been a measure more scandalous and absurd than any of those which were the ruin of the House of Stuart. Such a measure, while it would have been as fatal to the Chancellor's honour as a conviction, would have endangered the very existence of the monarchy. The King, acting by the advice of Williams, very properly refused to engage in a dangerous struggle with his people, for the purpose of saving from legal condemnation a minister whom it was impossible to save from dishonour. He advised Bacon to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to mitigate the punishment. Mr. Montagu is exceedingly angry with James on this account. But though we are, in general, very little inclined to admire that Prince's conduct, we really think that his advice was, under all the circumstances, the best advice that could have been given.

On the 17th of April the houses reassembled, and the Lords resumed their inquiries into the abuse of the Court of Chancery. On the 22d, Bacon addressed to the Peers a letter, which Prince Charles condescended to deliver. In this artful and pathetic composition, the Chancellor acknowledged his guilt in guarded and general terms, and, while acknowledging, endeavoured to palliate it. This, however, was not thought sufficient by his judges. They required a more particular confession, and sent him a copy of the charges. On the 30th, he delivered a paper, in which he admitted, with few and unimportant reservations, the truth of the accusations brought against him, and threw himself entirely on the mercy of his peers. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess, that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

The Lords came to a resolution that the Chancellor's confession appeared to be full and ingenuous, and sent a committee to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. The deputies, among whom was Southampton, the common friend many years before of Bacon and Essex, performed their duty with great delicacy. Indeed, the agonies of such a mind, and the degradation of such a name, might well have softened the most obdurate natures. "My lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." They withdrew: and he again retired to his chamber in the deepest dejection. The next day, the sergeant-at-arms and usher of the House of Lords came to conduct him to Westminster Hall, where sentence was to be pronounced. But they found him so unwell that he could not leave his bed; and this excuse for his absence was readily accepted. In no quarter does there appear to have been the smallest desire to add to his humiliation. The sentence was, however, severe,—the more severe, no doubt, because the lords knew that it would not be executed, and that they had an excellent opportunity of exhibiting, at small cost, the inflexibility of their justice, and their abhorrence of corruption. Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He was declared incapable of holding any office in the State, or of sitting in Parliament, and he was banished for life from the verge of the court. In such misery and shame ended that long career of worldly wisdom and worldly prosperity!

Even at this pass Mr. Montagu does not desert his hero. He seems indeed to think that the attachment of an editor ought to be as devoted as that of Mr. Moore's lovers; and cannot conceive what biography was made for

"if 't is not the same
Through grief and through danger, through sin and through shame."

He assures us that Bacon was innocent, that he had the means of making a perfectly satisfactory defence,—that when he "plainly and ingenuously confessed that he was guilty of corruption," and when he afterwards solemnly affirmed that his confession was "his act, his hand, his heart," he was telling a great lie,—and that he refrained from bringing forward proofs of his innocence because he durst not disobey the King and the favourite, who, for their own selfish objects, pressed him to plead guilty.

Now, in the first place, there is not the smallest ground to believe that, if James and Buckingham thought Bacon had a good defence, they would have prevented him from making it. What conceivable motive had they for doing so? Mr. Montagu perpetually repeats that it was their interest to sacrifice Bacon. But he overlooks an obvious distinction. It was their interest to sacrifice Bacon on the supposition of his guilt; but not on the supposition of his innocence.—James was very properly unwilling to run the risk of protecting his Chancellor against the Parliament. But if the Chancellor had been able, by force of argument, to obtain acquittal from the Parliament, we have no doubt that both the King and Villiers would have heartily rejoiced. They would have rejoiced, not merely on account of their friendship for Bacon, which seems, however, to have been as sincere as most friendships of that sort, but on selfish grounds. Nothing could have strengthened the Government more than such a victory. The King and the favourite abandoned the Chancellor because they were unable to avert his disgrace and unwilling to share it. Mr. Montagu mistakes effect for cause. He thinks that Bacon did not prove his innocence, because he was not supported by the Court. The truth evidently is, that the Court did not venture to support him, because he could not prove his innocence.

Again, it seems strange that Mr. Montagu should not perceive that, while attempting to vindicate Bacon's reputation, he is really casting on it the foulest of all aspersions. He imputes to his idol a degree of meanness and depravity more loathsome than judicial corruption itself. A corrupt judge may have many good qualities. But a man who, to please a powerful patron, solemnly declares himself guilty of corruption when he knows himself to be innocent, must be a monster of servility and impudence. Bacon was,—to say nothing of his highest claims to respect,—a gentleman, a nobleman, a scholar, a statesman, a man of the first consideration in society, a man far advanced in years. Is it possible to believe that such a man would, to gratify any human being, irreparably ruin his own character by his own act? Imagine a grey-headed judge, full of years and honours, owning with tears, with pathetic assurances of his penitence and of his sincerity, that he has been guilty of shameful mal-practices,—repeatedly asseverating the truth of his confession, subscribing it with his own hand, submitting to conviction, receiving a humiliating sentence and acknowledging its justice,—and all this when he has it in his power to show that his conduct has been irreproachable! The thing is incredible. But if we admit it to be true, what must we think of such a man,—if, indeed, he deserves the name of man, who thinks any thing that kings and minions can bestow more precious than honour, or any thing that they can inflict more terrible than infamy?

Of this most disgraceful imputation we fully acquit

Bacon. He had no defence; and Mr. Montagu's affectionate attempt to make a defence for him has altogether failed.

The grounds on which Mr. Montagu rests the case are two,—the first, that the taking of presents was usual, and,—what he seems to consider as the same thing,—not discreditable; the second, that these presents were not taken as bribes.

Mr. Montagu brings forward many facts in support of his first proposition. He is not content with showing that many English judges formerly received gifts from suitors, but collects similar instances from foreign nations and ancient times. He goes back to the commonwealths of Greece, and attempts to press into his service a line of Homer, and a sentence of Plutarch, which, we fear, will hardly serve his turn. The gold of which Homer speaks was not intended to fee the judges, but was paid into court for the benefit of the successful litigant; and the gratuities which Pericles, as Plutarch states, distributed amongst the members of the Athenian tribunals, were legal wages, paid out of the public revenue. We can supply Mr. Montagu with passages much more in point. Hesiod, who, like poor Aubrey, had "a killing decree" made against him in the Chancery of Ascra, was so uncivil as to designate the learned persons who presided in that court, as *βασιληας δωροράγους*. Plutarch and Diodorus have handed down to the latest ages, the respectable name of Anytus, the son of Anthemius, the first defendant who, eluding all the safeguards which the ingenuity of Solon could devise, succeeded in corrupting a bench of Athenian judges. We are, indeed, so far from grudging Mr. Montagu the aid of Greece, that we will give him Rome into the bargain. We acknowledge, that the honourable senators who tried Verres, received presents which were worth more than the fee-simple of York House and Gorhambury together; and that the no less honourable senators and knights who professed to believe in the *alibi* of Clodius, obtained marks still more extraordinary of the esteem and gratitude of the defendant. In short, we are ready to admit that before Bacon's time, and in Bacon's time, judges were in the habit of receiving gifts from suitors.

But is this a defence? We think not. The robberies of Cacus and Barabbas are no justification for those of Turpin. The conduct of the two men of Belial who swore away the life of Naboth, has never been cited as an excuse for the perjuries of Oates and Dangerfield. Mr. Montagu has confounded two things which it is necessary carefully to distinguish from each other, if we wish to form a correct judgment of the characters of men of other countries and other times. That an immoral action is, in a particular society, generally considered as innocent, is a good plea for an individual who being one of that society, and having adopted the notions which prevail among his neighbours, commits that action. But the circumstance that a great many people are in the habit of committing immoral actions, is no plea at all. We should think it unjust to call St. Louis a wicked man, because in an age in which toleration was generally regarded as a sin, he persecuted heretics. We should think it unjust to call Cowper's friend, John Newton, a hypocrite and a monster, because, at a time when the slave-trade was commonly considered by the most respectable people as an innocent and beneficial traffic, he went, largely provided with hymn-books and handcuffs, on a Guinea voyage. But the circumstance that there are fifty thousand thieves in London is no excuse for a fellow who is caught breaking into a shop. No man is to be blamed for not making discoveries in morality—for not finding out that something which every body else thinks to be good is really bad. But if a man does that which he and all around him know to be bad, it is no excuse for him that others have done the same. We should be ashamed of spending so much time in pointing out so clear a distinction, but that Mr. Montagu seems altogether to overlook it.

Now, to apply these principles to the case before us; let Mr. Montagu prove that, in Bacon's age, the practices for which Bacon was punished were generally considered as innocent; and we admit that he has made out his point. But this we defy him to do. That these practices were common, we admit. But they were common just as all wickedness to which there is strong temptation always was, and always will be common. They were common just as theft, cheating, perjury, adultery, have always been common. They were common, not because people did not know what was right, but because people liked to do what was wrong. They were common, though prohibited by law. They were common, though condemned by public opinion. They were common, because in that age law and public opinion united had not sufficient force to restrain the greediness of powerful and unprincipled magistrates. They were common, as every crime will be common when the gain to which it leads is great, and the chance of disgrace and punishment small. But though common, they are universally allowed to be altogether unjustifiable; they were in the highest degree odious; and, though many were guilty of them, none had the audacity publicly to avow and defend them.

We could give a thousand proofs that the opinion then entertained concerning these practices, was such as we have described. But we will content ourselves with calling a single witness—honest Hugh Latimer. His sermons—preached more than seventy years before the inquiry into Bacon's conduct—abound with the sharpest invectives against those very practices of which Bacon was guilty, and which, as Mr. Montagu seems to think, nobody ever considered as blameable till Bacon was punished for them. We could easily fill twenty pages with the homely but just and forcible rhetoric of the brave old bishop. We shall select a few passages as fair specimens, and no more than fair specimens, of the rest. "*Omnes diligunt munera.* They all love bribes. Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged by the rich, either to give sentence against the poor, or to put off the poor man's cause. This is the noble theft of princes and magistrates. They are bribe-takers. *Nowadays they call them gentle rewards. Let them leave their colouring and call them by their Christian name—bribes.*" And again—"Cambyses was a great emperor, such another as our master is. He had many lord deputies, lord presidents, and lieutenants under him. It is a great while ago since I read the history. It chanced he had under him in one of his dominions a briber, a gift-taker, a gratifier of rich men; he followed gifts as fast as he that followed the pudding, a handmaker in his office to make his son a great man, as the old saying is: Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil. The cry of the poor widow came to the emperor's ear, and caused him to flay the judge quick, and laid his skin in the chair of judgment, that all judges that should give judgment afterward should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin. *I pray God we may once see the skin in England.*" "I am sure," says he in another sermon, "this is *scala inferni*, the right way to hell, to be covetous, to take bribes, and pervert justice. If a judge should ask me the way to hell, I would show him this way. First, let him be a covetous man; let his heart be poisoned with covetousness. Then let him go a little further and take bribes; and, lastly, pervert judgment. Lo, here is the mother, and the daughter, and the daughter's daughter. Avarice is the mother; she brings forth bribe-taking, and bribe-taking perverting of judgment. There lacks a fourth thing to make up the mess, which, so help me God, if I were judge, should be *hangum tuum*, a Tyburn tippet to take with him: an it were the judge of the King's Bench, my Lord Chief Judge of England, —*yea, an it were my Lord Chancellor himself, to Tyburn with him.*" We will quote but one more passage. "He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe, thinketh that it will never come out. But he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone; there be more beside me that know it. Oh, briber and bribery! He was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor can I believe that he that is a briber will be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such. *For what needeth bribing where men do their things uprightly?*"

This was not the language of a great philosopher who had made new discoveries in moral and political science. It was the plain talk of a plain man, who sprang from the body of the people, who sympathized strongly with their wants and their feelings, and who boldly uttered their opinions. It was on account of the fearless way in which stout-hearted old Hugh exposed the misdeeds of men in ermine tippets, and gold collars, that the Londoners cheered him, as he walked down the Strand to preach at Whitehall,—struggled for a touch of his gown, and bawled, "Have at them, father Latimer." It is plain, from the passages which we have quoted, and from fifty others which we might quote, that, long before Bacon was born, the accepting of presents by a judge was known to be a wicked and shameful act,—that the fine words under which it was the fashion to veil such corrupt practices, were even then seen through by the common people,—that the distinction on which Mr. Montagu insists between compliments and bribes, was even then laughed at as a mere "colouring." There may be some oratorical exaggeration in what Latimer says about the Tyburn tippet and the sign of the judge's skin; but the fact that he ventured to use such expressions is amply sufficient to prove, that the gift-taking judges, the receivers of silver basins and ewers, were regarded as such pests of the commonwealth, that a venerable divine might, without any breach of Christian charity, publicly pray to God for their detection and condign punishment.

Mr. Montagu tells us, most justly, that we ought not to transfer the opinions of our own age to a former age. But he has, himself, committed a greater error than that against which he has cautioned his readers. Without any evidence,—nay, in the face of the strongest evidence,—he ascribes to the people of a former age, a set of opinions which no people ever held. But any hypothesis is in his view more probable than that Bacon should have been a dishonest man. We firmly believe, that if papers were to be discovered which should irresistibly prove that Bacon was concerned in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, Mr. Montagu would tell us that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was not thought improper in a man to put arsenic into the broth of his friends, and that we ought to blame, not Bacon, but the age in which he lived.

But why should we have recourse to any other evidence, when the proceeding against Bacon is, itself, the best evidence on the subject? When Mr. Montagu tells us, that we ought not to transfer the opinions of our age to Bacon's age, he appears altogether to forget, that it was by men of Bacon's own age that Bacon was prosecuted, tried, convicted, and sentenced. Did not they know what their own opinions were? Did not they know whether they thought the taking of gifts by a judge a crime or not? Mr. Montagu complains bitterly that Bacon was induced to abstain from making a defence. But, if Bacon's defence resembled that which is made for him in the volume before us, it would have been unnecessary to trouble the House with it. The Lords and Commons did not want Bacon to tell them the thoughts of their own hearts,—to inform them that they did not consider such practices as those in which they had detected him, as at all culpable. Mr. Montagu's proposition may indeed be fairly stated thus: It was very hard that Bacon's contemporaries should think it wrong in him to do what they did not think it wrong in him to do. Hard indeed; and withal somewhat improbable. Will any person say that the Commons who impeached Bacon for taking presents, and the Lords who sentenced him to fine, imprisonment, and degradation for taking presents, did not know that the taking of presents was a crime? Or, will any person say that Bacon did not know what the whole House of Commons and the whole House of Lords knew? Nobody who is not prepared to maintain one of these absurd propositions can deny that Bacon committed what he knew to be a crime.

It cannot be pretended that the Houses were seeking occasion to ruin Bacon; and that they therefore brought him to punishment on charges which they themselves knew to be frivolous. In no quarter was there the faintest indication of a disposition to treat him harshly. Through the whole proceeding there was no symptom of personal animosity or of factious violence in either House. Indeed, we will venture to say that no State-Trial in our history is more creditable to all who took part in it, either as prosecutors or judges. The decency, the gravity, the public spirit,—the justice moderated but not unnerved by compassion,—which appeared in every part of the transaction, would do honour to the most respectable public men of our own times. The accusers, while they discharged their duty to their constituents by bringing the misdeeds of the Chancellor to light, spoke with admiration of his many eminent qualities. The Lords, while condemning him, complimented him on the ingenuousness of his confession, and spared him the humiliation of a public appearance at their bar. So strong was the contagion of a good feeling, that even Sir Edward Coke, for the first time in his life, behaved like a gentleman. No criminal ever had more temperate prosecutors than Bacon. No criminal ever had more favourable judges. If he was convicted, it was because it was impossible to acquit him without offering the grossest outrage to justice and common sense.

Mr. Montagu's other argument, namely, that Bacon, though he took *gifts*, did not take *bribes*, seems to us as futile as that which we have considered. Indeed, we might be content to leave it to be answered by the plainest man among our readers. Demosthenes noticed it with contempt more than two thousand years ago. Latimer, we have seen, treated the sophistry with similar disdain. "Leave colouring," said he, "and call these things by their Christian names—bribes." Mr. Montagu attempts—somewhat unfairly, we must say—to represent the presents which Bacon received, as similar to the perquisites which suitors paid to the members of the Parliaments of France. The French magistrate had a legal right to his fee; and the amount of the fee was regulated by law. Whether this be a good mode of remunerating judges is not the question. But what analogy is there between payments of this sort and the presents which Bacon received,—presents which were not sanctioned by the law, which were not made under the public eye, and of which the amount was regulated only by private bargain between the magistrate and the suitor? Again, it is mere trifling to say that Bacon could not have meant to act corruptly, because he employed the agency of men of rank, of bishops, privy councillors, and members of Parliament; as if the whole history of that generation was not full of the low actions of high people;—as if it was not notorious that men as exalted in rank as any of the decoys Bacon employed, had pimped for Somerset, and poisoned Overbury.

But, says Mr. Montagu, these presents "were made openly and with the greatest publicity." This would indeed be a strong argument in favour of Bacon. But we deny the fact. In one, and one only, of the cases in which Bacon was accused of corruptly receiving gifts, does he appear to have received a gift publicly. This was in a matter depending between the Company of Apothecaries and the Company of Grocers. Bacon, in his Confession, insisted strongly on this circumstance, that he had on this occasion taken presents publicly, as a proof that he had not taken them corruptly. Is it not clear, that if he had taken the presents mentioned in the other charges in the same public manner, he would have dwelt on this point in his answer to those charges? The fact that he insists so strongly on the publicity of one particular present, is of itself sufficient to prove that the other presents were not publicly taken. Why he took this present publicly, and the rest secretly, is evident.—He on that occasion acted openly, because he was acting honestly. He was not on that occasion sitting judicially. He was called in to effect an amicable arrangement between two parties. Both were satisfied with his decision. Both joined in making him a present in return for his trouble. Whether it was quite delicate in a man of his rank to accept a present under such circumstances, may be questioned. But there is no ground in this case for accusing him of corruption.

Unhappily, the very circumstances which prove him to have been innocent in this case, prove him to have been guilty on the other charges. Once, and once only, he alleges that he received a present publicly. The inference is, that in all the other cases mentioned in the articles against him he received presents secretly. When we examine the single case in which he alleges that he received a present publicly, we find that it is also the single case in which there was no gross impropriety in his receiving a present. Is it then possible to doubt that his reason for not receiving other presents in as public a manner was, that he knew that it was wrong to receive them?

One argument still remains, plausible in appearance, but admitting of easy and complete refutation. The two chief complainants, Aubrey and Egerton, had both made presents to the Chancellor. But he had decided against them both. Therefore, he had not received those presents as bribes. "The complaints of his accusers were," says Mr. Montagu, "not that the gratuities had, but that they had not influenced Bacon's judgment, as he had decided against them."

The truth is, that it is precisely in this way that an extensive system of corruption is generally detected. A person who, by a bribe, has procured a decree in his favour, is by no means likely to come forward of his own accord as an accuser. He is content. He has his *quid pro quo*. He is not impelled either by interested or by vindictive motives, to bring the transaction before the public. On the contrary, he has almost as strong motives for holding his tongue as the judge himself can have. But when a judge practises corruption, as we fear that Bacon practised it, on a large scale, and has many agents looking out in different quarters for prey, it will sometimes happen that he will be bribed on both sides. It will sometimes happen that he will receive money from his suitors who are so obviously in the wrong, that he cannot in decency do any thing to serve them. Thus, he will now and then be forced to pronounce against a person from whom he has received a present; and he makes that person a deadly enemy. The hundreds who have got what they paid for, remain quiet. It is the two or three who have paid, and have nothing to show for their money, who are noisy.

The memorable case of the Goëzmans is an example of this. Beaumarchais had an important suit depending before the Parliament of Paris. M. Goëzman was the judge on whom chiefly the decision depended. It was hinted to Beaumarchais that Madame Goëzman might be propitiated by a present. He accordingly offered certain *rouleaus* of *Louis-d'or* to the lady, who received them graciously. There can be no doubt that if the decision of the Court had been favourable to him, these things would never have been known to the world. But he lost his cause. Almost the whole sum which had been expended in bribery, was immediately refunded; and those who had disappointed him probably thought that he would not, for the mere gratification of his malevolence, make public a transaction which was discreditable to himself as well as to them. They knew little of him. He soon taught them to curse the day in which they had dared to trifle with a man of so revengeful and turbulent a spirit,—of such dauntless effrontery, and of such eminent talents for controversy and satire. He compelled the Parliament to put a degrading stigma on M. Goëzman. He drove Madame Goëzman to a convent. Till it was too late to pause, his excited passions did not suffer him to remember that he could effect their ruin only by disclosures ruinous to himself. We could give other instances. But it is needless. No person well acquainted with human nature can fail to perceive that, if the doctrine for which Mr. Montagu contends were admitted, society would be deprived of almost the only chance which it has of detecting the corrupt practices of judges.

We return to our narrative. The sentence of Bacon had scarcely been pronounced when it was mitigated. He was indeed sent to the Tower. But this was merely a form. In two days he was set at liberty, and soon after he retired to Gorhambury. His fine was speedily released by the Crown. He was next suffered to present himself at Court; and at length, in 1624, the rest of his punishment was remitted. He was now at liberty to resume his seat in the House of Lords, and he was actually summoned to the next Parliament. But age, infirmity, and perhaps shame, prevented him from attending. The Government allowed him a pension of one thousand two hundred pounds a year; and his whole annual income is estimated by Mr. Montagu at two thousand five hundred pounds,—a sum which was probably above the average income of a nobleman of that generation, and which was certainly sufficient for comfort, and even for splendour. Unhappily, Bacon was fond of display, and unused to pay minute attention to domestic affairs. He was not easily persuaded to give up any part of the magnificence to which he had been accustomed in the time of his power and prosperity. No pressure of distress could induce him to part with the woods of Gorhambury. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my feathers." He travelled with so splendid an equipage, and so large a retinue, that Prince Charles, who once fell in with him on the road, exclaimed with surprise,—"Well; do what we can, this man scorns to go out in snuff." This carelessness and ostentation reduced him to frequent distress. He was under the necessity of parting with York House, and of taking up his residence, during his visits to London, at his old chambers in Gray's Inn. He had other vexations, the exact nature of which is unknown. It is evident from his will, that some part of his wife's conduct had greatly disturbed and irritated him.

But whatever might be his pecuniary difficulties or his conjugal discomforts, the powers of his intellect still remained undiminished. Those noble studies for which he had found leisure in the midst of professional drudgery and of courtly intrigues, gave to this last sad stage of his life, a dignity beyond what power or titles could bestow. Impeached, convicted, sentenced,—driven with ignominy from the presence of his Sovereign, shut out from the deliberations of his fellow nobles, loaded with debt, branded with dishonour, sinking under the weight of years, sorrow and disease,—Bacon was Bacon still.

"My conceit of his person," says Ben Jonson very finely, "was never increased towards him by his place of honours; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."

The services which he rendered to letters during the last five years of his life, amidst ten thousand distractions and vexations, increase the regret, with which we think on the many years which he had wasted,—to use the words of Sir Thomas Bodley,—"on such *study as was not* worthy such a student." He commenced a *Digest of the Laws of England*,—a History *of England under the Princes* of the House of Tudor, a body of Natural History, a Philosophical Romance. He made extensive and valuable additions to his essays. He published the inestimable Treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum.* The very trifles with which he amused himself in hours of pain and langour bore the mark of his mind. The best Jest-Book in the world is that which he dictated from memory, without referring to any book, on a day on which illness had rendered him incapable of serious study.

The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day, early in the spring of the year 1626, he alighted from his coach near Highgate in order to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged he felt a sudden chill, and was soon so much indisposed, that it was impossible for him to return to Gray's Inn. The Earl of Arundel, with whom he was well acquainted, had a house at Highgate. To that house Bacon was carried. The Earl was absent; but the servants who were in charge of the place, showed great respect and attention to the illustrious guest. Here, after an illness of about a week, he expired early on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded "excellently well."

Our opinion of the moral character of this great man, has already been sufficiently explained. Had his life been passed in literary retirement, he would, in all probability, have deserved to be considered, not only as a great philosopher, but as a worthy and good-natured member of society. But neither his principles nor his spirit were such as could be trusted, when strong temptations were to be resisted, and serious dangers to be braved. In his Will, he expressed with singular brevity, energy, dignity, and pathos, a mournful consciousness that his actions had not been such as to entitle him to the esteem of those under whose observation his life had been passed; and, at the same time, a proud confidence that his writings had secured for him a high and permanent place among the benefactors of mankind. So at least we understand those striking words which have been often quoted, but which we must quote once more—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age."

His confidence was just. From the day of his death his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilized world.

(*To be continued.*)

I often think that the shock which jars on the mental, renders yet softer the moral nature. A death that is connected with love, unites us by a thousand remembrances to all who have mourned: it builds a bridge between the young and the old; it gives them in common the most touching of human sympathies; it steals from nature its glory and its exhilaration, not its tenderness.

From the Quarterly Review, 1809.

CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE, AND PROSPECTS OF EUROPE.

[In the last number of the Museum we published an article, upon the Scottish novels, which was written several years before the author was ascertained. We now offer, as a *pendant*, a *prospective* view of Napoleon's Character and Destiny—and ask the reader to bear in mind that it was published in May, 1809, long before the shadow, which coming events cast before them, was perceptible to any but gifted seers.]

Proclamation of the Archduke Charles to his Army—Declaration of War by the Emperor of Austria—Address of the Archduke to the German nation. April, 1809.

It is natural to the human mind to look with anxiety on the future, and to endeavour, as far as possible, to calculate the course which events may take, especially in a crisis of extraordinary interest and importance. But it is in general so absurd to attempt prediction, that we should have carefully avoided the dangerous office, if some of our contemporaries had not been more confident, and had not chosen to avow that they could "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain would grow and which would not." Their example induces us to think that we may be pardoned if we also glance a little forward—not, indeed, to prophesy, for which we have received no commission—but to show that the predictions of wo, which they seem so much delighted to utter, are not altogether certain; that we have at least as much reason to hope as to fear; and that, although the hemisphere of Europe is sufficiently covered with clouds, it is not without its streaks of light to cheer those who are not determined to despond, with the prospect of a brighter future.

To confine ourselves to a partial and gloomy view, can never be wise. A nation may be ruined by despair: it cannot be much injured by hope. Despair extinguishes the energies of the bravest; it unnerves the arm, and confuses the judgment: the animation of hope increases activity and strength, and gives an inspiration to genius, which often creates the means of realizing its wishes.

The present deplorable state of the Continent has not arisen solely from the pressure of the French arms When the French revolution broke out, a general fever was pervading the minds of Europe. The philosophers of Paris, and their imitators, had created in every country a strong impression of the existence of superstitions in religion, and of evils in civil society: and carefully avoiding to discriminate how many of these evils were incident to the imperfections of human nature, and how much of these superstitions had been, by ignorance and art, improperly attached to religion, they affected to believe themselves, and produced a real persuasion in others, that all our social evils were the work of our governments, and all our religious follies the genuine offspring of christianity. Hence they very wisely inferred, that to destroy all existing governments, and to root out all christianity, was to terminate the miseries which mankind endured, and to place us in a paradise of earthly bliss.

On this principle the leaders of the French revolution set out, and certainly performed their work of destruction with great ability and with great effect. They subverted all their own political and religious institutions, and excited a very great desire in almost every other country with whom they had intercourse, to do the same. In this state of mind were the greater part of the nations of Europe when the governments of the continent united against France; some from a well-founded alarm, and from that just motive only; but others unfortunately mixing with that motive a desire to take advantage of the alarm for purposes of ambition and aggrandizement. Against a combination so produced, and so held together, it is not wonderful that the immense population of France, driven to their armies by enthusiasm and the guillotine, should have prevailed; or that the mutual jealousy and diverging views of the different forces engaged in that combination, should have led to its dissolution immediately upon the first defeat.

When the French armies once got beyond their own boundaries, they found every where secret friends and applauding enthusiasts. In Holland, Germany, and Italy, the believers in the political millennium eagerly received them. Many even in the highest ranks caught the contagion, which at length spread itself among the armies of the combined powers, and made corruption easy. Their resistance became feebler in proportion as it was more necessary, and the assaults of the French consequently more active, more daring, and more successful.

While the people were thus inviting or welcoming the French arms, the dissentions between the governments of Prussia and Austria removed all impediment to the conquest of Germany. Prussia strove to convert the raging fanaticism to her own advantage, by professing to become the instrument of political regeneration. Her king courted the illuminati, made peace with France, seduced the northern states of Germany into a neutral confederation, deprived Austria of the support of half the forces of the empire, and left her, thus enfeebled, to bear the shock of the undivided strength of France.

It was the policy of Prussia to see the power of Austria beaten down, in the hope that the imperial crown might be transferred to the house of Brandenburg. France encouraged this hope till Austria was driven into an humiliating peace. Prussia, having at length established a preponderancy over her rival, assumed a degree of imperial spirit and independence, in a moment of extraordinary rashness, which called down upon her the vindictive fury of Buonaparte. Austria beheld the thunderbolt of war striking her competitor to the ground, without the least attempt to assist her; and even when Russia had stemmed the torrent of French conquest by the battles of Pultusk and Eylau, and was detaining Buonaparte in an unprofitable struggle amid the lakes and marshes of Poland, she did not embrace the golden opportunity: nor are there wanting those who think that she abstained from embracing it chiefly because the immediate result of Austrian success would have been the restoration of Prussian power. Thus, by the unfortunate coincidence of great delusion among the people, and ambitious jealousies between their governments, the rapacious and disorganizing spirit of the French nation, and its leaders, has been enabled to overrun Germany and Italy, and nearly to reduce all Europe to the condition of an appendage to France.

If Buonaparte had possessed as much political wisdom as military talent, the cause of Europe would have been hopeless. But happily for its ultimate safety, he is more fitted to destroy than to consolidate. Although distinguished as a soldier, he cannot be extolled as a legislator, statesman, or philosopher. Time, the great revealer of all mysteries, has discovered the most consolatory defects in the intellectual character of Buonaparte; and it is on the observation of these defects, and of the consequences which have resulted, and which are resulting from them, that we build a large part of our hopes that the cause of national independence and social security is not yet desperate, but that even this generation may live to see the downfal of that man who is now the terror of Europe and the scourge of humanity.

When Buonaparte first appeared on the military theatre, his successes were so rapid, and their secret causes were so little known, that he appeared for some time almost to work miracles. He re-kindled all the chimeras of the speculative, and became to many, in all countries, an object of adoration. We hope, however, that this Manichean dread is in some degree abated; that the world is now recovering its senses, and, like the foolish monster in the Tempest, growing ashamed of the object of its worship, and ready to exclaim, " What a dull fool was I to take this fellow for a god!" Yet, so it was, that at one period this extraordinary man was exalted in the estimation of his contemporaries so far beyond the bounds of reason, that the madness at last spread to himself, and he began to talk and act as if he really were not of the ordinary species of human beings. He suddenly taught his courtiers to keep at an awful distance from him. He had incense burnt in the apartments which he was expected to visit. He told the senate, on receiving their address, on his assuming the consulship for life, that he was "*called* by the Almighty to restore the reign of order, *justice*, and *peace* upon the earth." In the beginning of the present war, he allowed the clergy of France to entitle him the new Cyrus, and the *Christ* of *Providence*. In a mandate to the Dutch, he denominated his government a "military *hierarchy*." With some vague views on this subject, which seem to have been since abandoned, he got the Jews together, and set them haranguing about him till they hailed him "the chosen of the Lord, his cherished anointed, the minister of eternal justice, the *living image of the Deity*." He permitted the hair-brained students of Leipsic to address him in the language almost of deification. On his return to Paris, after the peace of Tilsit, he disclosed the impious object that was lurking in his mind, by ordering a temple of victory to be built opposite the legislative mansion, and his palace to be placed between them. To humour the same feeling, on his return from Bayonne to Paris, last summer, the people of the south of France were ordered to strew branches of palm before him; and instead of his being received by the municipal bodies, the archbishop of Toulouse was directed to issue his mandamus to the clergy, prescribing the peculiar ceremonies they were to use as he entered their parishes.

So much for his philosophy.—Let us next consider him as a legislator. It is almost ten years since he acquired the supreme power at Paris. It is nearly two years since, by the peace of Tilsit, he became the actual sovereign of Europe. During these periods, in which he had only to will and be obeyed—what has this new Cyrus done? this "immortal sage!" as his senate called him while hovering about the Vistula. He has published a catechism, in which he tells his people, and orders them to believe, that "he is the image of God upon earth;" and that to honour and serve him is to honour and serve God himself:"—thus reviving, to the great comfort of his admirers in this country, the obsolete doctrines of passive obedience, and "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." He has also completed his code of public instruction, which enacts that there shall be no schools throughout the empire but those which are ramifications from the university established by himself: that all the teachers and professors shall be nominated by the grand master, without whose permission they cannot leave their places of instruction, nor take any other beneficial employment; whom they are to obey implicitly in all things, and to whom they are to make a constant report of everything that appears contrary to the imposed doctrine and principles. This grand master, this despotic lord of all French education, is named by the Emperor, and removable at his pleasure. In a word, the pervading principle of this code is, that there shall be no ideas disseminated, and no books read in any place of education in France, but those which Buonaparte and his servile agents approve,—a degree of tyranny over the human mind never attempted before.

If from his philanthropic and philosophical legislation we proceed to review his actions as a statesman, we see this Solomon as soon as he became possessed of undisputed power, seal up the ports of the continent, and destroy its trade, shipping, manufactures, capitals, and credit. His next step is to throw the Brazils into a confidential commercial intercourse with us by an unprovoked invasion of Portugal, his humblest slave before. We find him then incurring the hatred and inflaming the prejudices of all the Catholics of Europe, by robbing the enfeebled pope of his few remaining territories; and exciting afresh the fears of Austria and Russia, by uniting Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia to France, and the Papal dominions to the kingdom of Italy, because, as he told his senate, —"It must be so." By way of augmenting his popularity in Europe, he shoots a foreign bookseller for selling pamphlets, and demands the capital punishment of some officers of another sovereign for a joke about his legion of honour. And, lastly, he insults the common sense as well as the moral feelings of all Europe by the unprincipled invasion of Spain; an outrage as little to be accounted for as to be justified; the military result of which has been to expose him to reverses and disappointments such as he never before experienced; and the political consequence, to convert a nation hitherto a faithful, humble, devoted, all-enduring, all-bestowing tributary, into an implacable foe; or at least, even if (which God forbid) his arms should be ultimately successful, an impatient, hating, ungovernable and unprofitable slave.—It seems to our imperfect judgment that, if he had sat down and contrived how he could the most speedily and the most effectually destroy that disgraceful enthusiasm for his name and character which had so long blinded and enslaved Europe, he could not have adopted more certain means. The bandage is now torn from the eyes of the most credulous. His simplest votary must by this time have renounced his idolatry.

Believing, as we do, that either this supposition is just, or that all reasoning on human nature is as uncertain as on the motions of the clouds, we deduce from these observations a solid ground of hope. Young as Buonaparte yet is, he has already outlived the love and veneration of mankind. His military successes may yet be admired: he may yet be flattered by those who hope to profit from his power, and obeyed by those who fear it. But his day of esteem (or of admiration which almost amounted to it) and personal attachment has departed never to return. He cannot hope to regain the confidence which he has lost. Nor will he attempt to do so. Despairing of anything like the good opinion of mankind, he will become reckless of it. That which has hitherto been the passion of his mind will be now stimulated to madness. War, devastation, pestilence, and death, will henceforth mark every year of his life. Success will only encourage him to new projects—discomfiture, short of ruin, will only rouse and exasperate him. In his first career of glory, when his power was only budding, and his infant ambition a suitor to popularity, he caressed the astronomer Oriani at Milan, and comforted the defeated Wurmser at Mantua. Nature had perhaps given him the sympathies of other men, which virtue, which judgment might have cultivated. But they have been suppressed by the selfish pride and insatiable vanity which prosperity has cherished. He has accustomed himself to such strong stimuli of action, that the common sympathies and occurrences of life are like gentle breezes which cannot move his turbid soul. He has no children to attach him to domestic amusements. His wife is not his companion, but his sentinel. He is not fond of literary men, because he fears them. He recoils from familiarity and social intercourse. He likes to be the idol of a temple, sitting abstracted and exalted—seen and worshipped at an awful distance. He must make a chaos of human affairs to employ himself in settling them. He must have the storm and the thunder about him to interest himself and impress others with awe. Can a character like this, after it has so completely developed itself, be of long duration? Are not the maledictions of mankind every hour ascending, and can the sword of terror intimidate for ever? A morose, hard-hearted, melancholy tyrant, projecting hourly new insults and injuries to mankind; new sacrifices of the interests, the feelings, and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, to his own solitary and boundless despotism: a despotism that has nothing in it generous or social—a despotism barren and cruel, unblessing and unblessed; purposing only, as is emphatically stated in the Archduke Charles's proclamation, to "carry on the endless wars of ambition under distant climes; making myriads shed their blood for foreign rapine; and incur the curse of annihilating innocent nations:"—he lives surrounded by the fears and the hatred of his species. This is not our speculation—it is his own. He feels it—and has avowed it. He told the Prince of Asturias that subjects were eager to take their revenge for the homage they were forced to pay. His unprincipled aggression on Spain, and his merciless conscriptions, have taught mankind that they have no safety in peace, no security in their cottages. His conscriptions, certainly, for a time, create great apparent armies, but they extend the curses of mankind against him in perpetually increasing circles. They give him armies ripe for desertion and mutiny, and full of spirits desirous to avenge on him the sufferings which they endure. To be his ally is now as ruinous as to be his enemy: and the time is perhaps near at hand when it will be as much more safe, as it is surely more noble, to take up arms against the common enemy of civil society than to be the instrument of his destructive violence.

While the anxious feelings of mankind are incessantly agitating questions like these, a new event of no common magnitude appears in Europe. In the midst of terror, despondence, and slavery, Austria has had the courage, unsupported, to draw the sword for her national independence, and to meet, singly, in arms, the oppressor of the world.

That Buonaparte had determined on the destruction of Austria, was long foreseen. The peace at Tilsit had scarcely been signed, before this portentous paragraph appeared in one of the journals under his influence.—"Denmark, Austria, and Portugal, enjoy an uncertain repose. Each has its solicitudes. Denmark, on account of the repeated intimations to shut up her harbours; Portugal for her trade with England; and Austria for the unquiet language employed in Hungary; for the earnest invitations of Russia; the movements in Poland; the propinquity of the French armies, and the union of the Turks with the Emperor of the West. Her difficulties and dangers are many: her friendship has been profitable to neither party: her neutrality strict but offensive: her new arrangements do not intimate real activity, and power; and her embarrassments are still the most prominent features in her history."

This mysterious annunciation appeared in July, 1807. It completely satisfied us to what fate both Austria and the two other powers were doomed: nor was it long before the tyrant proceeded to execute his menaces. His troops were prepared to march into Denmark, for the purpose of possessing themselves of her fleet and territories; but before they arrived, our expedition to Copenhagen removed the Danish navy beyond his grasp. Disappointed of this great instrument of his malice and ambition, he strove to convert it to his advantage by the abusive declamations against us, which some worthy men in this country have been weak enough to re-echo. He proceeded however to take possession of Denmark. As he chose to let the family continue, for the present, on the throne, the Danish king was permitted to keep a nominal and subordinate power, while Bernadotte was the real sovereign: but the French armies never left the Danish provinces.

The sentence against Portugal was begun to be carried into execution immediately after his return to Paris. Some little management with the Spanish court was requisite for this purpose; but this was no sooner arranged by the assistance of the depraved Prince of the Peace, than his army marched to Lisbon. The royal family fled from the fury of the storm, and with our aid, escaped with their fleet to the Brazils.

Thus two of the powers menaced by this portentous oracle were disposed of. Austria alone remained to be immolated to his revenge. She was not, however, so easy a prey as the petty kingdoms of Denmark and Portugal. A great accumulation of military force was necessary to overpower her, and this required time. The war with Russia had greatly thinned the armies of the tyrant, and his conscription, in 1807, had created sensations not a little alarming to his safety in France. It was too dangerous to call out another conscription immediately afterwards, and he was therefore obliged to suspend the gratification of his implacable spirit till he felt himself strong enough to make vengeance certain. He took, however, another path to it, which promised the double advantage of independence on the disposition of the French nation, and at the same time of supplying an instrument for chastising it, should it presume to question his measures. This was to replenish his arms by a vast incorporation of men, seduced or forcibly taken out of the countries he had overrun. He had conceived this new scheme while conflicting with Russia, and announced it in the following paragraph, written immediately after his armistice with Russia, in the same month of July, 1807.

"Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and Poles, are dealing around them the blows of death at the extremity of the Prussian monarchy. Even Spaniards are mounting the Pyrenees and the Alps, to press the afflicted soil of Germany, and all obey the same command. The car of triumph has rolled unimpeded, and *even they who but just before bled beneath its wheels* now follow their track and share the laurels with the victor, instead of partaking disgrace with the conquered. Nothing equals the confidence with which the conqueror admitted those he had lately vanquished among his troops, but the admirable skill with which he at the same time provided for the security of his flanks and rear."

A more tremendous system certainly never appeared for the desolation and subjection of the world. Every country was to be compelled in succession to furnish men for the plunder and conquest of others. If any one nation presumed to be dissatisfied, the population of another was to be driven in arms to oppress it. The application of this dreadful organization was obvious. If any portion of this compulsory army exhibited signs of discontent, it was only necessary to march it to the most wasteful point of service, and it would be destroyed before it had become dangerous, and yet not till it had performed a certain quantity of needful work for its fell employer. His vast designs have been hitherto executed with the most lavish profusion of human blood. He cares neither fer distance, seasons, country, famine, nor disease. To overpower a certain part of an enemy's army, it is necessary to surprise, out-number, and surround it. Frequently he can only do this by making his men perform marches that are beyond the ordinary powers of human nature, and through countries scarcely passable. It is indifferent to him how many thousands drop from mere fatigue and want.—It is sufficient that enough reach the point of action to accomplish his purposes. If he disperses the enemy, he gains a new extent of human population to drive into his ranks, and to make the instruments, however unwilling, of new depredations. Being consumed so fast, there is no time for mutiny, and little demand for pay. For a certain time, therefore, this terrible engine of war acts in his favour with dreadful energy; though it is one which may ultimately recoil upon himself.

While his troops were taking possession of Portugal, in November, 1807, he left Paris for Italy, and proceeded to Venice. He seemed at this period to be undecided, whether he should make Austria or Turkey his first object of attack:—but the ease with which he had succeeded in Portugal tempted him to execute an intermediate plan that promised an agreeable gratification to his rapacity without much difficulty or danger.—This was his occupation of Spain.—His new idea of forming armies exterior to France incited him to seize a country, then unspoiled, which promised abundance of recruits, besides a fleet and foreign colonies. That his system of making armies was one great inducement, is clear from the fact, that an early employment of his generals in Portugal was to discipline the Portuguese into military service. When the insurrection was beginning in Spain, he boasted that 14,000 Portuguese soldiers had been already formed for him. He ordered them to be sent to him at Bayonne, in divisions of a thousand every day; and, when he met the first, he publicly boasted—what a fine army they would make, and how well fitted they would be for employment elsewhere!

The unprincipled seizure of the Spanish crown was an act of violence which precluded all explanation or comment, and avowed the most determined rapacity. It revealed to the whole world that his robberies would be only limited by his power. It proclaimed him unanswerably to be what he was called in His Majesty's speech from the throne, at the close of the last session of parliament—"the common enemy of every established government and independent nation in the world." Its effect upon Austria was inevitable. No state endangered by his power could behold it without terror. None, pcssessing any means of asserting its independence, could dread it without preparing for war. Austria, therefore, conscious that his eye had already marked her for a victim, went on steadily augmenting her armies, and organizing and disciplining her people, who felt the desperate necessity of the crisis, and appear to have zealously seconded the patriotic counsels and determination of the government. The wrath of Buonaparte was excited. He ventured to call out another conscription, and he prepared to subjugate Spain, and chastise the court of Vienna.

He has obtained in Spain all the successes which every enlightened man expected from his immense superiority of disciplined force—but he has obtained no more. That disciplined armies would rout hasty, though enthusiastic levies, was reckoned upon: yet, to the honour of the Spaniards, let it be recollected, that he did not beat their raw troops without great difficulty and great superiority of numbers. Though Marshal Lefebvre was acting against General Blake, he did not destroy his division till Buonaparte had sent Victor, and afterwards Soult also against it. To defeat Castanos, he not only directed upon him Marshal Lannes and Moncey with their divisions, but also Ney with his; and to make the success more certain, he even recalled Soult from the Asturias. We cannot contemplate these things without feeling that this gallant nation has done ample justice to its cause and to its character. Unfortunately they have been too eager, and too confident, as is natural to valour without discipline. But every hour is improving their discipline; and we trust that experience has already convinced them of the necessity of a mode of warfare better suited to the respective nature of their own forces, and of those with which they have to contend; and this warfare will be prosecuted steadily and unintermittingly, without giving a moment's pause to the French armies dispersed and distracted as they are throughout the provinces, and at the same time without hazarding regular actions—until the time shall arrive when British co-operation can be effectually employed to give the finishing blow to the scheme of the subjugation of the Peninsula.

It may seem extraordinary that Buonaparte, while Spain was yet unsubdued, should embarrass himself with an Austrian war. It is possible that some irresolution in the councils of Russia occasioned his determination. He had declared in the summer that not a single village should be in insurrection in Spain by Christmas. Three months beyond that period passed away, and he found a part of the north, and all the south, still unsubdued: a few months more would be requisite to conquer these—and what a conquest would he then have affected! one so insecure, that as great an army would be wanted to keep, as to obtain it. The rest of the year must have been employed, at least, before he could completely break the spirits of the Spanish nation, and enure their necks to his yoke. But as Austria had been too much alarmed to abandon her defensive preparations, and had repeatedly made the most urgent solicitations to Russia for her alliance; as the kingdom of Westphalia perpetuated the hostile jealousy of Prussia against him, and his conscriptions and contingents were rapidly disquieting the other German powers, it was obvious that a storm was rising whose explosion would be more dangerous the longer it was delayed. He, therefore, chose to risk a war with Austria before the hesitating Alexander had decided against him, and hostility acquired a serious organization. At present Russia will either befriend him or not move against him, and he visibly hopes to crush Austria before her neighbours venture to assist her. If he succeeds, he will make his vengeful reckoning with them at his leisure.

We never witnessed any event likely to produce more momentous consequences than this new warfare. The Elector of Bavaria, in his proclamation on quitting Munich, became the mouth-piece of Buonaparte, and pronounced the vindictive sentence against the Austrians—"Measures shall be taken to prevent them from any longer disturbing the continent." In this we see the doom of Austria, if she is finally unsuccessful. She cannot be forgiven; because, excepting the misguided empire of Russia, she is the only apparent obstacle to Buonaparte's becoming the tyrant of the world. While Austria exists, Russia is safe, and Europe unsubdued. Austria, therefore, wars not only for herself, but for Germany, Russia, and the world. The Archduke, in his address, has well expressed this momentous truth—"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria is forced to take up arms, because the French Emperor will not tolerate the existence of a state which does not acknowledge his supremacy of power, nor stoop to become subservient to his views of conquest; because he requires that Austria shall renounce her independence, unbend her energies, and surrender at the conqueror's discretion; because the armies of the Emperor of France, and of his dependent allies, advance against Austria with hostile views.—The forces of Austria have risen for self-defence and self-preservation at the nod of their Monarch; I am leading them on against the enemy to prevent the certain attack he prepared against us. We pass the frontiers, not as conquerors; not as enemies of Germany; not to destroy German institutions, law, customs, and manners, and impose foreign ones; not to appropriate to ourselves the property of Germany, or to sacrifice her children in distant wars, carried on to destroy and subjugate foreign nations.—No: we fight to assert the independence of the Austrian Monarchy, and to restore to Germany the independence and national honours which are due to her.—The same pretensions which now threaten us have already proved fatal to Germany. Our assistance is her last effort to be saved. Our cause is that of Germany. United with Austria, Germany was independent and happy; it is only through the assistance of Austria that Germany can receive happiness and independence.—Germans! consider your destruction. Accept the aid we offer, and co-operate with us for your salvation. We demand from you no exertions, but such as the war for our common cause requires. Your property and your domestic peace are secured by the discipline of our troops. The Austrian armies will not oppress, nor rob you; they respect you as brethren, chosen to fight jointly with us, for your cause and for ours. Be worthy of our respect: such Germans only as forget themselves are our enemies.—Depend on my word, which I have more than once pledged, and redeemed, to save you! Depend on the word of my Emperor and brother, which has never been violated!—CHARLES, Generalissimo."

The present contest, therefore, has features unlike any former warfare. Austria is not only fighting for her existence, but her sovereign feels and avows it to be so. He has not entered into this war from ambitious motives: he has been driven to it by the violence of his oppressor, "For these three years past," says the Emperor, "I have made the utmost exertions to procure you, my beloved subjects, the blessings of a permanent peace. No sacrifice, any ways consistent with your welfare, and with the independence of the State, however painful, have I spared to secure your tranquillity and welfare, by a friendly understanding with the Emperor of the French.—But all my endeavours proved fruitless. The Austrian Monarchy was also to submit to the boundless ambition of the Emperor Napoleon; and in the same manner he strives to subdue Spain, insults the sacred Head of the Church, appropriates to himself the provinces of Italy, and parcels out the German dominions. Austria was to do homage to the great empire, the formation of which he has loudly announced.—I have adopted all necessary measures to assert the independence of the State. Not only have ye answered my call, but your love for your native country has prompted you to anticipate it. Accept my cordial thanks; they will be repeated by my posterity and yours. Self-defence, not invasion, was our aim. But the conqueror will not allow the Sovereign of his people, strong in their mutual confidence, to possess sufficient means to oppose his ambitious views. He declared himself hostile to Austria, unless she should relinquish her measures of defence, and prostrate herself disarmed at his feet. The disgraceful proposal was rejected, and now his hosts are advancing against us arrayed for battle.—I confide in God, in the valour of my armies! in the heroic conduct of my brother, who leads them on to glory, in you, my beloved people: our exertions for this warfare are great, but such they must be in order to attain more securely the important end of self-preservation."

While the Emperor maintains these sentiments, it is not one battle that will decide the fate of Austria, unless his people are dead to all the feelings which animate their Sovereign, and disregard alike all considerations of national independence as well as of individual security. The immense numbers which

Buonaparte pours upon his opponents reduce every war to a struggle of military population as well as tactics. While his conscriptions drive myriads to his standard from the countries which he has subdued, he must be met by a generous self-devotion in the mass of the nation whom he assails, or he will overwhelm them by mere numerical superiority. He would never have achieved the conquests of which he boasts, if the people had not been traitors at once to their government and to themselves.

This therefore is the awful question to be now tried in Austria. Will the people identify themselves with their Sovereign, and pour out their blood in his defence and their own? The war-cry of France once was, "War to the palace, and peace to the cottage." By this deceitful exclamation they separated the people from their prince; now, proud and insolent from success, their invariable maxim is, "War to the palace, and conscription to the cottage." They exhaust the rich of every country by requisitions, but they drag away the poor to perish in murdering unoffending nations. Will the people of Austria and Hungary agree to "sacrifice their children in distant wars," and to lose their hereditary independence; or will they prefer risking their lives and property on their own soils in noble efforts to repress their sanguinary invader?"

If we answered as reason would dictate, if the subjects of the Emperor of Austria feel as the citizens of Athens, Sparta, and Rome felt in similar exigencies, or act with the spirit of the barbarous nations who so perseveringly withstood the furious assaults of imperial Rome, we should boldly say that Austria will be not the spoil but the grave of her oppressors, and that the cause of Europe will yet be saved.

The success of the contest hitherto, if not balanced, has been at least various, and the conflicts obstinate and bloody almost beyond example. We did not, and we do not look to see Buonaparte overthrown at a blow. It is from a protracted warfare with Buonaparte that we shall augur the happiest results. It is by a protracted contest only that Buonaparte is essentially to be injured. He has always troops sufficient for a first grand explosion. The great waste of war is disease, and the nature of his operations is peculiarly wasteful. He has always found it difficult to carry on a prolonged war, and hence his blows at Russia in the last contest were feeble compared with the violence with which he struck Prussia to the dust.

The resolution so inflexibly adhered to by Rome, never to make peace with her victorious enemies, contributed more than any other cause to extend her power. Though Hannibal harrassed and distressed her for more than twenty years, yet she disdained submission, and triumphed by her perseverance. Austria, too, may triumph if her people be but faithful to themselves; and never could she have selected a better moment for a protracted war.

Buonaparte comes to this contest with a large part of his best troops already destroyed.—Eternal thanks to the brave Spaniards for this important service! On the 4th of September, he avowed that he intended to send 200,000 men into Spain to prosecute that war, which his adulating senate did not blush to denominate "politic, just, and necessary," and for which they called out the conscription for the year 1810. His best generals, Lefebvre, Victor, Moncey, Augereau, *Soult*, Mortier, Ney, Lannes, Junot, and Bessieres, marched with their divisions out of Germany into Spain. His imperial guard, accompanied by himself and Berthier, followed; and every one must have noticed, from the names perpetually mentioned in the various conflicts, that his best officers and best troops have been engaged. Of these there can be no question that a large proportion has fallen. We cannot forget that the army of Blake stood eleven battles before it was quite dispersed: add to these, the engagements at Burgos and Tudela while the spirits of the Spaniards were fresh. He has had two days furious conflict at Somo Sierra, at least as many at Madrid of a very destructive nature, and a most ruinous siege before Saragossa. He has had several actions of less extent in his numerous pursuits of the different divisions of the Spanish army, besides the battle of Corunna. In all these he must have sustained great losses. But if the quantity of soldiers destroyed by the rapidity of his marches and pursuits, and the sickness occasioned by incessant service, bad weather, and scanty provision, be also recollected, we cannot doubt that his warfare in Spain since last summer must have cost him upwards of 100,000 of his veteran troops.

But he must either give up Spain, or still keep a large force employed there. To abandon his iniquitous aggression, to restore Ferdinand, and to negotiate a peace, would be his true policy: but his pride, his obstinacy, and his implacability forbid it.—Peace and safety are not his objects. Europe would eagerly accept the olive branch, if he sincerely proffered it; if he would renounce his ambition and really cultivate amity and quiet: but this is impracticable: the madman can now as easily lay aside his delirium, as Buonaparte his restless schemes. He must therefore maintain an army in Spain: but this army, from want of reinforcements, is already in a perilous situation. Spain is now becoming like La Vendée:—beaten out of the field, she can attempt no more pitched battles; but she is using the more tardy, but destructive, course of attacking her enemies in their smaller detachments, in their foraging excursions, at every moment when she can either surprise or overpower. The recapture of Vigo and Tuy, and Villa Franca, attest the commencement and the utility of this scheme. Should our troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley discomfit or break up any one of the remaining armies of the French, a new enthusiasm will burst out in the country; they will again despise their enemies and press forward to annihilate them, and Spain will be lost to France. A vigorous prosecution of the war on our part in Spain promises the happiest results; it is indeed indispensable.

But if the present French force in Spain be destroyed, or considerably reduced, what a reduction must not Buonaparte make from his armies now arrayed against Austria to restore the fortune of war beyond the Pyrennees! and what must not be the feelings of Frenchmen on the recommencement of the attack on Spain, after so profuse an expenditure of blood, which has flowed in vain: for no purpose either of security, of advantage, or of glory, to their country!

While the French believed that confederacies were formed to divide or conquer France, they cheerfully shed their blood in its defence. But the war in Spain is not to preserve France: and in the present struggle no one can doubt that Austria is fighting only for existence and independence. Should he succeed against Austria, he has again to conquer Spain. If he accomlish that, he has Turkey in his contemplation: and when Austria is removed, and Spain overrun, what can prevent him from rushing into collision with the Russian empire? Could these objects be obtained, he has avowed his designs on Asia. He is preparing for irruptions there by his embassy to the court of Persia: so that no Frenchman, who looks beyond the present instant, can avoid perceiving that the life of Buonaparte must be a life of endless warfare; and that every year will be, like each of the last four, a year of anticipated and merciless conscription.

But whatever be the ultimate issue of this momentous war, Austria has made a powerful appeal to the sympathy of mankind. Her reasons are simple, and the most popularly convincing that can be addressed to the human heart.—She fights not only for the maintenance of national independence, not only to preserve her altars from profanation, her fields from desolation, her palaces from plunder, her cities, her towns, and peaceful hamlets from violence, rapine, lust, and murder: but to save her population itself from worse than military decimation; from a system which would tear her peasants from their hearths and drag them manacled into countries far removed, there to be made the instruments of inflicting upon others the miseries of which they are themselves the victims. "As long as it was possible," says the Archduke, "to preserve peace by means of sacrifices, and as long as these sacrifices were consistent with the honour of the throne, with the security of the state, and with the welfare of the people, the heart of our bountiful sovereign suppressed every painful feeling in silence. But when all endeavours to preserve a happy independence from the insatiable ambition of a foreign conqueror prove fruitless; when nations are falling around us, and when lawful sovereigns are torn from the hearts of their subjects; when the danger of universal subjugation threatens even the happy states of Austria and their peaceable and fortunate inhabitants; then does our country demand its deliverance from us, and we stand forth in its defence."

The eloquence of facts is always more impressive than that of words. But, in the following paragraph of the proclamation, we have both; and if there be any spirit or moral principle in Austria, its effects must be universal and irresistible. "On you, my dear brother soldiers, are fixed the eyes of the Universe, and of all those who still feel for national honour and national prosperity. You shall not share the disgrace of becoming the tools of oppression. You shall not carry on the endless wars of ambition under distant climes. Your blood shall not flow for foreign fleets and foreign covetousness; not on you shall the curse alight to annihilate innocent nations, and over the bodies of the slaughtered defenders of their country to pave the way for a foreigner to the usurped throne. A happier lot awaits you! the liberty of Europe has taken refuge under our banners. Your victories will loose its fetters, and your brothers in Germany, yet in the ranks of the enemy, long for their deliverance. You are engaged in a just cause, otherwise I should not appear at your head."

These sentiments are addressed not only to the Austrian nation but to all Europe: to every man who has a country and a heart. We know how they must operate in this happy nation, and we can hardly conceive that Austria can be so unlike us as to be insensible to their effect. We think they must awaken the deep though stifled murmur of execration over all the continent. The cause at issue is not between France and Austria; but between Buonaparte and all mankind. In such a cause surely we are warranted to hope. If Austria merely escape being overwhelmed by terror at his first success; if she has firmness and ability to maintain a protracted contest, we ought not to despond. Prussia, no longer her rival, must wish her well. Saxony must pray for her success, and be ready to aid her the first moment that it is safe to do so. Germany, mourning for her children already torn from her to perish in Spain, and now bereaved of more to be slaughtered in Austria, must be imprecating the thunder of Heaven on the Tyrant of the whole Earth. The impression of his late victories will lessen as the contest is prolonged. Though invincible in his collected force, he may be beaten in his divisions. If he be checked in the mountains of Bohemia, or detained in unprofitable and indecisive skirmishes in the wilds of Hungary, the spirits of mankind will recover. To maintain one desultory warfare on the Danube, and another on the Ebro, will consume his victorious force, and by compelling him to resort to new conscriptions will heap new execrations on his head, and prepare new chances for his destruction.

One day destroyed Prussia—five continued days did the armies of the Emperor of Austria resist the onset, hitherto accustomed to be decisive, of the herdes of Buonaparte. Partially victorious, though defeated in the general result, they seem to have retreated with judgment, and in a manner which shows a determination to repair their errors, and avenge their losses. This spirit, if sustained, cannot fail to save the Austrian monarchy; if encouraged, applauded, and imitated, it may yet rescue Europe and the world.

In any case, let us hope, till events compel us to despair! It is not a blind, unreasoning confidence that we recommend: but a reflecting though courageous belief in the efficacy of those sentiments, qualities, and exertions by which in different ages of the world the career of successful villany has been arrested, and the liberties of nations vindicated, preserved, or restored.—A sober, anxious, and apprehensive calculation of the chances and probabilities of war, a disposition to consider, and a desire to provide against the worst, we are not inclined either to blame or dissuade. Such is the temper of mind with which it befits us to look at events doubtful in their issue, and at the same time so formidable in their consequences. But we do dissuade, and we should be inclined to blame, that species of panic, that fear in the nature of fascination, which anticipates the issue of the contest, not from a comparison of the two contending parties, but from the dread of one of them; which, presuming failure, would refuse assistance; which not only cherishes its own terrors, and spreads them with a spirit of proselytism, but repels and resents any attempt to dissipate them, and is almost prepared to feel any result which contradicts them as a disappointment.

The more we live out of the world, the more little courtesies, such as are in the crowd unheeded, are magnified into favours—true, that the same process of exaggeration occurs in respect to petty affronts or inconsiderate slights. The heart never attains the independence of the mind.

From the Retrospective Review.

FULLER'S HOLY AND PROFANE STATES.

The Holy State and Profane State, by Thomas Fuller, *B. D. and Prebendary of Sarum. The fourth Edition, London,* 1663, *pp.* 511, *with Portraits.*

If ever there was an amusing writer in this world, the facetious Thomas Fuller was one. There was in him a combination of those qualities which minister to our entertainment, such as few have ever possessed in an equal degree. He was, first of all, a man of extensive and multifarious reading, of great and digested knowledge, which an extraordinary retentiveness of memory preserved ever ready for use, and considerable accuracy of judgment enabled him successfully to apply. He was also, if we may use the term, a very great anecdote-monger, an indefatigable collector of the traditionary stories related of eminent characters, to gather which, his biographers inform us, he would listen contentedly for hours to the garrulity of the aged country people whom he encountered in his progresses with the king's army. With such plenitude and diversity of information, he had an inexhaustible fund for the purposes of illustration, and this he knew well how to turn to the best advantage. Unlike his tasteless contemporaries, he did not bring forth or display his erudition on unnecessary occasions, or pile extract on extract, and cento on cento, with industry as misapplied as it was disgusting. With Fuller, a quotation always tells: learning with him was considered as a sort of mortar to strengthen, interlace, and support his own intellectual speculations, to fill up the interstices of argument, and conjoin and knit together the corresponding masses of thought; not as a sort of plaster to be superinduced over the original products of his mind, till their character and peculiarities were lost amid the integuments which enveloped them. So well does he vary his treasures of memory and observation, so judiciously does he interweave his anecdotes, quotations, and remarks, that it is impossible to conceive a more delightful chequer-work of acute thought and apposite illustration, of original and extracted sentiment, than is presented in his works. As a story-teller, he was most consummately felicitous. The relation which we have seen for the hundredth time, when introduced in his productions, assumes all the freshness of novelty, and comes out of his hands instinct with fresh life and glowing with vitality and spirit. The stalest jest, the most hacknied circumstance, the repetition of which by another would only provoke our nausea, when adopted by him, receives a redintegration of essence not less miraculous than the conversion of dry bones into living beings. Wherever we dip in his works we are certain to meet with some narrated incident or apothegm to detain us, and we are insensibly led on from anecdote to anecdote, and from witticism to witticism, without the power to put the book upon the shelf again. How delightful must have been the conversation of Fuller, varied as it was with exuberance of knowledge, enlivened with gossiping, chastened by good sense, and sparkling with epigrammatical sharpness of wit, decorated with all its native fantastical embroidery of humorous quaintness. We verily declare for ourselves, that if we had the power of re*suscitating* an individual from the dead to enjoy the pleasure of his conversation, we do not know any one on whom our choice would sooner fall than Fuller.

Of human life and manners through all their varieties, he was also a most sagacious and acute observer, and the quantity of vigorous and just observation, in this department of inquiry alone, contained in his works, it is hardly possible to calculate with correctness or appreciate with justice. He united the cool penetration of the philosophical speculatist, with the less erring because less refined contemplation of the practical experimentalist in the ways of man. He was learned, yet his learning did not take away his perspicuity in judging of the modes of every-day existence; he was indefatigable in literature, yet amidst his pursuits he found leisure to look into life with the acuteness of a Rochefoucault: he was addicted to meditation, yet he never was blinded to the observation of things without, while occupied with the abstractions within. More profundity of remark, more accuracy of discernment, more justness of perception, than this topic always produces from his pen, it would be difficult elsewhere to find. Few scholars excelled more in sound and practical good sense, and consequently very few ever coined maxims of more irresistible and incontrovertible wisdom. To him the whole complete machinery, which composes the great work of existence, in all its parts, springs, and dependencies lay exposed, and no subtlety in its regulations could deceive his intuitive quickness, no artificial intermingling of its interest could obscure his unerring penetration. But great as all these his endowments were, his qualifications of authorship, it is not perhaps to any of them, that our chief satisfaction in reading the works of Fuller can justly be attributed. Others, many others, have doubtless possessed them in an equal if not in a superior degree, and the attractions of our author carry a peculiar individuality about them, which no other can share or divide with him. These particular attractions which he alone monopolised, are doubtless the results of his unrivalled facetiousness and quaintness. The praises of wisdom and learning he must ever divide with countless multitudes, and in the pages of multitudes of writers may equal proofs of that learning and wisdom be met with. But for the facetiousness which breaks forth on all themes and subjects, and which hides itself but to burst forth again, like the river Arethusa, in all the creamy effervescence of sparkling frothiness—which throws over his gravest disquisitions an air of irresistible jocularity, and over his most solemn adjurations an appearance of lurking and irrepressible slyness,—which diffuses over the obscure duskiness of church history a quaint oiliness of conceit, and enriches even geographical barrenness by its everlasting fecundity of wit;—for the hearty and chuckling fullness of mirth, which catches at a joke as a boy does at a butterfly, and impresses every possible play of words of necessity into its service,—for the sedulous and resolute quest after humour which no consideration could divert or stop, and which would at any time spoil a good argument, or burlesque a serious observation to hitch in an epigram, good, bad, or indifferent —where shall we search but in the pages of the inimitable, the incomparable Fuller? It is not because he is generally successful in his attempts to be witty that we experience this gratification and delight, for nine of his attempts out of ten are certain to be complete failures; nor can it arise from the trueness of is wit, for commonly it consists of little more than uns, quibbles, and antitheses: it is not certainly from hese, but from other causes that our satisfaction originates, from his glorious and enthusiastic intrepidity n his sallies to the land of humour, from his bold and letermined quixotism after wit and facetiousness, from is readiness to grasp at any thing which bore the nost distant resemblance to them, from his buoyant nd eternal spirit of drollery, from his indefatigable nd adventurous knight-errantry which would traverse he whole universe for wit, from his peculiar singleess of observation, which could see

"Humour in stones, and puns in every thing."

He absolutely communicates something of his own ervour to his reader; it is almost impossible to read is works without going along with him in his hunt or jokes, and without participating in his satisfaction vhen he has found them. His quaint facetiousness vas communicable to every thing. Graft it on whatver tree he chose, and it would bud out, blossom orth, and luxuriate. Like a fisherman, he threw out is capacious net into the ocean of wit, and rejected othing that it brought up, however miscellaneous or notley were its contents; pleased, and perhaps thinkng that others would be pleased, with their variety. There is besides such an apparent self-satisfaction disensible throughout his works—we can almost fancy we ee him chuckling over his forthcoming jests as they uccessively issue from his brain, preparing us by his riumphant exultation for the stroke which is to follow: or revelling in uncontrolled and uncontrollable erriment over the vagaries of which he had disharged his head by communicating them to paper. uch was the disposition of Fuller. The qualities of ind which would in another have produced a bufoon, in him, without losing their power of entertainent, lost all their grosser and more offensive traits, d became, from their very superfetation, less imued with the rankness of farce. To him the language f jocularity had something of the gravity of earnest: was his own vernacular idiom, in which every ing which issued from his mind was clothed; it as something so intimately connected with him, that l attempts to strip it off would be useless; something ttled and fixed in his intellect, and stamping and arking its whole character. By being therefore more neralized, it had less of marked purport and design, d as it was assumed on all subjects was indecorous n none.—Fuller, we think, would hardly have scrued to crack a joke upon the four Evangelists; but rtain we are, it would have been without any idea f indecency or intention of irreverence.

This characteristic peculiarity is equally visible in l his productions, from his *Holy War* to his *Wories*, and consequently they are almost equally enterining. His *Holy War* and *Church History*, partiularly the last, are two of the most agreeable works e know; replete, besides their Fullerism, with pericacious observation, profound thought, deep disrnment, and narrative power. There are specimens f historical painting in these works which perhaps ave never been excelled, conceived with great enery and executed with happiness.—In his delineation f characters, he exhibits such unrivalled acumen, bility, and penetration, together with such candour nd uprightness of judgment, that it is difficult which ost to admire, his sagacity or his sincerity. His *Pisah Light of Palestine, which is also* in part an historical work, is a happy elucidation of what Fuller always excelled in, sacred story: and no work of his better displays the riches of his mind or the plenitude and fertility of its images. His *Worthies* is, we believe, more generally perused than any of his productions, and is perhaps the most agreeable; suffice to say of it, that it is a most fascinating storehouse of gossiping, anecdote, and quaintness; a most delightful medley of interchanged amusement, presenting entertainment as varied as it is inexhaustible. His *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*, and lesser works, are all equally excellent in their way, full of admirable maxims and reflections, agreeable stories, and ingenious moralizations. It was however in biography that Fuller most excelled.—If he was frequently too careless and inaccurate in his facts, it was not from heedlessness as to truth, which no one reverenced more than he did, but because he considered them but as the rind and outward covering of the more important and more delicious stores of thinking and consideration which they inwardly contained; because he thought life too short to be frittered away in fixing dates and examining registers: what he sought was matter convertible to use, to the great work of the improvement of the human mind, not those more minute and jejune creatures of authenticity, which fools toil in seeking after, and madmen die in elucidating. In this he has been followed by a great biographical writer of the last age, with whom he had more points than one in common. Leaving therefore such minor parts of biography for the investigation of others, and seizing only on the principal events, and those distinguishing incidents or anecdotes which mark a character in a moment, and which no one knew better than Fuller to pick out and select, he detailed them with such perspicuity and precision, and commented upon them with such accuracy of discrimination, strength of argument and force of reason, and threw around them such a luminous and lambent halo of sparkling quaintness, shining upon and playing about the matter of his thoughts, and inspirited them with such omnipresent jocularity and humour, that, of all the biographical writers of his age, he is, in our opinion, infinitely the best. After the perusal of the more polished, but certainly not more agreeable biographers of modern times, we always recur with renewed gusto and avidity to the Lives of our excellent author, as to a feast more substantial, without being less delicious.

The work which we have selected as the subject of this review is as well calculated to evince the justice of the foregoing remarks as any of his lucubrations. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is the best of his works; and certainly displays, to better advantage than any, his original and vigorous powers of thinking. It consists of two parts—the *Holy and the Profane State:* the former proposing examples for imitation; and the latter their opposites for our abhorrence. Each contains characters of individuals in every department of life, as "the father," "husband," "soldier," and "divine;" lives of eminent persons, as illustrative of these characters; and general essays. In his conception of character he has followed Bishop Earle* and

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* It is somewhat singular that Fuller's *Holy and Profane States* is not mentioned in the Appendix to Mr. Bliss's admirable edition of *Bishop Earle's Characters*. We have seen this remark made before in a very elegant and interesting book, entitled Bibliographiana.

Sir Thomas Overbury, but his manner of writing is essentially different. This species of composition was very near akin to what has been called the school of metaphysical poetry, sprung up into existence about the same time, and went out of fashion along with it. It was composed of the same materials, and regulated by nearly the same principles. Did our limits allow us, we do not know a more interesting and yet undeveloped subject for speculation than the concurrent and dependant styles of prose and poetry which prevailed from the accession of James I. till after the Restoration, and which were in truth all referable to one original. At present we can only observe that the care of the writers of characters was to crowd together the most motley assemblage of ideas in the smallest possible space; to concentrate, in one series of links, the most multitudinous spangles of conceit; to pour forth all the subject presented in one close intertexture of ideas, which received at once point from their wit and smartness from their brevity. By these means the thoughts are often so much compressed as to produce obscurity, or at least are defrauded of their due quantum of verbal clothing. Their very multitude produces confusion, and we are prevented from taking notice of each particularly by their cluster and conglomeration, and by the rapidity with which they alternately approach and recede. Thought succeeds thought; the most recondite metaphors are squeezed into an epithet or an adjective; one point is elbowed out by another, "like pricks upon the fretful porcupine," till in mental dizziness and distraction we are obliged to bring our perusal of the book to an end. Of this method of writing, Butler's *Hudibras* is an enlarged specimen—that ever standing monument of the lavish prodigality of wit. It may at first appear rather surprising that Fuller, fond as he was of pointed quaintness, and with such exuberance of images as he was possessed of, should have deserted this popular style of character-writing, and introduced in the stead of its curt and contracted sharpness, his own more easy, but less ambitious, diffuseness. But this, we think, may easily be accounted for. His intellectual plenitude was too great to submit to the tight braces and bandages of composition; and he had, besides, too much of the gossip about him to be untinctured with the usual appurtenance of the gossip, prolixity. He was also too wise to turn or torture his natural flow of mind into a new fashion, or to apply to it any such Chinese methods of artificial restraint. Thus his characters are written with an expository diffuseness, and seem sometimes rather a commentary upon characters of the foregoing description than others of the same species. If they do not exhibit the same perpetual display of wit and co-acervation of metaphor, they have much more easiness and variety, and much less stiffness and strained obscurity. They have just as much point as is necessary to render them striking, and just as much force of expression as is necessary to energize their diffuseness. They flow on enriched with many an interesting story, and many a profound reflection. Few will, we think, refuse to consider Fuller's method as the most judicious and agreeable, as his thoughts swell out to their full and healthy growth; and his illustrations receive their due modicum of relation, without being obscured by their density, or rendered ricketty by their compression.

We will now proceed to our extracts from the book, which will, we have no doubt, fully justify our character of Fuller. The great difficulty is in the selection, as all the parts of the volume are almost equally good. The first we shall give is the character of the *good Master*.

"*The good Master.*

"He is the heart in the midst of his household, *primum vivens et ultimum moriens*, first up and last abed; if not in his person, yet in his providence. In his carriage he aimeth at his own and his servants' good, and to advance both.

"He overseeth the works of his servants. One said, That the dust that fell from the master's shoes was the best compost to manure ground. The lion, out of state, will not run whilest any one looks on him; but some servants, out of slothfulness, will not run except some look upon them, spurred on with their master's eye. Chiefly he is careful exactly to take his servants' reckonings. If their master takes no account of them, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend who are never brought to an audit.

"He provided them victuals, wholesome, sufficient, and seasonable. He doth not so allay his servants' bread, or debase it so much, as to make that servants' meat which is not man's meat. He alloweth them also convenient rest and recreation, whereas some masters, like a bad conscience, will not suffer them to sleep that have them. He remembers the old law of the Saxon king, Ina: 'If a villain work on Sunday by his lord's command, he shall be free.'

"The wages he contracts for he duly and truly pays to his servants. The same word in the Greek ἰος, signifies *rust* and *poison;* and some strong poyson is made of the rust of mettals, but none more venomous than the rust of mony in the rich man's purse unjustly detained from the labourer, which will poison and infect his whole estate.

"He never threatens his servant, but rather presently corrects him. Indeed conditional threatenings, with promise of pardon on amendment, are good and useful. Absolute threatenings torment more, reform lesse, making servants keep their faults, and forsake their masters: wherefore herein he never passeth his word, but makes present payment, lest the creditour run away from the debtour.

"In correcting his servant, he becomes not a slave to his own passion; not cruelly making new indentures of the flesh of his apprentice. To this end he never beats him in the height of his passion. Moses being to fetch water out of the rock, and commanded by God only to speak to it with his rod in his hand, being transported with anger smote it thrice. Thus some masters, which might fetch penitent tears from their servants with a chiding word (onely shaking the rod withal for terrour,) in their fury strike many blows which might better be spared. If he perceives his servant incorrigible, so that he cannot wash the blackmoore, he washeth his hands of him, and fairly puts him away.

"He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital: yet how many throw away those dry bones out of which themselves have suckt the marrow! It is as usual to see a young serving-man an old beggar as to see a light horse, first from the great saddle of a nobleman, to come to the hackney-coach, and at last die in drawing a carre. But the good master is not like the cruel hunter in the fable, who beats his old dogge because his toothlesse mouth let go the game; he rather imitates the noble nature of our Prince Henry, who took order for the keeping of an old English mastiffe which had made a lion run away. Good reason, good service in age should be rewarded. Who can, without pity and pleasure, behold that trusty vessel which carried Sir Francis Drake about the world?

"Hitherto our discourse hath proceeded of the carriage of masters toward free covenant-servants, not intermeddling with their behaviour towards slaves and vassals, whereof we onely report this passage: when Charles the Fifth, Emperour, returning with his fleet from Algier, was extremely beaten with a tempest, and their ships overloaden, he caused them to cast their best horses into the sea, to save the life of many slaves, which, according to the market price, were not so much worth. Are there not many, that, in such a case, had rather save Jack the horse, then Jocky the keeper? And yet those who first called England the purgatory of servants, sure did us much wrong: purgatory, itself, being as false in the application to us, as in the doctrine thereof; servants, with us, living generally in as good conditions as in any other countrey. And well may masters consider how easie a transposition it had been for God, to have made him to mount into the saddle that holds the stirrup, and him to sit down at the table who stands by with a trencher."

The following character of the *good School Master* is admirable for its justness and good sense. Fuller seems to have set a proper value on the labours of this estimable class of men.

"*The good School Master.*

"There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: first, young scholars make this calling their refuge, yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence school masters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it onely as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartned from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxie of the usher. But see how well our school master behaves himself.

"His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as lieve be school boyes as school masters, to be tyed to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this: but God of his goodness hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabrick thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a school master's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

"He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced school masters may quickly make a grammar of boyes' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

"1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

"2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their school-fellows) they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

"3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewells of the countrey, and, therefore, their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That school master deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

"4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a rasour's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boyes he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanicks which will not serve for scholars.

"He is able, diligent, and methodical, in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his schollars may go along with him.

"He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their son's exemption from his rod, (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction) with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custome in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boyes from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

"He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a school master better answereth the name παιδοτρίβης than παιδαγωγὸς, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. Junius complains 'de insolenti carnificina' of his school master, by whom 'conscindebatur flagris septies aut octies in dies singulos.' Yea, hear the lamentable verses of poor Tusser in his own life:

'From Paul's I went, to Eaton sent
To learn straightwaies the Latine phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pass thus beat I was;
See, Udal,[*] see the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.'

"Such an Orbilius marres more schollars than he makes: their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

"He makes his school free to him who sues to him in forma pauperis. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast, who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, payes the scholar in his whipping. Rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late school master of Eaton, who would never suffer any wandring begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him) lest his school boyes should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggery.

"He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad colledge, therein to teach his scholars logick. For besides that logick may have an action of trespess against grammer for encroaching on her liberties, syllogismes are solecismes taught in the school, and often times they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

"Out of his school he is no whit pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latine, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

"To conclude, let this amongst other motives make school masters careful in their place, that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their school masters to posterity, who otherwise in obscurity had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Doctor Whitaker. Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for any thing so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his school master, that first instructed him."

Nor is the next character inferior to either of the foregoing.

"*The general Artist.*

"I know the general cavil against general learning is this, that aliquis in omnibus est nullus in singulis. He that sips of many arts, drinkes of none. However we must know, that all learning, which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneal a body, that the parts thereof do with a mutuall service relate to, and communicates strength and lustre each to other. Our artist, knowing language to be the key of learning, thus begins.

"His tongue being but one by nature, he gets cloven by art and industry. Before the confusion of Babel, all the world was one continent in language; since divided into severall tongues, as several ilands. Grammer is the ship, by benefit whereof we pass from one to another, in the learned languages generally spoken in no countrey. His mother-tongue was like the dull musick of a monochord, which, by study, he turns into the harmony of severall instruments.

"He first gaineth skill in the Latine and Greek tongues. On the credit of the former alone he may trade in discourse over all Christendome: but the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit and more pleasure. The joynts of her compounded words are so naturally oyled, that they run nimbly on the tongue; which makes them, though long, never tedious, because significant. Besides, it is full and stately in sound: onely it pities our artist to see the vowels therein rackt in pronouncing them, hanging oftentimes one way by their native force, and haled another by their accents which countermand them.

"Hence he proceeds to the Hebrew, the mother-tongue of the world. More pains than quickness of wit is required to get it, and with daily exercise he continues it. Apostacy herein is usual, to fall totally from the language by a little neglect. As for the Arabick, and other oriental languages, he rather makes sallies and incursions into them, than any solemn sitting before them.

"Then he applies his study to logick and ethicks. The latter makes a man's soul mannerly and wise; but as for logick, that is the armory of reason, furnisht with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogismes, long swords; enthymems, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain-shot: and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets with a pike in the middest of them, both to defend and oppose. From hence he raiseth his studies to the knowledge of physics, the great hall of nature, and metaphysics the closet thereof; and is carefull not to wade therein so farre till by subtill distinguishing of notions he confounds himself.

"He is skilful in rhetorick, which gives a speech colour, as logick doth favour, and both together beauty. Though some condemne rhetorick as the mother of lies, speaking more than the truth in hyperboles, less in her miosis, otherwise in her metaphors, contrary in her ironies; yet is there excellent use of all these, when disposed of with judgment. Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is musick in words; nor to musick, which is poetry in sound: both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor, that made them their meat.

"Mathematicks he moderately studieth to his great contentment. Using it as ballast for his soul, yet to fix it not to stall it; nor suffers he it to be so unmannerly as to justle out other arts. As for judicial astrology (which hath the least judgment in it) this vagrant hath been out of all learned corporations. If our artist lodgeth her in the out-rooms of his soul for a night or two, it is rather to hear than believe her relations.

"Hence he makes his progress into the study of history. Nestor, who lived three ages, was accounted the wisest man in the world. But the historian may make himself wise, by living as many ages as have past since the beginning of the world. His books enable him to maintain discourse, who, besides the stock of his own experience, may spend on the common purse of his reading. This directs him, in his life, so that he makes the shipwracks of other sea-marks to himself; yea, accidents, which other start from for their strangeness, he welcomes as his wonted acquaintance, having found precedents for them formerly. Without history a man's soul is purblinde, seeing onely the things which almost touch his eyes.

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[*] Nich. Udal, school-master of Eaton, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

"He is well seen in chronology, without which history is but an heap of tales. If, by the laws of the land, he is counted a natural, who hath not wit enough to tell twenty, or to tell his age; he shall not pass with me for wise in learning, who cannot tell the age of the world, and count hundreds of years: I mean not so critically as to solve all doubts arising thence; but that he may be able to give some tolerable account thereof. He is, also, acquainted with cosmography, treating of the world in whole joynts; with chorography, shredding it into countries; and with topography, mincing it into particular places.

"Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; onely he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in, I mean for that predominant profession of law, physick, divinity, or state-policie, which he intends for his principal calling hereafter."

In the biographical portion of the book, we meet with lives of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, Lord Burleigh, Cambden, Sir Francis Drake, Edward the Black Prince, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, Sir John Markham, Dr. Metcalf, Perkins, Bishop Ridley, Cardinal Wolsey, and Dr. William Whitaker.—They are all good, some of them excellent.—Our limits, unfortunately, prevent us from giving a specimen. After the lives and characters follow what the author entitles general rules. The following Essay on *Recreation* is one of the best.

"*Of Recreations.*

"Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against the statutes; physicians, as against health; divine, as against conscience.

"Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock-fighting, and bait bull and bear-baiting, because man is not to be a common barretour to set the creatures at discord; and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can he take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports; and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these, as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience sins with a witness.

"Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not sauce therefore to sauces; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed, who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poyson in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; *this were to spare thine owne flock, and to sheere God's lamb.*

"Let thy recreations be ingenious, and bear proportion with thine age. If thou sayest with Paul, when I was a child I did as a child; say also with him, But when I was a man I put away childish things. Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

"Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oft times hath made good musick on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.

"Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count any thing a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they beat their wives. 'Tis no pastime with country clowns, that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs, tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think themselves not warm in their geeres till they are all on fire; and count it but dry sport, till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physician's rule in exercises, *Ad ruborem* but *non ad sudorem*, is too scant measure.

"Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied. If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of couzening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

"Yet recreations distasteful to some dispositions relish best to others. Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an houre as mute as the fish they mean to take: yet herewithall Dr. Whitaker was much delighted. When some noblemen had gotten William Cecill, Lord Burleigh and Treasurer of England, to ride with them a hunting, and the sport began to be cold; What call you this, said the Treasurer? Oh now, said they, the dogs are at a fault. Yea, quoth the Treasurer, take me again in such a fault, and I'le give you leave to punish me. Thus as soon may the same meat please all palats, as the same sport suit with all dispositions.

"Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises. And yet those are the best recreations, which besides refreshing, enable, at least dispose men to some other good ends. Bowling teaches men's hands and eyes mathematicks, and the rules of proportion; swimming hath saved many a man's life, when himself hath been both the wares, and the ship: tilting and fencing is warre without anger; and manly sports are the grammer of military performance.

"But above all shooting is a noble recreation, and an half liberal art. A rich man told a poor man that he walked to get a stomach for his meat: and I, said the poor man, walk to get meat for my stomach. Now shooting would have fitted both their turns, it provides food when men are hungry, and helps digestion when they are full. King Edward the Sixth, (though he drew no strong bow) shot very well, and when once John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, commended him for hitting the mark; you shot better (quoth the King) when you shot off my good uncle Protectour's head. But our age sees his successour exceeding him in that art, whose eye like his judgement is clear and quick to discover the mark, and his hands as just in shooting as in dealing aright.

"Some sports being granted to be lawful, more propend to be ill than well used. Such I count stage-plays, when made alwaies the actour's work, and often the spectator's recreation. Zeuxis, the curious picturer, painted a boy holding a dish full of grapes in his hand, done so lively, that the birds being deceived flew to peck the grapes. But Zeuxis, in an ingenious choller, was angry with his own workmanship. Had I (said he) made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch them. Thus two things are set forth to us in stage-playes: some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vitious examples;

and with these desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palats upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed out with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are: otherwise men would be deterred from vitious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them. But the main is, wanton speeches on stages are the devil's ordinances to beget badness; but I question whether the pious speeches spoken there be God's ordinance to increase goodness, as wanting both his institution and benediction.

"Choak not thy soul with immoderate pouring in the cordial of pleasures. The creation lasted but six dayes of the first week: prophane they, whose recreation lasts seven dayes every week. Rather abridge thyself of thy lawful liberty herein; it being a wary rule which S. Gregory gives us, 'Solus in illicitis non cadit, qui se aliquando et a licitis cautè restringit.' And then recreations shall both strengthen labour and sweeten rest, and we may expect God's blessing and protection on us in following them, as well as in doing our work: for he that saith grace for his meat, in it prayes also to God to bless the sauce unto him. As for those that will not take lawful pleasure, I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and, by lacing themselves too hard, grow awry on one side."

The subsequent essay is no less entertaining.

"*Of Books.*

"Solomon saith truly, 'Of making many books there is no end,' so insatiable is the thirst of men therein: as also endless is the desire of many in buying and reading them. But we come to our rules.

"It is a vanity to perswade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built meerly for uniformity) are without chimnies, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning but full of books, flouted a library-less scholar with these words, *Salve Doctor, sine libris*: but the next day, the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, *Salvete libri*, (saith he,) *sine doctore*.

"Few books well selected are best: yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice; such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books: yet when they have done all they misse their end, it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes, when a man thinks he hath gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

"Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, onely to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are meer pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look thorow them; and he that peeps thorow the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the lazinesse of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily passe over authors of consequence, and onely trade in their tables and contents. These like city-cheaters having gotten the names of all countrey gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and *flourish with skill* in those authors they never seriously *studied*.

"*The genius of the author* is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy: and from the dedication one may probably guesse at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus when once a gentleman admired so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book; *In truth*, said another, *they may be well matched together, for I professe they are nothing a-kinne*.

"Proportion an houre's meditation to an houre's reading of a staple author. This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar. The King of Sweden never filed his men above six deep in one company because he would not have them lie in useless clusters in his army, but so that every particular souldier might be drawn out into service. Books that stand thinne on the shelves, yet so as the owner of them can bring forth every one of them into use, are better than far greater libraries.

"Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. Arius Montanus, in printing the Hebrew Bible (commonly called the Bible of the King of Spain,) much wasted himself, and was accused in the court of Rome for his good deed, and being cited thither, 'Pro tantorum laborum præmio vix veniam impetravit.' Likewise Christopher Plantin by printing of his curious interlineary Bible in Antwerp, through the unseasonable exactions of the King's officers, sunk and almost ruined his estate. And our worthy English Knight, who set forth the golden-mouthed father in a silver print, was a loser by it.

"Whereas foolish pamphlets prove most beneficial to the printers. When a French printer complained that he was utterly undone by printing a solid serious book of Rabelais', concerning physick, Rabelais to make him recompence, made that his foolish scurrilous work, which repaired the printer's loss with advantage. Such books the world swarms too much with. When one had set out a witless pamphlet, writing *Finis* at the end thereof, another wittily wrote beneath it—

"'——Nay, there thou li'st, my friend;
In writing foolish books there is no end.'

"And surely such scurrilous scandalous papers do more than conceivable mischief. First, their lusciousness puts many palats out of taste, that they can never after rellish any solid and wholesome writers: secondly, they cast dirt on the faces of many innocent persons, which, dryed on by continuance of time, can never after be washed off: thirdly, the pamphlets of this age may pass for records with the next (because publickly uncontrolled,) and what we laugh at our children may believe: fourthly, grant the things true they jeer at, yet this musick is unlawful in any Christian church, to play upon the sinnes and miseries of others, the fitter object of the elegies than the satyrs of all truly religious.

"But what do I speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass in this nature myself? What was a learned man's complement may serve for my confession and conclusion:—'Multi mei similes hoc morbo laborant, ut cum scribere nesciant, tamen à scribendo temperare non possint.'"

The foregoing extracts are from the *Holy State*. From the *Profane State* we shall only extract this curious Character of a Witch, in which Fuller displays more strikingly his quaint wit.

"*The Witch.*

"Before we come to describe her, we must premise ad prove certain propositions, whose truth may otherwise be doubted of.

“1. Formerly there were witches. Otherwise God's aw had fought against a shadow, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live :' yea, we read how King Saul, who ad formerly scoured witches out of all Israel, afterwards drank a draught of that puddle himself.

“2. There are witches for the present, though those ight-birds flie not so frequently in flocks since the ight of the Gospel. Some ancient arts and mysteries re said to be lost, but sure the devil will not wholly et down any of his gainful trades. There be many witches at this day in Lapland, who sell winds to mariners for money, (and must they not needs go whom the devil drives ?) though we are not bound to believe the ld story of Ericus, King of Swedeland, who had a ap, and as he turned it, the wind he wished for would low on that side.

“3. It is very hard to prove a witch. Infernal contracts are made without witnesses. She that, in presence of others, will compact with the devil, deserves to be hanged for her folly as well as impiety.

“4. Many are unjustly accused for witches. Sometimes out of ignorance of natural, and misapplying of supernatural causes ; sometimes out of their neighbours' neer malice, and the suspicion is increased, if the party accused be notoriously ill-favoured ; whereas deformity alone is no more argument to make her a witch, than andsomeness had been evidence to prove her an harlot ; sometimes out of their own causeless confession, being brought before a magistrate they acknowledge themselves to be witches, being themselves rather bewitched with fear, or deluded with fancy. But the self-accusing of some is as little to be credited, as the self-praising of others, if alone without other evidence.

“5. Witches are commonly of the feminine sex. Ever since Satan tempted our grandmother Eve, he knows that that sex is most licorish to taste, and most careless to swallow his baits. Nescio quid habet muliebre nomen semper cum sacris : if they light well, they re inferiour to few men in piety ; if ill, superior to all n superstition. They are commonly distinguished into white and black witches. White, I dare not say good witches, (for woe be to him that calleth evil good) heal hose that are hurt, and help them to lost goods. But etter it is to lap one's pottage like a dog, than to eat t mannerly with a spoon of the devil's giving. Black witches hurt and do mischief. But in deeds of darkness there is no difference of colours; the white and he black are both guilty alike in compounding with he devil. And now we come to see by what degrees people arrive at this height of profaneness.

“At the first she is only ignorant, and very malicious. She hath usually a bad face, and a worse tongue, given o railing and cursing, as if constantly bred on mount Ebal ; yet speaking perchance worse than she means, hough meaning worse than she should. And as the armless wapping of a curs'd curre, may stir up a fierce mastiffe to the worrying of sheep ; so on her cursing, the devil may take occasion by God's permission to do mischief, without her knowledge, and perchance against her will.

“Some have been made witches by endeavouring to defend themselves against witchcraft : for, fearing some suspected witch should hurt them, they fence themselves with the devil's shield against the devil's sword, put on his *whole armour*, beginning to use spels and charms to safeguard themselves. The art is quickly learnt, to which nothing but credulity and practice is required : and they often fall, from defending themselves, to offending of others, especially the devil not being dainty of his company, where he finds welcome, and being invited once, he haunts ever after.

“She begins at first with doing tricks, rather strange than hurtful, yea some of them are pretty and pleasing. But it is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in ; yea they which play with the devil's rattles, will be brought by degrees to wield his sword, and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

“At last she indents down right with the devil. He is to find her some toyes for a time, and to have her soul in exchange. At the first (to give the devil his due) he observes the agreement to keep up his credit, else none would trade with him ; though at last he either deceives her with an equivocation, or at some other small hole this Serpent winds out himself, and breaks the covenants. And where shall she poor wretch sue the forfeited bond ? in heaven she neither can nor dare appear ; on earth she is hanged if the contract be proved ; in hell her adversary is judge, and it is woful to appeal from the devil to the devil. But for a while let us behold her in her supposed felicity.

“She taketh her free progress from one place to another. Sometimes the devil doth locally transport her, but he will not be her constant hackney, to carry such luggage about, but oftentimes to save portage, deludes her brains in her sleep, so that they brag of long journeys, whose heads never travelled from their bolsters. These, with Drake, sail about the world, but it is on an ocean of their own fancies, and in a ship of the same. They boast of brave banquets they have been at, but they would be very lean should they eat no other meat : others will persuade, if any list to believe, that by a witch-bridle they can make a fair of horses of an acre of besome-weed. O silly souls ! O subtil Satan that deceived them !

“6. With strange figures and words she summons the devils to attend her, using a language which God never made at the confusion of tongues, and an interpreter must he fetched from hell to expound it. With these, or Scripture abused, the devil is ready at her service. Who would suppose that roaring lion could so finely act the spaniel ? one would think he were too old to suck, and yet he will do that also for advantage.

“7. Sometimes she enjoyns him to do more for her than he is able ; as to wound those whom God's providence doth arm, or to break through the tents of blessed angels, to hurt one of God's saints. Here Satan is put to his shifts, and his wit must help him, where his power fails; he either excuseth it, or performs it, lengthening his own arm by the dimness of her eye, and presenting the seeming bark of that tree which he cannot bring.

“8. She lives commonly but very poor. Methinks she should bewitch to herself a golden mine, at least good meat, and whole clothes : But 'tis as rare to see one of her profession, as a hangman, in a whole suit. Is the possession of the devil's favour here no better? Lord, what is the reversion of it hereafter!

“9. When arraigned for her life, the devil leaves her to the law to shift for herself. He hath worn out all his shoes in her former service, and will not now go barefoot to help her; and the circle of the halter is found to be too strong for all her spirits. Yea, Zoroastes himself, the first inventor of Magick (though he laught at his birth) led a miserable life, and died a woful death in banishment. We will give a double example of a Witch: first, of a real one, out of the Scripture, because it shall be above all exception ; and then of one deeply suspected, out of our Chronicles.

We have been rather diffuse in our quotations from this agreeable writer. We think, however, our extracts will be sufficient to excuse us. As Fuller greatly excels in striking and happy sentences, we will give a few of these at random from his book :—

"Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stayes longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent."—P. 45.

"Dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, which open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open Heaven for others, and shut themselves out."—P. 74.

"Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light."—P. 76.

"'Tis a shame when the church itself is a cœmeterium, when the living sleep above ground as the dead do beneath."—P. 85.

"Conjectures, like parcels of unknown ore, are sold but at low rates. If they prove some rich metal, the buyer is a great gainer; if base, no loser, for he pays for it accordingly."—P. 137.

"A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it."—P. 140.

"Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches."—P. 146.

"Good company is not only profitable whilst a man lives, but sometimes when he is dead; for he that was buried with the bones of Elisha, by a posthumous miracle of that prophet, recovered his life by lodging with such a grave-fellow."—P. 153.

"Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind."—P. 158.

"Generally Nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for an Hue and Crie to take him on suspicion, or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room."—P. 168.

"They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter."—P. 208.

"He that impoverisheth his children to enrich his widow, destroys a quick hedge to make a dead one."—P. 9.

We must now conclude our remarks on this book; and we do, in fine, most seriously recommend it to those of our readers, who are not deterred by the appearance of a moderate-sized folio, as a treasure of good sense, information, and entertainment. It is only by contrasting the works of Fuller with the lumbering and heavy productions of his contemporaries that we can properly estimate the value of the former, or give due honour to the memory of one, who, in his most arduous and sterile undertakings, in the darkness of antiquities or the cloudy atmosphere of polemical divinity, never lost the vivifying spirit of his humour or the exhilarating play of his wit, or suffered his keenness of observation to be blunted by the blocks it had to work on. To him every subject was alike: if it was a dull one, he could enliven it; if it was an agreeable one, he could improve it; if it was a deep one, he could sound it; if it was a tough one, he could grapple with it. In him learning was but subsidiary to wit, and wit but secondary to wisdom; and, if his quaintness of humour gave something of the grotesque to his productions, it but added to the gloss of the admirable matter which it shone on. To him and to his pages may we always come, secure of entertainment, and instruction—of finding an agreeable olio of humourous wit and diverting sense, which reciprocally relieve and play upon each other, the latter sobering and steadying the former, the former barbing and pointing the latter. In short, his works are an inexhaustible fund of sound and solid thought—a quarry, or rather mine, of good old English heartiness, where the lighter and less elaborate artificers of modern times may seek, and seek fearlessly, for materials for their own more fragile and graceful structures. Of Fuller himself we can only observe, that his life was meritoriously passed, and exemplary throughout; that his opinions were independently adopted and unshrinkingly maintained. In the darkest and gloomiest period of our national history he had the sense and the wisdom to pursue the right way, and to persevere in an even tenor of moderation, as remote from interested lukewarmness as it was from mean-spirited fear. Unwilling to go all lengths with either party, he was of consequence vilified by both: willing to unite the maintainers of opposite and conflicting sentiments, he only united them against himself. Secure in the strength of his intellectual riches, the storms and hurricanes which uprooted the fabric of the constitution had only the effect of confining him more to his own resources, and of inciting him to the production of those numerous treatises and compilations for which he received from his contemporaries respect and reputation, and for which posterity will render him its tribute of unfailing gratitude.

TEACHING A LITTLE CHILD.

Look not so meek, my little child;
List not so mutely, I beseech thee;
So docile beams thine eye and mild,
'Tis terror to my mind to teach thee.

Men school'd will frown, and school again,
Or pause, each doubtful thought recalling;
If, warned, they err, 'tis not my pen
Or word shall answer for their falling.

But thou so fondly drink'st my lore,
With reverend awe, and eyelid weeping,
Thou seem'st my wisdom to adore,
And yield'st thy conscience to my keeping.

I speak; thy faith submits resigned,
Nor eloquence nor reason misses;
And when I probe thy artless mind,
Thy answer is a shower of kisses.

Then mine the blame if harm betide;
'Tis not enough to smile and bless thee;
Well may I faltering turn aside,
To weep and pray, ere I address thee.

Not thousands thronged, where speech is free
To laud or spurn my poor suggestion,
Weigh like one infant on my knee,
That loves, confides, and asks no question.

Saviour! who didst not scorn the speech
Of babes, when ruder tongues denied Thee,
Once Babe! Oh, teach me babes to teach,
Yes; Bethlehem's Babe, my child, will guide thee.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

EULE: THE EMPEROR'S DWARF.

A LEGEND OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—BY JOHN R. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Before Spinola had burned Aix-la-Chapelle (in the seventeenth century,) the old city had a wonderfully solemn and antiquated air. There was something in the place, even during its festival times, which reminded the stranger that he beheld the mausoleum of a great king. The grotesque buildings, and narrow, crooked streets, with the quaint costume and manners of the burghers, seemed yet to belong to the time of the Franks; and when the city was deserted by its summer guests, it was as sombre and weariful a place as could be found in all Westphalia; as far, indeed, out of the world's way as Malspart the strong-hold, to which the old lay tells how Reynard the Fox betook himself, when he foreswore the life of a courtier, and turned hermit.

This was the reason which induced Master Albrecht to choose it for his residence when he withdrew from Heidelberg. A soldier out of employ, a wooer disappointed in love,—and young enough to regard both these misfortunes as something unjust and unusual,—he fancied that life and its enjoyments concerned him no longer. There was, indeed, some reason for surprise at the treatment he had met with from the counsellor's fair daughter, Christine; as her heart betrayed no other preference, and he was such a suitor as maidens do not often repel. But he little knew the pains which his rivals had taken to poison her ear, nor how often, when he was beside her, the innocent girl had wished in her heart that the tales she had heard were untrue. But she did believe them, being herself too artless to suspect the plausible conspiracy against poor Albrecht. Thus, while she avoided his approach, and denied him all opportunity of expostulation, he could only ascribe to fixed aversion a reserve which her heart in secret gainsayed. He despaired, and departed.

On the night with which my anecdote should begin, there were few watchers in Aix-la-Chapelle more listless and sad at heart than Albrecht, as he sat alone, indulging himself with the self-torment so dear to the fancy-stricken. His lodging was in a large old house on the south side of the market-place, directly opposite to the bronze statue of Charlemagne. This was, in Catholic times, the property of the Cistercians; but the different suites of rooms,—some rich and in good repair, others mean and ruinous,—were now hired by various occupants. All had been quiet for some hours, and Albrecht was far gone in the pursuit of his own fancies, when a tap at the chamber-door recalled him. His lamp was so nearly spent, that he could not discern the features of the visiter: it seemed to be a child, from the smallness of his stature.

"Whom do you seek?" inquired Albrecht.

He was answered in a voice strange, but not unpleasant, "My master, Wenzel, is near his end, and asks to see you."

"How? my poor old philosopher! Stay, I will follow you on the instant!" But when he turned, after closing the door, the messenger was already gone.

He did not, however, want a guide to Wenzel's chamber; a poor apartment under the same roof, but in a wing of the building which had fallen into decay. Here Albrecht had found him, by accident, soon after arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, living apparently on the slenderest means, and quite alone. In Heidelberg he had known him in different circumstances, attached to the suite of an Hungarian prince, over whom he appeared to exercise an entire influence, until the transaction occurred which drove him from Heidelberg. He was a man past the prime of life, of graceful manners and discreet speech, reputed to be deeply learned, and certainly gifted with the power of controlling all whom he approached in a singular degree: amongst others, Albrecht, so unlike himself, was at first attracted, and soon became attached to him. But Wenzel's position at the Palatine court grew suspected, and then dangerous. Rumours were circulated respecting his objects there; and, in those times, the bare report that he was an agent of the king of Spain, was enough to render him odious. It was then that accusations, charging him with unlawful practices, and ascribing the influence he had acquired to wicked means, found ready believers. Albrecht was one of the few whom these reports did not move; and to his assistance Wenzel owed his escape from an attempt, the authors of which were not discovered, to dispose of him by assassination. For some days he was sheltered by Albrecht, until means were found for his departure from Heidelberg privately. Thus again brought together, by chance, both living as it were in banishment and misfortune, their former intimacy became closer in Aix-la-Chapelle. All offers of pecuniary assistance Wenzel had haughtily refused; but Albrecht found a singular pleasure in his company, and in listening to strange and eloquent discourse on subjects wholly foreign to his natural mood. The announcement of his danger took Albrecht by surprise; the day before, he had seen him apparently as well as usual. The possession of a servant, too, seemed a novelty; hitherto he had appeared unwilling as well as unable to maintain such an encumbrance.

Albrecht was struck with surprise, on entering Wenzel's chamber, to find him dressed in what seemed to be grave-clothes, and sitting upright on the miserable mattrass, with his eyes, which were still open, turned towards the door. A small but very bright lamp stood on a table at the bed's foot, which was covered on this occasion with a velvet cloth; a silver cup and a naked sword, the blade ornamented with Arabic letters in gold, were also placed upon it. Besides this, and a crazy wooden stool, there was no other furniture visible.

Wenzel's voice was as clear and strong as ever, as he greeted his friend.

"Welcome for the last time, Master Albrecht; I am glad you are here while the light is still burning."

Albrecht would have replied, but Wenzel interrupted him:—

"Nay, I know what you would say. It is even so; and the minutes are few. Listen! until now I have never thanked you. You have done well—meant kindly by me; I would offer you some return."

"Indeed, Master Wenzel, you owe me no thanks!"

"Thanks!" he replied, "they are mere words. What would such profit you? I would make you a gift; take it, and do not fear to use what I have meant for your service. There is a trusty creature of mine; now he shall be yours: do not let him go while you need him. Dost hear, Eule?" And, as he spoke, there crept from behind the bed's head a little figure, with thin limbs, and a brown shrivelled face, strongly featured, and lighted by a pair of large keen gray eyes; he came bowing to the side of the bed.

"Hearken, Eule; I give thee to Master Albrecht here; serve him until he has found what he requires," And, turning to Albrecht, Wenzel continued,—"Do not quarrel with Eule; he is somewhat wilful, but you will find him quick and wise." He had barely uttered the last word, when a deep sigh escaped him, and he fell at length on the bed. Albrecht hastened to his side, but the dwarf motioned him back. "It is of no use"—(the voice was the same that had called at his door)—"he has been two hours dead! See, the lamp is out—let us go." And Albrecht hurried from the room, hardly knowing, at the moment, what he did. Eule shut the door, and seemed to follow, as Albrecht went down the narrow stair.

Death is at all times a mystery; but, in this of Wenzel's, there was a strangeness which the solitary place and the dark hour rendered peculiarly startling. Albrecht had reached the door of his own chamber, still fancying he heard the shuffling step of the dwarf at his heels, before he turned round; then he looked behind him, but his follower was not there. In the morning, he prepared to take order for Wenzel's burial, as he knew there was no one beside to care for it; when he was told that there had been people busy in his chamber all the night. It seemed they must have carried away the body, for the place was found utterly deserted and bare. As the deceased owed nothing to any one, and had no wealth to excite the interest of strangers, his disappearance passed without question; and Albrecht, after what he had witnessed, felt averse to search into the matter. He was, moreover, in that nerveless mood which follows a first disappointment, and, for a time, renders action of any kind distressing.

But, on the following night (it was the last of April, when it is still misty and cold in that region,) the tap came again to Albrecht's chamber-door. "Come in," he said; for he was loath to stir from the light of the stove. He had to repeat the permission twice again, before the dwarf entered.

"I am here to serve you," he said; "what must I do?" And the little grotesque thing came close to the side of his chair, dressed in a short red cloak and blue hose, with a peaked cap and feather in his hand, making a variety of queer obeisances. Albrecht felt inclined alternately to shudder and to laugh.

"Where have you been, Eule?" he said, at length; "and what has been done with poor Master Wenzel?"

"I have been sleeping in the belfrey. With the dead I have no business. Give me some better employment than answering idle questions. It is not my way."

"I need no service," said Albrecht who felt disturbed at the strange looks and manner of the dwarf. The creature had squatted itself cross-legged with its back to the fire, and peered into Albrecht's face, with a look of familiar cunning.

"Go to, master," he said, "you are afraid of a strange face. You may know me better; remember what *he* told you—'quick and wise.'"

"You served Wenzel long?" said Albrecht; "I never saw you with him." The dwarf grinned. "*May be, I do not appear* much by day. Why, did *you fancy me a menial, like* one of your snorting sots *in the antechamber yonder?*"

"What then can you do, and why do you come hither?"

"More questions! I do not come unbidden. Do? I can read thoughts—and prosper them. Somewhat of the past I know, too. Shall I remind you of the words you spoke last Nicholas' eve in the porch of the Heiliger-kloster?"

Albrecht started: he remembered them well. But who could have heard them but Christine and himself? The dwarf rattled his withered legs, and laughed with a sound like a creaking wheel.

"Come," he said, "noble sir, I know more of that story, may be, than one or both. So quick, and headstrong, and blind!—you lovers are always running the wrong way. What if I show you a letter?"

This direct allusion to a subject of painful interest, would at any other time have been received by Albrecht with anger and impatience. But the visit of the dwarf, in itself calculated to take the fancy by surprise, had found him in that mood of excitement, which no intense direction of the mind to any remote object of desire is apt to create. There is no state more prone than this to superstition; when the will, repulsed by realities, is fain to grasp at some hope or promise beyond them. In this temper of mind Albrecht readily connected Wenzel's singular legacy with some fulfilment of his dearest wish; and the intelligence professed by the dwarf awakened a host of vague expectations.

"I would give my life," he said, "to read her heart truly for one instant."

"The offer, Master Albrecht, is not very tempting to one like me," the dwarf replied, drily. "But my charge just now is not to bargain with you. What if I can serve you better than this?—stay, there are two conditions; come whither I bid you, and ask no vain questions."

At this instant a sound was heard, like the call of a trumpet at a distance. The dwarf sprang to his feet. "Fie on it," he said, "I shall be waited for! There are fine doings at the palace to-night. Will you come?"

"Befall what may," thought Albrecht, "I risk nothing; for what have I to lose? The game begins strangely; let me even see what will come of it!"

The natural recklessness of his character for the moment revived; and, taking his cap and sword, "Go on," he said, "I will follow you. But beware how you deal with me. I will have no quacksalver's tricks or mockery."

Eule scuttled down the staircase at a wonderful pace, chuckling and chattering like an ape; it was no easy matter to keep up with him. On passing out into the open space before his lodging, Albrecht was struck by the unusual spectacle of a concourse of people, at an hour when there was not wont to be a soul awake in the city. The lights, which were held at intervals over the heads of the crowd, allowed their dress and features to be partially seen; and these, also, were strange and surprising to Albrecht. There were men and women of all ages, in stiff dingy costumes; and before them, as if to keep the way clear, stood files of men at arms, with fierce hairy visages, and of unusual stature. As Albrecht passed nearer to them, the hue of their faces looked dead and sullen; and he perceived that the uncouth weapons in their hands were discoloured with rust. They did not speak, but as Albrecht followed his guide, nodded and pointed to each other, with such distorted motions, that he involuntarily turned his eyes away.

"A goodly company," said the dwarf, as he hurried along; "the Emperor's coming has brought them all out to-night. But now we are at the gate of the palace—follow me closely; I have a pass."

The entrance of the building (for it was in the place, at least, of the old town-house) was quite changed to Albrecht's eye. It was lighted by many iron lamps; and at the doors, and along the staircase, were ranged attendants, in parti-coloured tabards, the faded relics, as it seemed, of a certain rude splendour.

As Eule crossed the threshold, the first that stood before it, called out, in a shrill tone of voice, "Ho! there, make way for the Emperor's dwarf." And the cry was repeated up the staircase, with such a strange accent, that Albrecht shivered, and would fain have held back. But the dwarf, turning round, whispered, "Come on; you will repent it if you tarry."

So he went forward.

The door at the head of the staircase was thrown open as they advanced; and before them lay the entire extent of the hall, blazing with lights, and crowded with an assemblage of great strangeness and dignity. On either side of the apartment—and all of them standing—were grouped numbers of both sexes, of stately aspect, and clothed in rich, but singular, apparel. Albrecht was struck by the beauty of the women, and the profusion and fairness of their hair, which fell from the crown of the head in long ringlets. At the upper end of the room, a number of noble figures, surpassing all the rest in stature and manly beauty, were ranged on either side of a throne, which was occupied by one of august presence, seated and covered. The expression of his countenance, which might else have been called fierce, was softened by arched eyebrows, which, as well as the ample beard that descended to his girdle, were of snowy whiteness. The impressiveness of the scene was rendered more striking by the silence of all; but a certain fixed gaze in the eyes, and a rigid calm in their features, gave a ghastly air to the company. The lights were strangely disposed from above, amongst the fretted quoins and pendants of the roof; and the grotesque heads which stared from the spring of the arches, and beneath the corbels, seemed, to Albrecht's hurried glance, as fully alive as the group below, shedding light from their eyes, and panting through their open jaws. To observe what has now been described was the work of a moment; in the next, Albrecht saw every eye turned upon his guide, and every face in the hall smiled: but this sign of welcome was more unearthly than the previous stillness. Then the stately figure on the throne raised his head, and beckoned the dwarf to come forward.

As Albrecht mechanically followed, Eule composedly whispered to him, "Take heed now,—they are going to dance; do you as the rest, and do not fail to keep the hand of the partner I shall give you."

So the dwarf went up the room, and, as he drew near to the dais, Albrecht fell aside, where there was a vacant place beneath a pillar; none seeming to give heed to him. A smile came over the face of the grave personage, as Eule knelt before him; and, when the obeisance was completed, he rose, and, at a sign from his hand, a strange burst of music (if such wild sounds might be so called) was uttered from some unseen instruments above, and the multitude ordered themselves in pairs, each cavalier presenting his hand to a lady, and leading her forth. One of these—the least distinguished in beauty or apparel—was left alone; when Eule led Albrecht towards her, saying, "Wait, and when the next measure is begun, offer your hand."

In the meanwhile, the rest were all in motion, pacing to and fro with a grave solemnity, which seemed more like a procession than a dance. After a short pause, the Emperor himself uncovered, and approached the solitary lady, when Eule said to Albrecht, "Now is the time; take her hand, and grasp it firmly."

Hardly knowing what he did, Albrecht obeyed the instructions, and, bowing, seized the hand, which was not refused him. The instant he had done so, a look of fury distorted the monarch's countenance, and, to his consternation, the lady's hand crumbled to dust in his grasp. The lights were at once quenched, and a confused uproar drowned the music. Eule was at his side: "Keep firm hold of my cloak," he said, "and make your best speed hence; but do not lose the ring."

Amidst the darkness and tumult, he hurried after his guide; doors were violently opened and flung together. In the bewilderment, his senses forsook him: he knew not how he reached home. When he woke on the following morning, feeble and feverish, in his own chamber, the recollections of the night were those of a delirious dream. He closed his eyes again, and slept heavily throughout the day.

The voice of the dwarf at his bedside made him wake with a start. It was evening.

"Have you got the ring?" he said.

Albrecht looked; and, behold, on his forefinger, a serpent, rudely chased, of pale gold, with eyes of fiery carbuncle. He shuddered:—the wild spectacle of the past night had then a real existence!

"I have done enough for you," said Eule; "you will find what virtue there is in that toy. It turned an emperor's head, and built a city; try if it cannot cure a froward girl. Will you wear it, and let me go?"

"Go, in God's name!" exclaimed Albrecht; "I will have no more part in these unnatural things." And many more disclaimers he would probably have uttered, but the dwarf had contrived to depart on the instant.

What passed in Albrecht's mind, after he was gone, there are now no means of knowing; but this is certain—that, on the following day, he left Aix-la-Chapelle—that he did not throw away the ring—and that, in three days afterwards, his rivals at the Palatine court were surprised by his reappearance at Heidelberg.

Their displeasure, it may be supposed, was, at least, equal to their surprise, at the marked change in Lady Christine's manner towards him; and when, after a few weeks, it was understood that the favoured suitor was shortly to become her lord and master, it was openly asserted that such an instance of sudden caprice exceeded the ordinary license of a lady's will, and was, indeed, indecorous and unnatural. Nevertheless, the marriage took place.

They had been, for some years, furnishing matter of conversation to all the court idlers, by the unchanging attachment which seemed to unite them, when the circumstances of Albrecht's visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, in some way or other, transpired. Probably he had disclosed them, in a moment of confidence, to his lady; and she, of course, could not remain the sole possessor of so rare a secret. At once, the wonder seemed clearly explained; and the well-known legend of enchantment which belonged to a ring, whereby the Emperor Charlemagne was insnared of old, was in every body's mouth; and it is said, that many were the schemes laid (chiefly by female plotters) to obtain possession of Albrecht's jewel. But whether he had faith in its virtue or not, it is related that he never trusted it on any hand but his own. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the success of his wooing, and his wedded happiness, could not be explained without a reference to magic—by the discovery of slanders, and the existence of a strong mutual affection. But these are inquiries beyond the province of the narrator, who can merely relate the story, as it is set forth in records of the time, leaving the explanation of dubious questions to wits more subtle than his own.

NOTE.—The subject of the foregoing legend is adverted to in the "Epistola Familiares" of Petrarch, lib. i. c. 3:—

"In former times, Charlemagne had become so wholly enamoured of a common female, that he forgot all his prowess, neglected his affairs, and even the needful care of his own body. All his court was perplexed and sore about this passion, which did nowise wane, until the woman whom he loved fell sick and died. But it was vainly hoped that now the emperor would give up his love; for he would sit by the corpse, and kiss and embrace the same, speaking to it as though it lived still. Now, the body began to decay, but the kaiser did no less continue to cherish it; so Turpin, the archbishop, suspected that some witchery was in the matter; and, therefore, one day, when Charles had left the chamber, he, searching the body on all sides, discovered, under the tongue, a ring, which he took away. Now, when the kaiser returned to the chamber, he was as one amazed that suddenly awakes, and asked, 'Who hath brought this corrupting body hither?' and ordered that it should be forthwith buried. This was done. But the inclination of the emperor was now turned to the archbishop; whom he followed, wherever he might be. When the wise and godly man observed this, and was aware of the virtue of the ring, in fear lest it might ever fall into evil hands, he cast it into a lake, not far from the city. Thereupon, it is said, the emperor became so fond of the place, that he would not leave it more; and there built a palace and a minster, where he was buried at his death. Other legends say that no town was then in existence when Turpin threw the ring into the marsh, and that Aix-la-Chapelle was thereupon built. Others describe the first possessor of the ring as noble, and not any burgher's child; but these are of no especial authority."—See *Dippoldt ap. Grimm.*

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE STORY OF THE BACK-ROOM WINDOW.

WE live in a world of busy passions. Love and Hate, Sorrow and Joy, in a thousand shapes, are for ever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are "Exultations, Agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which Time is for ever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies; almost unknown, and soon forgotten: unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, *a fact.*

Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in —— Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses, —the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things, merely to recall to your mind our precise position.]

In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"Well," said ——, "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger? We shall see."

A few weeks determined the question: for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know "what manner of man" he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

—At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office,—a merchant or professional man, —whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

"Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed *room*"—

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing, with a delicate hand, the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, "imparadised" in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the "*genius loci*" which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer.

We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—"How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of ——!" It was altogether a pretty scene.

Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon;—or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

At last, Spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue over-head (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun was full upon it): at other times she might be seen, wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business,) she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicksome spirit of the man. A joyous and, perhaps, common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him —the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, Love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dulness into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming-wand' of Love.

But let us proceed:—

On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child!—We drank to its health in wine.

For a few days, quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came,—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly) to hide a world of grief. Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed; and in a week, a hearse was at the door. The mystery was clear—she was dead! . . .

—She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown.—But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests for ever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever-shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple churchyard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging Heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which the mother purchased, were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her, who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly

But all would not do. A month,—"a little month,"—and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child,) now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night, a mad and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of his early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into the morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him,—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of?—Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of *her?* her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and manly spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Ah! but that was *all.* That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence, the present—the past—the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod "even in dreams upon a sunny shore." And now——!

But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, "old before his time;" and might have subsided into a paralysed cripple or a moody idiot, had not Death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared. And in a few weeks, workmen came thronging again to the empty house:—the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board, which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, "To Let" upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again; and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

And is this all?—Yes; this is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—*first hope, and then enjoyment,* and then sorrow, all *ending quietly in the grave. It* is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured, that there is no more an equality in the heart, than in the ever-moving ocean.

You will ask me to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love, nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east-wind may blow into the dust, is any thing but the act of a wise man. And to grieve for her when dead—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more useless? All this can be proved, by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except, perhaps, that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts, beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep), of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely contemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this—"*Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.*"

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

A TALE.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

ADAM.—(*After the Fall.*) O! why did God,
Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature?—*Paradise Lost.*

There is, among the villagers in the mountains of Saltzbourgh, a custom I observed eight years since. When a young priest has received the last orders which enable him to celebrate mass, his relations, his friends, and the whole parish, assemble. They choose a beautiful girl, not above twelve years old, whom they crown with flowers. A show of bridal pomp is displayed for the happy couple. They are led to the church, where they are married, and the whole finishes with a gay entertainment, immediately after which the church recovers for ever her rights.—MS.

It was in the spring of the year 1516, that the two young sons of the Count of Altenberg were proceeding on their way, mounted and attended in all the feudal state of those times, from their father's castle, near Zell, in Saltzbourg, to that of their nearest and most friendly neighbour, the Baron of Elsenheim. The object of their visit was for the younger brother to take his leave, previous to his departure on the following day for one of the great German universities, where he was to complete his education for the church.

The church, indeed, seemed to have "marked him for her own." Augustus of Altenberg was not more than fifteen; yet, even at that early age, the observer was unconsciously impressed with the grave composure of his air, the keen and somewhat haughty glance of his eye, the rare and melancholy smile, which seemed only to soften, not exhilarate, the expression of his countenance: he was tall, his features were regular, and very handsome; but his slight figure, and complexion of sallow paleness, indicated the struggle that had taken place during childhood with the delicacy of his constitution. He had been tenderly reared by his mother, and with her he thought had died the only being who loved him. His father had fixed his affections on his first-born, Claudius, three years older than Augustus, who, buoyant in the full spirits, health, and strength of youth, had early shared with his father the toils of the chase, and had lately encountered with him the perils of war. The count considered his second son as a timid, studious, delicate boy, fit for nothing but a priest.

The brothers arrived at Elsenheim, and were most warmly received by the baron and baroness, and by their numerous progeny. After all was said that could be said, about hopes and regrets on the subject of the departure of Augustus, the family crowded round their favourite and far more constant visiter, Claudius: his brother, who seemed more than usually oppressed, withdrew to a windowed recess, and looked in silence on the distant towers of Altenberg, now glancing in the setting sun. The merry laughter of the party grated on his ears and heart: "No one cares about me," was his bitter thought. At that moment he felt two little hands press his; it was the Elsenheims' youngest child, a girl seven years of age.

"Are you really going away to-morrow, Augustus?"

"Yes, child," he answered, pettishly.

"I am very sorry—and for such a long, long time, too—five whole years!"

"Who told you to say that you were sorry, Emmeline?"

The child looked at him, and tears rushed to her eyes: "You do not believe me, then, Augustus? and yet I am very sorry. Who saved my little Pompey, when Edward tied his legs and threw him into the water? Who staid behind with me and helped me along at our last walking party, when every body left me because I could not walk so fast as they did? Who ——"

"Well, Emmeline, I believe you are sorry;" and he stooped and kissed the tears from her eyes. "And how long will you recollect me?"

"Until you come back," she said, eagerly. Then standing on tiptoe and taking from his vest the gold pin with which it was fastened, "Give me this," she said, coaxingly, "and you will see if I either lose or give it away before you come back again!"

And Augustus of Altenberg departed, and the five years passed away.

It was impossible but that the count, his father, could be otherwise than gratified at the high honours gained by his son at the university; and at the extraordinary reputation which, for one so young, he had established, both for ability and sanctity. It was foretold by all, that he would prove one of the strongest pillars of the church, now trembling to her foundation from the attacks of Luther. He took holy orders, and returned home, where he was received with open arms by his father and brother.

He prepared himself for the celebration of his first mass, by strict seclusion and self examination; signifying his intention, that, until it had taken place, he would not renew his acquaintance with any of the families round—not even with those with whom he had been most intimate.

The only occasion on which he could not avoid meeting them, was that of the *fictitious marriage*; which, according to the immemorial custom of Saltzbourg, must precede his officiating as a priest. This he regarded as part of his preparation; as a solemn, religious ceremony, by which he would abjure for ever those lesser but dearer ties, which bind mankind together, which strengthen our affection to the few and weaken it to the many: for him no such ties must exist. The arrangements for this peculiar and impressive ceremony were left to his family and clerical friends.

"Emmeline!" exclaimed her sisters, crowding round her, "we have news for you! You are selected as the bride of ceremony for Augustus of Altenberg! We wish you joy!" and they laughed as poor Emmeline's colour came and went at the unexpected intelligence. "You are so fond of him, you know—it will be quite romantic and affecting—be sure you wear the gold pin as conspicuously as possible—such a bridegroom! I would not marry him, even in jest. I would as soon go over the ceremony with a death's head! But his brother—ay, his brother is quite a different person. But, come, Emmeline, you look stupified, and our mother is waiting for you."

It was only the day before the ceremony that Augustus was informed of the choice that had been made of Emmeline of Elsenheim as his bride in form. Her age (twelve years,) her rank, and the friendship between the families, appeared to render the choice unexceptionable. Augustus quite coincided in the opinion. "Emmeline," he repeated, musingly—"I remember little Emmeline very well."

"She is springing up into a beautiful girl," observed his brother.

On the following day the castle of Elsenheim was filled with persons of rank from the surrounding country; and its courts and avenues were crowded with those of the inferior orders, all equally anxious *you* said that fell to the ground; we all listened, and some of us with tears. When we returned, I wrote down some whole sentences, which I recollected word for word."

Augustus was pleased with the serious enthusiasm of the child, and continued speaking to her for a few minutes in an advising and paternal strain: they then proceeded to join the rest of the family. As they walked along, Emmeline said to him: "You see that I am not in every thing a giddy and thoughtless girl;" and she drew the gold pin from her sash. "Look! have I either lost or given away *this*,—although it is five whole years since I had it?"

"What is it?" inquired Augustus. "I do not recollect it."

Emmeline looked mortified, and returned the pin to her sash without answering. Their arrival at the fishing party prevented further conversation.

During the two following years the time of Augustus was taken up, partly by his clerical duties at Zell, partly in correspondence, both personal and by letter, with many eminent and influential churchmen, on the subject of the heresy of Luther, who now, in spite of all opposition, began to spread his tenets successfully in many parts of Germany. At the commencement of the third year, Augustus was appointed by the emperor on a mission to the court of Rome, whither he immediately repaired; and where, six months after his arrival, he learned the death of his father.

Some time longer was required to complete the object of his important and delicate mission, and he was then despatched on one no less so, to Frederick of Saxony, the protector of Luther. In such weighty affairs, none of the confidential servants Charles the Fifth employed, gave him more satisfaction than Augustus of Altenberg, whose moderation, firmness, and quick, clear perception, were rendered the more valuable by his perfect integrity, and his disdain of all the low cunning arts, but too much employed on both sides; but, above all, by the spotless purity of his life—as the dissolute manners of the Catholic clergy formed one of Luther's strongest weapons of attack.

Augustus was just preparing for his return to Altenberg, when he received a letter from his brother, the count, informing him of his approaching marriage, and pressing him to hasten his departure, in order that he might gratify him and their mutual friends, by performing the ceremony. "I do not mention the name of the lady of my choice," continued the count; "*that* I reserve to add to the happiness of our meeting, being quite confident not only of your simple approval, but of your heart-felt congratulation."

Augustus arrived at Altenberg, and the brothers met.

"You are about to be married, Claudius," exclaimed Augustus, embracing him. "How devoutly shall I pray that my benediction on that solemn occasion may have the power of bringing you all good, and averting all evil! And now, who is your bride?"

"Your young favourite, Emmeline of Elsenheim."

What a strange compound is the human heart! What feelings, unsuspected by their possessor, lie coiled within its secret folds, ready at a touch to start into life! Augustus had, during his journey, frequently amused himself with bringing into mental review all the young ladies of rank in the neighbourhood, in order to anticipate the choice of his brother. He was aware that some of the elder daughters of the Elsenheims were married, but two yet remained, older than Emmeline; he thought it very probable that one of these had been fixed on as the Countess of Altenberg. From the idea of Emmeline herself he had always instinctively turned. "She was too young, scarcely sixteen, and was besides too serious for his brother: no, *Emmeline* was quite out of the question."

When, therefore, Claudius, with an air of triumph, mentioned her name, Augustus looked and felt surprised. He *looked* no more, for he was well accustomed to govern the expression of his countenance; but he *felt*, with a sudden thrill of pain, that the secret sin of his heart was laid open, and that in its inmost recess he had cherished a forbidden image. The pang though acute, was momentary; every power of his vigorous mind rose to subdue and to root out this unsuspected enemy.

"I do indeed congratulate you, my dearest brother," he replied, steadily; "if Emmeline fulfil the promise of her childhood and early youth, she is worthy of you!"

"Alas!" sighed the count, "the doubt is, whether *I* am worthy of her? She is so lovely, so gentle, so pure, so pious, that I can scarcely believe my good fortune, when I think her parents only wait your presence to bestow her upon me."

"Her parents!" repeated Augustus; "but she herself, I trust, gives her affections where they bestow her hand?"

There was a pause.

At length the count replied, "We have often learned from you, brother, that there is no happiness of any kind without alloy; that there is always a drop of bitter mingled in the sweetest and brightest cup that Providence offers to our lips. Mine is not free from it. Emmeline appears too holy to bestow her affections on any earthly object. She sighs for the cloister, even while preparing, in meek and dutiful submission, to fulfil the wish of her parents. But she is yet so young, that I trust her mind may be easily moulded to another sphere of duty. It shall be the study of my life to make her happy. The natural affections of the wife and the mother will unite with, not supersede, those of the devotee; and she *will* be happy; and I shall be blest in her being so!" And, as he spoke, the eyes of the count sparkled with hope: and, recovering from his momentary depression, he continued,—"We have decided, Augustus, that you shall have a private interview with her. What you say will have great influence: you will remove her scruples, by proving that a life of active virtue is as acceptable to Heaven as one of devotional seclusion. You will say, I am sure, all that your fraternal affection prompts, and all that your conscience admits."

"Rely upon me, *so far*," replied Augustus; "but remember, my brother, there is a duty with me paramount to all earthly claims. If I find that she has chosen the better part from deep conviction; if, indeed, the voice of Heaven has whispered to her soul, that its pure and spotless sacrifice will be accepted; then, indeed—"

"Then, indeed," interrupted the count, "the happiness of your brother must not be put in competition with the will of Heaven? Be it so! Nevertheless, Augustus, I have such confidence in your enlightened judgment, in your kindly nature, in your freedom from all the sternness of bigotry, that to your hands I commit my cause. *You* shall decide whether Emmeline shall become the bride of your brother or the bride of Heaven."

It was now late in the morning; a courier had been despatched to Elsenheim, to inform the family of the arrival of Augustus, and the intention of the brothers to visit them the following day at noon.

They arrived at the appointed hour, and were received by the baron and baroness. After the first welcome was over, the baron retired with the count; and Augustus was left for a moment alone with the baroness.

"Your brother has, probably, informed you, Augustus, that we are desirous you should have a private conversation with Emmeline, and our reason for being so?"

Augustus bowed in acquiescence.

"Then I will send her to you;" and the baroness left the apartment.

Augustus raised his eyes to heaven, as if to implore both pardon and assistance; then, for a moment, closed them; and folded his hands tightly over his breast, as if, by this external act, to suppress some strong inward emotion.

A light footstep roused him: he looked up, and beheld Emmeline. Could two years make such a difference? The bud of promise had, indeed, opened into surpassing loveliness! She was simply arrayed in white; and a transparent veil half mingled with, half shaded her profuse and glossy ringlets. When she entered, she was pale as marble; but, as Augustus approached to meet her, a deep blush gradually stole over her face and neck; she trembled exceedingly, and seemed scarcely able to stand. He led, or rather supported her to a seat; and, placing himself beside her, struggled to recall the set speech he had made for the occasion.

"I need not say, Emmeline, with what satisfaction I learned, on my arrival, the projected union between our families, how warmly I sympathise in the happiness of my brother, and how grateful I feel to you for conferring it."

He paused. Emmeline made no reply. The vivid but transient blush had vanished, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she sat motionless.

"Confirm all this with your own lips, Emmeline; let me hear from yourself that you freely bestow your heart and hand on my fortunate brother; that you become his wife, and—and my sister.

A deep sigh burst from Emmeline; she looked up to him; her lips moved, but no word found its way. Augustus felt inexpressibly shocked; he knew not what to do or say. At length a sudden burst of tears relieved the unhappy girl, and for a few minutes she wept in silence.

"Just Heaven!" exclaimed Augustus, "can it be thus! Is this marriage, which brings such happiness to us all, is it indeed a sacrifice, a painful sacrifice, to you, Emmeline? Speak to me freely; explain to me your motives and feelings, if you think proper to do so; if not, tell me at least what you wish!"

"The cloister!" she faintly answered.

"The cloister!" he repeated: "but, surely, Emmeline, you are at liberty to reject my brother's suit *from whatever motive,* without devoting yourself to *the cloister?*"

She shook her head.

"You think, then, you do not love him enough to become his wife?"

"There is no one whom I *could* marry that I prefer to him."

"I am happy to hear that. Your affections, then, are at least disengaged?"

She was silent.

"If so, Emmeline, let me advise you: you are very young, and have always been enthusiastically devout; you imagine that the cloister alone leads from temptation here to happiness hereafter; but, let me assure you, that in the fulfilment of the duties of your station, in cherishing the chaste affections of the wife and the mother, you will not be rendered less pure, or less acceptable, in the eyes of Him, whom it is and ought to be your chief desire to please. Moreover, Emmeline, let me warn you, that if, indeed, you meditate the offer of yourself, as a veiled and virgin votaress, at the altar of our holy religion; let me warn you, that such an offering must be without spot or blemish! Search well your heart! Beware that you mistake not the secret workings of pride, of disappointment, of revenge, of any unworthy feeling, or of any unhallowed passion, for the voice of Heaven calling you to itself! Beware—"

He suddenly ceased; for Emmeline had fallen on her knees at his feet.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "probe not to the quick a wounded heart! I confess—I am a hypocrite, and as unworthy to be the wife of your brother, as to be the votaress of Heaven!"

The astonished Augustus raised her; and, as he supported her in his arms, her head drooped on his shoulder, her light perfumed tresses veiled his cheek; slowly and timidly she drew his hand to her lips, and her warm tears fell on it as she murmured,—"I have stood at the altar *once;* there was my faith plighted, my hand given, my love bestowed. Heaven may frown, and earth forbid; but they never can, they never shall be recalled!"

The heart of Augustus throbbed wildly; the best emotions of his nature so mingled with its human infirmity, that the very confines of good and evil seemed confounded. The painful struggle was, however, soon over. He replaced her in her seat, and paced the room with steps that every instant became less agitated: at last, he paused before her.

"Emmeline!"

But she dared not look up; her mind, that, for a moment, had risen with extraordinary power, young and susceptible, was now sinking under the poignant humiliation of having outstepped the boundary prescribed to her sex; the veil had been withdrawn by her own hand, and she dreaded to meet his gaze.

"Emmeline!" he repeated, in a calm severe tone, "become the wife of my brother instantly!"

She bowed her head.

"And I, I will to the wars, to take up the cross against the heretics, as my forefathers did against the infidels. God bless you, Emmeline!" he continued, in a softened voice; "let us both strive, by prayer and penitence, to atone for the guilty moment that has passed between us!" And, turning abruptly from her, he left the room.

He returned to her parents and his expecting brother, and thus reported the result of his interview: "Your daughter, madam," he said to the baroness, waits but for you to fix the day which shall cement is nearer and dearer union between our two fami- es, so long since united in friendship. May I add y request that the day be fixed as early as possible? wish having been expressed that my counsels, hum- e as they are, should assist the suffering Catholic bility against their infuriated and heretical pea- ntry in Suabia."

Augustus was loaded with thanks; and Emme- ne's sisters immediately flew to the apartment in hich she had been left.

Fixed in the same seat, with her eyes on the door rough which Augustus had disappeared, Emmeline d remained immovable. She heard the approach- g footsteps, and started as from a painful dream; e rose, and clasping her hands, looked up. "Hea- n forgive me if I err! but *it shall be so.*"

The last words were pronounced with a strong and culiar emphasis; they evidently related to the oughts that had been passing in her mind, and emed the confirmation of some resolution which, hether right or wrong, she had irrevocably taken. mmeline advanced to meet her sisters, with a se- nity of look and manner that surprised them; they ere followed by her parents and the count; she gave m her hand; he knelt and kissed it, and, as her anced husband saluted her beautiful and blushing eek, her eyes glanced hastily round, as though ey sought for some one else; but *he* was gone.

From that moment, the preparations for the mar- age proceeded with the utmost rapidity, and the ests were invited for an early day of the following eek. Augustus pleaded the pressure of affairs as an cuse for not again making his appearance at Elsen- eim until the day he was to officiate at the cere- ony. The demeanour of Emmeline remained calm d placid; she was obedient in all things; often she oked grateful, and sometimes pleased. The only culiarity that was observed (and *it* was scarcely bserved at the moment,) was her occasionally being bsent a considerable time from home alone. In reply a question from one of her sisters, she begged her ot to interfere with or notice her long, solitary, and rly walk; that she required an occasional escape om the bustle of the castle to confer with her own oughts. "I generally pay a visit to my old nurse, Vilhelmina, who, you know, is properly a retainer f the Altenbergs, and whose happiness at my ap- roaching marriage with the head of that family, ex- eds, I think, even that of any one else."

Wilhelmina had become a widow and a mother bout the time of Emmeline's birth; and, with the ermission of the Altenbergs, she became her nurse. t was difficult to say, whether the good woman was ore fondly attached to her own little son or to her ster-child. Emmeline certainly possessed unbound- d sway over her. Nothing could rouse the feelings r sharpen the intellects of the indolent Wilhelmina, ho was snugly settled in a cottage on the Elsen- eim territory, except what related to these two ob- ects of her care. Her son had accompanied one of he younger Elsenheims on his travels, and she was t present devoted heart and soul to Emmeline.

The castle of Altenberg, so long without a mis- ress, was also in full preparation to receive the young nd beautiful bride of its lord; who, himself all hope nd happiness, with perceptions not sufficiently acute nd delicate to perceive aught in the meek and evidently reluctant submission of Emmeline, except the natural effect of her timid and maidenly feelings, spent the greater part of his time at Elsenheim, gazing on the treasure a few days were to make his own.

Emmeline's sisters observed that, the day previous to that fixed for the marriage, she was pensive and irritable. She had taken her early walk as before; but, about twilight, she managed to slip out again; and, returning in a short time, appeared more pleased and cheerful than they had yet seen her. She changed her dress; and, joining her family, met the count, who was late in his visit, with more of satisfaction than she had ever testified. The evening passed delightfully; and, on parting, the count fondly embraced his affianced bride.

The family were summoned to an early breakfast the following day.

"My morning walks are now over," said Emmeline, smilingly, to her sister; "but I shall retire for an hour or two to the oratory; and, whenever I am required to be dressed, you will find me there."

About noon, the magnificent equipage of the Count of Altenberg drove up to the gate, and the brothers alighted. Augustus proceeded straight to the chapel, and, having robed in the vestry, took his station with the other officiating priests. It was the first time he had been in this chapel since, four years past, he himself had enacted the part of bridegroom to the beautiful girl he was now about to bestow on another. The chapel was illuminated and decorated precisely in the same manner, and the whole of that scene of painful mockery presented itself strongly before him. He remained absorbed in gloomy revery; a chilling doubt, a secret discontent, clung, in spite of all his efforts, to his thoughts. Why should he be denied the enjoyment of the best, the purest affections of his being? The ideas, if not the words, of our sublime Milton, were present to his mind; and he felt, for the first time, a secret abhorrence of those hypocrites who "austerely talk:"

> "Defaming as impure what God declares
> Pure; and, commands to some, leaves free to all."

He felt, that to this ill-judged attempt to force our imperfect nature on too lofty a pinnacle, was owing its disgraceful fall among the class of men to which he belonged. Such an impracticable elevation, he began to regard as a sort of spiritual Babel, which, like the Babel of yore, lay crushed in its own weakness, folly, and presumption.

Augustus heard the heavy carriages thunder one after another through the paved archway; the trampling and neighing of horses, an occasional note of music, or a peal of laughter, met his ear. On a sudden, however, these sounds ceased; an unusual stillness reigned around, and, somewhat startled by the contrast, Augustus raised his head from the folds of his robe. He thought his clerical companions seemed surprised; distant doors were banging, and footsteps were hurrying to and fro; several menials, pale and alarmed, looked into the chapel and disappeared. At length came the sound of many voices in rage and lamentation; a crowd seemed approaching the chapel; the voices, mingled and confused, grew every moment louder, till the count rushed in like a madman, gnashing his teeth and tearing his hair followed by the Baron of Elsenheim, his sons and several other noblemen, all trying in vain to appease him.

At the proper time, the bride had been sought for in the oratory; two hours had elapsed, and it was now no longer possible to conceal that there was no bride to be found.

The scene that ensued baffles description. Augustus at length, partly by force, partly by entreaty, succeeded in conveying his brother home. The wondering guests slowly dispersed. The baron, with the female part of his family, shut himself up; while his sons and vassals scoured the surrounding country, threatening vengeance and destruction to the unhappy girl, and all who might be concerned in her flight.

Wilhelmina was pointed out by Emmeline's sisters as an object of suspicion; and to her cottage did the brothers first direct their steps. She had already returned from the castle, whither she had gone early, arranged in all her finery, to assist at the toilet of the bride. They found her seated on the floor, sobbing and crying bitterly. She steadily disclaimed all knowledge of Emmeline's intentions, who, she allowed, had visited her of late more frequently than usual; but it was her habit never to pass the cottage upon any occasion without doing so. She said she had observed that Emmeline *looked* melancholy, but had never heard her express any aversion to her approaching marriage; and when she (Wilhelmina) spoke of it in terms of joy and pride, she had never been checked by Emmeline. She unhesitatingly denied having seen her on the close of the preceding day. This was all that Wilhelmina could or would reveal. Strict search was made within and about her cottage, but in vain.

Augustus delayed as long as possible his departure to Suabia, partly to console and support his brother, partly in the hope that a short time might discover the retreat of Emmeline, and that he might act as mediator between her and her family, trusting, at least, to ameliorate the severity of her punishment. This for others; but in his own bosom he carefully locked up feelings far more acute even than those he sought to console. He acquitted himself, it is true, of ever having in word, in look, or even in thought, encouraged the love of Emmeline; that love, so full of truth and of despair, which, in despite of obstacles utterly insurmountable, had seemed to grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength; that love, for which all worldly blessings, amply as they were showered on her head, had been rejected, and for which she was now a houseless and desolate wanderer! Where was she? what had become of her? Could he imagine that young and delicate form condemned to want and labour? or had it found a lingering death in the depth of some concealed cave? or been dashed from the brow of the precipice? or did it lie congealed in the mountain-torrent? Alas! how willingly would he have braved the scorn of the world, and the severe injunctions of his religious creed—all that till then he had held inviolable—to have wrung from her tresses the cold dews of night—to have warmed her on his heart—to have given his love for her love, his life for her life!

To all but him the event was as inexplicable as it was astounding: he alone held a clue, slight but certain, to the desperate step she had taken. In the inmost recesses of the woods, and along the lonely margins of the lakes, he called upon her name; and, surrounded by their gloomy solitude, gave way to the heart-rending grief, which, from the eyes of his fellow-men, he was forced to conceal.

At times he almost hoped that Heaven had taken her to itself. What would it avail her to be found? My brother's love is turned to gall; her very mother would refuse even a tear to her supplications; and if she took refuge with me, she would find in my arms but disgrace and misery, without the power even of protecting her against the vengeance of her family, and the offended laws of her country. No, Emmeline! thy pure and suffering spirit has fled where it will find pardon and peace! I have but a little time yet to struggle on, and then shall we meet where it is no crime to love.

A few weeks passed away, and by degrees all hope of recovering the lost Emmeline, or of ascertaining her fate, was given up. Her eldest brother, Rudolph, a harsh and haughty man, had already departed for the wars in Suabia; whither Augustus became now exceedingly anxious, according to his orders, to repair. The brothers, therefore, parted; Augustus, accompanied by a numerous armed train, to Ulm; and the count to Vienna, where he hoped, amid gayeties and pomp, and above all, by a suitable marriage, to heal the wound that had been inflicted on his love and his pride.

Augustus found Suabia even in a worse state than he had apprehended. The peasants were in all directions rising *en masse;* and the imperial army, though brave and well-disciplined, was, owing to the poverty of Charles the Fifth, small, and ill supplied. It is not necessary to remind my readers, that the priesthood at that time not only influenced the councils of armies, but often personally engaged in their contests.

The zeal, energy, and ability of Augustus, joined to the unbounded confidence placed in him, rendered his presence of much importance. About a month after his arrival, a desperate conflict took place near Ulm, in which the imperialists were successful; but, while in pursuit of the flying peasantry, a body of the latter suddenly rallied, and discharged the few fire-arms they possessed. Augustus received a wound in the shoulder, sufficiently severe to prevent his proceeding; his horse, at the same time, being killed under him. Unwilling, however, to draw a single follower from the pursuit, he retired to the bank of a small, clear stream, where he attempted to staunch the blood and bind the wound; but heat, fatigue, and over-excitement, had done their work, and he fell exhausted, without being able even to refresh himself by a draught of the water that bubbled past him.

On recovering, he found himself supported by some one who was bathing his temples and the palms of his hands, and who, on seeing him able to bear it, applied himself with great skill, coolness, and delicacy of touch, to the dressing of the wound. Augustus looked up, and beheld a thin, pale boy, apparently not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, and arrayed as a page, but by no means handsomely. When he had finished dressing the wound, he gave his patient a draught of the cool water; and making him up a pillow of moss, assisted him to lie down, covered him with his military cloak, and then went to the road-side to watch for some of his returning followers.

The first demand Augustus made, when awaking on his own bed at Ulm, was for the stranger-boy who had so providentially succoured him, and, perhaps, had been the means of saving his life. The boy was immediately brought forward; and Augustus, dismissing those about him, inquired who he was.

"I am," replied the youth, "the son of Wilhelmina, a vassal of your brother, the count; but who has resided on the lands of the Baron of Elsenheim, since she nursed my foster-sister, the Lady Emmeline."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Augustus, with great interest; "you are the son of Wilhelmina! But, how came you here? I thought you were in the train of the young Ulric of Elsenheim."

"I was so," replied the boy; "but my mother felt herself affronted at the suspicion cast upon her by the family, on the occasion of the Lady Emmeline's disappearance, and she has gone back to Altenberg. She has also sent me word (for she cannot write) to quit the Lord Ulric, to make the best of my way to Ulm, where I should find you, and to proffer you my services, as to the brother of my liege lord. I have had a weary travel all the way from ——; but, thank God, I came in good time!"

"Undraw that window-curtain a little, and let me look at you." The boy did as he was ordered. "I forget your name."

"Theodore, my lord."

"Poor boy! you do, indeed, look worn and fatigued! You appear younger than your foster-sister."

"Yet we are as near as may be the same age."

"She is taller than you are."

"No, my lord, we are about the same height; but a lad at sixteen will hardly look so old or so tall as a young lady of that age."

"True," replied Augustus, thoughtfully, with his eye still fixed on the youth.

"I have been considered," continued Theodore, colouring a little and drawing himself up, "to resemble the Lady Emmeline. My mother was very proud of that resemblance, slight as it was, and made every body remark it; but I fear you, my lord, do not discover it, I am now so much altered for the worse."

"Yes; I think there is a likeness, though I am scarcely a judge (and Augustus sighed deeply,) as I have only seen the Lady Emmeline once, for a few minutes, during the last two years. Your hair and complexion are darker; and the slight resemblance you bear will wear off as you grow up and get more manly."

"I am sorry for it," said Theodore, looking a little disconcerted; at which trait of youthful vanity Augustus could not suppress a smile.

He liked the frank, yet modest and simple manner of the boy so much, that he took him at once into his service as page; and although his want of birth would prevent his rising higher, it would be easy, he thought, to provide for him in a few years in some other department of the household. Theodore accordingly was, to his great apparent delight, soon arrayed in the handsome and becoming, but somewhat fanciful, dress of a page in those times. He looked so well in it, and a few days' rest had made so favourable an alteration in his appearance, that the resemblance of which he had boasted, began to strike Augustus more forcibly, and secretly influenced him further to notice and favour the boy. He was timid, gentle, and apparently in delicate health; his habits were exceedingly reserved; and when not with his master, he would retire into the little room assigned him, and would there read, write, or practise on his lute,—an instrument on which he excelled, and which, he said, he loved, because his dear young Lady Emmeline had herself given him his first lessons. The sound of the war-trumpet made him turn pale; but he was remarkably prompt and skilful in attending to the wounded. Augustus, in his hours of rest and relaxation at home, was never without Theodore, whose cheerful smile, interesting and intelligent conversation, lute, and song, only waited a glance from his master; to whom he soon became as a young and cherished brother. Placed on a stool at his feet, even when Augustus was occupied in writing, or in deep thought, or in conversation with others, would lean his head unreproved upon his knee, and look at or listen to him with that affectionate devotion, that mixture of love and veneration, we feel for a beneficent and superior being.

At first, the name of the Lady Emmeline was sometimes naturally on the lips of Theodore, but it always produced an expression of so much pain on the countenance of Augustus, that the page, apparently presuming he had not recovered from the indignity his brother, the count, had received, forbore to dwell upon it.

Rudolph of Elsenheim, the eldest brother of Emmeline, had also taken up his winter quarters at Ulm. A civil, but distant intercourse took place between him and Augustus; for, amongst other ill effects of the strange event that had occurred, the alienation of the two families could scarcely be prevented. Twice, on the occasion of a ceremonious visit made by Rudolph, Theodore effected his escape in much agitation; for which Augustus rather reproved him: "You need not be alarmed; you and your mother are our vassals; and your having been so long in the service of the Elsenheims, was a matter of courtesy on our part, and not of right on theirs."

The winter months were passing away, during which the imperialists had received great reinforcements; and it was confidently expected that early in the spring the insurrection of Suabia would be annihilated.

Affairs were in this situation, when, on the occasion of a great church festival, at which Augustus was to preside, he, for the first time, pressed Theodore to accompany him.

"You have hitherto," observed Augustus, "pleaded delicacy of health, and the effect of cold in church, as excuses for not attending its service; but your health now is quite restored; for I can scarcely recognise," continued Augustus, smiling, "the thin, pale boy that tended me so providentially by the river-side; and you well know, Theodore, how almost rigid I am in the discipline of my household, and how much I insist upon their strict observance, both of public and private worship."

"I am ready to attend you, my lord," replied the boy, meekly, but dejectedly, "at high mass this evening."

The church was magnificently ornamented and illuminated; and the celebration of mass, in the absence of the bishop, devolved on Augustus. Great numbers of all classes of people were present. Among the nobles who stood near the railings of the altar, Augustus remarked not only Rudolph of Elsenheim, but also his younger brother, Ulric, who, it seems, must have just arrived; and their numerous followers, easily known by their badge, were dispersed about the church. The same was the case with the armed followers of Augustus; but his household stood together, and among these was placed Theodore. Augustus could not help remarking, in the intervals of the ceremony, that the looks of the two brothers were fixed on himself with a peculiar expression: it partook of scorn, triumph, and revenge. He felt surprised, and occasionally, in his turn, looked full at them, with his dark, stern, and penetrating eyes; but they did not quail beneath his gaze; and a sort of contemptuous smile, at such moments, slightly curled their lips. Their looks were never moved off from him, except to settle on his household group; to which Augustus also directed his. Theodore was almost hid behind the ample cloak of the seneschal, and seemed scarcely able to support himself. Not far from the brothers, and wearing their badge, stood a fine, dark, sturdy youth, whose looks were also often fixed upon the same group, with an uneasy and almost terrified expression.

"There is some mystery," thought Augustus, "hanging over that boy Theodore; I am convinced he has left the Elsenheims without leave, and has cajoled me with falsehoods. This accounts for the whole of his singular conduct; but, before I sleep, I will know the truth."

After the service, Augustus retired into the vestry, to unrobe, and was a little surprised to find that Theodore, who had come to the church with him, was not among the attendants who remained to escort him home. It appeared that he had already departed with the rest of the household.

In honour of the festival, the streets were lighted, and the houses mostly opened for the reception of company: many gay scenes, and sounds of music and merriment, caught the eye and ear of Augustus, but he anxiously proceeded homewards. His saloon was also lighted, and a few clerical visiters were assembled, whom he managed to dismiss as soon as possible. He then inquired for Theodore, and was told that he had appeared unwell the whole evening, and had retired to his room immediately on his return home; and also that there was a young man just arrived, who anxiously begged permission to speak with the page: "Should he be admitted?"

"Certainly," replied Augustus; and, in another instant, the young follower of the Elsenheims, whom Augustus had observed at church, was ushered in.

"You wish to speak to my page?"

"If you please, my lord."

"You may do so; but I have my reasons for being present at your conference. Follow me."

The young man did so unhesitatingly; and Augustus proceeded to Theodore's room. The door was fastened.

"Open the door, Theodore!"

There was a pause—a delay.

"Excuse me, my lord—I will come out presently—in one moment—but I—I am undrest."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Augustus, now quite incensed; and with one thrust of his foot the door flew open, but he himself stood rooted with astonishment at its threshold.

By the single table-lamp, a figure was perceived standing in the centre of the little chamber; it was, and it was not, the page of Augustus. Evidently preparing for repose, it was shrouded in a single long white robe; the fair and beautifully rounded arms were uncovered nearly to the shoulder, and both trembling hands were employed in gathering together the folds of the dress, so as to conceal the bosom; the small white feet were bare on the cold pavement; and, veiling the figure almost to the knees, fell a profusion of bright brown hair, partly in folds, and partly in plaits, which had not yet been undone, and in which it had evidently all been arranged, for the purpose of concealment beneath the tunic of the page's dress; the night's ablutions had removed from the face its light brown tint, and, pale as a lily, it drooped over the clasped hands, with eyes closed from excess of shame and terror.

Augustus was immovable; but the young stranger rushed by him, and, without any appearance of surprise, addressed the figure in a hurried tone: "My poor mother is dead, and on her death-bed, confessed *all—all!* Fly, for Heaven's sake! You are in the utmost danger—delay not a moment! I give you this warning at the hazard of my life!"

Then, turning, he was about to escape from the room, when the athletic grasp of Augustus seized him.

"Who are *you?*" he asked in a voice of thunder.

The boy struggled to free himself, while he answered: "I am Theodore, Wilhelmina's son!"

"And this?" said Augustus, pointing to the figure.

"Oh, my lord! there's no time for jesting," replied the true Theodore, "when every instant increases the danger of the Lady Emmeline!"

Augustus let go his hold, and the boy was down the stairs, and out of the house, in an instant.

With strangely mingled feelings of the keenest joy and the deepest despair, Augustus closed the door, and approached the yet motionless form of Emmeline. She suddenly retreated.

"Come not near me! For the sake of her who bore you, have pity on me, unworthy as I am!"

"Emmeline!" he replied, with a look and voice replete with tenderness, "misjudge me not; deem me not so undeserving of all thy love, thy sacrifices, and thy sufferings! Confide in me; would to God thou hadst done so sooner!"

As he spoke, he unclasped the light mantle which he wore. "There is no time to dress; let me wrap you in this, and I will convey you to a subterranean passage, where you will be safe for a few hours. My people shall be on guard for the night, and, by early dawn, some scheme shall be matured for your future concealment."

"For my concealment," replied Emmeline, pleadingly, "but not—not for my separation *from you!*"

"No, my love—*my wife!*" whispered the now entirely subdued Augustus, as he impressed on her lips one long and fervent kiss; "*God hath joined us together, and no man shall put us asunder!*"

Alas! were not these the words of impiety?

He carefully wrapt her in the mantle, and, lifting her in his arms, prepared to convey her to her retreat.

The emotions of the last few moments had been so overwhelming, that neither Augustus—"too fondly overcome with female charm"—nor Emmeline had heeded a low and peculiar murmur of voices, nor the sound of advancing footsteps. Before they themselves had reached the door of the apartment, it was flung open, and the two brothers of Emmeline, armed to the teeth, with about twenty followers, and a civil magistrate, stood before them. It was the work of a moment for Augustus to spring back with his trembling burden, place himself against the opposite wall, draw a double-edged poniard from his girdle, and stand on his defence.

"All here are friends and brothers," said the magistrate; "let there be no blood shed but the blood of our enemies! My Lord Augustus of Altenberg, resign to the legal authority of her family, the unhappy and misguided girl now sheltered in thine arms!"

"Never!" replied Augustus, "but with my heart's blood!"

"Now, shame on thee, priest!" retorted the magistrate. "Thou, so famed for sanctity; the very model of purity; the very pattern of our holy church; to stand, as thou dost at this moment, braving the world, with that wanton in thine arms!"

"By the soul of my father!" exclaimed the enraged Augustus, "if she be a wanton, so are the daughters of thy blood, and the wife of thy bosom!"

At that moment he heard, to his great relief, the gathering of his household, and the advance of such followers as the only esquire, who was at home on this festival night, could collect. Augustus never allowed a sentinel about his house; and this irruption had been made so boldly, yet so quietly, that it had completely succeeded.

"On your guard!" said Ulric to his men; who immediately faced to the landing-place to receive those who were ascending the steps to the attack.

"Yield her thou devilish hypocrite!" exclaimed the infuriated Rudolph, waving his sword, and gnashing his teeth.

"I will *never* yield her!" was the reply. "On! on! my brave fellows, to the rescue! Cut down these night marauders—these cowardly house-breakers!"

A cheering shout from his advancing followers without, answered this appeal. The clash of arms, and the yell of the meeting foes, were heard.

"Then, priest, thy blood be on thine own head!" And, as Rudolph spoke, he drew, and fired a pistol ball at Augustus; but rage and confusion had caused his hand to waver. Emmeline made a sudden bound in the arms of her protector; he felt a warm torrent gush over his breast, and he heard the cries of, "You have killed *her*—your sister!" The strong spring of his mind gave way; images of darkness, streaked with flames and blood, danced before him; for a moment he was mad, and the next he was insensible.

It was midnight; the tumult had ceased; not a step was heard, save those of the guard who patrolled the street; every window and door in the terrified neighbourhood had been closed, and a melancholy calm had succeeded to the fury of the affray.

"He is recovering," said the physician, anxiously bending over the yet inanimate form of Augustus.

"Thank God!" was repeated from lip to lip of the party who were watching him. The eyes of their master opened heavily; but, after a pause, he started up and looked wildly round; then, clasping his hands to his forehead, remained quite motionless for a few minutes: at length, he slowly withdrew them, raised his head, and, looking at the leech, asked in a low firm tone, "Is she dead?"

The physician bowed his head, without reply.

"And the body?" he inquired calmly.

"We would not, my lord," answered an esquire, "permit the body to be removed from hence without your permission. When the ruffians found what they had done, they retreated, almost without striking another blow."

"Where is she?"

"My lord," said the physician, "the corpse has been well cared for by the seneschal's wife and daughter; and prayers will presently be said over it."

"Lead me to her chamber!"

"Pray, let us dissuade you, my dear lord!" pleadingly repeated several voices.

"Peace, and obey me!" He attempted to rise; they assisted him. "Order the women to leave the chamber, and let none intrude while I am there."

And, in a few minutes, Augustus was alone with the dead Emmeline.

The couch had been drawn to the centre of the little room, and a few lights had been placed round it; from the pavement had been carefully erased all marks of the contest, but in a corner, over a chair, had been thoughtlessly flung the perforated mantle, still slowly dripping with the blood of Emmeline. The body lay shrouded in linen, white as snow, from which it was scarcely to be distinguished in complexion; the women had, with melancholy pride, laid out every long bright tress, and in the folded hands were placed a few winter flowers; the face was beautifully placid; she looked as if about to awaken with a smile.

> "So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
> The first, last look, by death revealed.—*Giaour.*

He bent over her, and touched with his lips the serene and virginal brow.

"O maiden!" he murmured, "how deep, how faithful, how pure, has been thine ill-requited love! how enduring, and yet how hopeless! tried by thy suffering, and sealed with thy blood! *Is such, indeed, the love of woman?* Pray for me, thou martyred saint; and the union which has been denied to us on earth, will be granted in heaven! If, here, our love contracted aught of sin, may all that remains of my life be accepted as an atonement; *then* will I follow thee, my own, my loved, my murdered Emmeline!"

His grief, for a moment, lost its calmness, and a few burning tears forced their way. He lifted up one of those lovely and motionless locks of hair, severed it with his poniard, and placed it in his bosom; then stooped again to press her lips, but started from them in horror—how icy chill! Where was the fragrance, the warmth, the life, the love, with which, in a first, last kiss, they had met his a few hours before? He retreated—one look—one long, long look—and he was gone.

Augustus of Altenberg was never seen from that hour. It was supposed that he made use of his knowledge of the subterranean passage to effect his escape.

In two months after, a letter was received by the emperor (who much regretted his loss), and one by his brother, the Count of Altenberg, detailing, exactly, the circumstances that had occurred. Augustus evidently considered such an explanation due to the memory of Emmeline, and to his own.

By Wilhelmina's death-bed confession it appeared, that it was not until the evening before the intended marriage with the Count of Altenberg, that she was at last induced to yield to the supplications of Emmeline to assist in her concealment and flight: had she done so sooner, Emmeline would not have delayed her disappearance till the day fixed for her marriage. Wilhelmina further declared, that nothing could have induced her to comply, had she not been under the conviction that Emmeline would have put an end to her existence, rather than become the wife of the count.

About half a century from the time these events occurred, on the removal of a monastery of La Trappe, by the command of De Rance, the regenerator of that order, a grave, apart from all the others, marked by a rough stone, was observed; on the stone, the name of "Augustus" was rudely carved. On further examination, the body of a monk was found, and underneath his sackcloth shroud, bound round his waist, and knotted over his heart, was a long tress of woman's hair.

Rio de Janeiro, January, 1836.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

MY CONVENT DAYS.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

The most agreeable disappointment of anticipated evil which I recollect of my early years, occurred on my arrival at the Convent of St. Anne, in Normandy, where I was sent (to perfect my French accent), a little, timid, trembling, "down-hearted," day-scholar; very learned in French grammar, and exercises, but so ignorant of the colloquial idioms, that I misunderstood one half of what was said, and was unable to answer the other: in fact, if any one with me, like Brutus, would "pause for a reply," they would have found me one of those estimable Britons who always "*keep* their words,"—for certainly I never gave any words away!

As I walked up the convent avenue of tall white-leaved poplars, my fancy metamorphosed them into the pale figures of deceased nuns, shaking their mournful heads at me, in warning of the severity I should experience; and indeed, I concluded, as nuns are so fond of whipping that they daily flog themselves, their flagellations would be even more liberally bestowed on their scholars, as no self-commiseration need check their amusement. So I looked sadly at the ghostly poplars, and shook my head at them in return.

Having rattled a piece of notched iron hanging to a staple fixed in the wall, a grim old porteress answered this primitive "knocker," admitting me through a wicket in the iron-studded door, which she again carefully bolted. Thence I was ushered into a stone-floored parlour, with a window close to the ceiling, and quite devoid of furniture, excepting some tall, carved chairs, the marble basin of "*eau bénite*," and a ghastly, staring picture of St. Anne dying: at the latter I never dared to look after the first glance, but turned my eyes on the white-washed wall before me, in an agony of terror, until at length the idea of that dreadful gaze being fixed on me, became too oppressive for endurance, and I burst into tears.

I was roused from my undignified sorrows by the sound of footsteps along the vaulted passage: the door opened, and I turned round in desperation, expecting to behold a living copy of the portrait; but my eyes encountered an elegant-looking old lady in a black robe, and snowy coif and cope, with the kindest and most cheerful countenance I had ever seen. Her winning smile seemed actually to enliven the old chairs, to warm the stone floor, and to soften St. Anne's eyes; all my anticipations of sorrow were changed to pleasure at her benign aspect; and those April tears were the last I shed while under her care and instruction.

After the usual preliminary remarks, the good nun questioned me, in excellent English, respecting my favourite pursuits; and, finding these were music and drawing, she informed me the latter accomplishment was her department, besides having charge of the three youngest pupils in the convent. I was to be one of her trio; and the other two were to have a holiday that afternoon with me, *pour faire les premières connoissances.* Any one who has undergone the solitary agony of being "the new girl" in an English school-room, will appreciate my satisfaction at escaping that friendless ordeal.

Madame Marie then conducted me to the gardens behind the Convent, which formed as strong a contrast to the gloomy front, as the sweet countenance of my companion did to the grim St. Anne. There were large parterres belonging to each of the Ladies, containing oleanders, magnolias, Cape jasmines, and other exotics, such as I had hitherto seen only in conservatories: the divisions were marked by low hedges of lavender, in full bloom, resounding with the busy hum of bees; whilst brilliant paroquets, loris, nonpareils, and other gay tropical birds, were sunning themselves on golden swings, in perfect amity with the innumerable Italian greyhounds and Persian cats, that lay basking, upon embroidered cushions, in the sun, seemingly as happy and idle as myself.

Having left me in a bower of clematis and roses, Madame Marie soon returned with her two pupils, introducing them to me as the "Demoiselles Josephine and Coralie de Maynarde;" then telling us to be "*des grandes amies ensemble,*" she departed to collect flowers to form the drawing-lesson of her pupils.

Never was there a stronger contrast than between my new companions. Josephine, who was one year above my own age, was a blonde, with full, expressive blue eyes, and a pensive countenance. Coralie, three years her junior, a brunette, from whose arch eyes laughter seemed determined to exclude sorrow. Josephine was elegant in her attire, tranquil in her amusements: Coralie, who said she was always in a hurry of play or study, would have been a sloven had she not been a Frenchwoman.

Even in their first address the contrast was evinced; Josephine taking both my hands with the grace of an "*élégante,*" and sympathising with me on the sorrow of leaving my native country; while Coralie, giving me an emphatic kiss on both cheeks, said she meant to love me very much if I would tell her merry tales; and she tried to make me smile by playful descriptions and mimicry of some of my future associates.

While we confidentially exchanged histories; viz. that I was to remain two years at the convent—which the sisters (who were the orphan nieces of a Cardinal at Rome) were not to leave until old enough to enter society—Josephine gathered roses through the trellis, placing them under her gipsy Leghorn-hat with the skill of a little coquette; and Coralie, in the midst of a lively story, catching sight of a large butterfly, darted away, chasing it over parterres, crescents, squares, and stars, until she brought it back triumphantly, her colour glowing, her dark hair in rich confusion, and (to Josephine's horror) the bow of her waist-riband twisted half-way round her dress.

The captive butterfly was put through all its paces, and offered various sorts of refreshments, after its journey, in the form of jasmine-honey and rose-dew; but it evinced no gratitude, and, as a punishment, it was doomed by Coralie to march three times over my books. Having an antipathy to creeping things, I declined this favour, retiring behind Josephine. My laughing persecutor followed with the fluttering prisoner, and unfortunately tore the spotless robe of her sister. The angry dandizette, in return, giving her a retributive slap, Coralie screamed loudly; and, in her pain, totally crushed the hapless butterfly!

Two of the elder boarders, who were reading some forbidden sentimental romance in the shady walks, ran up on hearing the disturbance. The cause was feelingly described by Josephine, with tears in her glistening eyes, as having arisen from Coralie's dreadful cruelty to the butterfly; and the crushed remains of the insect clearly confirmed her story.

Little Coralie then heavily sobbed forth her bitter remorse for having unintentionally destroyed the butterfly; but, she added, that her sister only cared for her torn frock, and had made an excuse of the butterfly's pain, after the other accident happened.

This was pronounced by the sentimentalists to be dictated by envy and hardened ill-nature. So they caressed one sister, carried the other off to be placed in *penitence*, and saved me the trouble of studying the character of either, by saying, as they withdrew, "*Voilà comme elles sont toujours; l'une est remplie de sentiment, et l'autre n'a pas de cœur!*"

It would be unnecessary to say aught respecting two happy years passed under the unremitting care of the accomplished and elegant Ladies of St. Anne, except that Josephine de Maynarde was each day more and more caressed for the deep feeling she displayed on even the most trifling occasion.

An attentive listener to the slight grievances of her school-fellows, a perpetual caresser of the old ladies' pet cats and lap-dogs, she courted and obtained popularity from both old and young. Possessing a tone of sentiment much beyond her years, and the most unerring taste in dress of any one in the convent—a gift which was even more esteemed than the other with our budding belles—she was welcomed among her elder scholars, who worked her embroidery, wrote her themes, compositions, &c.; and, in fact, enabled her unfairly to carry away many prizes, without any effort of genius or application.

Coralie, on the contrary, possessed such a flow of spirits, that no one ever thought of confiding to her her little sorrows. Her brilliant talents and facility of acquirement, rendered her independent of assistance from her seniors, and a dreaded rival among her contemporaries; and as for the old ladies' cats and dogs, she daily contrived, in her haste, to step on some of them, incurring a bite from the sufferer, and the anger of its owner. Difficulties arose in her path of learning, which were smoothed for Josephine; but Coralie seemed to take a pride in mastering these without applying for instruction; and this very system of independence served to widen the distance between her and her instructors.

Unloved, rebuked, blamed often unjustly, shunned by all (except by Madame Marie), the repulsed girl gradually lost her high spirits; and, from the continual accusation of being heartless and unamiable, became convinced she really was some inferior nature, unfit for society, She then grew unsocial, careless, desponding; and, at the time I left St. Anne's, she had just declared her intention of taking the veil when she became of age.

Such resolutions, of course, are never combated in a Convent; and, moreover, it was the wish of the Cardinal de Maynarde that one of his nieces should profess; therefore Coralie was voted as likely to be the least loss to society.

Josephine, the flattered and admired, evinced no taste for a conventual life, but constantly expatiated on the charms of social intercourse and friendship, promising that I and the rest of her companions should be invited to share the delights of dear Paris, when she "came out" there, with her aunt. Our self-interest being thus enlisted in her favour by this promised kindness—which she skilfully contrived to make an individual compliment to each of us—while Coralie's nature was too proud to seek amongst us the friendship which none proffered, is it extraordinary, that we all united in the oft-repeated decision, "*L'une est remplie de sentiment, et l'autre n'a pas de cœur?*"

Years rolled on—a juvenile correspondence was not allowed—and I heard nothing of my playmates or the Convent, until, travelling through Normandy, I wrote to inform the good Ladies of St. Anne that I would make a *détour* to revisit their abode.

Madame Marie, in a reply overflowing with affection, said, "It is singular that two of my pupils, long absent, should return here in the same week. A few days since, the place of our lately deceased Superior was taken by one of the *demoiselles de Maynarde*, who came from a Paris convent, where (as you have, doubtless, heard) she had taken the veil; and her uncle, the Cardinal, has now had her placed as Superior here, above those who had better claims.

"Her sister, my lamented pupil, who was greatly admired in the world, formed an attachment to one not worthy of her exquisite affections; and, with blighted hopes and a broken spirit, she died, two months since, in my arms. Well as I knew her enthusiastic character, I did not imagine it was capable of such fatally profound attachment. But this subject is still too painfully fresh in my mind for discussion; and I have written this outline of a sad history, in order to avoid any question from you.

"Our new Superior was so occupied, at Paris, in making arrangements respecting her approaching elevation, together with various innovations in the dress and management of the convent, that she could not find time to visit the dying girl, whose illness she ever treated lightly. I have, consequently, petitioned to be exchanged to another sisterhood."

After reading this letter, I reproached myself for an opinion respecting Josephine, which increasing experience had forced upon me; namely, that her sympathy for others had been too eloquent to be genuine; that her professions of deep feeling were so frequent, and "near the surface," as to appear artificial; her insinuating popular manner might be fictitious; and, finally, to have become so universal a favourite, she must have sacrificed her sincerity, and ministered to the vanity and weakness of all around.

Coralie's character, on the contrary, had risen in my matured recollection: when I recalled many trifling acts of a noble nature, I fancied she might have been misunderstood and unappreciated; and I lamented having, perhaps, too hastily repelled the timid advances of an affectionate, but proud heart, shrinking from an uncertain reception, and masking, under gayety and apparent indifference, those deep feelings, too cherished to be laid open to ridicule.

In the world, I had bitterly learned the distinction between eloquent expression and genuine feeling, which are rarely found united; while, in my own instance, I knew that, even in laughter, the heart is often most sorrowful.

Thus had time completely reversed my earlier estimate of the sisters, but the letter of Madame Marie reinstated them in their former positions. She had not alluded to either sister by name; but there could be no doubt that the brilliant Coralie was the present Superior of St. Anne's; while the deeply feeling Josephine had wasted her heart's best affections, and met woman's usual reward—in sorrow and the grave.

The next day found me retracing the avenue of poplars, which seemed much diminished to my altered vision. The studded door, and its bolts, had lost all imposing effect on my worldly eyes; and in the reception-room, I boldly looked up to out-stare Saint Anne, but I found her place filled by a portrait of the new Superior and her sister, painted by Madame Marie, when they were children. While I gazed on it, Madame Marie entered the room, with much of her former cheerfulness, and all her former kindness. The cut crystals of dried apricots, angelica, and other dainty preparations of the convent, were placed before me, as though years had not elapsed since they had formed my incentives and rewards; and, truly, I rendered as much justice to her fruits and sherbets as if custom and crowded rooms had not undermined my zest for such matters.

The young Superior, forming, of course, the leading theme of our conversation, I asked whether she had tried the pleasure of society, previously to her professing as a nun.

"To be sure she did," said Madame Marie, abruptly, "she tried which would be most to her advantage: entering society, with her aunt, at Paris, she quickly forgot Saint Anne's and her companions; and being greatly admired for her extraordinary beauty, was soon engaged to be married to a very superior person, of good family and expectations; and I regret to say, he is still devoted to this unfeeling woman, who suddenly refused to fulfil their engagement, although, until that period, his least wish had been her law."

"What caused the change in her intentions, madame?"

"The very 'rational' cause, that he has lost the prospect of a considerable property from his uncle."

"But what was her motive for taking the veil?"

"Nothing very creditable to her devotional feelings, *ma bonne amie*: the Cardinal de Maynarde expressed his intention of making over nearly all his fortune to whichever niece first professed; and also, by his interest, she should be appointed Superior of an Order, on the first vacancy."

"I wonder, however, madame, with her beauty and talents, she would not prefer living on her own fortune, amidst the sweet affections of life, rather than immure herself (without feeling the '*vocation*'), for the sake of wealth, which, here, she cannot enjoy or display."

"Under apparent humility, pride and ambition have ever been her ruling passions," replied the nun; "her vanity now consists in being the richest, though youngest, abbess of her day; and, in time, she expects to become a *Grande Chanoinesse*, with liberty to leave the Order. To gratify this ambition, she relinquished the affection of one who could not place her in an equally distinguished position beyond these walls. Alas! in early days, I knew her to be heartless, though plausible; but I could not have believed the corrupting air of the capital would have rendered her so thoroughly worldly and calculating."

"I suppose, madame, it will be necessary for me, on account of former days, to pay my respects to the new Superior?"

"Oh! *ma fille*, she will rejoice to see you: keeping up a connexion with Protestants causes great satisfaction at Rome, from the hope of more of your young people being intrusted at our seminaries."

Madame Marie then led the way along the vaulted passages, now richly carpeted, to a splendidly furnished apartment, lighted by a large painted window, whose many-tinted rays fell on a table, with a cover of purple velvet and gold. There, seated in a *fauteuil* of the same costly material, and reading from an illumined *breviare*, I beheld the youthful and majestic-looking figure of the Superior.

Her dress, composed of the finest materials, was put on with a care that revealed her fine stately form. The rosary from her girdle, the cross on her breast, the *flacon* beside her, were formed of gold and gems. Her face was resting on, and nearly concealed by, her fair hand, covered with antique sacerdotal jewels; but, on hearing my name announced, she looked up from her occupation; and I doubted the evidence of my senses, when—instead of the expected Coralie de Maynarde,—I beheld Josephine, whom I thought in her grave!

My error, which had originated in Madame Marie's letter having omitted to name the two individuals of whom she wrote, had been continued by the formal manner (arising from dislike) in which she always designated Josephine as *Madame la Supérieure*. While this explanation of my mistake flashed through my mind, I turned to look for Madame Marie's aid in the conversation, until I recovered from my astonishment; but she had retired, and the new Superior advanced to greet me with the fascinating manner of a woman of the world, lamenting all correspondence had been prohibited, and recalling our earlier pursuits and pleasures, with much apparent interest.

Josephine de Maynarde had ever possessed an extraordinary memory—that most powerful engine of flattery; without which, even the most determined courtier will be at fault, or in error, sometimes.

This advantage she called to her aid in our interview: and the circumstantial reference to matters concerning myself alone, accompanied by that well-remembered look of interest in her deep blue eyes, had almost (in despite of my better judgment) persuaded me that Madame Marie had spoken against this winning creature from prejudice.

I turned the conversation to some changes which I observed in the convent arrangements; and she said, with evident pride, "Yes, I have effected several improvements, through the influence of my uncle. On hearing of my appointment here, I obtained permission for my Ladies to wear Merino dresses instead of coarse stuff, with clear cambric coifs and copes, instead of heavy linen: these, with broad hems, are rather becoming, and the forehead-bands do not come lower than the hair. I wanted to bring forward bandeaux of the latter, but Madame Marie has got up a petition against it, signed by the old nuns, because their hair is gray!"

"The dress, indeed, is much altered since I was here," said I.

"The great improvement," she continued, "is the skirts being *coupées à pointe*, which reveals the waist; then the pelerines are made wide on the shoulders, and narrowed to the *cordelière;* so that mine is the most becomingly dressed sisterhood in the world, and is, therefore, sure to be enriched!"

"It has already had the accession of two fortunes through you," I remarked, experimentally; "that of his Eminence, and of our poor lost Coralie."

"We do not mention the latter now," returned the Superior, as calmly as if giving orders for some ceremony. "A woman whose affections could not be restrained by prudence and reason, was a disgrace to her relations, and a discredit to her instructors. I always considered it quite unfeminine to admit of an ungovernable, all-engrossing attachment, which could not be withdrawn the moment it became ineligible."

"Very prudent and rational, no doubt, for those who are capable of following it," I replied, as calmly as I could regulate my voice, to conceal my disgust at such an avowal.

"I remonstrated with that unfortunate person," she continued, "on the meanness of her infatuation for one who had deserted her; but her only reply was the hacknied sentiment of 'having staked all on one cast, and lost.' From that day I never saw her again: and, indeed, considering the intensity of her feelings, and consequent mental suffering, I am quite reconciled to her loss."

The young Superior had evidently been thinking aloud, a rare action with those of her studied disposition: but I suppose she here caught a stern, contemptuous expression on my features; for suddenly, with a total change of voice, and the look of uncharitable condemnation banished from her beautiful eyes, she pressed my hand, and said, meekly, "You know, dear friend, that, in my position, the indulgence of earthly regrets would be considered sinful."

The *cloche à vépres* here ceased its summoning chime; and the beautiful nun, having embraced me tenderly, departed to her Oratory, saving me from uttering the vehement and indignant reply suggested by her cold allusion to the fate of the gifted, warm-hearted, unappreciated Coralie.

My beloved instructress, Madame Marie, being engaged at vespers in the Chapel when the carriage was sent for me, I had no opportunity of stating the error into which her letter had led me, by not mentioning the names of the sisters; but, ere I left the convent, I once more gazed on the double portrait of Coralie and the new Superior; and I bitterly thought, "Yes, truly, the one *was* full of feeling, and the other *has* no heart!"

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

BEATRICE; OR, THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

BY CHARLES WHITE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ALMACK'S REVISITED," "BELGIC REVOLUTION," ETC. ETC. ETC.

Amongst the fairest and most accomplished young women that graced the small court of the Duke of ——, was Beatrice, daughter of the Count von Edelstein, a German nobleman, holding a high situation near the person of the reigning sovereign. Beatrice was the count's only child; and, having had the misfortune to lose her mother at an early age, she was committed to the sole guidance of a Swiss governess, who, as usual in Germany, was expressly imported from Lausanne, for that purpose. The count rarely interfered; he was too much occupied with attending upon his serene master, when at the "residenz," and too much devoted to the indispensable glories of the chase, when at his "schloss," in the country, to be able to spare time for the superintendence of his daughter's education. He was satisfied upon hearing of her progress from the mouth of her governess; and of witnessing, with his own eyes, her rapid advancement in grace and beauty. Besides, the count was too much impressed with the excellence of all things and persons belonging to himself, to question, for an instant, the superiority of his daughter over every other young woman, not positively of royal or mediatised blood. His pretensions, in this respect, were not altogether unfounded.

At an early age, Beatrice was as remarkable for the readiness of her wit, as for the facility she displayed in acquiring those various accomplishments that distinguish German women of the higher classes; especially in the north, where the sex may be said to unite the lighter graces of the French, with much of the moral solidity of the English, combined with a degree of ingeniousness and elevated sentiment—a peculiarity, which gives an inexpressible charm to their manner and conversation. Beatrice danced admirably; no one was more remarkable for her grace in the waltz, or her agility in the cotillon. She played with execution on more than one instrument; and possessed one of those rich voices, whose mellow tones thrill through the innermost fibres of the heart. She sang the native melodies, so dear to Germans, with the most touching and affecting simplicity. She was mistress of several languages—speaking French, English, and Italian, with idiomatic proficiency; and her personal charms corresponded with her mental perfections. In short, she was one of those gifted creatures that seem placed in the world as a connecting link between frail humanity and the inhabitants of a purer sphere.

During such intervals as the count could snatch, either from escorting his serene mistress, the duchess, during her airings up and down the poplar alleys that ornamented the approaches to the capital, or from ambling after his serene master round the court riding-school; from playing at ombre or Boston with the palace boares, or shooting those of the forests of Edelstein, he was wont to abandon himself to the most splendid reveries; for he calculated with the utmost certainty upon his daughter making a matrimonial connexion, if not with the scion of some mediatised house, at least with one of the noblest, most "*stift-fähig*" "*hof-fähig*" families from the Luneberg heaths, to the fertile banks of the Danube.[*]

It was in one of these moments of leisure, and paternal expansion, that Count Edelstein called his lovely child to his side, placed her upon his knee, and, passing his hand, the forefinger of which was, of course, decorated with the huge family signet, through her luxuriant curls, puffed forth a long column of smoke, very indifferent canaster, from his favourite hereditary meerschaum; and exclaimed, "Upon my noble honour, Beatrice, thou art a fair creature—a true Edelstein! It would indeed be marvellous if thou dost not make me grandfather to a long line of princes."

"Be certain, father," replied the daughter, blushing, "that I will never sell myself, though it were for the kaiser's crown. No love—no Beatrice."

"Bah!" retorted the count, "thou should'st say, No money—no Swiss."

"Call it what thou will'st," answered Beatrice; "but rely on it, that I will pass all my life with thee, whom I tenderly love, unless I find some one whom I can love better. In such matters my heart must be my guide. '*König ist hier, wer dem Augere gefällt.*'"

"Stupid, sentimental trash," rejoined Edelstein; "Schiller was an ass for writing such nonsense; and thou a greater, for repeating it. King, child, is he who has estates, peasants, money, consideration, and, above all, rank and unsullied blood. He who can claim those privileges as a right, which are merely granted as favours to others. King is he who lives with kings, and can command the first place at court for his wife, and whose children are born members of noble and wealthy chapters. But no more of this: thou art now past eighteen years of age; it is time to think of bestowing thy hand upon some one worthy of our house. Thou art a good girl, and wilt never do aught to displease me."

Beatrice had, however, far different notions respecting such matters. Indeed, nothing could be more opposite than the character of the father and the child. She knew that nature had been lavish to her of its most precious gifts. She was told so by her governess, and by her father; and whenever she appeared in public, a hundred admiring eyes corroborated the fact. Indeed, what girl can long remain in ignorance of such agreeable, yet oftimes fatal truths? Endowed with more than ordinary susceptibility, her favourite studies served to foster these tendencies. From the works of Schiller, Göthe, Lessing, and other illustrious fathers of romantic literature, she extracted nourishment for the exaltation of her mind; and, ere she had attained her seventeenth year, had acquired an intensity of feeling, and exaggeration of character, that were unusual even in her classic land of romance. She was also familiar with the most celebrated literary productions of France and England; and thus while the susceptibilities of her soul were augmented by the works of her native authors, the perusal of those of foreign countries inspired her with the utmost contempt for those prejudices of birth, that are generally carried to extreme lengths in Germany. She never thwarted her father in any of his dissertations on the virtues of nobility. She was aware that it would be useless; but she steadfastly made up her mind never to sacrifice the affections of her heart, to what she considered an absurd and Gothic prejudice.

Edelstein was the very antipodes of his daughter. He deemed all feelings, all susceptibilities of the heart, as only worthy of lunatics, or persons of obscure birth. His idol was nobility; to this, the ruling passion, money, was almost secondary. He had as much horror of a *mésalliance* as of a revolution. With him the terms were synonymous. Upon such matters, he would listen to no arguments; no logic could make any impression on his mind. It was a kind of fixed idea—an hallucination. In other matters, however, he much resembled the generality of his class in Germany. He had been educated, of course, at a university, where, by dint of drinking beer and duelling, he had successively risen from the grade of a "raw fox" to that of patriarchal "bursch." He could support a carouse with the strongest head; few were more expert in the use of arms; none more versed in all the minutiæ of the "pandect."[*] He left Heidelberg, not boasting, certainly, of great progress in *litteræ humaniores*, but with the reputation of being one of the most haughty and uncompromising youths that ever entered its classic walls. He was, in fact, descended from one of the oldest families of the empire; and boasted that he could count a list of ancestors more true in blood than the house of Hapsburg itself. He talked of knights of the crusade as other men now speak of knights of the Guelph; and said, that the tree of his house already bore ripe baronial fruit, ere those of many royal branches in Germany had even shot forth a single bud.

From the university, he entered a Prussian hussar regiment, and distinguished himself as much by his courage as by his inveterate pride and obstinacy. He had only two gods—his nobility and his money. Right or wrong, there was no possibility of drawing from him a concession. His tenacity and susceptibility were the source of constant altercations. The mere omission of a word of etiquette in conversation, or in the endless forms necessary for the superscription of a letter, were mortal offences, only to be cancelled by the sword. He, moreover, adhered to the practice of addressing his inferiors in the third person, and gloried in having given and received a score or two of sabre cuts in consequence of this proceeding.*

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[*] *Stift-fähig*, eligible to a noble chapter. None but those who can prove their full unadulterated sixteen quarters are entitled to such privilege. The purists even went to say, that our own *principes* were not, strictly speaking, within the limits, as there was some flaw in the reign of George the Second. *Hof-fähig*, admissible to court. It is essential to be of noble blood to have even the common *entrée*. Military officers, are, however, excepted. In some provinces, these distinctions are carried to extreme lengths. At Münster, in Westphalia, for instance, no person of either sex can be admitted to the balls at the noble cassino, without submitting their genealogical tree to the committee; and, if the fraction of a quarter be wanting, the applicant is, if we may use the expression, dis-Almacksed.

[*] Raw fox (*crasser fuchs*,) *Anglicè*, "freshman." Students, upon the first matriculation, are so denominated. After being introduced to a *commerce*, or carouse, they are called, for the first six months, *brandfüchse*, or "fire-foxes," because, upon the occasion of these carouses, they are obliged to ride round the table upon broom-sticks, with *lighted* paper pig-tails in their coats. *Fuchs*, or fox, is the generic name for all students who have not accomplished their first twelve months. After that they are entitled to be called *bursch*, or "boy," or, more properly, "out-and-outer." The *pandect*, or *comment*, is the code of laws and customs which regulate the conduct of the students one to another. See *Das Leben auf Universitäten*, &c. Sonderhausen, 1822.

In all matters of family alliance, Edelstein's severity was so great, that he had quarrelled for ever with his only sister, for having been guilty of a *mésalliance*; that is, she had selected for her husband a baron by recent patent, and not of ancient prescription. He had himself married late in life; and having obtained honourable dismissal from the Prussian service, returned to his native country, where he was subsequently appointed master of the horse. He had now attained his sixty-fifth year; but, with advancing age, he had preserved in fact all the prejudices of his youth, and the violence and obstinacy of his character.

In many of the minor, as well as superior German courts, the consent or signature of the sovereign is necessary to legalise the marriage contract of officers, or public functionaries; and, even where this formality is not urgent, there are few persons of rank who would risk incurring royal frowns, by neglecting to consult their princes on such occasions. Edelstein, though proud as Lucifer, deemed it expedient not to omit this compliment; and he found his serene master and mistress already prepared with a reply. Their highnesses had long decided that it was important, in the first place, that Beatrice should marry; and, secondly, that her future lord should not only lay claim to blood as gentle as her own, but that he should be a native of their own dominions, and in their own service. Thus the society of the wife would be preserved as an ornament to their court, and the revenues of the husband be expended in the "residenz." It is necessary to have dwelt in one of these miniature capitals to comprehend the importance attached to such apparent trifles; but where large fortunes are rare, and the population limited, the subtraction of twenty or thirty thousand dollars from annual circulation, becomes a matter of serious financial calculation, not only to tradesmen, but even to the court itself.

After sundry conferences, the secret researches into the heraldic archives and rentals of different noble families, their highnesses were spared further trouble by the spontaneous offers of a nobleman, who possessed every essential; save that, of all others, perhaps, the most important in the present instance—the faculty of making an impression on the heart of the lovely Beatrice.

Count Hirschthal, the individual in question, occupied the post of "ober jäger meister," or, in our court pharseology, master of the buck-hounds. He was of middle age, remarkable for no striking moral or physical defects, and being of ancient family, and very rich, would have been considered an eligible match, perhaps, by any other young woman less romantic or independent in spirit than Beatrice. He was a favourite at court; and, indeed, possessed many essential qualities for such distinction. He had not even a bubble of wit of his own, but a happy talent for discovering and laughing at the leaden jokes of the prince. He was an admirable collector of town twaddle, and had an endless magazine of gossip. He boasted of having beaten Philidor at chess, and yet, somehow, he never could avoid being checkmated by his serene master. He could drive a bullet through the ring of a key at a hundred yards, with his rifle; and yet a wild boar, as huge as a bonassus, would pass unscathed by him, if his highness had previously fired and missed the valiant brute. In short, he was gifted with excellent court tact, and was looked upon as a mirror of good-breeding.

He had been much struck with the beauty and graces of Beatrice, and still more profoundly affected by the sight of the noble domains of Edelstein, Adlershof, and the large mansion in the capital. He had paid much attention to the one during two carnivals, and had dreamed of the others with great constancy during twice as many years; and, as he found that he was not making all the progress he could desire in the heart of the lady, he determined to enlist his serene master in his cause, and solicit his gracious interest with the count and his daughter. He declared himself passionately in love; and, in truth, he really did admire Beatrice more than any thing in the world, except his place, her estates, and the court dinners. Thus, when Edelstein opened his mind to the prince and princess, and requested their highnesses' counsel, he was overjoyed on finding that he had been anticipated by the very man whom, of all others, he most coveted for a son-in-law.

This intelligence was quickly conveyed to the *ober jäger meister*, by his serene protector. The former lost no time in ordering out his gala carriage; he bedecked himself in his full dress uniform, bade his servants put on their best liveries, and wash their faces; and then, ordering his jäger to equip himself with his embroidered baldric, and silver-hilted hunting sword, proceeded in state to the residence of the master of the horse. Here he announced in due form the object of his visit; he urged his suit with as much ardour as if he had been pursuing an eighteen-branched stag; and entreated his noble friend to place his name and fortune at the feet of his daughter. His request was well received; Beatrice's heart was declared to be as much disengaged as her hand: and he took his leave, having obtained Edelstein's solemn promise that he might consider the affair arranged.

No sooner had he departed than the count proceeded to his daughter's apartment, and there, briefly stating what had occurred, thus concluded: "You will therefore immediately prepare to receive his excellency, the *ober jäger meister*, as your future husband."

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* It may not be superfluous to mention, that a marked distinction exists in Germany in the forms of locution, according to the respective ranks of the interlocutors. The King of Prussia generally speaks in the infinite mood, and shows some skill in being able to turn his phrases to this effect; but most other sovereigns employ the third person "he." Equals adopt the plural, "you;" and, where individuals of rank cannot employ "he," or do not condescend to use "you," they say "thou;" but this does not argue intimacy, but superiority. Parents, children, and intimate friends, speak in the second person *singular*.

If the sudden shock produced by this intelligence upon the mind of Beatrice was almost overwhelming, the surprise and anger of her father was not less intense, upon hearing her reply, after a short pause, "Father, thou surely canst not be serious,—I scarcely know the count."

"Serious!" exclaimed Edelstein, his eyes gleaming,—"yes! by all my forefathers, I am as serious as mortal sinner on the bed of confession."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the daughter; "thou canst not be so cruel to thy only child."

"Cruel, Beatrice! is there cruelty in wishing to establish you in a situation that will be coveted by every maiden in Engelsbad? 'Tis *I* should ask thee, if thou art not trifling?"

"No! by my sainted mother's memory am I not! Never was resolve more fixed than mine; I cannot marry the count."

"Beware how you excite my choler," retorted Edelstein; "I, also, am fixed in purpose. As sure as thou art my only child, thou shalt marry him."

"Never!" replied Beatrice, calmly, but firmly—"never!"

Then, placing her beautiful arm round her parent's neck, she added, "Father! ask my life—thou gav'st it, thou canst take it. To spare thee mental or bodily agony, I would suffer death. To die is nothing—but to live a life of odious misery, such as that, is worse than death."

"Why," rejoined the father, somewhat softened by the fervency of her manner, "what are your objections? Is he not nearly as noble as ourselves? The father of the first Baron Hirschthal fell at Roncesvalles. Has he not fortune and place? and does he not stand high in courtly favour? Every woman in the 'residenz' is in love with him."

"But I am not, and never can be," retorted Beatrice.

"You shall!—you must!" exclaimed the father.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the daughter.

"Impossible!" vociferated the count—"an Edelstein knows no such word. Remember our family device, 'all's possible to the brave.' Your great ancestor, the tenth Count Edelstein, gained it by riding up the breach of a fortress of Palestine, in the face of a host of Saracens. But I waste words. His excellency has my promise; an Edelstein never yet broke a vow."

"Heaven have pity on me then!" replied the maiden; "I tell thee, father, if you force me to this detested marriage, a shroud shall be my bridal dress."

"Romantic nonsense! my purpose is irrevocable; I would sooner hew off my right hand than retract."

"Oh! father," said Beatrice, "the bare idea is death; what would be the reality?"

Surprised at the earnestness of his daughter's manner, the count answered: "What are your motives? Why this headstrong opposition? Your heart is disengaged?"

Beatrice turned deadly pale, and her frame trembled violently.

"Your heart is disengaged, I repeat?"

Beatrice made no reply; but she clasped her hands together by an involuntary and expressive movement.

"What!" exclaimed the father, his anger rapidly increasing, "is it possible? No! it cannot be! answer me, girl; have you dared think of any other person without my knowledge? Speak! I repeat," he continued, with increasing vehemence. "You hesitate—I see guilt on your forehead."

After a short pause, during which Beatrice was struggling with violent emotion, she replied with animation, "Yes, father, I love."

"Love!" retorted Edelstein, his voice choked with anger, "who is the man that has dared to gain your affections without consulting me, your parent? Who is it?"

"That is my secret, father," mildly replied the other: "it is buried here—here, in this heart thou would'st fain break."

"Were a thousand hearts to break, it matters not, girl! No! were the person worthy of you—were he not some obscure, some base-born fellow, thou would'st not evince this hesitation: but I shall discover him; my hand is not so feeble that I cannot avenge an insult. Listen to my irrevocable vow. My curse, my malediction be upon thee, if thou dost not forthwith consent to marry Count Hirschthal!"

Thus saying, he rushed from the room.

When Beatrice had somewhat recovered from the effect of this scene, she wrote and despatched the following note.

"Dearest Emily,—I always told you that I was born to misfortune; that the hopes and joys of this world are but idle deceptions, illusive dreams. My father knows that I love—but not the object of my affection. This he shall never know. He has sworn that I shall marry Count Hirschthal, under penalty of his malediction. I would sooner perish! I have sworn to Alfred never to become the wife of another. An Edelstein never broke a pledge. Let that console him. No, Emily, I can die, but ne'er be false. '*Mit ihm, mit ihm ist seligkeit, und ohne Alfred Hölle.*' Come to me, I am distracted."

The young person to whom these lines were addressed, was the orphan daughter of an officer, a soldier of fortune, who had fallen in the generous effort of saving Edelstein's life in a charge of cavalry. She was of the same age as the Countess Beatrice; and, out of gratitude, had been selected by the count, as the playmate and companion of his daughter. They had been reared and educated together; and were as sisters in confidence and affection. Emily had a brother, a young officer of extraordinary promise, who was considered, not only the most accomplished, but the handsomest youth in the duchy of ———. He was a protegé of the count's, and owed to him his education and advancement. Little was the latter aware that the humble youth was the object of his daughter's love.

Alfred Dolmau had known his sister's friend from her infancy. When a boy, he had been allowed to visit the mansion at will. At a later period he had frequent opportunities of seeing Beatrice; and, as the count would as soon have imagined that the young penniless orphan would aspire to the hand of an archduchess of Austria as to that of his daughter, he frequently invited him to his house in town and country, and permitted him almost uncontrolled access to her presence. Dangerous and fatal privilege! The childish fondness they felt for each other had grown with their growth, and ripened into tender sympathy.

This sympathy had terminated in a devoted attachment, to which the romantic character of Beatrice gave an intensity bordering on ecstatic worship. It was not, however, until the preceding summer, that the lovers' lips had first proclaimed the secret that their eyes and manner had so often betrayed. They had then pledged their faith to each other, with all the solemnity and vehemence of the most ardent passion. This engagement had sunk deep in the mind of Beatrice: she was an utter stranger to all coquetry; she did not look on a vow as one of those idle assurances so commonly given, so commonly violated. It was made in the face of God; she had invoked Heaven as her witness, and to her it was as binding as though a minister of the church had sanctified it with his blessing.

To describe the feelings of Alfred when his sister communicated the contents of her friend's note would be impossible. Jealousy, admiration, tenderness, and despair, alternately racked his heart. He rushed, like one frantic, from the house, and passed the night in wandering in the adjacent forest. His miserable sister dreaded lest he should be brought home, a corpse. At length, he returned; but in a state of mind scarcely less frantic than when he quitted the house. Disregarding all obstacles,—the character of the count, and the madness of aspiring to the hand of Beatrice, he talked of throwing himself at her father's feet, and of trying to soften his heart. He then declared his resolution to provoke Hirschthal to single combat; forgetting that he could only meet with insult from the one, imprisonment and the vengeance of the prince in consequence of the other. In vain, his sister argued.

The voice of reason in such cases is a feeble barrier to the frenzy of passion.

After one or two days passed in this state, Alfred's better genius at length prevailed. His ingratitude towards his benefactor, and the horrible idea of bringing down a father's malediction upon the head of the woman he loved, or of involving her in his own misery, was insupportable.

His principles of honour were of the highest order; and although the result should be death, he resolved to make an effort to subdue his feelings, and to give a proof that he was worthy of Beatrice's esteem.

"Sister," said he, "my resolution is now immutably adopted. I have been wild, more than insane, to think of Beatrice. The prejudices of birth have placed an insuperable barrier between us. God knows how tenderly, how devotedly I love her. The feelings can only end with life;—but I have a duty, a holy duty to perform. I cannot boast of noble ancestors, but my own deeds shall ennoble us. It never shall be said, that, in order to gratify my own selfishness, I brought a father's curse upon a daughter's head. No! I will fly the country. Beatrice must marry the count! She says she will not break a pledge: tell her I will release her from her vow; say to her, that I implore her to submit to her father's commands! nay, more—say, I bid her do so! We must meet once more—I will then absolve her from her promise. Go! I will hasten to the palace, and offer my resignation. Thou shalt come with me into Italy. My talents as a painter will suffice for our support. I will try to live for thee."

Emily made no opposition to this proposal; and, in the course of the day, communicated it to her friend.

Beatrice listened calmly. She shed no tears; but, after some minutes' meditation, replied,—

"Be it so; he has shown to me an example of submission that must be imitated. Beatrice von Edelstein will not be outdone in generosity. He shall not have upon his soul the remorse of bringing down a parent's malediction upon a wretched daughter's head. The nauseous draught shall be swallowed. My father shall see, that to an Edelstein 'all is possible.' Return, my dear Emily, and inform your brother that I applaud his resolutions. You say that he earnestly implores a last interview. Let him come to the chapel in the left wing of the mansion, at eight, on the eve of the day fixed for my nuptials with Count Hirschthal."

The young maidens had scarcely separated, ere Beatrice descended to her father's cabinet, and, with a tone of mild supplication, thus addressed him:—

"Father, does not your heart relent? must the odious sacrifice be consummated? am I to be forced into this marriage—this living sepulchre?"

"May Heaven's vengeance light on thee and me, if I prove faithless to my promise!" replied the count. "The duke has fixed this day week for the ceremony; their highnesses will honour us in person."

"In a week!" exclaimed Beatrice, and she shuddered.

"I have sworn it," replied the count.

"Then Heaven's will be done!" said the unhappy girl; "and may the dire consequences of this horrid decision fall lightly upon thee, my father. But no more;—tell Count Hirschthal the victim is prepared. Oh, that I had no heart, or that it would burst!"

The count could scarcely credit what he heard; his joy at having obtained his daughter's consent, superseded all other considerations. He little heeded the solemn expressions of her agony, which he attributed to the romantic exaggeration of her character; and, as he had no faith in the duration of such sentiments, he already saw her, in his mind's eye, one of the happiest, as she would be the most noble and wealthy woman at court. He rose,—pressed her to his heart,—lavished upon her every possible expression of parental tenderness, and declared that she was not only thrice worthy of her noble lineage, but even too good for Hirschthal.

The eve of the day appointed for the marriage ceremony had already arrived. It was towards the close of December. The weather was cold and gloomy,—sombre as the hearts of the young couple who were to meet for the last time. The hour fixed by Beatrice for this interview was nigh at hand. She had seen her Emily in the morning; and the latter remarked, with joy, that Beatrice appeared more calm, more resigned, than upon the previous days. She seemed to have armed her mind with a degree of unwonted fortitude and philosophy, far different from the accustomed vivacity of her nature. She bade adieu to Emily with a tearless but solemn tenderness, saying,—

"God bless thee, dearest sister; alas! to-morrow, when thou see'st me—how changed! Well may I exclaim with Lessing, 'The flowers of my life have bloomed away—the dreams of my youth are dreamed out.' Adieu! tell your brother I shall await him in the chapel."

An hour before the given time, Edelstein entered his daughter's apartment, and, taking from a casket a splendid set of jewelry, said,—

"These, my child, are thine. They were thy mother's; pure as may be the lustre of these gems, they are less so than thee. Ah! could our long line of noble ancestors wake from their graves"—

"Let them sleep, father," rejoined Beatrice, solemnly; "their descendant envies their repose."

"They would say," continued the count, "that thou as far outshinest them as these diamonds exceed those pearls in lustre."

"Pearls! father," replied the maiden, "pearls betoken tears. It is an ominous gift. Can'st shed tears, father? If so, prepare the fountain of thine eyes, for to-morrow shall be a day of mourning."

Edelstein was about to quit the room, much affected at his daughter's manner, when she exclaimed, "I have yet a boon to crave."

"Ask and it is granted," retorted the count.

"It is thy blessing."

"Why at this moment, my child? besides, do I not hourly bless thee, and Providence, for granting me such a daughter as thou? I must hasten to take his highness's commands for to-morrow; I have some business, also, to transact with your future husband. In an hour or two I shall return, and bless thee for the last time as Beatrice von Edelstein."

"We are frail creatures, father," rejoined Beatrice; "God can give, he can take away; life is but as the down on the mountain flower; a breath, and it is sped. Who knows? I have a heaviness—an icy, leaden heaviness, that oppresses my soul. Give me, I implore thee, thy benediction."

The count placed one hand on his daughter's head, and, raising the other to heaven, fervently invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon her; then, pressing her to his bosom, he hastened from the chamber to conceal his emotion.

No sooner had he departed, than Beatrice threw herself upon her knees, and for a while prayed fervently; then rising, and opening a cabinet, she took from it a small phial of some dark fluid. For a while she gazed at it intently, and then placed it upon the table. She then clasped her hands before her, and, with heaving bosom, expanded nostrils, and fixed eye, stood motionless, like some noble production from the divine chisel of Canova. Intense moral agony was depicted upon her brow; a mental struggle was passing between the gloomy certainty of the living morrow, and the dark terrors of eternal night. But the combat was brief. With one hand she flung back the rich luxuriant curls that clustered in disorder round her forehead; with the other she seized the phial, and, in an instant its contents were drained to the last dreg.

"Father, unhappy father, may my sin not fall on thee hereafter!" were the only words she uttered, as she sank half fainting on her seat.

The loud toll of the cathedral clock now boomed upon her ear. It was the first stroke of the appointed hour. She seized a light, descended the staircase, and hastily traversed the long suite of splendid apartments that were already prepared for the bridal feast. In a moment more she gained the oratory, and the unhappy Alfred stood before her. For some time the wretched lovers gazed upon each other without utterance. They silently regarded each other's features, and were struck with the fierce ravages that grief had *worked in them*. The hand of time seemed to have *advanced by years.*

At length the maiden exclaimed,—"Alfred, you wished to see me before your departure; 'twere better had we spared each other this cruel interview. But our meeting must be brief. Time flies; my hours are numbered."

"Oh! to-morrow, to-morrow," rejoined he, "you will have leisure sufficient: grant me but a few moments, and I will bless you."

"To-morrow, Alfred? alas! for me there is no morrow," answered Beatrice, with solemnity.

"Talk not thus I implore you—it will drive me to madness."

"'Twere a blessing sometimes," replied the young countess; yes, 'twere better to outlive reason than to outlive hope."

"Oh! would that I had lost the one, when the other perished," rejoined her lover. "To-morrow!—God in heaven! to-morrow will be the grave of all that made life dear to me—and yet of what use is life to such a wretch as I? Oh! Beatrice, if you knew how I have loved you, worshipped you from infancy. Absent, present, awake, asleep, your loved image has been my only star. It has been my light, my being, my very self—bereft of thee I cannot live."

"Live, Alfred! I command you," replied Beatrice, earnestly: "live as you value my peace now and hereafter. Swear to me, swear by the memory of our innocent loves, swear by your immortal soul, that you will not seek to shorten the days which God has granted thee."

Alfred bent his head—paused.

"Swear, I repeat," exclaimed Beatrice, "as you would hope for my blessing!"

Alfred raised the forefingers of his right hand, whilst he bent his head, and answered, "I swear: yes, Beatrice, I swear! But hearken: honour and duty command that I should absolve you from your vow; you are the affianced of another: but I also swear never to forget you, either in health or sickness; whether as the bride of another, or as you are now standing, in all the godlike purity of virgin innocence; whether amidst the living splendour of courts, or in the gloomy silence of the grave—nothing shall tear you from my heart. No!—may the warm life-blood curdle in my veins, and may this right hand wither, if e'er I stretch it forth in love or amity to human soul, if I forget thee. I ask for no return: you are absolved—absolved for ever. I crave your pity—before to-morrow dawns I shall fly for ever."

"Oh, Alfred," replied the maiden, "am I not to be pitied? Ah! you know not half the horrid sacrifice—but the time will come when all will be revealed."

She now paused, her voice became enfeebled; an icy chilness was creeping towards her heart, whilst the fever of ten thousand fires burned fiercely in her throat.

"Begone—begone," she added; "I must leave you whilst I have yet strength."

The poison had evidently commenced its deadly action. A marble, livid paleness o'erspread her features; her eye had lost its lustre, and the vermilion of her quivering lip had been replaced by an ashy whiteness.

"God of my fathers! exclaimed Alfred, in an agony of distress, "you are ill; accursed that I am!"

"'Tis nothing!—Here," said she, taking from her bosom a locket set in brilliants, "wear this for my sake; 'twas my dying mother's gift."

At this moment, the echo of voices and footsteps resounded through the adjoining chamber. Beatrice collected her remaining strength, and exclaimed, "Fly! fly, as you hope for my dying blessing—fly! it is my father: fly, or you are lost!"

The effort was too much for her: her brain turned with sickening dizziness; she staggered, and fell senseless into the arms of the wretched Alfred.

At that instant, the doors of the oratory were burst open; and no language can describe the surprise and fury of Edelstein and his intended son-in-law on discovering Alfred leaning against the altar, his left arm supporting the inanimate body of Beatrice, which he pressed with frantic agony to his heart, whilst in his right, he presented a pistol in the direction of the entrance.

"In the name of God!" exclaimed the youth, "do as you will with me, but bring help, or she perishes! the chill hand of death is on her!"

"Traitor! base-born seducer!" was the simultaneous reply of both counts. In an instant, their swords sprang from their scabbards. The weapons were buried in the body of their victim. The pistol had also exploded—its effect was mortal. Within a few minutes, three inanimate bodies were conveyed from the little chapel. The maledictions of the whole city fell upon the youthful murderer.

About five years subsequent to this catastrophe, a stranger of prepossessing countenance and noble carriage, but bearing on his brow the traces of profound suffering and premature old age, arrived at the romantic and secluded village of ——, situated on the banks of the river Lahn, near the frontier of the duchy of ——.

He was supposed to be a foreigner, and an artist; for he spoke, or feigned to speak, little of the language, and amongst his effects were different utensils of a painter. He hired a small chamber at a retired inn; lived in the utmost seclusion; held no communication with any of the inhabitants; neither wrote nor received letters, and occupied himself solely with painting and mechanics.

His mysterious manners at first excited the suspicion of the local authorities; but, on examination, his papers were found to be in order. Beyond his mere name, Charles Lamotte, nothing could be discovered about or against him; and he was, therefore, permitted to remain unmolested. His reputation with the simple villagers was, however, somewhat equivocal; for, independent of his strolling about after nightfall in the adjacent forests, where he was heard talking to himself, or as if communing with some invisible spirit, he pored over books, containing mystic figures and symbols, he used strange instruments, and other supposed agents of necromancy: and it was, therefore, bruited abroad, that he was either the Wandering Jew, or a personage holding dealings with Satan. This belief was confirmed by the village brazier and tinman, who asserted, in confidence, to his customers, that he had been called upon to assist Monsieur Lamotte in fixing up, in his chamber, a strange and devilish machine, surmounted by a glass globe; that he, Lamotte, had gone into the next room, and, although there was no apparent communication, had spoken as distinctly to him as though placed at his side, and told him of all his movements and looks as truly as though under his very eyes. However, as he paid regularly for his modest chamber and repasts, and there was no farther evidence against him, matters were allowed to take their course, and, after a month, the subject was forgotten.

The magician, or, rather, mechanician, for such, in fact, he was, usually passed his evenings, after sunset, in strolling through the dense woods that clothed the craggy and romantic borders of the river. He appeared well acquainted with the neighbouring country, but it was remarked that he studiously avoided passing the limits that divided the principality of —— from the duchy of ——. On one of these occasions, however, instead of confining his ramble to the confines of ——, he struck into the woods of the duchy, and rapidly bent his steps towards the picturesque ruins of an old feudal bourg, whose donjon still reared its venerable head on the summit of a lofty crag, near the borders of the river.

The castle itself was in ruins, but the proprietor had built a modern edifice at its base, evidently intended as a summer retreat. The spot appeared familiar to the stranger; for, on gaining the enclosure of the garden and vineyard, he made straight to a wicket, concealed by a mass of ivy and creepers, entered the enclosure, and directed his steps towards a rustic temple, that commanded a view of the adjacent valley.

It was a night of peculiar brightness and serenity. The moon shone splendidly, and threw her mellow light upon the fair prospect around. Hill, wood, and dale, were defined with mid-day accuracy. Myriads of twinkling stars spangled in the firmament. The silence of the surrounding scene was unbroken even by the breeze; the notes of the very nightingale were hushed. It was a night for meditation: a night for communing with past recollections, with images that can alone be recalled in the calm hours of solitude. The stranger stood for a while with his arms crossed, and gazed upon the lonely, tranquil scene: then, taking from his bosom something that glistened in the moon's rays, as though 'twere set with gems, he pressed it fervently to his lips and heart. Then he moved slowly onward towards the eminence on which stood the temple. He was about to enter, when his eye lit upon a vision that transfixed him, breathless, to the spot.

The stranger had been a soldier; he had faced death with undaunted valour by field and flood, and his cheek had never blanched; but his knees now smote violently, his body quaked like the light aspen, his eyes seemed starting from their orbits, his teeth, chattered for very awe. It is a fearful thing, reader, to meet, or fancy that one stands before, a being of another world. To see the grave yield back its dead is awful; the stoutest heart might quail.

Near the window stood a tall female figure; the moon's rays fell brightly, distinctly, upon its wan and death-like features—there could be no error. It stood there motionless as death. Whether ethereal spirit or mortal body, 'twas there; plain, distinct, as the very moon itself—it bore the image of Beatrice! An involuntary groan burst from the tortured heart of the stranger. The figure turned. Its eyes fell upon him, melancholy and glassy, such as they are when fixed in death. A piercing shriek was heard; and in an instant more, Alfred, the exile, pressed once more to his bosom, the living, but wasted and inanimate, form of his beloved Beatrice.

A few days subsequent, the stranger was suddenly missed from the village. His books, his drawings, all his trifling property, remained untouched. He had been last seen in the woods leading towards the ruined Castle of Adlershof. On the same day that he was missed, the hat of Beatrice was found by her attendants upon the edge of the precipice overhanging the foaming Lahn. Her scarf was seen waving some yards beneath, from the branch of a stunted shrub, that shot forth its gnarled limbs from between a casual crevice. There were marks of footsteps upon the banks above, as if two persons had struggled violently. Count Edelstein's noble daughter had, apparently, perished.

About seven or eight years from this period, a venerable German nobleman arrived at ——, on a mission to the Court of ——. Amongst the sights to which he was conducted, was the exhibition of the "Invisible Girl," which, at the epoch alluded to, excited general attention, as much from the ingenuity of the deception, as from the varied talents of the unknown female from whom it derived its appellation.

The nobleman was requested by a friend to address the performer in his native tongue,—a request he complied with, saying, "Fair invisible, since you profess to know all things, and combine the talents of a magician with all the graces of a siren,—tell me, I pray you, who I am, and whence I come?" There was no answer. The nobleman repeated his question. Still there was a silence. The bystanders smiled, and some observed they did not think she spoke the language. The nobleman again addressed her, and pressed her to speak. There was still a pause. At length the voice replied, "Thy heart would quail, old man, were I to say all I know." The count started, but rejoined, "Speak! there is no one here that understands the language; since you know so much, speak! Whence am I?"

"From the land where the feelings of humanity and nature are sacrificed to the prejudices of blood."

The nobleman again started, and turned pale; the voice had struck upon an awful chord in the bosom of Count Edelstein. "Go on, go on," said he, after a moment's reflection.

"Be it so," replied the performer. "You had a daughter, count; you drove her to distraction, to self-murder. But God was merciful. A soldier saved your life in battle. Your sword drank the blood of his son; but the Providence that watched over you in the hour of battle, held out his shield, and saved you this crime."

"Hold, hold, in mercy hold!" rejoined the count. "Know you aught of the fate of my child, or of Alfred Dolman? Speak, and half my fortune is yours."

"Go ask the foaming Lahn, go ask the exile's grave."

The aged count could hear no more; the blood rushed to his brain; he staggered, and had fallen, had not assistance been afforded. He was conveyed to a private room, and at length recovered his senses. Staring wildly around him, he exclaimed, in his native tongue, "My child, my unhappy child! Oh! if it be thou, appear, that I may bless thee! but haste,—*my moments* are, I feel, numbered,—the hand of *death is on me." A door opened*; Beatrice, supported by Alfred, rushed to his feet. "You have my blessing! Father Almighty!"—the shock was too violent. A relapse took place, and in less than three days, the remains of the last Count Edelstein were committed to the grave.

Such was the tale told to me in Germany of the female who personified the "Invisible Girl." Having asked my informer to elucidate certain portions of the narrative which appeared obscure, he replied nearly in the following terms. The bodies of Hirschthal and Beatrice were removed from the chapel: the former speedily breathed his last; an empty phial, upon the table of the second, instantly disclosed to her attendants the fatal truth. Physicians were sent for; antidotes were administered;—she was restored to life, but bereft of reason. By judicious care she at length recovered, and, a few days previous to the arrival of Alfred at the village of ——, had been removed to Adlershof for the benefit of air.

Upon the night of the catastrophe, Alfred's bleeding body was conveyed by the police to prison. His wounds, though severe, were not mortal. He had been shielded by the form of his beloved. He recovered, after a long confinement. His judges acquitted him of premeditated murder; but he was condemned to degradation and perpetual banishment. He wandered with his sister to Rome, where he shortly buried her. He there fell in with a countryman, who imparted to him the secret mechanism of the exhibition known as that of the "Invisible Girl." The inventor died before it was yet perfected. By dint of application, Alfred succeeded in completing it, and was proceeding to England, when he was attracted by some hidden sympathy to the village of ——. Unconscious of Beatrice's existence, he had wandered to the old ruins of Adlershof; hence the lovers agreed to fly together. The hat and scarf were purposely placed upon the craggy banks of the Lahn, to deceive her attendants. In a few days they were united. Upon the death of Count Edelstein, the "Invisible Girl" inherited his noble property. France has become her adopted country.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

AISHA.

BY THE HON. COLONEL CARADOC.

"PULCHERIA.—Not to hold you in suspense, behold the virgin,
Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious view.
GRATIANUS.—Here's a marriage made up o' the sudden.
MASSINGER'S *Emperor of the East*.

IT was during a sojourn among the Bedoween tribes, inhabiting the eastern shores of the Red Sea, that I fell in with the heroine of a tale, which, though it does not aspire to be strange, nevertheless claims to be true.

"I shall take it for granted that very few of my readers have been in Araby the Stony, and seen the descendants of Ishmael in their parental domains. In order, therefore, to prefix something, by way of [illegible] frontispiece, to my short story, for the eye of those whose travels in the Levant have been confined to the Turkish carpet in their dining room, I shall hastily sketch the physiognomy of a country whose aspect has never varied from the days of the great Moses himself.

Stern and monotonous as may be the general features of what is often miscalled a desert, let not the reader suppose that all is barren. That vast uncultivated expanse which lies in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, is far from presenting the eternal and unbroken level of sand that those, who are born in the green islands of the West, believe to be the universal character of the Arabian Peninsula. At least, I know such was *my* belief, when, in the days of my youth, I fancied myself setting out with Antar on a lion hunt, or jogging by the side of some holy hadgee, who, half dead with thirst, was travelling to quaff salvation in the bubbling waters of Zemzem.

There are, indeed, some accursed patches, where scores of miles lie before you like a tawny Atlantic; and great is the despair of the back-broken traveller, as he stretches from his camel, only to see one yellow wave rising before another. But he knows that his measure of misery must be filled, so he rolls his sash a little tighter around him, to prevent one grand fusion of his inside, stuffs a little more handkerchief into his mouth to keep out the poisonous hamseen; and then, with a patience kindred to that of his beast, awaits the sulphureous spring which is to be the resting-place for the night.

But, now and then, and far from unfrequently, there are regions of wild fertility, where the earth shoots forth, with munificence, a jungle of aromatic shrubs. The trimmest garden in England cannot boast of such sweets; and most delicious are the sensations conveyed to the parched European, as his camel breaks down the underwood with his broad feet, and scatters to the air the exhalations of a thousand herbs. Though there be little or no rain, the dews fall heavy; and wherever there is a germ to develope, it is brought forth with a luxuriance, of which the richest heather of the Highlands can give no idea.

There are other districts of those unchanging regions where the hard and compact gravel would do honour to a lady's shrubbery. In these spots, you meet with dwarf trees, and long ridges of low bare rocks, disporting themselves in most singular vagaries of configuration, and along whose base you find the yellow partridge, and the black-eyed gazelle—that eternal simile for all beauteous maids in all Arab tales.

It was under a projecting ledge of one of these rocks that was pitched the tent of the shiekh, who governed, with biblical simplicity, a wild but affectionate tribe. This dignity had long been in his family; for though the Arabs do not deem it the least incumbent on them to follow, link by link, the chain of hereditary descent in the choice of their rulers, or think that a tribe of men can be bequeathed like a flock of goats, yet they will willingly raise a son to the elevation his father held before him, if there be a fair chance of a succession of virtue. The chief of an Arab community has no sinecure: the civil list of their first magistrate (to use the parley of the West) depends on his own spear; his wife is his only chamberlain; his steed his only throne. He dispenses, and, peradventure, executes the law. He must have more courage than his subjects, with no more than equal division of the spoil—the first in the skirmish, the last on the battle-field.

The tribe consisted of about sixty males, with the proportional accompaniment of women and children, which, with the grinding-stones for their corn, constituted their only encumbrances. A number of black hair tents, in quaint array, and of funereal appearance, of all sizes, of all forms, some with one pole, some with half a dozen, and stretched in all manner of ways, by all imaginable contrivances, were spread around. It was intended by a sort of traditional propriety, that there should be a street down the middle of the encampment; but it was necessary to take the will for the deed, for the irresistible charms of a smiling tree, a comely bush, or a dimpling pool, seduced the yielding habitations into all directions. A score of camels were grazing around, and seemed luxuriating upon something invisible to all eyes but their own. A flock of goats was skipping along the crags, now trying to crop the "yellow hair" of the stunted acacia, and now digging for roots with their fore feet. A few horses were tethered before the tents, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and the thick dew by night. A score of imps were sleeping under their bellies, or straddling upon their backs, put there by their mothers by way of keeping them out of mischief, when they went to draw water from the spring, or gather such fuel as was to be found. These horses, the jewels of the Nejid, the Howards and Talbots of a long line of ancestry, appear, in their quiescent state, like many a bit of blood, fallen from high estate into a cab, over whose salient ribs and drooping crest the Yorick of Oxford Street moralises as he walks; but a keen eye will trace, in their half-starved look, the smouldering fire, the dormant muscle, and all the indications of an energy at will, that shame more pampered breeds, and make this aristocracy of the earth a marvel in the history of their race. The name of that sleepy-looking mare, with a young shiekh between her legs, lives, perhaps, in ten thousand mouths. Her health is a subject of anxiety to tribes who have never seen her; and though there be not a gold coin in the possession of her owner, the three tales of a pacha might be insufficient to buy her.

Few and scanty are the garments of the desert; but of these, the variegated kerchief, which makes part of the travelling head-gear of the Arab, and the striped mashlah, had been laid aside. As with every uncivilised people, when the moment of excitement is over, the men had sunk into utter listlessness. Nothing was to be heard but the scolding and chattering of the senior ladies of the company. To admire ugliness in its sublimity, it is necessary to see an old Arab woman; and to have an idea of the sounds pectoral, guttural, and nasal, which human organs can accomplish, it behoveth the inquisitive traveller to awake her wrath.

The men were sitting before their tents, courting the sun, of which, verily, one would think they had had enough in their lifetime. Some were lazily affixing to the end of long poles pieces of iron, of sundry shapes and dimensions, which had served more peaceful masters as handles to saucepans, or bars to gridirons; but, being sharpened and beautified, were now to enact the parts of spear heads. Others were making the toilet of their matchlocks, and scrubbing barrels of portentous length, and still more frightful thinness. The greater part were sitting upon their heels and looking on, as if they had never seen such doings before, or counting the stock of powder they had got in their last visit to Suez or Gaza, each grain of which is as large as a pea. Look well into the almost transparent bodies of these fleshless and muscular men, and you will see that hardly one has come scatheless out of the eternal warfare in which they live. Some bodies are actually full of holes; one might fancy the unhappy patients had just recovered from a newly imported small-pox, of colossal virulence. How they cure wounds, which, by every rule of chirurgy, ought to be mortal, is beyond European comprehension. Boiling oil is the gentle specific for all harms by gun-shot; and the actual cautery is the katholikon for every ailment, great or small, in the whole range of nosology. Such a system of therapeutics well belongs to what is called, in French phrase, "*la médecine héroïque.*"

Willingly would you turn from the figures of these rugged men to look on the young Aisha. She was young and slight, and entering her thirteenth year, what time the young ladies of the desert are quite ready to come out. Her limbs were more graceful than the branches of the acacia when moved by the evening breath of the skies, and her steps more elastic than those of the young kid of Kashmeer. In the dark velvet of her eye there was peace and love. You could see reflected in it all the phases of her guileless soul, and still find love, nothing but love. Her whole being had been bathed in this gentle dew of nature. She was beginning to feel in her heart "a deathlike stillness, which is not repose;" and when her breast heaved heavily, it was like the heavings of the earth when it seeks to pour forth its hidden floods. Unlike the females of the towns, the Arab maidens hide not their faces, and start not from man; they meet his gaze with all the courage of innocence, and walk erect, as though their sex had never fallen. A long red scarf shaded her brow, and fell, unconfined, upon her bosom. Shall I say it? Aisha had a star on each cheek, a sort of triangle on her forehead, and a full moon on her chin, all most cunningly impressed in dotted lines of cerulean hue; but there were three dimples on those cheeks and that chin, which wanted no foreign aid; and such was a nose, whose peer had met no Moslem eye since the days of Roxalana, that I doubt whether the small silver ring that pierced it did not rather impair than improve its effect. Aisha was clad in the female covering of her country: as it was her only one, how shall I name it? It was large, and long, and dark, with voluminous sleeves, tucked up and twisted over the shoulder, allowing her beautiful arm to escape from their folds, like a sunny rivulet that comes dancing from its shady bed; her small hands and elongated fingers bore the indefeasible impress of nobility; and, as she walked, her little naked feet were as like Sir John Suckling's little mice, as the simile of a poet need be.

Aisha's mind was neither empty nor blank; for who can rove over the boundless desert without feeling an elasticity of the spirit, an evaporation of the soul, which the crowd of civilisation confines, compresses and crushes? Who, whose being has been kindled at the very fountains of the sun, whose infancy has been saturated in his beams, who has daily followed him in his course, without a cloud to veil his glory, or intercept his embrace, but feels an expansion of his faculties, which no schools can give? Her religion was a simple one: she needed not the Imaun Moawiyah to tell her that there was a God; the stars in the heavens had already told her that; but he had added, that he had sent a prophet upon earth, and, as Moawiyah's head was gray, she believed him. This was the extent of her theology; and, indeed, the Imaun himself knew no more. As it was proper to give her some spiritual advice, he had told her to avoid the juice of the vine, and, above all, to obey her husband in all things.

This was not difficult, for Aisha knew no more of a vine, than of a British oak, and the husband had not yet appeared.

I must now hasten onwards in my story. I staid some weeks with this kind and hospitable tribe, and then proceeded on my wanderings. The old shiekh parted with me like a son; and when Aisha asked me to stay, I felt that the sooner I went the better. She was really surpassing in loveliness, gentle as the fawn at her feet, yet lively as the light of her skies. I had not basked in the heaven of her love, but I could guess the depth of its devotion; and when, many years ofterwards, I heard the circumstances I am now relating, of all the things that were past, my memory turned to none more fondly that my brief acquaintance with the Arab girl.

In the spring of the year 1822, a Bedoween tribe, between Suez and Tor, had waylaid and plundered a caravan, from Cairo, on its way to Djidda. It was laden with great riches, and carried the speculations of some of the wealthiest merchants of the Nile. Mohammed Ali vowed vengeance; but he knew, since his campaign in the Hejaz, how bootless a task it was to gallop after the robber of the desert, where every man who amuses himself in collecting his own taxes, and takes to the trade of Turpin, bestrides as good a friend at a pinch as Black Bess herself. He, therefore, enjoined the Pacha of Suez to make it known, far and near, that he gave one year to the plunderers, either to bring back the spoil, or repay its worth; and if, at the expiration of that period, there appeared neither money nor merchandise, he would march a body of troops into the offending country, and put to death all he met.

It was just as this year of grace drew to a close that I left the shores of the Red Sea, and that the pacha's troops were let loose along them to commence their career of destruction. However, whether it was that they met nobody, that they recollected Pharaoh's impotent rage on these same sands, or that they soon grew sick of the desert, the fact is (and let them have the honour of it,) they returned in three weeks withdoing any harm to mortal.

The division that took this military walk was about twelve hundred strong, and was chiefly composed of men from the northern and mountainous districts of Greece. Montenegrins, Chimariotes, Servians, and Thessalonians, hardy descendants of Scanderbeg and Czerni George, who are found all over the Turkish empire, selling their blood to a dynasty they hate—the most dissolute of its subjects in peace, the most cruel in war, Mussulmans in the mosque, Christians before the Panagia, their ideas of religion and of loyalty are about equally defined.

A Turkish regiment invariably amuses itself on the way by firing at every thing it sees. Wo to the pigeon, the quail, duck, wild or tame, that comes across it. The platoon exercise begins incontinently; balls, slugs, shots, and, not unfrequently, ramrods, go whistling after the rash animal. The more adventurous spirits of the corps make little excursions, that turn out as profitably as pleasurably, having also, the advantage of relieving the commissariat. As the whole system is carried on with the grandest contempt for small matters, and as the head of the column generally arrives at its destination before its tail has begun to move, it is not to be wondered that the neighbourhood of the line of march on these occasions is in no want of guests.

It was at the close of a scorching day, in the beginning of summer, that an armed man, and a stranger, arrived at an Arab encampment. He went boldly up to the first tent he saw, and with the frankness of a soldier, and coolness of a Turk, asked hospitality from its inmates. An Arab has singular notions of honour and charity; he will certainly plunder you, and, possibly, slay you, when you are no longer in his keeping; but he never refuses food to those who ask it; and as long as you are in what he conceives his territory, you are safe. He will shed his best blood for you to day; but, beware of your friend to-morrow, when you have got some other protector.

As this straggling soldier is the hero of my epic, it is fitting that I should describe him. There may be some learned Thebans among my readers who have had the services of his stick at Bab-el-Molook, in stimulating the poor devils of the glebe to look for mummies. He was just the fellow to precede an English thane, or a Russian prince.

Juma, for so he called himself, first saw the day in Cavala, a port in Macedonia; which also gave birth, some sixty-five years ago, to the present ruler of Egypt, who, after playing the bucanier in the country of Alexander, has taken to play the king on the throne of the Ptolemies. Our hero was the son of Greek parents: of his father, little was known; but his mother was a beauty, who was always looking out of the window with well-blacked eyebrows, and a flower over her left ear. Hence, as there were many Albanians in the town, some people were malicious enough to suppose that there may have been some satisfactory cause for the sympathies which led him, at a very early age, to Tepelen, and there placed him, first, as chiboukji to Ali Pacha, with all the honours, pleasures, and immunities, attached to the situation; and then, as his face became rougher, and his sinews tougher, enrolled him in the body-guard of that ruthless prince. While living with his mother, he had rejoiced in the apostolic prenomen of Yani; but he soon threw overboard this rayah name, and was admitted to the communion of the faithful under that of Juma, which, being done into English, means Friday. know not why this appellation is so common in certain parts of the Othman Empire; for though Friday has achieved celebrity in the West from having designated an illustrious individual, I have yet to learn its claims to an equal place in the fasti of the East. After many a foray, and many a surprise, after having defended many a fort on the crag, and fired many a village in the valley, Juma, for some misfortune or mal-practice,—for crime and failure differ but in name, found his head in danger, and fled to try his fortune at Athens. Here he protected our classical countrymen in their excursions to Marathon and Colonna, under certain conditions and considerations, and robbed them if these were uncomplied with. This mode of life sufficiently suited him: there was no want of Greeks to beat, and he had plenty of pork (*proh pudor!*) and Marsala, his favourite edibles; a viaticum, without which no explorer of antiquity ever lands from any of his majesty's ships at the Piræus; for the enthusiasm of an Englishman depends, all the world over, on the temperature of his stomach. However, Juma dreamed of greatness; the tail of a pacha used to tickle his nose as he slept, and his slumbers were no longer peaceful; so he set out one morning for Scio, and arrived there just in time for the massacre. When there were no more men to kill, nor women to insult, he sailed for Alexandria, and embarked in a pirate, by way of keeping his hand in during the voyage. The war with the Wahabees, those martial puritans of Islam, had just broken out, and he accompanied Toosun Pacha to Mekka. Here his Albanian recklessness of danger, grafted on the natural cunning of his stock, early raised him into the favour of the pacha; he was put about his person, and, on his return to Cairo, was transferred to the establishment of his father, in whose house and affections he gained a distinguished place, as a willing countryman, an unscrupulous knave, and a daring soldier.

Juma was certainly a handsome man. He was one of those devil-may-care looking fellows one so often meets in the East, with piercing eyes, smooth brown complexion, unwrinkled cheeks, and vigorous frame, to whom it is impossible to affix an age. His might oscillate between the verges of twenty and forty, according to the fancy calculation, or suspicions of the observer. If you judged by his physiognomy, you would say that he was not young, for it must have taken years to have imprinted on it the character of daring it habitually wore; if you looked at this firm tread, and the muscular play of his limb, his white teeth and black mostachio, you would swear that time had left no mark there. His thin waist and broad shoulders appeared symmetry itself: but then, where is the production of Nature's most unskilful journeyman, whose grievances a Suliote tailor cannot redress? In such a costume who does not look well? For those who seek splendour, where such a glittering panoply? For those who love a manly garb, where one so martial?

His hair was shaven before, to give more expanse to his already commanding forehead. Spurzheim would have chuckled with joy at such a map of the brain, bounded as it was above the ears by two of the finest bumps of destruction that ever met the eye of a phrenologist. He wore no turban, large masses of curls fell upon his shoulders from beneath a little red cap, poised obliquely on the head, and it was a wonder how he kept it there. He wore a waistcoat closed round the neck, so richly embroidered, that you could hardly detect the crimson velvet of which it was made. His jacket was of the finest blue cloth, gleaming with gold; yet its magnificence was married with taste, and it was at once gorgeous and gentlemanlike. Start not, reader, at this epithet; there are as many gradations of fashion in the dress of the East, in the cut of a guibbeh, and the cock of a turban, as in the thousand shades between St. James's and Wapping. The immense sleeves of a shirt, of unwrought silk, and (what is rare) perfect whiteness, emerged from a labyrinth of gold lace; those of the jacket had longitudinal slits below the shoulders, and were thrown behind the arm. The snowy kilt was gathered into a thousand folds, and descended just below the knee, where it kissed the leggings, which, according to the last code of Epirus, matched the waistcoat in quality, colour, and design. These were confined by silken garters, with gold bosses under the knee; and his sandals were laced on by thongs equally ornamented. Instead of the shaggy cloak of his country, a white capote of the finest wool, and most delicate manufacture,—the most expensive article, perhaps, of his dress,—was pendent from his back, such as the Maugrebin merchants bring from Tripoli, and value with the products of Hindostan. But what was all this in comparison to his arms—those pets and household gods of the whole race, from Cattara down to Misalonghi? The stock of his long fowling-piece was incrusted with mother-of-pearl, while coral and filigree crept along it up to the very mouth. The handles of his pistols were inlaid with turquoises, and the sheath of his yataghan was of solid silver, curiously engraved. These were in a belt studded with gilt knobs, round which was rolled a shawl, that would make the fortune of a Parisian lover. Juma looked like a coxcomb; but you saw that he was a brave one, and that the fantastic scabbard held a ready blade.

In truth, as he stood, he was a figure which "limners love to paint and maids to look upon;" considerably unlike those travelled youths who show the Medora's of the fancy-ball how Conrad did not dress, and look as like Greeks as a yeomanry hussar does a Hungarian "garde noble."

I doubt whether Nature intended Juma to be a complete rascal. He had no religion, it is true: I never met an Arnaout who had. He was no patriot; for his country was the bazaar and the coffee-house, wherever they might be. He had no allegiance but to the hand which paid him; and it ended with his monthly allowance. He loved nothing—not even himself. But courage, that antiseptic of the heart, that quality that prevents a complete corruption in some men's nature, covereth, in this world, at least, a multitude of sins. And so it ought; for let people say what they will, it is a quasi-virtue.

Such was the man who walked into Shiekh Mousa's tent, such was the species of a genus that had never met Aisha's eyes before. Poor girl, she was not above the weaknesses of her sex. She was lost in as much wonder as admiration; none of the heroes, immortalised in the countless verses of the thousand-and-one songs of her grandmother, ever wore a shape like this. She had seen fine eyes and black mostachios, but there was a distinguished air about him that she had never seen, and which always goes to a woman's heart. He looked exceedingly like a *mauvais sujet;* and I have heard that this too, has a charm for the sex,—but I loathe a supposition so flagrantly immoral. There was an ease and refinement about the Caireen Elegant that always meet an instinctive response, and find a ready sympathy in the breast of the wildest and most untutored female. She took him for the great pacha himself, for he had more silver on one of his pistols than she had ever seen in her whole life.

Juma entered the encampment with the lordly port of an Osmanli, and established himself with the air of an envoy from the seat of government. This might shock the independent spirits of the men, who care no more for a firman of the sultan than for a rotten date; but so unusual a bearing fixed still more the already fascinated heart of Aisha. Juma was no novice in the trade of charming, and he charmed wisely. He out-Heroded the loudest and bloodiest Herods of the tribe in recounting the horrors of battle; his campaigns with Ali of Yanina, his charge with the spahis at Prevesa, and his rush with the Roumeliotes down the pass of Castro. He then, in a softer tone, told his hot and thirsty auditors of the roses of Adrianople; of the iced plum-juice of Sham; of the shady forests of Caramania; and the water-melons of Scanderoon. He adapted to the Greek melodies of his youth legends of Othman and Bayezid; and, when his Turkish traditions began to fail, he would put Persia under contribution, and sing of Rustam and the fair-haired Zal.

In short, Aisha loved, and Juma saw that he had succeeded. He troubled himself no more about his comrades of the expedition, well knowing that his interest was sufficiently strong at court to get his absence pardoned. He told Aisha he intended to marry her, (for with all his good breeding, he could not conceal that he thought he was doing her a great favour,) and submitted his intention to the old shiekh. Mousa did not appear half so enchanted as Juma expected, and not in the least flattered. He told him that he might marry Aisha if he would live with them; that he would never submit to his daughter being imprisoned in a house; that the very idea took away his breath; and that she would die of suffocation before the birth of her first child.

Juma promised all old Mousa asked; he said he must return to Cairo, but that, surely, Mousa would have no objections to his taking his bride there for a visit. Aisha's eyes sparkled with joy at the idea: what a world was about to be opened to her! He promised to be back within three moons; and he would return with such a collection of arms, ammunition, and blue shirts, as would make the tribe of Mousa the envy of the peninsula.

The lovers were married according to the very simple ceremonies of Islam; a young camel was killed and boiled in the milk of its mother. Aisha ground the corn, macerated the maize, and toasted the cakes herself, that were to smoke in the nuptial platter; a new tent had been pitched, and was strewn with the flowers of the acacia; and next day Aisha and her husband were travelling with their backs to the rising sun, and mounted on two dromedaries, which Mousa kept for services of speed.

They halted at Suez, that paradise of flies; not that Aisha was tired: almost born on a camel, she was as much in her element upon his back as a ship is on the wave. Here Juma cut off a man's ear with his yataghan, in the scuffle that invariably attends the daily supply of water which comes from the distant springs. So, not wishing to call upon the cadi, he put Aisha on her dromedary, and away they started for Al Kahira the Great.

At Al Kahira they arrived in due time, and Juma took his young wife to the citadel, where he, and some birds of his own feather, tenanted a half-ruined house, allotted to the *personnel* of the pacha's establishment. It was near the site of that stupendous leap which would stagger the mightiest hunter in Connaught who ever rode at a wall—a height of six feet on one side, with a fall of thirty-seven on the other, was taken flying by the last of the Mamlooks when the bell tolled the signal for extermination, and at a moment when the rest of his brethren took a still more perilous jump into eternity. Well did old Amym Bey deserve, after such a feat, that his days should be long; and long they were—for he died but a few years ago, with eighty winters at his back.

Whatever the fact ought to be, the fact is, that treachery and cruelty often succeed. This massacre of the Mamlooks, committed in the coldest blood by Mahommed Ali, who, up to the hour he had appointed, was playing at chess with one of their chiefs, put Egypt into his hands, and laid the foundation of that independence which he afterwards virtually acquired; but from that moment he excited the jealousy of the Porte, and her watchful enmity has never slumbered. Once did the sultan try to do the thing manfully, and sent a capidji bachi with an imperial teskeree to cut off his head; but Mahommed Ali was luckily in Upper Egypt at the time; and rare, oh rare! had left at Cairo, as his lieutenant, a devoted friend—probably the only one he ever had in his life—Mohammed Bey, who shewed more courage than perhaps the pacha would have done himself, received the executioner, read his order, and cut off his head;—a summary proceeding, which the Porte dared not resent. This act of vigour placed the viceroy in the rank of independent princes; and, let the devil have his due, awakened in him a gratitude towards his friend which only expired with the old bey. Still, his enemies were abroad; the Porte encouraged them, though none dared do the deed. Many a bold spirit, while thinking how acceptable the news of the pacha's death would be to the sultan, calculated the immense chances that were open to individual ambition in a country like Egypt, when once the hand was withered that held all the threads of government. Many an old comrade who had started with him at the beginning, with equal hopes and equal capacities, as bold and as reckless, but less fortunate, measured the hateful distance that separated him who had reached the goal from him who had been stopped on the way. Many a young heart, strong in its own energy, felt that to dare was to rise. It is the property of despotic governments that the slave of to-day may be the tyrant of to-morrow; and the star of the hardy adventurer leads to every thing. What gold and silken dreams were woven by this conviction for the unquiet spirits of a country where there is no valve for excitement, and whose brain could they entwine more gratefully than that of Juma?

Juma, as I have said before, was a favourite at court, and he found no difficulty in getting his wife placed as an attendant in the harem of the pacha. The ladies were anxious to see this young savage of the wilderness, and they expected to derive no little amusement from such an importation. The natural antipathy to the Arab race was forgotten in the longing for something new to enliven their grated domain. The fairy frame of Aisha, in her solitary blue robe, contrasted strangely with the fat figures, be-muslined and be-shawled, around her; and at their assurances of protection the bruised pride of the Arab rose in her breast.

But she was too simple and too childish long to estrange herself from her kind; and, as the ladies showed an evident expression of good-will towards their new plaything, Aisha lent herself with a good grace to the transformation that was about to be effected. They died her jetty hair auburn—not to make use of a harsher term; they committed a most gratuitous act of supererogation in plastering her well-marked eye-brows; they drew the surmeh through her lids, though nothing was wanting to impart a darker languish to her eye; they tied up her fingers in little bags of wet hemah, to give them the tinge of the rose. They thought her miserably thin, so it was decided unanimously that she should consume daily a certain portion of pastry dipped in grease: but what pained and puzzled them most, were those most horrible devices with which her face was variegated; and it was agreed to consult the Frangi doctor whether a process of flaying might not remove these abominations. When they took her to the bazaar or the bath, they tied a black thing, like a jelly-bag, on a face of which she had never been ashamed before; they covered her in a dozen envelopes; they put her feet into slippers from which she parted company at every step; and finally, they rolled her up in a huge silk winding-sheet, and perched her, who had ridden the best blood of Yemen, on a donkey for a steed.

All this was bad enough. As long as the silks and brocades of the Bezesteen, and the gold ornaments of the Armenian jewellers, brought a succession of wonders to her sight, she bore her confinement with equanimity. At last she became perfectly miserable: often would she take her husband's hand, and look over the Mokattam Hills towards the tents of her father, and say to him—"Juma, dear Juma, when shall we leave this odious crowd? If we remain here, I feel that I shall die, for my heart beats more languidly, and my blood creeps more slowly every day. Nevertheless, sole light of my soul, do as thou listest, for thy will is my will, and thy home my home."

"My love," replied Juma, "before the moon is round we shall be far from this."

It is asseverated by the scandalous tongues of Cairo, that at a certain hour after the mid-day meal, his highness the pacha retires to the cool and quiet retirement of the harem, there to indulge in certain infidel productions which exhilarate the heart of man. The splendid beverage of the sultan is Rosolio frothed by champagne: the viceroy, with a proper sense of inferiority, confines himself to humbler port. Deep, they say, are those solitary potations, and delicious is the sherbet invented by his ministering handmaids to chase the thirst they create.

"My dear little Aisha," said the Arnaout one morning to his young wife, "has the pacha taken any notice of you yet?"

"Oh, no. When he saw me he asked me who I was, and said he hated an Arab; that we were only fit to be beasts of burden, and ought to have been born with humps on our backs, like our camels. Oh, Juma! let us leave these people, who despise me; better, surely, a tent with affection and freedom, than a palace without." Here the poor girl burst into tears.

"My love," said Juma, "you must get over this prejudice of the pacha before we go, or perhaps he will not let us go at all. Take this powder; when next he asks for a draught of sherbet, throw it into the glass: do it dexterously, for all depends on the surprise. It will give a flavour that will enchant him with his cup-bearer. When he commends the mixture, tell him that your father brought the wonderful compound from Damascus, and that he desired you to present it, with many good wishes to his highness, as a potion fit only for the palate of a pacha."

The same evening the pacha drank his port, and called for his sherbet. Aisha rushed forward to tender the aromatic draught; but, unaccustomed to the carpets which were spread around, her little foot tripped, and the sherbet fell from her hand. A huge Angora cat, that had been lying on the sleeve of the pacha's caftan, descended, with a pur, from his exalted station, and, seduced by the odour, lapped up the scattered liquid with a satisfaction that made the pacha's mouth water.

In five minutes the cat was rolling in a corner of the divan in the agonies of death. A Genoese doctor, who had escaped from the galleys in his own country, and had been made inspector of hospitals at Cairo, was called upon to open the animal. He declared that the cat had been poisoned, and, as he was versed in those matters, sapiently added, that it was a particular receipt which had been brought to Alexandria by the Venetians, and was still used by the Arabs.

As my tale is on the Nile, no one need ask what became of Aisha. That very night the stiffened and swollen body of her who was called the Antelope by her tribe, floated towards Alexandria, and her old father is watching for her in vain.

Juma was so horrified at the treachery of his wife, and his remorse was so touching at having married an Arab, that the Pacha sent him, for change of scene, up to Assouan, as captain in one of the new regiments raising by the French renegade, Selves; and very likely, at this moment, my hero is casheff of a province, or a bim bachi of the Nizam Jedid, with a diamond decoration glittering on his breast. Thus, with regard to Mohammed Ali and Juma—master and man—we may say,

> "Ille *crucem* sceleris pretium tulit; hic *diadema*."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

RHODA TRACY;

OR, THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR THE CAPRICES OF WOMEN.

BY R. BERNAL, ESQ. M. P.

It is a common subject of complaint by ill-natured critics, that the heroine of every tale is always beautiful. As I have to deal with facts, and not with fiction, it would not be worth while to enter upon a refutation of the justice or propriety of such complaint. I will, at once, without circumlocution or evasion, confess that the lady whose portrait adorns the following pages was lovely—yes, eminently lovely in person. Every grace, every fascination that the most fortunate combination of eyes, mouth, nose, hair, and complexion, could present, was united in the fair person of Rhoda Tracy. What more detailed description can be necessary? excepting that I may respectfully entreat each and every one of the charming female readers of the Book of Beauty (should they honour this trifling narrative with a perusal,) to look into her mirror, and then to imagine that she is really admiring the sweet and engaging features of Rhoda Tracy.

There are passages in every man's life particularly ridiculous; still, were we enabled to travel the old journey over again, I verily believe, that in most instances, if the same temptations existed, we should commit the same absurdities. Thus, recollecting now very keenly and freshly, how desparately in love I was with Miss Tracy some years back, I do not doubt, if Time could make a retrograde movement, but that I should be found renewing, as vigorously as before, all the follies that once distinguished my conduct, in consequence of that tender passion. For a whole prolonged season, from Christmas to July (it being leap-year in addition,) did I not court the sunshine of the smiles of the gentle Rhoda? did I not cling to every word of fancied encouragement that issued from her cherry lips? did I not, in spite of every obstacle, pursue her fairy footsteps like her own shadow? And was it all in vain? Yes,—painful and humiliating as the remembrance proves, I must avow the truth—my admiration and efforts were not rewarded as they merited.

Miss Tracy was then resident in London, in the house of a female relation, a widow lady of opulence, and from whom, as the world reported, she had very great expectations. I had the advantage of possessing the *entrée* of the family, and of being upon terms of perfect intimacy with both the ladies. And it was not at all unnatural, therefore, to find myself becoming a most devoted slave to the bright eyes of the lovely Rhoda. For days, weeks, and months, I dangled in her train, scrutinising every look, and analysing every action, with the purpose of extracting any thing that could feed my anxious hopes, and add more fuel to my torturing passion. But, although Miss Tracy was perfectly artless and unreserved in her general converse and demeanour with me, yet I felt there was something still wanting, the absence of which restrained me from making a direct proposal. When in her society for hours together, and on many occasions in the presence of others, did I persecute her with a system of attentions, so incessant and particular, as to excite the amusement of every observer. Playfully, gracefully, and kindly she listened to my unintelligible declarations, and smiled on my pantomimic actions; if not encouraging, certainly not (as I flattered myself) repressing, the homage so sincerely tendered to her.

Love soon ripened into jealousy. Amongst the various frequenters of Mrs. Strickland's house (Miss Tracy's relative,) the Marchese Luigi Santabarba was one received upon a very friendly footing. An Italian by birth, he was completely in fashion, and eagerly courted by all the exclusive and inclusive circles in town. He was in the prime of life, of an elegant person and charming manners; he waltzed, and danced the *Polonnoise* in perfection; sung Venetian and Neapolitan ballads delightfully, accompanying himself on the guitar and piano-forte; and, moreover, he gloried in a pair of most romantic moustaches. At least, this was what every female *connoisseur* of any distinction, from Grosvenor Square to Pall Mall, declared and adjudged. To have ventured upon openly impugning such a decision would have been an act of insanity, if not of high treason. But in my private opinion—which was, perhaps, somewhat biassed by envy—the marchese was a pushing, not to say a forward fellow, whose personal appearance, or accomplishments, were in nowise comparable with my own, and who looked very much like what you would imagine one of the heroes of the opera of Fra Diavolo, or of the ballet of the Brigand de Terracina, would be, were he deprived of his stage attire of beribanded hat and embroidered jacket.

However I might be disposed to estimate Santabarba and his pretensions, it was very evident that Mrs. Strickland and Miss Tracy valued him and them highly, and that the marchese himself, feeling the advantage of his position, was inclined to treat me with a proportionable share of cool indifference. The unequivocal praises which were continually expressed to me by Rhoda, of this abominable Italian's attractive qualities, irritated every nerve, and quickened every jealous feeling of my heart. Unwilling, and fearing, to tear myself from the presence of Miss Tracy, I was condemned, day after day, to undergo new and increased tortures. I did not dare to leave the field open to my rival, who was equally assiduous in his attendance; and I enjoyed the consummate felicity of witnessing the progress of his insidious advances into the favour and good graces of the dear idol of my worship. Oh! how internally and heartily did I utter maledictions upon that confounded Santabarba, and pray that he, with his whiskers and guitar, might be buried in the crater of Vesuvius when warbling to the lovely Rhoda his interminable couplets, that always rhymed with *core* and *amore*, *morte* and *sorte*, or some such similar conventional nonsense. And to behold a beautiful girl, not destitute of a good proportion of understanding, listening, with undiminished attention and gratification, to the daily repetition of all this! Really, the *recollection* itself is sufficiently galling.

The summer had arrived; Mrs. Strickland and her fair relative had quitted London, to pass the season at a cottage villa in Devonshire. Matters between all parties remained in the same state; no invitation had been made to me to join them in the country, neither could I discover that one had been given to the marchese. The town was dull and empty; and I was silly enough to fret myself into a fit of blue devils.

Roaming, one day, without plan or object, through the dusty and deserted streets, I chanced to meet with an old college friend, from whom I had been separated, by the contingencies of life, for a considerable period. In my then state of mind, the occurrence of any novelty would have afforded relief, and the greeting and recognition of my friend Wilson were productive of great pleasure to me. As he had no particular business or occupation to prevent him, it was quickly arranged that he should remain some days with me; there being sufficient accommodation for him in the establishment I then supported.

Frank Wilson, had been, from his first entrance upon college life, a thoroughly hard-reading man. The scantiness of his pecuniary means, joined to his own natural inclination for studious pursuits, had stimulated his exertions to the attainment of distinguished success. Soon after he had graduated, he was ordained, and his scholastic honours were more solidly confirmed by the acquisition of a fellowship of the college to which he belonged; the emoluments of which were, in his straitened circumstances, of much importance to him.

Having resided on a retired curacy for some time, he had subsequently accepted of the situation of tutor to a young gentleman, with whom he travelled over every part of the Continent, being absent from England for a considerable period. He had but lately returned when our meeting took place. Wilson was a man of reserved habits; and, in manner, most awkward and unprepossessing. In person and figure he was decidedly unfortunate: short of stature, and spare and ungainly in make, he had to encounter the additional disadvantage of possessing a face seamed all over by the small-pox, and still further disfigured by an inveterate obliquity of vision. First impressions would have been so directly against him, that he would have been pronounced vulgar and disagreeable, though silent and reserved. Those who could be intimately acquainted with him, knew that his mental resources were most ample; his acquirements in both ancient and modern literature, extraordinary; and that he had not neglected the cultivation of some of the lighter and elegant pursuits which occasionally smooth the more rugged paths of science. Moreover, Wilson's heart was (to use an humble saying) in its right place: he was kind and liberal in his feelings, though he rarely, if ever, made any demonstration of them. A slight service which, in early life, I had rendered to Wilson, had been the means of his forming, as I believed, an attachment to me; if, from the inherent coldness of his nature, and his singularity of disposition, he were really capable of forming any thing like an ardent friendship.

At our first *tête-à-tête* dinner, Wilson was less reserved than usual; he informed me that he had been enabled to save and put by some money during the continuance of his tutorship, and that the income of his fellowship allowed him to live in comparative comfort. I had been for some days desirous of relieving my mind of part of its burden of regrets, vexations, and jealousies, by confiding the same to some friend who would sympathise with me in every detail. Now, Frank Wilson was not exactly the confidant I should have selected for warmth of feeling, readiness of sympathy, &c.; but I was impatient; the wine had made me more restless; I found Wilson a steady listener, and to him I poured out the tale of all my love—the catalogue of all my hopes, fears, disappointment, and jealousy. In one point alone I was guarded—never communicating to my companion the name either of my fair mistress, or of her relative, Mrs. Strickland. The course of my recital was not once interrupted by any remark or comment on the part of Wilson, until towards its close, when inspired, perhaps, by the juice of the grape, I had been singularly eloquent in the description of the beauties of the lady; Wilson, no doubt, under an equal degree of inspiration, in a sudden burst of fervour exclaimed, "Yes! yes! such clustering auburn locks, such blue and liquid eyes, might have seduced Alexander himself from the path of duty!"

The oddity of this exclamation, so foreign in itself from the cautious and icy demeanour of Wilson, provoked my laughter to such a degree, that he became confused: colouring up to the eyes, as if conscious of having committed some striking impropriety, he finally relapsed into his ordinary silent and abstracted mood.

Wilson consented to accompany me into Devonshire, to take up our temporary abode at the wateringplace, in the vicinity of which the cottage of Mrs. Strickland was situated. I had related to him the circumstances of her present residence, but had still concealed the names of the parties; and on our arrival at S——, the place of our destination, I at once proceeded, alone, to make inquiries, and to reconnoitre. The residence of Mrs. Strickland was not more than half a mile distant from the town; but my feelings of anticipated pleasure were not a little allayed by the accidental discovery, that my aversion, my evil genius, that horrid Italian marchese, had been, for some days, domiciled in S——, and had been a constant visiter at the house of Mrs. Strickland.

I could restrain myself no longer; *coute qui coute*, I determined, without farther delay, upon an interview with the beautiful Rhoda Tracy. The evening was not too far advanced, when, with beating heart and excited imagination, I followed the road which led to Mrs. Strickland's cottage. Fortune for once appeared to befriend me. The lovely object of my affections was leaning out of the window of her apartment, apparently welcoming the cool and refreshing breeze that wantoned with her luxuriant ringlets, and played over her glowing cheeks.

"Mr. B——!" exclaimed the charming girl, with one of her most inviting smiles; "how glad I am to see you! what can have brought you into Devonshire?"

"How can you, Miss Tracy, seriously ask *me* the question? Have you not some slight feeling of compassion?" I replied.

"Compassion! Mr. B——, you are indeed so odd, as I told your old acquaintance, the Marchese Santabarba, lately."

"The marchese! Rhoda, you distract me!" was my incoherent remark.

"Yes, Mr. B——, the marchese—he is as entertaining as ever; I wish you had been here during the last beautiful moonlight nights; his guitar was heard to such effect in that delighful air, *Idol mio, mio ben amato*."

"Miss Tracy, you will drive me mad!" I hurriedly exclaimed. "I cannot now express my feelings; but I will venture to impart them to you, to-morrow, through my friend, Mr. Wilson."

"Wilson! who—what do you mean?" replied the lady.

"A most respectable friend of mine, a clergyman, the Rev. Francis Wilson, who is well acquainted with all that has occurred—with the impudent pretensions of that philandering Italian; with your undisguised preference for that whiskered minstrel; with—"

"For the love of Heaven!" cried Rhoda, in hurried and imploring accents; "dear Mr. B——, pray—"

But here all further communication of her wishes or requests was arrested by the approaching footsteps of the redoubtable Santabarba himself; who, with guitar gracefully slung across his shoulders, now made his appearance, as some troubadour knight of olden time, to serenade his peerless mistress.

Rhoda hastily retired from the window, and, closing the casement, altogether disappeared. The marchese looked astounded at my unexpected presence; but I gave him no opportunity for questions, observations, or explanations; merely making him the most distant bow, I hastened back to S——, to my friend Wilson. To him, without any thing like lucid order or conciseness, I violently discharged all my rage against the cruel fair, the cause of all my imaginary wrongs, seasoning my tale with heated and exaggerated accusations of her flirtations with the whiskered and guitar-strumming Italian.

"But who or what is this lady?" coolly asked Wilson, in his slow and impenetrable manner.

"You shall know all and every thing to-morrow, my good friend," I replied. "This night I will write a letter to her, making a direct proposal of marriage, and bring matters to a crisis; and you, my dear Wilson, shall carry the letter, and personally request her answer. I have already apprised her of my intention."

That same night, I accordingly indited the following epistle:

"Dear Miss Tracy,

"Forgive my ridiculous abruptness and incoherency. Long I have loved you! Dare I hope that you are not regardless of my devoted attachment? My friend Wilson, who takes charge of this letter, is in my entire confidence; he knows every thing. Pray see him: favour him with an interview, and intrust him with your decision of my fate and happiness.

"Your devoted, &c."

Having addressed this letter properly, I sent it to Wilson's room, he having retired for the night.

Morning came: I had listened for Wilson's departure on the important business which I had confided to his care; and I awaited, in eager suspense, his return. I had just seated myself at the breakfast-table, when Wilson arrived, breathless, and in a state of excitement and irritation which perfectly overwhelmed me. His usually pallid countenance was unnaturally flushed; while his eyes, so generally devoid of all expression, sparkled with feverish animation.

"Well, what news? what answer, Wilson?" I anxiously exclaimed.

"Talk not to me of news, answers, or any such absurdities," cried Wilson, in a loud and impatient tone: "Did you not assure me that an Italian marchese, Santabarba, was paying his addresses to, and was encouraged by the lady you had styled as Rhoda Tracy? and yet you can expect me to listen to all your trifling—your——"

"What! are you going mad, too, Wilson?" I replied, interrupting him, in pure astonishment. "What, in the name of heaven, has happened?"

"Ask me no more questions; I have not common patience to attend to them," Wilson rejoined, with great emphasis. "When I arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Strickland, that confounded marchese had already been before me, and had accompanied the lady in a walk before breakfast. But I can delay no longer; I am going back directly; you shall hear all ere long."

Before I could make any farther inquiry or remark, Wilson had hastily again left the town, on his way to the cottage. After more than a quarter of an hour's reflection, I decided upon visiting the false and heartless coquette myself; and upon endeavouring to solve the mystery which so suddenly appeared to have involved us. Upon my arrival at Mrs. Strickland's residence, and before I reached the gate of the lawn, I perceived, at some little distance, Wilson and Miss Tracy walking arm-in-arm through the shrubbery that skirted the sides of the grounds surrounding the house. Unseen by them, I had the advantage of observing their movements, progress, and gestures. From their manner, it was apparent that not any cause of dispute or difference of opinion could have then existed between them. I was in ecstacy. Rhoda, my beloved Rhoda, had then convinced my sterling friend, Wilson, of the gross fallacy, the cruel injustice, of my hasty and jealous insinuations respecting her encouragement of the marchese—Wilson, my plain, unpretending, but honest friend, Wilson, had strengthened the appeal made by my letter to Rhoda's pity and affection, by a manly and unvarnished statement of my love, my idolatry, my anguish, and my hopes. Rhoda, that adorable creature! had at last yielded to the interesting tale of all my woes and sufferings; while Wilson, cold and obdurate as he might be, was, as a faithful proxy, receiving her tender and modest confession. What happiness! what transport, after the tedious and painful ordeal to which I had been exposed! My feelings were too powerful for utterance; I only could enjoy my triumph, my bliss, in silence, and unobserved.

I followed them cautiously: the well-shorn grass on which I trod echoed not the pressure of my footsteps. I at length could hear all their conversation. "My beloved Rhoda!" "My dearest Frank!" were the first sentences that greeted my bewildered ears.

"What delight to meet once more again, after such an age of absence!" fondly said the fair lady.

"And how satisfactory to receive this explanation from your own lips, dearest girl!" tenderly responded the excellent, faithful, and inimitable Wilson, as he quietly folded his arm around the waist of his compliant companion.

I could bear this scene no longer; but, in a fit of rage, and with all the sublime dignity of some hero of Racine or Corneille, I broke upon the faithless pair, and vehemently inveighed against their unparalleled duplicity. Each saluted me with the most uncompromising burst of laughter.

"What! is it come to this pitch of insult and injury?" I cried.

"Calm yourself," replied Wilson; "this lady is, and has been long, my lawful wife."

"Soothe that needless agitation; pray do now compose yourself!" added Rhoda; "this gentleman is, and has been long, my lawful husband."

My thoughts became so perplexed, that I lost the power of speech for a few moments. When I became calm and reasonable, each of the parties took hold of my arm in a friendly manner; and as we walked round the lawn, I was informed of the following particulars.

Wilson, at the time he was performing the duty of his curacy, became acquainted with, and paid his addresses to, Miss Tracy. She favoured his suit. As Miss Tracy possessed no fortune whatever, having only expectations of eventual and contingent benefits from her relation, Mrs. Strickland; and as the fellowship held by Wilson was voidable upon his ceasing to be a bachelor, a private marriage had been agreed upon between them. It accordingly took place; and, although it might be considered not strictly honourable or equitable that Wilson should have retained his fellowship under false pretences, still, such was the fact; his worldly resources being so limited, that the income was of the first importance. Their union was studiously concealed from Mrs. Strickland; and they had determined to live apart, till more prosperous days should be at hand, when Wilson might be enabled to give up his fellowship, and avow his marriage. For these reasons, he had accepted the engagement of travelling tutor; and, within the last week, the promise of a comfortable living in the gift of his former pupil, had rendered him independent of his college, and the world.

"And the Marchese Luigi Santabarba?" I rather curiously, though cautiously, inquired.

"Oh, the impudent rascal!" replied Wilson. "You quite alarmed me at first with your insinuations and suspicions—so groundless, so unreasonable!"

"Yes, dear Mr. B——, how could you be so cruel, so unkind, so unjust?" expostulated Mrs. Wilson. "You yourself admired his singing, his dancing."

"No, madam; no," I replied. "Indeed I——"

"Come, my good friend, you must not indeed let your disappointment overcome your good sense," said Mrs. Wilson, in her most insinuating tones, as she quickly interrupted me. I said nothing more on the subject; but I could not help thinking a good deal.

"But you do not ask me who this noble marchese really was," cried Wilson. "Judge of my surprise when I met the fellow here, at recognising in him a quondam hairdresser of Naples, one Luigi Battone by name, afterwards an understrapper at the opera of Bologna; and who having picked up, by various tricks, some little money, came to this country to improve his fortunes. The *Bricone* knew me directly, and has decamped without ceremony."

"And is all this really true?" I asked, with an involuntary sigh.

"Yes, indeed, every syllable is true," replied Mrs. Wilson, as she smiled with mingled affection and contentment on the singular partner she had chosen for life; and who formed so complete and ridiculous a contrast to herself in person and appearance.

As I listened sorrowfully to her reply, I thought I never beheld so lovely and perfect a being as Rhoda, or so ugly and ungraceful a specimen of Nature's handiwork as her husband, the Rev. Francis Wilson. I communed temperately with my own thoughts—I reflected on my own personal appearance with becoming moderation; but I could not help repeating to myself, "There is no accounting for the caprices of women."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

A LEGEND OF HALNAKER.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb,
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume,
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaflike red."

Byron.

Halneche, now called Halnaker, like all those other edifices erected of old, for the purposes of safety and defence, is sufficiently prolific in the history of its own events. But whatever might be the antiquity of its more ancient foundations, it was only in the reign of the Tudors that it rose into splendour and importance.

Like many other castellated residences, which subsisted, perhaps, for six or eight centuries in succession, the castle of Halneche, the ruins of which are still visible in the neighbourhood of Goodwood—has been suffered, as we have said, to accumulate its legends and its chronicles. The following story, or, rather, sketch, is derived from one of those same reminiscences of the past; although somewhat intermixed, it may be, with fanciful variations and embellishments, which, however, have their foundations in reality. The scene of the event we are about to rehearse, is distinctly traced to the reign of Edward VI., the short-lived son and successor of the volatile and impetuous Henry VIII.

The castle was, at that time, in the possession of the Baron d'Aubigny, who had resolved to bestow the hand of his only daughter and heiress upon the haughty and somewhat turbulent Sir Rudiswolfe de Montford; the fortunate descendant, and eventual successor, of one de Montford, whose courage in the field, and dexterity in council, had enabled him to accumulate several wealthy possessions during the long civil wars which distracted the reign of the imbecile Henry VI.; for ambition, no matter how advanced, was ever the ruling passion of the last Lord D'Aubigny, who owned the castle of Halneche.

But the Lady Eleanor, the fair maiden thus unceremoniously bestowed, loved (as but too often happens) another. The handsome, the ingenuous, the nobly descended Henry Merston, had already, and too surely, secured an interest in her heart. But fortune was inauspicious; the very chances which, in past times, had raised the family of de Montford to power, had proportionately depressed that of the Merstons.

The Lord D'Aubigny, stern and imperative as he naturally was, did not, however, stop to harass his only child and daughter with personal reproaches respecting an affair to which he should never be brought to give his consent. But, suddenly employing all his influence with the council, who assembled on the demise of Henry VIII.. he procured that his daughter's lover should be appointed to join the Lord Warden of the Marches; in order to assist in repressing the disorderly but desperate attacks of the Scottish borderers, now more than ever inclined to revenge the sacking of Edinburgh and Leith (facetiously called by Lord Huntly, the "Rough courtship"), recently inflicted on the Scots, in consequence of their refusal to deliver their infant queen to Henry of England's protection. The Lord D'Aubigny, therefore, having procured the banishment of Merston, now summoned de Montford in his place. But another visiter, of still greater power, influence, and authority, was also fated, it would appear, to sojourn within the walls of Halneche. Edward VI. himself, whose sickly constitution balanced for a time between improvement tending towards manly strength, and the more subtle influence of a premature and untimely decay, had just undertaken a progress to the coast of Sussex; and resting, on his advance, at Halneche, had resolved on visiting it more particularly on his return. Leaving his daughter, therefore, to do the honours of Sir Rudiswolfe's reception, the Lord D'Aubigny had now set out, in order to meet the royal party, as well as to be their guide when they should draw near his own habitation.

On the summit, then, of the loftiest tower of the castle of Halneche, gaily flaunted in the summer breeze, the armorial banner of the Baron D'Aubigny. The shrill-sounding bugles of the advanced guard of the king already announced the coming of the youthful monarch, and joy and triumph seemed to encircle the ancient battlements of the fortalice. But appearances are frequently deceitful: grief, uncertainty, and distraction, were, alas! the prevailing destinies that ruled the interior of the noble dwelling.

The Lord D'Aubigny himself, accustomed to the boisterous and eventful times of Henry VIII., had looked with pity, almost approaching to contempt, upon the youthful and feeble person of his successor; and had accordingly in many instances much neglected those courtesies and gentler duties generally yielded to a reigning prince. Consequently, a fear, lest his neglect might be in some manner or another resented, now weighed upon his mind.

In the meantime, the Lady Eleanor, who grieved for the absence of Merston, had once more gently but decidedly rejected the suit of Sir Rudiswolfe de Montford; who, with all that quick and vindictive impatience which characterises the actions of men unaccustomed to contradiction, had taken horse and departed, even before the return of the Baron D'Aubigny himself. Such was the situation of the inhabitants of Halneche, at the time of Edward's approach, on his tour through this portion of the southern territories of his dominions.

The scenery which skirts this district of the coast of Sussex, is, in its character, both varied and picturesque. The cliffs are ranged, in many parts, in fanciful and capricious outlines, forming a pleasing contrast to the seemingly endless level of the surrounding waters; while the features of the more inland landscape exhibit both cultivation and diversity.

The youthful king—the most amiable—perhaps the only mildly dispositioned inheritor of that crown which after Wolsey's master descended upon the heads of so many immediate heirs—felt alike animated with the scene, and revived by the exercise consequent upon his journey; so much so, indeed, that a feeling like that of health suddenly restored after long absence, seemed to have refreshed and reinvigorated his frame. The courtiers in his train, snatching every opportunity of examining closely, keenly, and intensely, all the varying changes of his countenance, fancied at last that they beheld the natural colour once more spread itself upon his cheek. The Lord of Halneche, in particular, whose disposition, as we have already had occasion to remark, was of a nature more than ordinarily aspiring and ambitious, felt it necessary, therefore, to exert himself to the utmost, in order to gain the graces of a prince who was destined, as might be supposed from the circumstance of his youth, to sway the regal sceptre throughout a period much beyond that of most other kings.

Determined, then, upon gaining the ear of Edward, at whatever sacrifice and whatever price, the Lord D'Aubigny led the way to his own castle of Halneche, towards which, through the well known downs of Godingwood,[*] the royal cavalcade progressed, little imagining, however, that the first tokens of his loyal obedience were to be made at the sacrifice of that marriage of his daughter with Sir Rudiswolfe; on which, despite the knight's departure from Halneche, he was as much determined upon as before.

Amongst other hastily got up shows and devices, a morris-dance, after the fashion of the times, had been ordered for the temporary amusement of the king. For this purpose, rustic seats had been erected in the open air for the accommodation of the spectators, and above these there rose a pavilion, composed of branches fresh in the leaf, bent and twisted into a sort of network; while the foundations of the gallery were supported by short thickset pillars of gnarled and knotted oak. The flooring alone was overspread with a matting entirely covered with crimson silk. In the centre, which was somewhat elevated, was placed a couch, covered with velvet, on which was richly embroidered the arms and quarterings of the king. But though the entire pavilion was raised several feet from the ground, and thus kept apart, as it were, for Edward's own particular personal comfort, it was, nevertheless, so completely and entirely open, even where the trellised work seemed thickest, that the youthful monarch was as much exposed to the gaze of those around him, as if he had been placed directly in the midst of them.

Into this pavilion, the king, in accordance with the gallant usage of the times, led the Lady Eleanor. But what comfort, happiness, or satisfaction, could the fair Eleanor now hope to experience from either the presence of the king, or from witnessing the merry, though not inelegant, evolutions of the dance? Her thoughts, which the tumult of the scene had for a moment diverted, again reverted to Henry Merston —absent and lost to her—nay, more, sent to peril himself amidst the rude onsets and forays of an irregular war; and stupified more than amused with the scene, her eye wandered vacantly and unconsciously over the surrounding groups, though the veil of net and silver, which enveloped her countenance, concealed her varying emotions from the crowd. But Edward, with that acute and intuitive sensibility, so often to be remarked in young persons who already draw towards the grave, read a sorrow in her faint though kindly smile, which filled him with a lively feeling of sympathy and compassion.

"Fair Lady Eleanor," he said, gently inclining towards her as they sat together, enthroned upon the couch or chair of the rustic pavilion overlooking the gay caprioles of the dancers, "could I but know what might best suppress that oft-repeated sigh!—which comes, too, at a time when sighs are unwelcome guests. But, indeed, fair Lady Eleanor," he continued, interrupting himself, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, "I do myself at times feel aweary, and, like a spirit wandered in a dream, know not the while what best may give me rest!"

So saying, Edward partially stooped, as if accompanying his words with a slight reverence,—a mode of speech that suited the almost chivalrous gallantry of the times. Then added, in a sort of half-suppressed under tone, "Talk to me, sweet Lady Eleanor, or appear to do so. I feel a faintness coming over me, which, for the present, I would fain wish to conceal. It will pass," he added, once more speaking fast and hurriedly, and still in the same low and suppressed tone of voice; "It will pass in less time than I speak. They think me *well;* and on this belief your father hath of late, I know, somewhat built. Nor would I, by such tokens of indisposition as are but known to myself and my more familiar attendants, spoil the fortunes of the future, or, when I look on *thee*, fair Lady Eleanor, the pleasures of the hour. Be heedful, however, Lady Eleanor, for see they look on us —shade me as you can—it comes—no more."

On uttering these words, Edward dropped his head still lower than before, at the same time shading his face with a glove held in his right hand. For a few moments he remained motionless, and apparently lifeless; and then again looked up with his wonted easy and good-natured cheerfulness. The whole scene, indeed, passed so quickly, that the Lady Eleanor had scarce time to answer his commands, which she, however, though but ill at ease herself, endeavoured to obey as she best could.

A single glance informed Edward that the merry party gathered around them had no suspicions of what had occurred; and, taking the hand of the Lady Eleanor, as if to lead her from her seat, he said earnestly, and with an air of peculiar and almost tender respect, "Ask but a boon, fair Lady Eleanor, and it is granted. I reign at Halneche, as well as at Westminster or the tower of Windsor; seek of me, therefore, what may at least help to restore that happiness, which, I know not how, hath appeared to me more clouded than I could have wished. Besides that, I *owe* you recompense."

In fact Edward had reason to feel grateful to any one who could assist him to silence the fears which were so perpetually felt for his life; the more tormenting to his friends and favourites, when it was considered which of the daughters of Henry was likely to rule after his decease.

The griefs and perplexities of the Lady Eleanor were soon rehearsed.

"It shall be ordered otherwise," said the king, as they now passed from the pavilion; "my own especial messenger shall recall your brave, but absent, lover from a post of danger, yet one of little dignity or honour. And next, your father and I will speak together: should he contest the matter, I may not *ask*, but may rather choose me to *command*. But in this I have no fears. He has already received and accompanied me with too much honour, to make me doubt for a moment his disobedience in a matter where I have determined to will."

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[*] In modern times called Goodwood.

He slightly moved a delicately made hand as he spoke; and a page—one out of six who stood at each extremity of the pavilion—approached. He named the Lord D'Aubigny, and the page disappeared. He then spoke aside to a person, whom he singled out from the train, who again drew around him on seeing him finally quit the pavilion; and the Lady Eleanor, as she once more withdrew amongst her gentlewomen, could distinctly hear the name of Merston pronounced. But further comforts were in store for her; her father yielded that to ambition which he had never yielded to the feelings of paternal love. Edward, he now believed, was born to hold, not lose, the sceptre; and, perhaps—so contradictory are sometimes the motives which operate upon the human mind—he now rather rejoiced at an event which was likely to gain him the approbation of the king; who had signified his desire to revisit Halneche on his final return from his progress through the more southward counties of his kingdom.

All, therefore, was now happiness and joy within the walls of Halneche. Edward, apparently restored to almost vigorous health, was likely to raise his favourites to honours of the very highest importance. De Montford had retired to one of his own castles; and the return of Merston, now daily expected, awakened joy in all those who rejoice in another's good. While the Baron D'Aubigny, whose ambition was henceforth to be based upon his own court influence, hastened his preparations for the king's promised visit; a visit not merely of convenience to himself and train as before, but a visit of honour to the Lord of Halneche in person.

It was anxiously hoped that Henry Merston's return might anticipate that of the king; but so it was, Edward and his train, now journeying towards London, were the first to arrive. The festivities opened with a banquet, which was succeeded by a mystery—a sort of puzzle more than play—from which the audience must guess at the meaning from the allegory, and not, as in our modern times, the meaning from the personated facts. To this again succeeded a ball, which the king himself, it is said, opened with a measure, as it was then called, in which he chose the Lady Eleanor for partner.

Our story draws somewhat abruptly towards a close. Edward had hardly seated himself upon the couch of state, to which, at the termination of the dance, he had conducted the Lady Eleanor, attired, too, by his command, in all the splendours of her bridal dress, when a ghastly paleness overspread his features; his lips moved convulsively, while his eye fixed itself with a wild, undeviating, and supernatural gaze upon the blanching countenance of the Lady Eleanor. Twice, also, he raised his hand, and pointed direct toward the opposite part of the hall, while he more than once faintly whispered her,—"He comes—he is without—but—he comes too late!" At this instant a faint cry burst upon the ear of the assembly, which was almost immediately succeeded by a sort of dull, dead sound, as if something soft, yet heavy, had been precipitated from the top of some of the flanking towers of the castle. The cause, whatever it was, though it excited an uneasy and even somewhat painful sensation in the minds of all present, was soon, however, forgotten, in their anxiety to assist, and, if possible, to restore the king. But, at the very instant when Edward began once more to show symptoms of returning life, the door of the hall opened on the side to which he had pointed, and the bloody and disordered remains of the ill-starred Merston were carried, by some terrified attendants, into the midst of the apartment.

The last scenes of a tragedy are soon concluded. Upon the extreme top of a mount, artificially raised for the purpose of jousts and tournaments, a beacon fire had been, for the first time, kindled, in honour of the king's return. This mound, which was shortly afterwards, say the chroniclers, reduced to a level with the surface of the surrounding country, descended on one side in gentle slopes, once shaped into rustic seats and galleries; but, to rearward, descended abruptly and precipitously a height of several hundred feet. Unapprised of all that had of late happened at the castle of Halneche, and simply obeying, with all the haste and expedition in his power, the king's recall, and mistaking the beacon for a watch-tower of the castle, young Merston had sprung forward upon the height; and though, probably, attempting to check the career of his courser, when too late, both had leaped the precipice, which overhung an esplanade of the castle, upon which the banquet-hall itself was made to open. Edward, with that distinctness in distinguishing sounds, with which persons in a dying or a delicate state of health are so often endowed, had, no doubt, heard the rush of the young lover's steed when he pointed to the spot whence the after sounds had proceeded. But, be this as it may, the unfortunate Merston, when found by those on guard without the castle, no longer discovered any symptom or resemblance of life.

This terrible shock, falling thus heavily and unexpectedly upon a mind long weakened and harassed by love, hope, terror, and anxiety combined, proved too much for the gentle Lady Eleanor. She sank at once, and without resistance under the blow. Her father's proud mind also yielded beneath the double ills of disappointed power and domestic bereavement. But death brought not its relief for him; his mind merely waned into a state of helpless and almost infantine idiocy; and the archives of the times, from which we take our story, soon forgot to make memento of his existence, though he still continued to live, and, during a few transient, lucid intervals, to recall many of the scenes of his former life.

Halneche and the adjoining lands passed, in the course of time, into the possession of kindred of a different name, though not very distantly related; and Edward VI., who had himself performed so prominent a part in the foregoing drama, was presently reconveyed, in a litter, to Greenwich, where he, in a few weeks afterwards, expired.

This legend forms, as we have stated, but one out of many appertaining to Halneche. The principal features are the facts chronicled of the time; the details may have been, in some instances, slightly, though not very particularly, varied.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

"APROPOS OF BORES."

RELATED BY THE LATE JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ. TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Apropos of bores, how frequently is the pleasure of society injured, if not destroyed, by the bores who infest it! and how seldom can we recall a single day, the enjoyment of which has not been deteriorated by their intervention!

One of the annoying peculiarities of bores is, to select the moment for relating some stupid anecdote, or for asking some silly question, when a witty, instructive, or interesting conversation is going on, to which one is desirous of listening. A particular instance of this vexatious propensity once annoyed me excessively; it occurred at a dinner given by my late worthy friend, Sir William Garrow.

"Pray tell us," said he, to a man who sat near him, "that adventure of yours in the wine vaults of Lincoln's Inn, of which I heard a garbled account the other day."

I, who always liked an adventure, pricked up my ears at the sound; and the individual, thus questioned, commenced the following story:—

"A friend of mine went to Madeira in an official situation, some years ago. He speculated largely in wine, and sent home several pipes, to be kept until his return. He wrote to request me to find them safe cellarage; and I, in consequence, applied to a friend, a barrister, to procure me permission to lodge the wine in the vast cellars of Lincoln's Inn Square. I was furnished with a key, that I might have ingress and egress to this sombre spot when I liked; and having, one day, a vacant hour in my chambers, it suddenly entered my head that I would go and inspect the wine *dépôt* of my absent friend.

"Armed with the key, I sallied forth, and engaged the first porter I met to procure a candle, and accompany me to the cellar. You are not, perhaps, aware that these vast vaults are twenty feet beneath the square, and the entrance to them many feet, I believe one hundred and fifty, removed from any dwelling, or populous resort.

"We entered the gloomy cavern, and locked the door on the inside, to prevent any idle person who might, by chance, pass that way, from taking cognisance of the treasure it concealed. So great was the extent of the vault, that our feeble light scarcely enabled us to grope our way through its murky regions; but, at length, we reached the spot where I knew the wine of my friend was deposited, and had the satisfaction of finding that the pipes were in perfect condition. We were preparing to return, when the porter, who held the candle, made a false step, and was precipitated to the earth, extinguishing the light in his fall. Never shall I forget the sensation I experienced at that moment! for the extent and tortuous windings of the vault impressed me with a rapid conviction of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of discovering the door. The alarmed porter declared in terror, that we were lost, inevitably lost; that he should never see his wife and children more, and cursed the hour he left the light of day to explore the fearful cave, that would now become his tomb—a tomb, on which no fond eye would dwell; and he cried aloud in an agony of despair, at this gloomy contemplation. I urged him to restrain his useless lamentations, and seek to grope our way in the direction of the door; and after having occupied full two hours in fruitlessly wandering through as many various and devious turnings, as if in a labyrinth, we, at length, discovered the object of our search.

"'Oh! God be thanked, God be thanked!' exclaimed the porter, with frantic joy, 'then I shall again see my wife, my little ones!' and he seized the key, which was in the lock, and turned it with such force, that it snapped, the head remaining inextricably secured in the wards.

"'Now, now we are indeed lost!' cried he, throwing himself on the ground; 'all hope is at an end, for we might knock and scream here for ever, without being heard. Why, why did I come with you? It is plain you are an unlucky man, whoever you are, and your ill fortune falls on me.'

"I tried to comfort him, though seriously alarmed myself; but he became angry, telling me I could be no father or husband, to talk coolly at such a moment, and with a certain prospect of death, by famine, staring us in the face.

"'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' cried he, starting up in terror, 'the rats are gathering round; they will devour us before hunger has done its worst.'

"I have, all my life, had a peculiar antipathy to these animals; and confess that, when I found them stumbling over my feet, and heard them running at every side, an increased shudder of horror and fear filled my blood.

"'Let us stave in one of the wine-pipes,' said my companion, 'that we may forget, in the excitement of wine, the horrible death that awaits us. Yes, let us get drunk!'

"I refused to adopt this project; and my refusal again drew forth his reproaches on my being an unlucky man, and his conviction that I had no heart in my body, as he expressed it, or no wife and little ones expecting me at home, or I would not take matters so easy.

"How many thoughts did I give to the dear objects to whom he referred, as I now dwelt with anguish on the fearful probability of my never again beholding them! We searched in vain for a stone, or any other implement with which to wrench the lock, or force the hinges, both of which resisted all our efforts. Hour after hour passed away. How interminably long appeared their flight! the silence only broken by the mingled reproaches and lamentations of my companion, and the increased noise of the rats, who now, becoming more courageous, assailed our feet. Each hour strengthened my conviction of our inevitable death in this horrible subterranean, where, probably, our mortal remains would not be discovered, until every trace of identity was destroyed by the ravenous reptiles around us. My blood ran cold at the reflection, and my heart melted at the thought of them, who were, doubtless, at that moment anxiously counting the hours of my unusual absence. I seized the arm of my companion, and—"

Here one of the company, proverbial for his obtuseness, and who had repeatedly attempted to interrupt the narrative, seized my button, and, in a loud voice, said, "How do you think, Jekyll, I should have got out?"

"You would have *bored* your way out, to be sure," answered I, impatient at the interruption; and the more so, as, at this instant, the butler announced that the ladies were waiting tea for us.

I ascended to the drawing-room, fully intending to request the sequel of the story; but a succession of airs on the piano, accompanied by the voices of the ladies, precluded the possibility of conversation. In a few days after I met some of the party, and questioned them respecting the conclusion. One declared that he had forgotten all about the story; another said that it had set him off to sleep, and so he missed the *denoûement;* a third avowed that, being deaf in the left ear, he had not heard more than a few words; and a fourth told me, that a tiresome man next him took that opportunity of giving him the particulars of a county meeting, as detailed in the morning papers, not omitting a single line.

Consequently, to this hour, I am ignorant how the gentleman and porter escaped from the vault.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

A SYRIAN SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

The sun was quivering above the horizon, when I strolled forth from Jaffa to enjoy the coming breeze amid the beautiful gardens that environ that agreeable town. Riding along the previous day, my attention had been attracted by a marble gate, the fragment of some old temple, that now served as the entrance into one of these enclosures, their secure boundary otherwise formed by a picturesque and impenetrable hedge of Indian fig.

It is not a hundred yards from the town; behind it stretches the plain of Ramle—the ancient Arimathea—broad and fertile, and, at this moment, green; for it was just after the latter rains, when Syria is most charming. The caravan track winding through it, led to Jerusalem.

The air was exquisitely soft and warm, and sweet with the perfume of the orange bowers. I passed through the marble portal, adorned with some florid yet skilful sculptures, and found myself in a verdant wilderness of fruit-trees, rising in rich confusion from the turf, through which not a single path seemed to wander. There were vast groups of orange and lemon-trees, varied occasionally with the huge offspring of the citron-tree, and the glowing produce of the pomegranate; while, ever and anon, the tall banana raised its head aloft with its green or golden clusters, and sometimes the graceful and languid crest of the date-bearing palm.

While I was in doubt as to the direction I should bend my steps, my ear was caught by the wild notes of Turkish music; and, following the sounds, I emerged upon a plot of turf, clear from trees, in the middle of which was a fountain, and, by its margin, seated on a delicate Persian carpet, a venerable Turk. Some slaves were near him; one of whom, at a little distance, was playing on a rude lyre; in his left hand was a volume of Arabian poetry, and he held in his right the serpentine tube of his Nargilly, or Syrian pipe. When he beheld me, he saluted me with all the dignity of the Orient, pressing his hand to his heart, but not rising. I apologised for my intrusion; but he welcomed me with serene cordiality, and invited me to share his carpet and touch his pipe.

Some time elapsed in answering those questions respecting European horses and European arms, wherein the Easterns delight. At length, the solemn and sonorous voice of the muezzin, from the minarets of Jaffa, came floating on the air. The sun had set; and, immediately, my host and his companions performed their ablutions in the fountain; and, kneeling towards Mecca, repeated their accustomed prayers. Then rising, the Turkish aga, for such was his rank, invited me to enjoy the evening breeze, and accompany him in a walk round his garden.

As we proceeded, my companion plucked an orange, and taking a knife from his girdle, and cutting the fruit in half, offered me one moiety, and threw the other away. More than once he repeated this ceremony, which somewhat excited my surprise. At length he inquired my opinion of his fruit. I enlarged, and with sincerity, on its admirable quality, the racy sweetness of its flavour, which I esteemed unequalled; but I could not refrain from expressing my surprise, that of fruit so exquisite he should so studiously waste so considerable a portion.

"Effendi," said the Turk, with a grave though gracious smile, "to friends we give only the sunny side."

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE PARTING.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

They parted—not as lovers part—
With tearful eyes, and throbbing heart;
With passionate words, that seem too weak
To utter half the soul would speak:

Something 'twixt anger and disdain,
A grief too haughty to complain—
Mingled in looks all sad and chill,
With words more sad and chilling still.

And pride was on her lip and brow,
And on her cheek a fever glow;
And conscious right that doth impart
Too stern a feeling to the heart.

All these forbade the words that might
Have changed his anguish to delight;—
For words of truth, in accents sweet,
Would yet have brought him to her feet.

But no—she knew not of a love
That mere suspicion thus could move;
'Twas not for her to bind the chain
That he had riven thus in twain.

Poor, simple girl—perchance she deemed
Man's blighted love like hers then seemed;
That he would turn, and sue, and kneel,
For what her lips might still reveal.

She knew not that man's spirits rise
Superior to such destinies;
Some flowers from off his path it shakes—
'Tis woman's heart alone that breaks!

From the Retrospective Review.

A VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

e Discovery of a New World; or, a Discourse tending to prove, that 'tis probable there may be another abitable World in the Moon. With a Discourse oncerning the possibility of a Passage thither. By **Dr.** *John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester. Written in he year* 1638.

The learned and right reverend person whose memory is responsible for this work, appears to have en a man of profound and exact erudition, of vigors intellect, and of great personal virtue. Accordg to all the biographical dictionaries, he obtained high respect of the literary generation among om he lived, and the various works which are atbuted to him, will enable posterity to understand w fully he was entitled to it. We think it right to y this of Bishop Wilkins, at the very outset of our marks upon his book; because, unless we thus exssly acknowledge his general claim as an author pprobation, the tone of our observations upon that all portion of his works, to which we shall confine rselves, might possibly create a belief, that we were her deceived as to the Bishop's true character, or, any rate, that we were inclined to deceive others. r we are afraid that we shall have occasion to laugh ittle, in the course of this article, at some of the culations in which the worthy prelate indulged mself; and it is but fair, therefore, to say, that in e very small part of this very small treatise, he is rational a writer as any man who ventured upon bjects of natural philosophy before the age of wton.

Having thus made our peace with the admirers of shop Wilkins, we proceed to state, that certain perns in the Bishop's own day, and many before it, had ached sundry astronomical doctrines, which the rned prelate thought it not amiss to explode. He, refore, put forth a tractate, the title of which we ve given, wherein he very triumphantly exposes me of the more vulgar errors into which the smaters in natural philosophy had fallen; and urges, th very considerable ingenuity, several *à priori* sons for believing in some of the prominent docnes which have since been established by Newton d his successors. But the good Bishop pursues triumph too far; he drives his enemies back into land of speculation, and unluckily gets lost in it mself. For having established, or, at least, talked sibly enough upon thirteen preliminary propositions as to the nature of the moon, and her relations the earth, he waxes bold, and ventures at once to nciate his fourteenth proposition, thus:—"That it possible for some of our posterity to find out a conyance to this other world; and if there be inhabints there, (which, by-the-bye, is settled in proposin thirteen,) to have commerce with them." How supports this notion, we intend briefly to show.

Before, however, we proceed to the execution of is task, we cannot but express our astonishment, at, in this our day of speculation, no projector ould have attempted to do that of which Bishop ilkins has here, in some sort, shown the possibility. e philosophers' stone is even now sought after; d some lives are at this day consumed in search of e *elixir vitæ*. The academy which Gulliver found at Lagado, is still in existence; and though the projects which he describes have been, for the most part, supplanted by others, many of the new ones are not one whit less hardy and extravagant. It would be equally invidious and endless to adduce examples: no one, with the use of his eyes, can fail to perceive that the "*nil mortalibus arduum est*," is as applicable now as ever. And, therefore, we again marvel at the abandonment of this project of Bishop Wilkins, which, to say the plain truth, is, in comparison with some that we could name, "sense, absolute sense."

The Bishop sets out in his adventurous course with a very pretty piece of sophistry:

"If we do but consider by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence, not presently to show us all, but to lead us on by degrees, from the knowledge of one thing to another.

"It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space (I doubt not) but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered. Time, who hath always been the father of new truths, and hath revealed unto us many things, which our ancestors were ignorant of, will also manifest to our posterity that which we now desire, but cannot know. *Veniet tempus* (saith Seneca) *quo ista quæ nunc latent, in lucem dies extrahet, et longioris ævi diligentia.* Time will come, when the endeavours of after ages shall bring such things to light as now lie hid in obscurity. Arts are not yet come to their solstice, but the industry of future times, assisted with the labours of their forefathers, may reach that height which we could not attain to. *Veniet tempus quo posteri nostri nos tam aperta nescisse mirentur.* As we now wonder at the blindness of our ancestors, who were not able to discern such things as seem plain and obvious unto us; so will our posterity admire our ignorance in as perspicuous matters.

"In the first ages of the world, the islanders thought themselves either to be the only dwellers upon earth, or else, if there were any other, they could not possibly conceive how they might have any commerce with them, being severed by the deep and broad sea. But after times found out the invention of ships, in which, notwithstanding, none but some bold, daring men durst venture.

"And yet, now, how easy a thing is this even to a timorous and cowardly nature? And, questionless, the invention of some other means, for our conveyance to the moon, cannot seem more incredible to us, than this did at first to them; and therefore we have no just reason to be discouraged in our hopes of the like success."

Upon which ingenious reasoning we will only observe, that it might be used, with equal propriety, to show that we may hereafter mount up to the fixed stars themselves, or build houses at the South Pole, or live at the bottom of the ocean, or, in short, do any thing which our ancestors thought could not be done. The professors in Swift's academy, and that ingenious projector, who, in the reign of George I., actually broached a scheme for manufacturing deal boards out of saw-dust, reasoned, no doubt, after the fashion of this learned prelate.

In the following passage, however, he bethinks him of some few difficulties:

"Yea, but (you will say) there can be no sailing thither, unless that were true which the poets do but feign, that she made her bed in the sea. We have not now any Drake, or Columbus, to undertake this voyage, or any Dædalus to invent a conveyance through the air.

"I answer, though we have not, yet why may not succeeding times raise up some spirits as eminent for new attempts and strange inventions, as any that were before them? 'Tis the opinion of Keplar, that as soon as the art of flying is found out, some of their nation will make one of the first colonies, that shall transplant into that other world. I suppose, his appropriating this pre-eminence to his own countrymen, may arise from an overpartial affection to them. But yet thus far I agree with him, that whenever that art is invented, or any other, whereby a man may be conveyed some twenty miles high, or thereabouts, then 'tis not altogether improbable that some or other may be successful in this attempt.

"For the better clearing of which I shall first lay down, and then answer those doubts that may make it seem utterly impossible.

"These are chiefly three.

"The first taken from the natural heaviness of a man's body, whereby it is made unfit for the motion of ascent, together with the vast distance of that place from us.

"2. From the extreme coldness of the ethereal air.

"3. The extreme thinness of it.

"Both which must needs make it impassible, though it were but as many single miles thither, as it is thousands."

And then he comes to a query which, we do wonder, did not frighten him from any further prosecution of his scheme. For having shown that, even if men could fly, the swiftest of them would probably be half a year before he arrived at his journey's end, he asks the following very natural question.

"And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?

"1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew, (mentioned before,) who thinks that the musick of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

"Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him, as might serve for his Viaticum in so tedious a journey.

"2. But if he could: yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air (unless they be enchanted ones) to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither."

We have certainly no intention of following our author through the dull train of reasoning—or rather through that complicated web of conceits and hypotheses—by the aid of which he overcomes or eludes the three first of his difficulties. It is sufficient for us to say, that after soundly swingeing Aristotle "for teaching that heaviness is an absolute quality of itself, and really distinct from condensity," and honouring with his approbation certain admirable but inapplicable doctrines of "the learned Verulam;" he comes to the following notable conclusion, wherein, after writing more weary passages than we have patience to count, he does not seem to us to have made any great progress towards his promised demonstration.

"From hence then (I say) you may conceive, that *if a man were beyond this sphere,* he might there stand as firmly in the open air as now upon the earth. *And if he might stand there, why might he not also go there? And if so, then there is a possibility likewise of having other conveniences for travelling.*" Quod erat demonstrandum.

But then recurs the grand difficulty: how is a man to carry with him provisions for half a year's journey? For as to sleeping by the way, to provide for which would have puzzled a less sanguine projector than the bishop, in *that* he finds nothing to stop him.

"Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers."

But, still as to the *viaticum!*—how is that affair to be managed? The bishop obviously feels himself hard pressed here, and accordingly, after approaching the question two or three times, and as often running away from it, he puts a bold face on the matter, and, girding up his loins, attacks the difficulty thus. The manner in which he contrives to introduce a hit at the papists is capital.

"And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so consequently not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done, who by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose, Mendoca reckons up divers strange relations. As that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years. And another of a rustic in Germany, who being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn, and the winter following, without any nourishment.

"Or, if this will not serve, yet why may not a papist fast so long, as well as Ignatius or Xaverius? Or if there be such a strange efficacy in the bread of the Eucharist, as their miraculous relations do attribute to it, why then, that may serve well enough for their *viaticum.*

"Or, if we must needs feed upon something else, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India that lived only upon pleasing odours. And 'tis the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits. Hence was it, that Democritus was able, for divers days together, to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread.

"Or if it be necessary that our stomachs must receive the food, why then it is not impossible that the purity of the ethereal air, being not mixed with any improper vapours, may be so agreeable to our bodies, as to yield us sufficient nourishment.

* * * * *

"I know it is the common opinion, that no element can prove aliment, because it is not proportionate to the bodies of living creatures which are compounded. But,

"1.—This ethereal air, is not an element; and though it be purer, yet it is perhaps of a greater agreeableness to man's nature and constitution.

"2.—If we consult experience and the credible relations of others, we shall find it probable enough, that many things receive nourishment from mere elements.

"First, for the earth; Aristotle and Pliny, those two great naturalists, tell us of some creatures that are fed only with this. And it was the curse of the serpent, Gen. 3. 14. *Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*

"So likewise for the water. Albertus Magnus speaks of a man who lived several weeks together by the mere drinking of water. Rondoletius (to whose diligence these latter times are much beholding for sundry observations concerning the nature of aquatils) affirms, that his wife did keep a fish in a glass of water without any other food, for three years, in which space it was constantly augmented, till at first it could not come out of the place at which it was put in, and at length was too big for the glass itself, though that were of a large capacity. Cardan tells us of some worms that are bred and nourished by the snow, from which being once separated they die.

"Thus also is it with the air, which we may well conceive does chiefly concur to the nourishing of all vegetables. For if their food were all sucked out from the earth, there must needs be then some sensible decay in the ground by them, especially since they do every year renew their leaves and fruits; which being so many, and so often, could not be produced without abundance of nourishment. To this purpose is the experiment of trees cut down, which will of themselves put forth sprouts. As also that of onions and the semper-vive, which will strangely shoot forth, and grow as if they hang in the open air. Thus likewise is it with some sensible creatures; the chameleon (saith Pliny and Solinus) is merely nourished by this; and so are the birds of paradise, treated of by many, which reside constantly in the air, nature having not bestowed upon them any legs, and therefore they are never seen upon the ground but being dead. If you ask how they multiply? 'Tis answered, they lay their eggs on the backs of one another, upon which they sit till their young ones be fledged. Rondoletius, from the history of Hermolaus Barbarus, tells us of a priest (of whom one of the popes had the custody) that lived forty years upon mere air. As also of a maid in France, and another in Germany, that for divers years together did feed on nothing but this: nay, he affirms, that he himself had seen one who lived till ten years of age without any other nourishment. You may find most of these, and some other examples to this purpose, gathered together by Mendoca. *Viridar.* lib. 4. prob. 23, 24. Now, if this elementary air, which is mixed with such improper vapours, may accidentally nourish some persons, perhaps then, that pure ethereal air may of itself be more natural to our tempers.

"But if none of these conjectures may satisfy, yet there may happily be some possible means for the conveyance of other food, as shall be shewed afterwards."

This grand difficulty once mastered, the road to the moon seems easy enough: at least, so thinks the bishop. Accordingly, he crows through half a dozen pages over the ingenious discovery thus made and explained, and it is not till he gets to the very end of his treatise that he stumbles upon another difficulty, which well nigh destroys the whole speculation. For, though he has provided in the notable way already described for overcoming the cold and rarity of the atmosphere, and for a full supply of sleep and food by the road, he has yet left one small element out of his calculation, without which this goodly scheme falls to pieces. For how, in the name of wonder, are we to be conveyed? Little would it boot a man bound for the East Indies to assure him, that he may get biscuits and fresh water at Madeira and the Cape, that he may sleep upon the passage as much as he likes, and to demonstrate to him with all possible clearness, that the human body may pass along the surface of the waters, unless you provided him with vessel, rudder, compass, and all the means of actual navigation. Some thought like this seems to have struck the bishop in the midst of his triumph, and to have brought him down from the clouds rather precipitately. *Nil desperandum*, however; so he takes heart, and after cudgelling his brains for a while, he actually presents us not with one conveyance only, but with a choice.

"If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour.

"I answer. 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

"2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar, as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why then it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

"Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this perhaps might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their *viaticum*, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of any thing in this kind, that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

"This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

"I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure to shew more particularly the means of composing it."

To which commodious and available vehicles, we marvel, that the bishop did not think of adding the Beetle, on which Trygæus, in *The Peace*, of Aristophanes, performs a similar journey.

Such, then, is one of the serious speculations in which a learned prelate in the days of Charles II. was wont to busy himself. We have thought it right, in these times of ingenuity and research, once more to direct the attention to such projectors as may have less of common sense than of leisure and money, to a scheme which a hundred and fifty years ago seemed very promising, but which has latterly fallen into unmerited oblivion. We beg it may be observed, that *our* duty is now discharged; and that if a passage to the moon is not speedily discovered by some aërial Parry, no blame can, in common justice, be attached either to Bishop Wilkins or to *The Retrospective Review.*

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE DREAM OF PETRARCHA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity, and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathise with; apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me; believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the hand-maidens of poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old mole-hill covered with gray grass by the way-side, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present: do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ancles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than *you*, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succour; but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom that I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches, on these occasions, have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough, that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you: the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might, on other occasions, have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm; presently they grew contemplative: and lastly, beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest, lives."

"Say rather, child," replied the advancing form; and, advancing, grew loftier and statelier; "say rather, that nothing of beautiful, or of glorious, lives its own true life, until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted; and rumpled, and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrowhead; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but, throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking on him so near; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence—my timidity: for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I grew ashamed of my ingratitude; and, turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around; the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others;

but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily—

"Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass me," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name—the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive thee."

I looked: the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE CONCERT.

BY MISS WORTHINGTON.

Did it ever occur to our readers, as they sat in a concert-room, that the warbling beings in the orchestra were genuine fellow-creatures? that those plumed and jewelled heads might ache, those eyes flow with tears, those white-gloved hands be wrung with anguish? We think not: contented to gaze and to listen, we vaguely imagine the dark-eyed signora, the ringleted English girl, live only to *sing;* that they dwell for ever in a sort of mysterious musical existence—*vox, et præterea nihil.* The contrary is, however, sometimes forced on the spectator's senses.

Clara Fielding was born with the finest musical capabilities. Her mother died almost in Clara's infancy, and the child was educated by her remaining parent, amidst poverty and difficulties of various kinds. Himself a public singer, though not of celebrity, his life had been one long struggle with penury; whilst the mortifications to which a second-rate public performer is inevitably and constantly subjected had soured his temper, and rendered him but a harsh preceptor. He had a son, three years older than Clara, who was brought forward as one of those "wonderful children," who are so frequently offered up to the parental Moloch. The diminutive spectres of the past will sweep before my readers—perhaps the victims they have seen, applauded, and involuntarily aided to destroy—George Aspull, the infant Lyra, and a crowd more, whose innocent voices cry from their untimely graves.

Alfred Fielding, however, was indeed a boy of astonishing musical abilities; at seven years old he had his concerts, where crowded hundreds listened in amazement to his instrumental performance, and hung with delight on the melodious sounds that issued from his infant mouth. Sometimes the attenuated form and palid cheek were remarked to the father, who instantly replied by an assurance that he was in perfect health, and "never so happy as when playing." This last assertion was in a great measure correct. Besides a natural passion for music, vanity and premature ambition had been instilled into his little heart, and there was no degree of application to which he would not have submitted, rather than be surpassed.

At five years old, Clara made her first appearance before the public; rather to inure her early to their gaze, than from any display of which she was then capable. She was a beautiful, clever, but very volatile child, and it required great occasional severity to oblige her to a sufficient diligence for her father's future plans.

Four years Fielding continued to reap a golden and abundant harvest. He went on the Continent with his children, and Alfred was admired and caressed by the potentates of Europe: he returned to his native country to be still more celebrated; and, after appearing for the fourth season before a London audience, who did observe (for people *have* hearts) that he looked paler and thinner than ever,—that "his voice was certainly going,"—and that they never saw a boy with such large eyes,"—it was answered, that Alfred Fielding *had a cold;* and he was taken down to Hastings, where, in six weeks, he was laid in his silent grave, and the sea-mew dips her white wing over it.

Clara was now alone. It has been said and sung, that the tears of childhood are forgotten as soon as shed; but such is not always the case: the brother and sister had loved each other with uncommon affection; and it might truly be said, that in Alfred's grave Clara's vivacity was buried: she was never reproached for it again. By that skill in self-delusion which every mortal possesses so exquisitely, Fielding easily persuaded himself that a cold caught at his last concert, or a damp bed at an inn, or a variety of purely accidental causes, had occasioned the boy's death; and turned, with redoubled ardour, to cultivate his little daughter's talents. As an instrumental performer, she seemed never likely to equal her brother; but her voice promised to be of most surpassing beauty, and by the earnest advice of his professional friends, he refrained from any public exhibition of it during her childhood.

Over those years we will pass: they were marked by none of the enjoyments peculiar to that season of existence. Alfred's death had reconsigned the family to poverty; for Fielding, with the usual carelessness of his caste, had saved but little; so that poor Clara's time was divided between the laborious pursuit of her future profession and the severest household drudgery. Yet, authoritative and exacting as her father was, she loved him most affectionately; for hers was a heart overflowing with tenderness, and, except an Italian grayhound, that a foreign prince had given her brother, Clara had nothing else on earth to love. At length she approached womanhood, and, in spite of toil and privation, grew up tall and handsome, if not blooming; her hair and eyes were so dark, and her general turn of features so Italian, that at one time her father meditated bringing her out as a native of that country. But an idea that still greater interest would attach to her as the sister of the celebrated Alfred Fielding, occasioned this plan to be finally relinquished.

Clara was not quite sixteen when she made her *début.* It was a most brilliant one: constant and judicious cultivation from her infancy had given every possible perfection to a splendid voice, of unusual power, of almost unrivalled compass, of unearthly sweetness. She also possessed all the sensibility indispensable for a truly great singer—a sensibility that, having little else on which to expend its power, exhaled itself in music with irresistible charm and pathos. Although naturally timid and retiring, early habit had so familiarised her to the public gaze, that her self-possession was almost that of a veteran; her elegant figure and handsome face had, doubtless, their share in producing the rapturous reception with which the young aspirant was almost overwhelmed. The exulting father anticipated golden days once more; and felt tempted to fall at her feet and worship her.

From this moment began that dazzling, that intoxicating career, which has been run so often, and which has sometimes terminated in a night as sudden, as profound, as the early burst of morning was splendid and astonishing. Public and private concerts; musical festivals at York, at Birmingham, at Manchester; private exhibitions for the especial behoof of royalty; suppers at the Duke of *this*, and breakfasts at the Marchioness of *that;* visits, and invitations, and fêtes, and verses, and gold bracelets clasped with emeralds, and bouquets of flowers, and baskets of fruit, crowded on each other, leaving Clara scarcely time to breathe. Hardly more complete is the change experienced by the poor little unsightly worm, that, after a two years' residence in the mud, one summer's morn climbs a stem of grass by its native water, and then becomes, it knows not how, a splendid insect, glittering like a jewel, and pursued, as it floats through the air by the coveting eye of admiration.

Without a mother, or any other female protector, the youthful Clara was beset by dangers, to which she had no advantages of education or example to oppose. Fielding was not exactly a bad man, but he had no guiding principles, save interest and self-indulgence; nor had he ever attempted to warn his inexperienced child of the precipices she must approach. But there are some soils so excellent, that although no careful hand has ever sought to cultivate them, scatter but a few grains of good seed, and they will produce a luxuriant harvest. There are also *hearts* thus constituted —and such a heart was Clara's. In addition to this inestimable possession, notwithstanding her natural and inevitable enjoyment of her own fame, there would, at times, come over her inmost soul, amidst the glare and the glitter, the mighty rush of the orchestra behind her, the waving sea of uplifted faces, the ringing of plaudits in front, or even whilst the titled steward was handing her up to the orchestra as if she were a queen, a feeling that her position and her triumph were unreal, hollow, and evanescent. Perhaps this humility and sense of insecurity had been acquired, when, as a little child, at Hastings, she pillowed her dying brother's head on her bosom, and heard him faintly whisper, "Clara, it was that last concert that killed me."

This triumphant career had continued for a year, and Fielding, grown wiser, carefully amassed their earnings, and lived economically. During this period, incessant labour in her profession, combined with late hours and all the vicissitudes of a public singer's life, had materially impaired Clara's health, whilst cares of a different nature oppressed her mind. A nobleman, whose years might have enabled him to be her grandfather, pursued and annoyed her by attentions, by presents, by a thousand polite arts of persecution. For a considerable period she abstained from her usual reserve with him, because she was perfectly ignorant of views, which in a younger man she might have suspected; and when she became aware of their nature, she knew not how to shelter herself from his assiduities. Her father was no protection to her; the ladies of rank, who invited her to their houses, never dreamed of extending to Clara the shield they held over the young females of their own class. "She, you know, is a singer," was enough to make such neglect intelligible. But there was one person in the world, who always could, and always did, afford her succour.

Aldovini, the first tenor of the day, frequently sang with Clara: he was as celebrated as herself, and had enjoyed his fame much longer. It was a condescension to sing with any but a countrywoman, and Clara felt flattered by the distinction. They practised and they rehearsed together, and an intimacy naturally grew up between them; she formed her taste by his opinion, and it was amazing how her expression increased when she sang with Aldovini. On his part, he appeared sometimes entirely to forget that he had any other auditor; for, *il primo tenore* had a profound contempt for every thing English, from its climate to its music—Clara Fielding, perhaps, being the sole exception. Respecting the duke, Aldovini had no greater pleasure than exhibiting to his grace the sense of his own superiority, and shielding her completely from his attentions. He could always pretend, as a foreigner, not to understand what the duke said, and his grace felt that he could not conveniently quarrel with such a person; so that there were few objects in creation more hateful to him than Aldovini's falcon eye, raven whisker, and aquiline nose, relieved by the fair pale forehead of Clara.

The poor girl herself, thus thrown on his protection, and ardently grateful for the readiness and address with which it was always afforded, speedily learned to look up to him, to trust him, to obey him —to *love* him. A sort of sentimental, Platonic connexion, was gradually established between them. A mere amusement to the Italian; to Clara the only real source of happiness she possessed upon earth. This attachment, such as it was, was never interfered with nor commented on by her father, beyond a satirical smile, with which he sometimes looked at them.

Under these auspices, Clara's second London season commenced; her health was impaired, but her father was not a man to consent to any relaxation in her efforts, and of late her spirits had risen, and supplied any lack of strength. Early in the year her fresh career began: "Miss Fielding's first morning concert" was duly announced and advertised; all the difficulties, and heart-burnings, and quarrellings ensued, that invariably precede the public production of harmony, vocal or instrumental. But, at length, every thing was satisfactorily arranged; the prima donna of the day, at Aldovini's earnest request, consented to sing once "for the chalk-faced child;" whilst he acceded to all Fielding wished, except permitting Clara to sing a duet with any body but himself: on that one point he was inexorable.

The very night before the concert, when Clara, exhausted by the fatigues of the day—the coaxings, and the practising, and the signing the tickets—was resting herself in a little sitting-room called her own, her father came hastily in, with a bewildered air of consternation, and an open letter in his hand. Its contents were speedily communicated. A professional iend of Fielding had induced him to vest the large rofits of the preceding year in a theatrical speculaon in which he had engaged. This man had beome a bankrupt, and fled; and Fielding was, in all robability, liable to a share of his responsibility. lere poverty was not greatly dreaded by either Fieldig or Clara; they were familiarised to it; and, morever, they both felt that she had the power of comanding affluence: but this personal liability was omething vague and terrible. Not a word of reproach assed Clara's lips, although she had combated this anner of appropriating her earnings with as much rmness as she had ever ventured to exhibit, in oppoition to her father; but she was overwhelmed, like imself, by the idea of what exasperated creditors ight attempt. After a short pause, Fielding, who as traversing the room with hasty steps, approached is daughter, and said, in a low hoarse voice, "*You* an save me, Clara; and you must."

"Me! I!" she cried, in surprise and half-awakend joy, while she sprang from her seat. "Can I? ell me how?"

"Yes, you can; I have sometimes thought of peaking to you about it before, but I was unwilling; nd, besides, you were so young, and—and so —. But now it must be done. The duke, Clara, has often ffered me almost any sum I required, to use my inence over you to treat him more graciously; and I eally feel it a duty now, both to you and myself, to ccept his proposals. Therefore ——. Don't look at e in that way, Clara, and shudder, as if it was omething monstrous and unheard of. Let me tell you, uch offers have been made me more than once: and believe that I have been a fool to refuse them. Only hat I certainly was proud of your being so correct; nd had you continued as particular, with regard to ll others, you should never have heard a word on this ubject from me, come what might. But after this illy connexion with that fellow Aldovini, I don't see why I am to be more scrupulous than other peole."

"Father!" shrieked Clara, who had hitherto stood ntranced in horror, "you are not in earnest! you canot mean what you say! Aldovini! there is nothing, swear to you, father, wrong between us. Oh! how an you think so ill of your child?"

"Clara, Clara! don't, when I am half distracted, rive me quite mad! It may be very well to talk in his way with your fine ladies, though they a'n't a it nicer than you, perhaps, after all; but to *me!* No, o; you may fancy, foolish child, that you are very unning! but you cannot deceive me. What! make e believe that Aldovini, who can live with the nolest in the land, and has them all at his beck, comes nd sups with you on bread and butter, and radishes, nly to *sing duets!* Clara, I think it my duty not to llow you to throw yourself away; and, therefore, I hall tell the duke."

"Father," reiterated Clara, "you will kill me if ou talk in this way."

These words, and the voice of agony in which they were uttered, arrested Fielding's attention; and perceiving, from her ghastly countenance, that he must ry different methods, he softened his tone, soothed r rather endeavoured to soothe her, and began a genle enumeration of the duke's many claims on her ttention.

"Be merely civil; but at present you are really quite rude to him. And then there is Dr. Grimsworth always saying you sing too much; and all that."

Clara had sunk on a seat; she arose, and in a faint hollow tone said, "Let me go now, father. I cannot talk to-night any more. To-morrow—;" and seemingly unable to utter another word she quitted the room.

Fielding immediately proceeded to some persons connected with his treacherous friend, and endeavoured to enter into an arrangement with them as to his affairs. A representation respecting the concert, procured him a promise of personal immunity for the following day; and Fielding returned home, resolved, in the course of it, to conclude such a treaty with the duke, as should relieve him effectually from his present horrid anticipations. Long habituated to live by expedients, he revolved many schemes in his mind for his extrication. One was to fly with Clara to the Continent the moment the concert was over, and thus avoid forcing her to a step for which she evinced so violent a repugnance. In justice to Fielding it must be said, that not without a severe struggle, not till a prison stared him in the face, had he resolved on sacrificing his daughter. How far he really was influenced by her supposed weakness with Aldovini, in yielding to the duke's proposals, cannot be said; at least it formed part of the unction he laid to his soul, on the occasion. While Fielding was thus occupied, Clara sat on the floor in her own chamber in a state of mind difficult to be described. A blow had been struck to her very heart, and a sense of utter hopelessness, of being a lonely, wretched, enslaved creature, bowed to the earth by immeasurable calamity, long filled her soul, depriving her of all energy, all power even of thought. The pecuniary embarrassment was forgotten—one sole image stood before her—her father! One only sound rang in her ear—those words, never to be forgotten—those unutterably hideous words! Clara had dearly loved that sole parent; she had even respected him; and now the overwhelming sense of his loathsome baseness was paramount to every other. Hours passed unheeded, during which she shed no tears, but sat motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy. At length she partially recovered the first stunning shock, and began to think. She had only one friend on earth to consult in her extremity; and to that one she knew the most insupportable part of her grief would occasion no surprise. Aldovini had more than once uttered mysterious expressions, which Clara now understood but too well. A single ray of hope, too, gleamed faintly on her benighted soul: it was *possible* that there was even happiness in store for her; but she ventured not to dwell on this vision. Towards morning, exhausted nature sank into a brief oblivion.

She awoke somewhat refreshed, and comparatively calm. She had been visited with strange but soothing dreams. Her brother's form had hovered before her, clad in long glittering garments; and, smiling on her, said, "Fear nothing, Clara, you shall be happy to-morrow."

The following morning, the actual business of the concert pressed on both father and daughter so engrossingly, that they had no time for conversation. Clara, accustomed from infancy to share in such labours, moved mechanically through her duties; only an occasional convulsive shudder, and the wandering of her eye, betraying the perturbation and anguish within. All the *machinery* being in order, her toilet completed, a *soupçon* of rouge on her wan cheek, the transparent bonnet tied loosely under her chin, even the *bouquet* and pocket-handkerchief ready, she repaired to the apartments adjoining the concert-room, and gazed around in speechless impatience for Aldovini. The night before, he had been engaged to sing at a *fête* given by a lady of rank, and, perchance, the marquess' claret was unusually tempting. Be that as it might, the overture was actually over before he appeared; and the vocal part of the concert was to open with a duet between Clara and himself. When she saw him, when she heard his voice, a sudden sense of peace and security came over her; her eyes lit up, and her "O Aldovini! how late you are!" was uttered with something like a smile. In another moment she was facing a brilliant audience, and tumults of applause were echoing round her.

She had frequently sung the appointed duet with Aldovini; it was one which the public were never weary of listening to from their voices; and as those ravishing tones floated round the room, rising and falling—now singly in melodious stream—now blending in one mingling gush of harmony—all listened in breathless, entranced delight, nor dreamed of the throbbing anguish beneath the veiled bosom of the siren. As Aldovini led her away, she entreated him, in an eager whisper, to speak to her alone; they entered a small apartment adjoining the one where refreshments were placed; and in a few nearly inarticulate, broken words, she communicated the events of the preceding evening.

"Advise me—for I am almost out of my mind—How can I escape? How can I avoid this terrible—. Oh, Aldovini! you are so much more experienced than I am! Advise me, for pity's sake!"

"More experienced, indeed," replied Aldovini, with a smile and a sigh; "I thought something was the matter. Stay—let me think; and don't tremble *poverina:* but, sit down—remember the cavatina is still to be sung."

She sank on a chair. After manifest disturbance, and even embarrassment, he approached, and taking her cold hand, said, "You have only one refuge, Clara, if you will accept it. *Here!*" and he struck his breast. "Come with me, *Chiarina mia;* it will be better than being sold to that old *scelerato.* Come to Italy with me, *cara fanciulla.* My engagement is broken with those opera fools; and within a week I will be ready. I hate the country, and shall rejoice to quit it. I have lost two notes since I came. You, meanwhile—."

"But my father," interrupted Clara; "he would never consent."

"Consent!—to what? Consent to what, Clara?"

"To—to such a thing; he has so great a horror of my marrying a foreigner."

At these words, Aldovini suddenly withdrew the arm he had thrown round Clara; and, drawing back, looked earnestly upon her. The whole expression of his countenance changed; his eyelids dropped; a softened smile quivered for a moment on his lip. Then he said, in a tone of great feeling, "And is it indeed so? is it possible?" Still he remained gazing fixedly upon her; while she stood in breathless surprise and anxiety. A struggle was visible on his countenance; a second change succeeded; and then, as if resolved, he returned to her side, retook her passive hand, and said:

"I might deceive you, but I will not, Clara. *Un sol baccio;* perhaps it is the first and the last you will ever give me, for, *cara mia,* though it appears you have never heard the fact—I am married. *Cara mia,*" he repeated in alarm, as she sprang back with a faint, suppressed cry, and sank on her seat.

There was a pause; Clara uttered not a word; and, after a moment, Aldovini continued:

"I am nearly twenty years older than you, Clara, and have been married these dozen years. My wife is a beauty; and has the voice of an angel. She likes the Prince of Hesse Brennenberg better than poor Giulio Aldovini the singer; and you—you—dear and innocent child, are, I fear—."

At this moment, several eager voices called on her for her attendance in the orchestra.

"Clara forgive me!" whispered Aldovini, as he raised her from her seat. Still silent, a convulsive shudder was her only reply. Her father appeared, calling her hastily and sternly. She stepped quickly forward and followed him.

The noonday sun shone full on Clara as she appeared in the orchestra; her numerous admirers looked at her and were struck by her bewildered air. The cavatina was put into her hand, and the symphony began. It terminated with a single trumpet note, and the thunder roll of the kettle drums. At that instant she started, and gazed wildly around. One soft sound from a flute, and Clara's lips parted for the first note of the recitative. A shriek—a single piercing shriek issued from them; and she fell forward in the orchestra. The utmost confusion instantly prevailed; a strange discordant sound, produced by the ready bows of the various instruments, slipping hurriedly down the strings, mingled with the surrounding voices. The unhappy girl was carried off, and some minutes elapsed; several of the audience inquired at the entrance to the private apartments, and strange rumours began to circulate. At length, it was currently reported in the concert-room that Miss Fielding was dead.

"Dead! you don't mean to say that she died in the orchestra?" exclaimed a lady of very high rank, in an indignant tone.

"I rather think she did."

"Oh! then it is quite time to give up concerts, if the singers are to be so devoid of decency as actually to die before one's very face!" said the same lady.

Rumour, for once, spoke truly. Clara had, indeed, expired as she fell; although the fact was not ascertained for some time afterwards.

Aldovini, as he rushed past every one else, and lifted her from the ground, was the first who even imagined this terrible event; but he recalled her look when that fatal word passed his lips—her total silence afterwards; and now he gazed on her livid countenance, and *felt* all was indeed over.

"Back, old man!" he exclaimed to the duke. "Back, fiend!" he repeated to her father, as, all his Italian passions roused to frenzy, he struck him away.

Then, clasping her in his arms, he continued in a broken voice, "She is at rest! you cannot harm her now! Clara, Clara, pray for me in your bright abode, and forgive me!"

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

From the Retrospective Review.

EDWARD LORD HERBERT.

Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Writ- by himself. London. For J. Dodsley, *in Pall-* 1770.

a *transition-age* of our history, as the reign of I. has been happily termed, is remarkable for ny instances of profligacy, corruption, and base- amongst our nobility, that were the character of Herbert of Cherbury much less distinguished it is, by the high qualities which adorn it, the mplation of its excellences would be a most sea- le relief to our minds, when sickened with the of such men as Somerset and Northampton. standard of honourable, and indeed of virtuous , seems never to have been reduced lower gst us than at this period, when even the most d spirits were unable entirely to soar above the tic atmosphere in which they were enveloped. wisdom of Bacon could not prevent him from lling in the dust of a court, and soiling the splen- of a character which might have shone stainless gh all ages, by arts which have rendered him a ng to posterity, when he should have been its st example. The varied accomplishments of h, a man whom Nature had fashioned to be the of all gallantry, honour, and wisdom, serve but hts to draw into more conspicuous notice his and his follies, for of vices he ought surely to quitted. Not all the learning and patriotism of can ever cleanse his fame from the blot with his fierce inhumanity towards the unfortunate gh has stained it. Thus, amongst nearly all the at men of that day, we look in vain for that ction of *the great* and *the good*, which is the basis of a truly noble character. There cannot stronger proof of the disorganized state of moral g at this period, than the various fates of the duals whom we have just named. Somerset, a eted adulterer and murderer, retired upon a pen- Northampton, his accomplice, endowed an alms- , and died an edifying death in his own palace. n, the services for which he had sold his honour tten, perished in destitute poverty—the learned head and the brave heart of Raleigh could not save him from the steel of the executioner; and disgrace was the portion accorded to the honesty and profound sagacity of Sir Edward Coke. In times thus ordered, it is gratifying to find one instance where worth and valour, and learning and prosperity, were all united, as they were in the person of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Even in making these very few observations, we feel as though we were wronging our readers, and detaining them from a banquet by expatiating on the excellence of the viands. To those, indeed, who have not already devoured the work, we can promise a rich and delightful feast, which we hope they may relish with a zest equal to that which, as we well recollect, attended our first perusal of these captivating memoirs.

Edward Herbert, afterwards created Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in England, was born in the year 1581, and was the eldest son of Richard Herbert, Esq. a gentleman of ancient family in Monmouthshire. Many of his ancestors were celebrated for their valour, a quality which they transmitted unimpaired to their descendant. His great grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert, "was that incomparable hero, who (in the history of Hall and Grafton, as it appears) twice passed through a great army of Northern men, alone, with his pole-axe in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gaul, or the Knight of the Sun." The subject of the memoirs before us, received his earliest education in the house of his "lady grandmother," where he profited so much, that before he was nine years of age, he made an oration of a sheet of paper, and fifty or sixty verses in the space of a day on the theme of *Audaces fortuna juvat.* At the age of twelve, he was sent to the University of Oxford, and in 1598, he married the daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillians, after which event, he returned to Oxford, and "followed his book more close than ever." When he was about eighteen, his mother took a house in London, in which he resided with her for some years. On his arrival in the metropolis, he was introduced at the court of Elizabeth.

"About the year of our Lord 1600, I came to London, shortly after which the attempt of the Earl of Essex, related in our history, followed, which I had rather were seen in the writers of that argument, than here. Not long after this, curiosity, rather than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times, for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence chamber, when she passed by the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopped, and swearing by her oath, demanded, Who is this? Every body there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen staid, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillians', daughter. The Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, it is pity he was married so young, and, thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me upon the cheek. I remember little more of myself, but that from that time until King James's coming to the crown, I had a son which died shortly afterwards, and that I attended my studies seriously, the more I learnt out of my books, adding still a desire to know more."

On the accession of James I. he was made a knight of the Bath, on which occasion he experienced some extraordinary marks of attention, which he has recorded in his life. On the sleeve of the robe with which the knight was invested, it was formerly usual to fasten a knot of white silk and gold, which was to be worn until the knight "had done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour should take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, I will answer he shall prove a good knight." Sir Edward Herbert had not long worn the knot, when a principal lady of the court, whose name is now lost to us, but who was "certainly, in most men's opinions, the handsomest," took off the knot from the new knight's sleeve, and pledged her honour for his. An incident like this might have awakened all the feelings of chivalric gallantry in a heart less sensible to their impressions, than that of Sir Edward Herbert. In the year 1608, Sir Edward resolved, notwithstanding his lady's aversion to the measure, to visit the continent, and accordingly proceeded to Paris, where he became acquainted with the Constable Montmorency, the hero of Dreux and St. Denis. During his residence at the castle of Merlon, the residence of "that brave old general," Sir Edward displayed, in the following manner, the almost Quixotic gallantry of his disposition:

"Passing two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the duchess, of about ten or eleven years of age, going from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her and some gentlewomen that were with her. The young lady wearing a knot of ribband on her head, a French chevalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hatband. The young lady, addressing herself to me, said, Monsieur; I pray get my ribband from that gentleman; hereupon, going towards him courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour, that I may deliver the lady her ribband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, Do you think I will give it you, when I have refused it to her? I replied, Nay, then, sir, I will make you restore it by force, whereupon also, putting on my hat and reaching *at his, he, to save himself,* ran away, and, after a long *course in the meadow, finding* that I had almost over*took him, he turned short,* and running to the young lady, was about to put the ribband on her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, it was I that gave it. Pardon me, quoth she, it is he that gives it me. I said, then madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him. The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day, I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier, that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribband, or fight with me; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon, I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who, sending for the French chevalier, checked him well for his sauciness, in taking the ribband away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house; and this was all I ever heard of the gentleman, with whom I proceeded in that manner, because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion."

The pugnacious qualities of our hero now began most rapidly to develope themselves. It was not, however, either out of the rashness and impatience of his disposition, or from a spirit of bravado, that he was thus ready to unsheath his sword. To encounter an adversary, in single combat, was with him a matter of ordinary occurrence, which he appears to have considered as a part of his usual vocation. Whenever he witnessed an injury or an insult, he immediately constituted himself the champion of the offended party. "I remember," says he, "that three other times I engaged myself to challenge men to fight with me, who I conceived had injured ladies and gentlewomen:" and again, "I had another occasion to challenge one Captain Vaughan, who, I conceived, offered some injury to my sister, the lady Jones, of Abarmarlas." Though he thus frankly hazarded himself for his friends, he never drew his sword in his own personal quarrels. At Paris, Sir Edward met with as valiant and ready a swordsman as himself—the famous Monsieur Balagny.

"All things being ready for the ball, and every one being in their place, and I myself next to the Queen, expecting when the dancers would come in, one knocked at the door somewhat louder than became, as I thought, a very civil person; when he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, *C'est Monsieur Balagny*, or, it is Monsieur-Balagny; whereupon also, I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them, and which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, You have enjoyed him long enough, I must have him now; at which bold civility of theirs, though I were astonished, yet it added to my wonder, that his person could not be thought, at most, but ordinarily handsome: his hair, which was cut very short, half grey; his doublet but of sackcloth cut to his shirt, and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself, by some standers-by, who he was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight—and that, for this reason, the ladies made so much of him, it being the manner of all Frenchwomen to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any else with the safety of their honour. This cavalier, though his head was half grey, he had t yet attained the age of thirty years, whom I have ought fit to remember more particularly here, because some passages that happened afterwards betwixt m and me, at the siege of Juliers, as I shall tell in place."

The following is the "passage" which occurred at e siege of Juliers.

"One day, Sir Edward Cecill and myself coming to e approaches that Monsieur de Balagny had made to-ards a bulwark or bastion of that city, Monsieur de alagny, in the presence of Sir Edward Cecill and di-rs English and French captains then present, said, onsieur, *on dit que vous etes un des plus braves de votre tion, et je suis Balagny, allons voir qui faira-le mieux;* ey say, you are one of the bravest of your nation, and m Balagny, let us see who will do best; whereupon aping suddenly out of the trenches with his sword awn, I did in the like manner as suddenly follow him, th of us in the mean while striving who should be remost, which being perceived by those of the bul-ark and cortine opposite to us, three or four hundred ot at least, great and small, were made against us. ur running on forwards, in emulation of each other, as the cause that all the shots fell betwixt us and the ench from which we sallied; when Monsieur Balagny, nding such a storm of bullets, said, *Par dieu il fait es chaud;* it is very hot here. I answered briefly m: *Vous en ires premier, autrement je n'iray jamais;* u shall go first, or else I will never go. Hereupon he n with all speed, and somewhat crouching towards e trenches, I followed after leisurely and upright, and t came within the trenches before they on the bul-ark or cortine could charge again; which passage terwards being related to the Prince of Orange, he id it was a strange bravado of Balagny, and that we nt to an unavoidable death."*

But amidst all our hero's valiant achievements, there none that can compete with his magnificent encoun-r with Sir John Ayres, which for the courage, ad-ss, and firmness, displayed in it, may rival any le-nd in the romances of chivalry. Lady Ayres had en so struck with the noble appearance and gallant irit of Sir Edward Herbert, that she obtained an amelled miniature of him, which she concealed in r bosom. This incident coming to the knowledge Sir John, naturally enough excited his jealousy, ough the object of the lady's admiration has un-uivocally cleared her honour. The desire of ven-ance which Sir John Ayres felt was too fierce to low him to meet his foe in open combat, and he erefore prudently resolved to "kill him in his bed," "any way that he could." The following proceed-gs were the consequence of this valiant resolution.

"After this, finding he could take no advantage ainst me, then in a treacherous way he resolved to assinate me in this manner; hearing I was come to hitehall on horseback with two lacqueys only, he at-nded my coming back in a place called Scotland-yard, the hither end of Whitehall, as you come to it from the Strand, hiding himself here with four men armed on purpose to kill me. I took horse at Whitehall-gate, and passing by that place, he being armed with a sword and dagger, without giving me so much as the least warning, ran at me furiously, but, instead of me, wounded my horse in the brisket, as far as his sword could enter for the bone; my horse hereupon starting aside, he ran him again in the shoulder, which though it made the horse more timorous, yet gave me time to draw my sword. His men thereupon encompassed me, and wounded my horse in three places more; this made my horse kick and fling in that manner as his men durst not come near me; which advantage I took to strike at Sir John Ayres with all my force, but he warded the blow both with his sword and dagger; instead of doing him harm, I broke my sword within a foot of the hilt. Hereupon some passenger that knew me, and observing my horse bleeding in so many places, and so many men assaulting me, and my sword broken, cried to me several times, 'Ride away, ride away;' but I, scorning a base flight upon what terms soever, instead thereof alighted as well as I could from my horse. I had no sooner put one foot upon the ground, but Sir John Ayres pursuing me, made at my horse again, which the horse perceiving, pressed on me on the side I alighted, in that manner that he threw me down, so that I remained flat upon the ground, only one foot hanging in the stirrup, with that piece of a sword in my right hand; Sir John Ayres hereupon ran about the horse, and was thrusting his sword into me, when I finding myself in this danger, did with both my arms reaching at his legs pull them towards me, till he fell down backwards on his head. One of my footmen hereupon, who was a little Shropshire boy, freed my foot out of the stirrup; the other, which was a great fellow, having run away as soon as he saw the first assault. This gave me time to get upon my legs, and to put myself in the best posture I could with that poor remnant of a weapon. Sir John Ayres by this time likewise was got up, standing betwixt me and some part of Whitehall, with two men on each side of him, and his brother behind him, with at least twenty or thirty persons of his friends, or attendants of the Earl of Suffolk. Observing thus a body of men standing in opposition against me, though to speak truly I saw no swords drawn but by Sir John Ayres and his men, I ran violently against Sir John Ayres; but he, knowing my sword had no point, held his sword and dagger over his head, as believing I could strike rather than thrust, which I no sooner perceived but I put a home thrust to the middle of his breast, that I threw him down with so much force, that his head fell first to the ground, and his heels upwards. His men hereupon assaulted me, when one Mr. Mansel, a Glamorganshire gentleman, finding so many set against me alone, closed with one of them; a Scotch gentleman also closing with another, took him off also; all I could well do to those two which remained, was to ward their thrusts, which I did with that resolution that I got ground upon them. Sir John Ayres was now got up a third time, when I making towards him with an intention to close, thinking that there was otherwise no safety for me, put by a thrust of his with my left hand, and so coming within him received a stab with his dagger on my right side, which ran down my ribs as far as my hip, which I feeling, did with my right elbow force his hand, together with the hilt of the dagger, so near the upper part of my right side, that I made him leave hold. The dagger now sticking in me, Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord of Faulkland and Lord-Deputy of Ireland, finding the dagger thus in my body, snatched it out. This while I, being closed with Sir John Ayres, hurt him on the head, and threw him down a third time; when kneeling on the ground and bestriding him, I struck at him as hard as I could with my piece of a sword, and wounded him in four several places, and did almost cut off his left hand; his two men this while struck at me, but it pleased God even miraculously to defend me; for when I lifted up my sword to strike at Sir John Ayres, I bore off their blows half a dozen times. His friends now finding him in this danger, took him by the head and shoulders, and drew him from betwixt my legs, and carried him along with them through Whitehall, at the stairs whereof he took boat. Sir Herbert Croft (as he told me afterwards) met him upon the water vomiting all the way, which I believe was caused by the violence of the first thrust I gave him. His servants, brother, and friends, being now retired also, I remained master of the place and his weapons; having first wrested his dagger from him, and afterwards struck his sword out of his hand."

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* Monsieur Balagny died as might have been ex-cted. "There fell out a great quarrel last week tween Monsieur Balagny and one Monsieur Pimocin, ho encountering together in the streets, the said Pi-ocin was slain, and Balagny himself was sorely wound-, and some others who came in to part them.—*Win-od's Memorials*, iii. 350. In a subsequent Letter, M. alagny is said to have died of his wounds.

Not satisfied with this rencontre, Sir Edward Herbert, as soon as he had fully recovered from his wounds, desired Sir Robert Harley to inform Sir John, that though he thought he had not so much honour left in him, that he could be any way ambitious to get it, yet that he desired to see him in the field with his sword in his hand. Sir John's reply was highly characteristic—"that he would kill Sir Edward with a musket out of a window."

In the year 1614, hearing that the army of the Prince of Orange was about to take the field in the Low-Countries, Sir Edward Herbert offered his services to that general, and received a most gracious welcome. This was his second appearance on this scene, having served with great credit in the year 1610. In the present campaign, he accepted the challenge of a Spanish cavalier, "That if any cavalier in the enemy's army would fight a single combat for the sake of his mistress, the said Spaniard would meet him." This duel was only prevented by the interference of the Spanish general. On leaving the army of the Prince of Orange, Sir Edward proceeded through Switzerland to Italy, where he narrowly escaped the fangs of the inquisition. The Duke of Savoy having offered to him the command of four thousand men, whom he was about to send to Piedmont, he accepted the service, and marched at their head to rejoin his old companions in arms. On this journey, he availed himself of the opportunity of calling at Burgoine, as Sir John Firmet and Sir Richard Newport had informed him, that the host's daughter there was the handsomest woman they had ever seen in their lives. Sir Edward has left us a fine Reubens-like picture of her.

"Waking now about two hours afterwards, I found her sitting by me, attending when I would open mine eyes. I shall touch a little of her description: her hair being of a shining black, was naturally curled in that order that a curious woman would have dressed it, for one curl rising by degrees above another, and every bout tied with a small ribband of a niccarine, or the colour that the Knights of the Bath wear, gave a very graceful mixture, while it was bound up in this manner from the point of her shoulder to the crown of her head; her eyes, which were round and black, seemed to be models of her whole beauty, and in some sort of her air, while a kind of light or flame came from them, not unlike that which the ribband which tied up her hair exhibited; I do not remember ever to have seen a prettier mouth, or whiter teeth; briefly, all her outward *parts seemed* to become each other, neither was there any thing that could be misliked, unless one should say her complexion was too brown, which yet from the shadow was heightened with a good blood in her cheeks. Her gown was a green Turkey grogram, cut all into panes or slashes, from the shoulder and sleeves unto the foot, and tied up at the distance of about a hand's-breadth every where with the same ribband with which her hair was bound; so that her attire seemed as bizarre as her person. I am too long in describing an host's daughter, howbeit, I thought I might better speak of her than of divers other beauties, held to be the best and fairest of the time, whom I have often seen. In conclusion, after about an hour's stay, I departed thence, without offering so much as the least incivility; and, indeed, after so much weariness, it was enough that her sight alone did somewhat refresh me."

A peace being concluded with the Spaniards, Sir Edward Herbert returned to England, and on his arrival in London was seized with a quartan ague, which "brought him at last to be so lean and yellow, that scarce any man did know him." During this sickness, walking one day towards Whitehall, he happened to meet one Emerson, who spoke some words in his presence, reflecting upon his "dear friend Sir Robert Harley."

"Shaking him therefore by a long beard he wore, I stept a little aside, and drew my sword in the street; Captain Thomas Scriven, a friend of mine, being not far off on one side, and divers friends of his on the other side. All that saw me wondered how I could go, being so weak and consumed as I was, but much more that I would offer to fight; however, Emerson, instead of drawing his sword, ran away into Suffolk-house, and afterwards informed the lords of the council of what I had done, who not long after sending for me, did not so much reprehend my taking part with my friends, as that I would adventure to fight, being in such a bad condition of health."

As soon as he had recovered from this severe illness, Sir Edward was appointed ambassador to France; an unsolicited honour, conferred upon him by the king's especial direction.

"My first commission was to renew the oath of alliance betwixt the two crowns, for which purpose I was extraordinary ambassador: which being done, I was to reside there as ordinary. I had received now about six or seven hundred pounds, towards the charges of my journey, and locked it in certain coffers in my house; when the night following, about one of the clock, I could hear divers men speak and knock at the door, in that part of the house where none did lie but myself, my wife, and her attendants; my servants being lodged in another house not far off: as soon as I heard the noise, I suspected presently they came to rob me of my money; however, I thought fit to rise, and go to the window to know who they were; the first word I heard was, Darest thou come down, Welchman? which I no sooner heard, but, taking a sword in one hand, and a little target in the other, I did in my shirt run down stairs, opened the doors suddenly, and charged ten or twelve of them with that fury, that they ran away. Some throwing away their halberts, others hurting their fellows to make them go faster in a narrow way they were to pass; in which disordered manner I drove them to the middle of the street by the exchange, where, finding my bare feet hurt by the stones I trod on, I thought fit to return home, and leave them to their flight. My servants hearing the noise, by this time were got up, and demanded whether I would have them pursue those rogues that fled away; but I answering that I thought they were out of their reach, we returned home together."

In the month of March, 1619, he left England "to lie lieger" in France, where he remained until July 1621. The most conspicuous event in his *Memoirs*, during this period, is the quarrel with the great constable, Monsieur de Luisnes, which was in fact the cause of his recall. Luisnes was strongly opposed to the protestant interest, and endeavoured by every means in his power to exasperate the young king against his subjects of that religion. The French minister was, of course, exceedingly jealous of the interference of England in favour of the Huguenots, and could ill brook our ambassador's offer to mediate a peace between the monarch and his heretical subjects; nor could the fiery spirit of Sir Edward Herbert, for a moment, suffer his master's name or conduct to be slighted. But a quarrel between a prime-minister and an ambassador deserves to be related at full length.

"Being arrived within a small distance of that place, I found by divers circumstances, that the effect of my negotiation had been discovered from England, and that I was not welcome thither; howbeit, having obtained an audience from the king, I exposed what I had in charge to say to him, to which yet I received no other answer but that I should go to Monsieur de Luisnes, by whom I should know his majesty's intention. Repairing thus to him, I did find outwardly good reception, though yet I did not know how cunningly he proceeded to betray and frustrate my endeavours for those of the religion, for, hiding a gentleman, called Monsieur Arnaud, behind the hangings in his chamber, who was then of the religion, but had promised a revolt to the king's side, this gentleman, as he himself confessed afterwards to the Earl of Carlisle, had in charge to relate unto those of the religion, how little help they might expect from me, when he should tell them the answers which Monsieur de Luisnes made me. Sitting thus in a chair before Monsieur de Luisnes, he demanded the effect of my business; I answered, that the king, my master, commanded me to mediate a peace betwixt his majesty and his subjects of the religion, and that I desired to do it in all those fair and equal terms, which might stand with the honour of France, and the good intelligence betwixt the two kingdoms: to which he returned this rude answer only, What hath the king, your master, to do with our actions? My reply was, That the king, my master, ought not to give an account of the reason which induced him hereunto, and for me it was enough to obey him; howbeit, if he did ask me in more gentle terms, I should do the best I could to give him satisfaction; to which, though he answered no more than the word *bien*, or well, I pursuing my instructions, said, that the king, my master, according to the mutual stipulation betwixt Henry the Fourth and himself, that the survivor of either of them should procure the tranquillity and peace of the other's estate, had sent this message; and that he had not only testified this his pious inclination heretofore, in the civil wars of France, but was desirous on this occasion also, to show how much he stood affected to the good of the kingdom; besides, he hoped that when peace was established here, that the French king might be the more easily disposed to assist the Palatine, who was an ancient friend and ally of the French crown. His reply to this was, we will have none of your advices: whereupon I said, that I took those words for an answer, and was sorry only that they did not understand sufficiently the affection and good will of the king, my master; and since they rejected it upon those terms, I had in charge to tell him, that we knew very well what we had to do. Luisnes seeming offended herewith, said, *nous ne vous craignons pas*, or, we are not afraid of you. I replied hereupon, that if you had said you had not loved us, I should have believed you, but should have returned you another answer; in the mean while, that I had no more to say than what I told him formerly, which was, we knew what we had to do. This, though somewhat less than was in my instructions, so angered him, that in much passion he said, *Par Dieu, si vous n'êties Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, je vous traiterois d'un autre eorte;* By God, if you were not Monsieur Ambassador, I would use you after another fashion. My answer was, that as I was an ambassador, so I was also a gentleman, and therewithal, laying my hand upon the hilt of my sword, told him, there was that which should make him an answer, and so arose from my chair; to which Monsieur de Luisnes made no reply, but, arising likewise from his chair, offered civilly to accompany me to the door; but I telling him there was no occasion for him to use ceremony, after so rude an entertainment, I departed from him."

On the death of the Duke de Luisnes, Sir Edward Herbert was commanded to resume his character of ambassador at Paris, when, in 1624, he published his first work, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso.* Beyond this period he has not continued his own memoirs, and with the remainder of his life we are therefore but imperfectly acquainted. In 1625 he was created a baron of Ireland, by the title of Lord Herbert, of Castle Island, and, in 1631, was raised to the English peerage, by that of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, in Shropshire. On the commencement of the civil war, he embraced the party of the crown, but, on further consideration, was induced to abandon his royal politics, and to attach himself to parliamentarian interests. He died in 1648, in his house, in Great Queen Street, London, and was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields. He was succeeded by his son, Richard, Lord Herbert.

Neither the fatigues of the camp, nor the allurements of the court, could wholly divest the active mind of Lord Herbert from those nobler studies which had formed the delight of his youthful hours. In the intervals of his martial toils, his chivalrous gallantries, and his public engagements, he devoted himself with ardour to the pursuit of literature and philosophy. His first publication, as we have mentioned above, was his treatise *De Veritate*, a singular work, in which he inculcates the doctrine of the efficacy of natural religion. His creed is contained in five articles. 1. That there is one supreme God. 2. That he is chiefly to be worshipped. 3. That piety and virtue are the principal parts of his worship. 4. That we must repent of our sins, and that if we do so, God will forgive them. 5. That there are rewards for good men and punishments for bad men, in a future state. Many answers to this work were published by Gassendi, by Baxter, in his *More Reasons for the Christian Religion*, and by the Rev. Mr. Halyburton, in a volume entitled *Natural Religion insufficient, and Revealed necessary to Man's Happiness.* A full account of this work, as well as of the treatise *De Religione Gentilium*, and the *Religio Laici*, may be found in Leland's *View of the Deistical Writers of England.* The ability displayed in these compositions was such as to excite the attention of Locke, who allows his lordship to be a man of parts, while Leland considers him as the most eminent of the deistical writers, and, in several respects, superior to those that succeeded him. It is highly singular, that a writer, holding opinions like these, should, when doubtful as to the propriety of promulgating them, look for a special revelation of the divine pleasure. In what strange inconsistencies may the human mind entangle itself! When on the point of publishing a book, which was to prove the inefficacy of Revelation, Lord Herbert put up a prayer for an especial interposition of Providence to guide him!

"My book, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione verisimili, possibili, et à falso,* having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principal parts, was about this time finished; all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negotiations, being employed to perfect this work, which was no sooner done, but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tieleners also, one of the greatest scholars of his time, who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than it is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it; howbeit, as the frame of my whole book was so different from any thing which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure, concerning the whole argument of my book; I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons above mentioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate,* in my hand, and, kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:

"O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, *De Veritate;* if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came from the heavens, (for it was like nothing on earth,) which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

"This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

The observations of Dr. Leland, on this part of Lord Herbert's history, are candid and judicious.

"I have no doubt of his lordship's sincerity in this account; the serious air with which he relates it, and the solemn protestation he makes, as in the presence of the eternal God, will not suffer us to question the truth of what he relates; viz. that he both made that address to God which he mentions, and that in consequence of this, he was persuaded that he heard the noise he takes notice of, and regarded as a mark of God's approbation of the request he had made, and accordingly, this great man was determined by it to publish his book. He seems to have considered it as a kind of *imprimatur* given to it from heaven, and as signifying the divine approbation of the book itself, and of what was contained in it."—*Leland's View of the Deistical Writers,* i. 27.

The *Life and Reign of Henry the Eighth* has been termed by Lord Orford, "a master-pieee of historic biography." From the dedication (which is not given in Kennet's *Complete History of England*) it appears, that this work was written at the instigation and under the eye of James I. The chief error in this production is, that the noble historian is too favourably disposed towards his hero, and treats with too lenient and palliating a hand the cruelties and vices of that monarch. In other respects, the *Life of Henry VIII.* is a highly valuable work, and contains much information which is not to be found elsewhere. "The author," says Bishop Nicholson, in his excellent book, the *English Historical Library,* "has acquitted himself with the like reputation as Lord Chancellor Bacon gained by the *Life of Henry VII.,* having, in the polite and martial part, been admirably exact, from the best records that remain." To this it may be added, that he throws considerable light upon our legal history.

Lord Herbert's other works consist of *Occasional Verses of Edward Lord Herbert, Baron of Cherbury and Castle Island, who deceased in* 1648, *Lond.* 1665, 8*vo.*, a volume published by his younger son, Henry Herbert. Like his brother, George Herbert, whose poems we noticed in a former volume, Lord Herbert is often both rugged and obscure in his verses. The sword was much better suited to his hand than the lyre, and we shall not therefore, at present, favour the reader with any specimens of his verses.

The character of Lord Herbert has been ably drawn by Horace Walpole, in the advertisement prefixed to this volume.

"The noble family which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those, who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what Lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrong-headedness, these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote on truth, was truth. He honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid observation with them: 'that there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution, and manly philosophy, which, in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, could enable Lord Herbert to seek fame better founded, and could make him reflect, that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist.' None shut their eyes so obstinately against seeking what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case with Lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it would; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men, in truth, have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere, into which his impetuous temperament, or predominant reason, conducted him.

As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great cap-s, the Prince of Orange, and the Constable de Mont-ency. As a knight, his chivalry was drawn from purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been itious, the beauty of his person would have carried as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a lic minister, he supported the dignity of his coun- even when his prince disgraced it; and that he qualified to write its annals, as well as to ennoble n, the history I have mentioned proves, and must ke us lament, that he did not complete, or that we e lost, the account he purposed to give of his em-y. These busy scenes were blended with, and minated by meditation and philosophic inquiries. p each period of its excesses and errors, and it not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a of quality into a succession of employments which uld better become him. Valour and military activity outh, business of state in the middle age, contem-ion and labour for the information of posterity in calmer scenes of closing life. This was Lord Her-t. The deduction he will give himself."

efore we conclude, we must say a few words re-cting the different editions of The Life.—The MS. lf was supposed, for many years, to have been , but was discovered, about the year 1737, in a sion which had belonged to the Herbert family. as not, however, printed until 1764, when Horace lpole struck off some copies at the private press trawberry Hill. In 1770, Dodsley published a nd edition, in 4to., to which Horace Walpole add- a dedication and advertisement. In 1809, a third ion in 8vo., "with a Prefatory Memoir," was n to the public by Messrs. John Ballantyne & Co., Edinburgh. In the *Prefatory Memoir*, all the tered information respecting Lord Herbert is in-triously collected and judiciously put together. less we are much deceived, we recognize, in this ion, the hand which has illustrated, in various rs, the age of England's Solomon.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD BACON.

works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of Eng-nd. A new Edition. By Basil Montagu, Esq. ixteen Vols. 8vo. London: 1825-1834.

(*Continued from page* 320.)

he chief peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy seems s to have been this—that it aimed at things al-ether different from those which his predecessors l proposed to themselves. This was his own sion. "Finis scientiarum," says he, "a nemine ue bene positus est."* (The ultimate object of sciences has by no one, heretofore, been well de-d.) And again, "Omnium gravissimus error in iatione ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit."† he greatest of all errors consists in losing sight of ultimate objects of science.) "Nec ipsa meta," s he elsewhere, "adhuc ulli, quod sciam, morta-n posita est et defixa."‡ (Nor has any man yet, within my knowledge, accurately fixed and established the boundary itself.) The more carefully his works are examined the more clearly, we think, it will appear, that this is the real clue to his whole system; and that he used means different from those used by other philosophers, because he wished to arrive at an end altogether different from theirs.

What then was the end which Bacon proposed to himself? It was, to use his own emphatic expression, "fruit." It was the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. It was "the relief of man's estate."* It was "commodis humanis inservire."† (To labour for the comfort of mankind.) It was "efficaciter operari ad sublevanda vitæ humanæ incommoda."‡ (To work effectively for the purpose of lightening the annoyances of human life.) It was "dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis."§ (To enrich the human race with new discoveries and possessions.) It was "genus humanum novis operibus et potestatibus continuo dotare."‖ (To endow mankind continually with new powers and works.) This was the object of all his speculations in every department of science,—in natural philosophy, in legislation, in politics, in morals.

Two words form the key of the Baconian doctrine—Utility and Progress. The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools regarded that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once, indeed, Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself as to enumerate among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments.¶ Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the uses of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances. The wise man lives according to nature. Instead of attempting to add to the physical comforts of his species, he regrets that his lot was not cast in that golden age when the human race had no protection against the cold but the skins of wild beasts—no screen from the sun but a cavern. To impute to such a man any share in the invention or improvement of a plough, a ship, or a mill, is an insult. "In my own time," says Seneca, "there have been inventions of this sort,—transparent windows,—tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building,—short-hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker.

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* *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 81.

† *De Augmentis*, Lib. 1.

‡ *Cogitata et visa.*

* *Advancement of Learning*, Book 1.

† *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 1.

‡ *De Augmentis*, Lib. 2, Cap. 2.

§ Novum Organum. Lib. 1, Aph. 81.

‖ Cogitata et visa.

¶ Seneca, Epist. 90.

But the inventing of such things is drudgery for the lowest slaves: philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul—*Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex.*" (She is not, I say, a constructor of instruments for needful purposes.) If the *non* were left out, this last sentence would be no bad description of the Baconian philosophy; and would, indeed, very much resemble several expressions in the *Novum Organum.* "We shall next be told," exclaims Seneca, "that the first shoemaker was a philosopher." For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books "On Anger," we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept any body from being angry.

It is very reluctantly that Seneca can be brought to confess that any philosopher had ever paid the smallest attention to any thing that could possibly promote what vulgar people would consider as the well being of mankind. He labours to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anacharsis from the charge of having contrived the potter's wheel. He is forced to own that such a thing might happen; and it may also happen, he tells us, that a philosopher may be swift of foot. But it is not in his character of philosopher that he either wins a race or invents a machine. No, to be sure. The business of a philosopher was to declaim in praise of poverty with two millions sterling out at usury—to meditate epigrammatic conceits about the evils of luxury, in gardens which moved the envy of sovereigns—to rant about liberty, while fawning on the insolent and pampered freedmen of a tyrant—to celebrate the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen which had just before written a defence of the murderer of a mother by a son.

From the cant of this philosophy—a philosophy meanly proud of its own unprofitableness—it is delightful to turn to the lessons of the great English teacher. We can almost forgive all the faults of Bacon's life when we read that singularly graceful and dignified passage:—"Ego certe, ut de me ipso, quod res est, loquar, et in iis quæ nunc edo, et in iis quæ in posterum meditor, dignitatem ingenii et nominis mei, si qua sit sæpius sciens et volens projicio, *dum commodis humanis inserviam;* quique architectus fortasse in philosophia et scientiis esse debeam, etiam operarius et bajulus, et quidvis demum fio, cum haud pauca quæ omnino fieri necesse sit, alii autem ob innatem superbiam subterfugiant, ipse sustineam et exsequar."* (I certainly, to speak the simple truth respecting myself, both in what I am now publishing, and in what I meditate for the future, frequently cast aside, knowingly and willingly, whatever dignity may belong to my genius and my name, *that I may labour for the advancement of human comforts;* and I who should perhaps be an architect in philosophy and the sciences, become a mere workman of the meanest class, that I may undertake and perform those numerous indispensable services which inborn pride causes others to avoid.) This *philanthropia,* which, as he said, in one of the most remarkable of his early letters, "was so fixed in his mind as it could not be removed," this majestic humility, this persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest—is the great characteristical distinction, the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy. We trace it in all that Bacon has written on Physics, on Laws, on Morals. And we conceive that from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of his system directly and almost necessarily sprang.

The spirit which appears in the passage of Seneca to which we have referred, tainted the whole body of the ancient philosophy from the time of Socrates downwards; and took possession of intellects with which that of Seneca cannot, for a moment, be compared. It pervades the dialogues of Plato. It may be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle. Bacon has dropped hints from which it may be inferred, that in his opinion the prevalence of this feeling was in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Socrates. Our great countryman evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event; and he constantly maintained that the earlier Greek speculators, Democritus in particular, were, on the whole, superior to their more celebrated successors.*

Assuredly, if the tree which Socrates planted, and Plato watered, is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon,—if we judge of the tree by its *fruits,*—our opinion of it may perhaps be less favourable. When we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to that philosophy, to what do they amount? We find, indeed, abundant proofs that some of those who cultivated it were men of the first order of intellect. We find among their writings incomparable specimens both of dialectical and rhetorical art. We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants; for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But, when we look for something more,—for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race,—we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. We are forced to say with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briers and thistles from which those who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no food.†

We readily acknowledge that some of the teachers of this unfruitful wisdom were among the greatest men that the world had ever seen. If we admit the justice of Bacon's censure, we admit it with regret, similar to that which Dante felt when he learned the fate of those illustrious heathens who were doomed to the first circle of Hell.

> "Gran duol mi prese al cuor quando lo'ntesi,
> Perocchè gente di molto valare
> Conobbi che'n quel limbo eran sospesi."

> (I grieved to hear him; for I knew that there
> Groaned many a soul of worth and virtues rare.)

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[*] *De Augmentis,* Lib. 7, Cap. 1.

[*] *Novum, Organum,* Lib. 1, Aph. 71, 79. *De Augmentis,* Lib. 3, Cap. 4. De principiis atque originibus. *Cogitata et visa.* Redargutio philosophiarum.

[†] *Novum Organum.* Lib. 1, Aph. 73.

ruth the very admiration which we feel for ent philosophers of antiquity, forces us to opinion, that their powers were systemati- lirected. For how else could it be that such ould effect so little for mankind? A pedes- show as much muscular vigour on a tread- the highway road. But on the road his vi- assuredly carry him forward; and on the he will not advance an inch. The ancient was a treadmill, not a path. It was made olving questions,—of controversies which ys beginning again. It was a contrivance much exertion and no progress. We must lge that more than once while contemplat- octrines of the Academy and the Portico, ey appear in the transparent splendour of comparable diction, we have been tempted with the surly centurion in Persius—"Cur randeat hoc est?" (Should a man lose his the sake of this?) What is the highest good, pain be an evil,—whether all things be ether we can be certain of any thing,— e can be certain that we are certain of no- hether a wise man can be unhappy,—whether ures from right be equally reprehensible,— other questions of the same sort, occupied , the tongues, and the pens, of the ablest civilized world during several centuries. of philosophy, it is evident, could not be e. It might, indeed, sharpen and invigorate of those who devoted themselves to it; and the disputes of the orthodox Lilliputians, eretical Blefuscudians, about the big ends tle ends of eggs. But such disputes could g to the stock of knowledge. The human rdingly, instead of marching, merely mark- It took as much trouble as would have suffi- y it forward; and yet remained on the same ere was no accumulation of truth,—no heri- th acquired by the labour of one generation athed to another, to be again transmitted additions to a third. Where this philoso- n the time of Cicero, there it continued to ime of Seneca, and there it continued to be of Favorinus. The same sects were still ith the same unsatisfactory arguments, about nterminable questions. There had been no genuity, of zeal, of industry. Every trace tual cultivation was there except a harvest. been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reap- ing. But the garners contained only smut le.

cient philosophers did not neglect natural ut they did not cultivate it for the purpose ing the power and ameliorating the condi- an. The taint of barrenness had spread al to physical speculations. Seneca wrote natural philosophy, and magnified the im- f that study. But why? Not because it assuage suffering, to multiply the conve- life, to extend the empire of man over the orld; but solely because it tended to raise above low cares, to separate it from the xercise its subtlety in the solution of very uestions.* Thus natural philosophy was l in the light merely of a mental exercise. It was made subsidiary to the art of disputation; and it consquently proved altogether barren of useful discoveries.

There was one sect, which, however absurd and pernicious some of its doctrines may have been, ought, it should seem, to have merited an exception from the general censure which Bacon has pronounced on the ancient schools of wisdom. The Epicurean, who referred all happiness to bodily pleasure, and all evil to bodily pain, might have been expected to exert himself for the purpose of bettering his own physical condition and that of his neighbours. But the thought seems never to have occurred to any member of that school. Indeed their notion, as reported by their great poet, was, that no more improvements were to be expected in the arts which conduce to the comfort of life,

> "Ad victum quæ flagitat uses
> Omnia jam ferme mortalibus esse parata."

This contented despondency,—this disposition to admire what has been done, and to expect that nothing more will be done,—is strongly characteristic of all the schools which preceded the school of Fruit and Progress. Widely as the Epicurean and the Stoic differed on most points, they seem to have quite agreed in their contempt for pursuits so vulgar as to be useful. The philosophy of both was a garrulous, declaiming, canting, wrangling philosophy. Century after century, they continued to repeat their hostile war-cries—Virtue and pleasure; and in the end it appeared the Epicurean had added as little to the quantity of pleasure as the Stoic to the quantity of virtue. It is on the pedestal of Bacon, not on that of Epicurus, that those noble lines ought to be inscribed:

> "O tenebris tantis tam clarum extollere lumen
> Qui primus potuisti, ILLUSTRANS COMMODA VITÆ."

(He first flashed light where all was wrapped in shade,
And first life's comforts to mankind displayed.)

In the fifth century, Christianity had conquered Paganism, and Paganism had infected Christianity. The Church was now victorious and corrupt. The rites of the Pantheon had passed into her worship; the subtleties of the Academy into her creed. In an evil day, says Bacon, though with great pomp and solemnity, was the ill-starred alliance stricken between the old philosophy and the new faith.* Questions widely different from those which had employed the ingenuity of Pyrrho and Carneades, but just as subtle, just as interminable, and just as unprofitable, exercised the minds of the lively and voluble Greeks. When learning began to revive in the West, similar trifles occupied the sharp and vigorous intellects of the Schoolmen.—There was another sowing of the wind, and another reaping of the whirlwind. The great work of improving the condition of the human race, was still considered as unworthy of a man of learning. Those who undertook that task, if what they affected could be readily comprehended, were despised as mechanics; if not, they were in danger of being burned as conjurers.

There cannot be a stronger proof of the degree in which the human mind had been misdirected, than the

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Nat. Quaest. præf. Lib. 3.

* *Cogitata et visa.*

history of the two greatest events which took place during the middle ages. We speak of the invention of Gunpowder, and of the invention of Printing:—The dates of both are unknown. The authors of both are unknown. Nor was this because men were too rude and ignorant to value intellectual superiority. The inventor of gunpowder appears to have been contemporary with Petrarch and Boccaccio. The inventor of printing was contemporary with Nicholas the Fifth, with Cosmo de'Medici, and with a crowd of distinguished scholars. But the human mind still retained that fatal bent which it had received two thousand years earlier. George of Trebisond and Marsilio Ficino would not easily have been brought to believe that the inventor of the printing-press had done more for mankind than themselves; or than those ancient writers of whom they were the enthusiastic votaries.

At length the time arrived when the barren philosophy which had, during so many ages, employed the faculties of the ablest men, was destined to fall. It had worn many shapes. It had mingled itself with many creeds. It had survived revolutions in which empires, religions, languages, races, had perished.—Driven from its ancient haunts, it had taken sanctuary in that Church which it had persecuted; and had, like the daring fiends of the poet, placed his seat

> " next the seat of God,
> And with its darkness dared affront his light."

Words and more words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil, of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations. But the days of this sterile exuberance were numbered.

Many causes pre-disposed the public mind to a change. The study of a great variety of ancient writers, though it did not give a right direction to philosophical research, did much towards destroying that blind reverence for authority which had prevailed when Aristotle ruled alone. The rise of the florentine sect of Platonists,—a sect to which belonged some of the finest minds of the fifteenth century,—was not an unimportant event. The mere substitution of the Academic for the Peripatetic philosophy would indeed have done little good. But any thing was better than the old habit of unreasoning servility. It was something to have a choice of tyrants. " A spark of freedom," as Gibbon has justly remarked, " was produced by this collision of adverse servitude."

Other causes might be mentioned. But it is chiefly to the great reformation of religion that we owe the great reformation of philosophy. The alliance between the Schools and the Vatican, has for ages been so close, that those who threw off the dominion of the Vatican could not continue to recognize the authority of the Schools. Most of the great reformers treated the Peripatetic philosophy with contempt; and spoke of Aristotle as if Artistotle had been answerable for all the dogmas of Thomas Acquinas. " Nullo apud Lutheranos philosophiam esse in pretio,"[*] was a reproach which the defenders of the Church of Rome loudly repeated, and which many of the Protestant leaders considered as a compliment. Scarcely any text was more frequently cited by them than that in which St. Paul cautions the Colossians not to let any man spoil them by philosophy. Luther, almost at the outset of his career, went so far as to declare that no man could be at once proficient in the school of Aristotle and in that of Christ. Zwingle, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Calvin, held similar language. In some of the Scotch universities, the Aristotelian system was discarded for that of Ramus.—Thus, before the birth of Bacon, the empire of the scholastic philosophy had been shaken to its foundations. There was in the intellectual world, an anarchy resembling that which in the political world often follows the overthrow of an old and deeply-rooted government. Antiquity, prescription, the sound of great names, had ceased to awe mankind. The dynasty which had reigned for ages was at an end; and the vacant throne was left to be struggled for by pretenders.

The first effect of this great revolution was, as Bacon most justly observed,[*] to give for a time an undue importance to the mere graces of style. The new breed of scholars, the Aschams and Buchanans, nourished with the finest compositions of the Augustan age, regarded with loathing, the dry, crabbed, and barbarous diction of respondents and opponents. They were far less studious about the matter of their works than about the manner. They succeeded in reforming Latinity; but they never even aspired to effect a reform in philosophy.

At this time Bacon appeared. It is altogether incorrect to say, as has often been said, that he was the first man who rose up against the Aristotelian philosophy when in the height of its power. The authority of that philosophy had, as we have shown, received a fatal blow long before he was born. Several speculators, among whom Ramus was the best known, had recently attempted to form new sects. Bacon's own expressions about the state of public opinion in the time of Luther, are clear and strong: " Accedebat," says he, " odium et contemptus, illis ipsis temporibus ortus erga Scholasticos." (Add to this, says he, the hatred and contempt of the schoolmen, which began to prevail in those very times.) And again, " Scholasticorum doctrina despectui prorsus haberi cœpit tanquam aspera et barbara."[†] (The learning of the schoolmen began to be despised as rude and barbarous.) The part which Bacon played in this great change was the part, not of Robespierre, but of Bonaparte. When he came forward, the ancient order of things had been subverted. Some bigots still cherished with devoted loyalty, the remembrance of the fallen monarchy, and exerted themselves to effect a restoration. But the majority had no such feeling. Freed, yet not knowing how to use their freedom, they pursued no determinate course, and had found no leader capable of conducting them.

That leader at length arose. The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. It differed from that of the celebrated ancient teachers, not merely in method but in object. Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand the word *good*. " Meditor," said Bacon, " instaurationem philosophiæ ejusmodi quæ nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vitæ humanæ conditiones in melius provabat."[*] (I contemplate the establishment of a philosophy, free from everything vain and abstract; a philosophy which shall improve the condition of mankind.)

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[*] *We quote, on the* authority of Bayle, from Melchoir *Cano, a scholastic* divine of great reputation.

[*] *De Augmentis,* Lib. I.

[†] Both these passages are in the first book of the *De Augmentis.*

The difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take Arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises it above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study,—not that they may be able to buy or sell,—not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or travelling merchants,—but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essence of things.[†]

Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists; and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers, the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.[‡]

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic, led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead man to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth.[§] Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far, that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power, on mathematical principles.[‖] Plato remonstrated with his friend; and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpenters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations; and always spoke of them slightingly as mere amusements—as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkable that the longer he lived the stronger this feeling became. When, in 1605, he wrote the two books on the "Advancement of Learning," he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted, that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was "no less worthy than that which was principal and intended." But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, nearly twenty years later, he published the *De Augmentis*, which is the treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians,—"delicias et fastum mathematicorum." Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge,[*] he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage, or an auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy—she ought to demean herself as such—and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts,—a prediction which would have made Plato shudder,—that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage, the value of which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favourable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflections on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter.[†] If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato.—We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely.

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[*] *Redargutio Philosophiarum.*

[†] Plato's *Republic*, Book 7.

[‡] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 3, Cap. 6.

[§] Plato's *Republic*, Book 7.

[‖] Plutarch, *Sympos.* viii. and *Life of Marcellus.* The machines of Archytas are also mentioned by Aulus Gellius and Diogenes Laertius.

[*] Usui et commodis hominum consulimus.

[†] Compare the passage relating to mathematics in the Second Book of the Advancement of Learning with the *De Augmentis*, Lib. 3, Cap. 6.

Let us pass to astronomy. This was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?"[*] "I think so," answers his young friend Glaucon: "to know something about the seasons, about the months and the years, is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation." "It amuses me," says Socrates, "to see how afraid you are lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." He then proceeds in that pure and magnificent diction, which, as Cicero said Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain, that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies he considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws upon the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly, the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus[†]—a sleek, well-shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy—of a *living astronomy*,[‡] of an astronomy which should set[§] forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

On the greatest and most useful of all inventions, —the invention of alphabetical writing,—Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the go-cart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which soon became indispensable to those who used it,—which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary, and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory; and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient King of Egypt.[*] But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quinctilian.[†] Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different.[‡] The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of rope-dancers and tumblers. "The two performances," he says, "are of much the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder, but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared one of very disputable advantage.[§] He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease—which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine—which encourages sensuality, by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy—had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die;—and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs. That however is comparatively of little consequence. But they are incapable of study and speculation. If they engage in any severe mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fulness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine, and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good—whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end, and that end was to increase the pleasures, and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the Timæus without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetudinarian,—to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable,—to invent repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ; and reminded his readers that the great physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.[*]

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[*] Plato's *Republic*, Book 7.

[†] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 3, Cap. 4.

[‡] Astronomia viva.

[§] "Quæ substantiam et motum et influxum cœlestium, *prout re vera sunt proponat.*" Compare this language *with Plato's, "τὰ δ'εν τω ουραιω ἐάσομεν."*

[*] Plato's *Phædrus*.

[†] Quinctilian, XI.

[‡] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 5, Cap. 5.

[§] Plato's Republic, Book 3.

When we pass from the science of medicine to that of legislation, we find the same difference between the systems of these two great men. Plato, at the commencement of the fine Dialogue on Laws, lays it down as a fundamental principle, that the end of legislation is to make men virtuous. It is unnecessary to point out the extravagant conclusions to which such a proposition leads. Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members; and he also knew what legislators can, and what they cannot do for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation, and of the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy; even among the many happy passages of the same kind with which his works abound. "Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem jussiones et sanctiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam ut cives feliciter degant. Id fiet si pietate et religione recte instituti, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint."[†] (The end and scope which the laws should look to, and which ought to direct their commands and sanctions, is no other than this; that the citizens may pass their lives in happiness. This will be effected when they are well instructed in piety and religion, correct in morals, protected by arms against foreign foes, and by the laws fortified against seditions and private wrongs, obedient to their magistrates and rulers, rich and flourishing in wealth and the means of life.) The end is the well-being of the people. The means are the imparting of moral and religious education; the providing of every thing necessary for defence against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.

Even with respect to the form in which laws ought to be drawn, there is a remarkable difference of opinion between the Greek and the Englishman. Plato thought a preamble essential; Bacon thought it mischievous. Each was consistent with himself. Plato, considering the moral improvement of the people as the end of legislation, justly inferred that a law which commanded and threatened, but which neither convinced the reason nor touched the heart, must be a most imperfect law. He was not content with deterring from theft a man who still continued to be a thief at heart,—with restraining a son who hated his mother from beating his mother. The only obedience on which he set so much value, was the obedience which an enlightened understanding yields to reason, and which a virtuous disposition yields to precepts of virtue. He really seems to have believed that, by prefixing to every law an eloquent and pathetic exhortation, he should, to a great extent, render penal enactments superfluous. Bacon entertained no such romantic hopes; and he well knew the practical inconveniences of the course which Plato recommended. "Neque nobis," says he, "prologi legum qui inepti olim habiti sunt et leges introducunt disputantes non jubentes utique placerent si priscos mores ferre possemas. . . . Quantum fieri potest prologi evitentur et lex incipiat a jussione."[*] (Nor if we could tolerate obsolete customs, should we approve those idle prologues formerly prefixed to laws, by which the laws are introduced as discussing instead of commanding. Let preambles be avoided as much as possible, and let the law begin with a command.)

Had Plato lived to finish the "Critias," a comparison between that noble fiction and the "New Atlantis," would probably have furnished us with still more striking instances. It is amusing to think with what horror he would have seen such an institution as "Solomon's House" rising in his republic; with what vehemence he would have ordered the brewhouses, the perfume-houses, and the dispensatories to be pulled down; and with what inexorable rigour he would have driven beyond the frontier all the Fellows of the College, Merchants of light and Depredators, Lamps and Pioneers.

To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars, and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

"Volens liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
Consumpta in ventos."

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[*] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 4, Cap. 2.

[†] *De Augmentis, Lib. 8, Cap. 3, Alph. 5.*

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[*] De Augmentis, Lib. 8, Cap. 3, Alph. 69.

(A stream of fire the arrow's path defined;
The shaft, consuming, vanished in the wind.)

Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth and within bow-shot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words,—noble words indeed,—words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

The boast of the ancient philosophers was, that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect, and undoubtedly if they had effected this, they would have deserved the greatest praise. But the truth is, that in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable, they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards, and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain, may be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbours. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity, would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes—from the confessions of Epictetus and Seneca, as well as from the sneers of Lucian and the fierce invectives of Juvenal, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbours, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called "fruit." They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is, that among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement there was a progressive degeneracy. An abject superstition, which Democritus or Anaxagoras would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child, shock and disgust us in an aged paralytic; and in the same way, those wild mythological fictions which charm us when lisped by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We know that guns, cutlery, spy-glasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers; and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think, that when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honour for many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the Christian era, and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare Plato and Libanius. Compare Pericles and Julian. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the Portico, and lingered round the ancient plane trees, to show their title to public veneration:—suppose that he had said, "A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippias; during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach; that philosophy has been munificently patronised by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigour of the human intellect—and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?" Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready—"It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land on cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained it, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow."

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones,—no fine theories *de finibus*,—no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honour, security, the society of friends; and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things—in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them ἀποπροήγμενα—in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty, were good things, and dubbing them by the name of ἀδιάφορα. In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics, a mere ἰδιώτης,—a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travellers. They come to a village where the small-pox has just begun to rage; and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the small-pox, and that to a wise man, diseases, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapours has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere ἀποπροήγμενον. The Baconian, who has not such a fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus πρὸς τοὺς τὴν ἀπορίαν δεδοικότας. (To those who fear want.) The Baconian constructs a diving-bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit—the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

Bacon has been accused of overrating the importance of those sciences which minister to the physical well-being of man, and of underrating the importance of moral philosophy; and it cannot be denied that persons who read the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*, without adverting to the circumstances under which those works were written, will find much that may seem to countenance the accusation. It is certain, however, that, though in practice he often went very wrong, and though, as his historical work and his essays prove, he did not hold, even in theory, very strict opinions on points of political morality, he was far too wise a man not to know how much our well-being depends on the regulation of our minds. The world for which he wished was not, as some people seem to imagine, a world of water-wheels, power-looms, steam-carriages, sensualists, and knaves. He would have been as ready as Zeno himself to maintain, that no bodily comforts which could be devised by the skill and labour of a hundred generations would give happiness to a man whose mind was under the tyranny of licentious appetite, of envy, of hatred, or of fear. If he sometimes appeared to ascribe importance too exclusively to the arts which increase the outward comforts of our species, the reason is plain. Those arts had been most unduly depreciated. They had been represented as unworthy of the attention of a man of liberal education. "Cogitavit," says Bacon of himself, "eam esse opinionem sic æstimationem humidam et damnosam, minui nempe majestatem mentis humanæ, si in experimentis et rebus particularibus, sensui subjectis, et in materia terminatis, diu ac multum versetur: præsertim cum hujusmodi res ad inquirendum laboriosæ, ad meditandum ignobiles, ad discendum asperæ, ad practicam illiberales, numero infinitæ, et subtilitate pusillæ videri soleant, et ob hujusmodi conditiones, gloriæ artium minus sint accommodatæ."* This opinion seemed to him "omnia in familia, humana turbasse." It had undoubtedly caused many arts which were of the greatest utility, and which were susceptible of the greatest improvements, to be neglected by speculators, and abandoned to joiners, masons, smiths, weavers, apothecaries. It was necessary to assert the dignity of those arts, to bring them prominently forward, to proclaim that, as they have a most serious effect on human happiness, they are not unworthy of the attention of the highest human intellects. Again, it was by illustrations drawn from these arts that Bacon could most easily illustrate his principles. It was by improvements effected in these arts that the soundness of his principles could be most speedily and decisively brought to the test, and made manifest to common understandings. He acted like a wise commander who thins every other part of his line to strengthen a point where the enemy is attacking with peculiar fury, and on the fate of which the event of the battle seems likely to depend. In the *Novum Organum*, however, he distinctly and most truly declares that his philosophy is no less a Moral than a Natural Philosophy—that, though his *illustrations* are drawn from physical science, the *principles* which those illustrations are intended tó explain are just as applicable to Ethical and Political inquiries as to inquiries into the nature of Heat and Vegetation.[*]

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* *Cogitata et visa.* The expression *opinio humida* may surprise a reader not accustomed to Bacon's style. The allusion is to the maxim of Hericlitus the obscure—*Dry light is the best.*. By dry light, Bacon understood the light of the intellect, not obscured by the mists of passion, interest, or prejudice.

He frequently treated of moral subjects; and he almost always brought to those subjects that spirit which was the essence of his whole system. He has left us many admirable practical observations on what he somewhat quaintly called the *Georgics* of the mind,—on the mental culture which tends to produce good dispositions. Some persons, he said, might accuse him of spending labour on a matter so simple that his predecessors had passed it by with contempt. He desired such persons to remember that he had from the first announced the objects of his search to be not the splendid and the surprising, but the useful and the true,—not the deluding dreams which go forth through the shining portal of ivory, but the humbler realities of the gate of horn.[†]

True to this principle, he indulged in no rants about the fitness of things, the all-sufficiency of virtue, and the dignity of human nature. He dealt not at all in resounding nothings, such as those with which Bolingbroke pretended to comfort himself in exile; and in which Cicero sought consolation after the loss of Tullia. The casuistical subtleties which occupied the attention of the keenest spirits of his age had, it should seem, no attractions for him. The treatises of the doctors whom Escobar afterwards compared to the four beasts, and the four and twenty-elders in the Apocalypse, Bacon dismissed with most contemptuous brevity. "Inanes plerumque evadunt et futiles."[‡] Nor did he ever meddle with those ænigmas which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more. He said nothing about the grounds of moral obligation, or the freedom of the human will. He had no inclination to employ himself in labours resembling those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus,—to spin for ever on the same wheel round the same pivot,—to gape for ever after the same deluding clusters,—to pour water for ever into the same bottomless buckets,—to pace for ever to and fro on the same wearisome path after the same recoiling stone. He exhorted his disciples to prosecute researches of a very different description; to consider moral science as a practical science—a science of which the object was to cure the diseases and perturbations of the mind,—and which could be improved only by a method analogous to that which has improved medicine and surgery. Moral philosophers ought, he said, to set themselves vigorously to work for the purpose of discovering what are the actual effects produced on the human character by particular modes of education, by the indulgence of particular habits, by the study of particular books, by society, by emulation, by imitation. Then we might hope to find out what mode of training was most likely to preserve and restore moral health.[§]

What he was as a natural philosopher and a moral philosopher, that he was also as a theologian. He was, we are convinced, a sincere believer in the divine authority of the Christian revelation. Nothing can be found in his writings, or in any other writings, more eloquent and pathetic than some passages which were apparently written under the influence of strong devotional feeling. He loved to dwell on the power of the Christian religion to effect much that the ancient philosophers could only promise. He loved to consider that religion as the bond of charity; the curb of evil passions; the consolation of the wretched; the support of the timid; the hope of the dying. But controversies on speculative points of theology seem to have engaged scarcely any portion of his attention. In what he wrote on Church Government he showed, as far as he dared, a tolerant and charitable spirit. He troubled himself not at all about Homoousians and Homoiousians, Monothelites and Nestorians. He lived in an age in which disputes on the most subtle points of divinity excited an intense interest throughout Europe; and no where more than in England. He was placed in the very thick of the conflict. He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been daily deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian. While the world was resounding with the noise of a disputatious philosophy, and a disputatious theology, the Baconian school, like Alworthy seated between Square and Thwackum, preserved a calm neutrality,—half scornful, half benevolent, and, content with adding to the sum of practical good, left the war of words to those who liked it.

We have dwelt long on the end of the Baconian philosophy, because from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of that philosophy necessarily arose.—Indeed, scarcely any person who proposed to himself the same end with Bacon could fail to hit upon the same means.

The vulgar notion about Bacon we take to be this,—that he invented a new method of arriving at truth, which method is called Induction; and that he exposed the fallacy of the syllogistic reasoning which had been in vogue before his time. This notion is about as well founded as that of the people who, in the middle ages, imagined that Virgil was a great conjurer. Many who are far too well informed to talk such extravagant nonsense, entertain what we think incorrect notions as to what Bacon really effected in this matter.

The inductive method has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practised by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless schoolboy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion, that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that method the schoolboy learns, that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant, we imagine, is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse, and none from his father.

Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method; but it is not true that he was the first person who correctly analysed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle; had shown that such discoveries can be made by induction, and by induction alone; and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision.[*]

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[*] *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 127.

[†] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 3.

[‡] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 2.

[§] *De Augmentis*, Lib. 7, Cap. 3.

Again, we are not inclined to ascribe much practical value to the analysis of the inductive method which Bacon has given in the second book of the "Novum Organum." It is indeed an elaborate and correct analysis. But it is an analysis of that which we are all doing from morning to night, and which we continue to do even in our dreams. A plain man finds his stomach out or order. He never heard Lord Bacon's name. But he proceeds in the strictest conformity with the rules laid down in the second book of the "Novum Organum," and satisfies himself that minced pies have done the mischief. "I ate minced pies on Monday, and Wednesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night." This is the *comparentia ad intellectum instantiarum convenientum.* "I did not eat any on Thursday and Friday, and I was quite well." This is the *comparentia instantiarum in proximo quæ natura data privantur.* "I ate very sparingly of them on Sunday, and was very slightly indisposed in the evening. But on Christmas day I almost dined on them, and was so ill I was in some danger." This is the *comparentia instantiarum secundum magis et minus.* "It cannot have been the brandy which I took with them. For I have drunk brandy daily for years without being the worse for it." This is the *rejectio naturarum.* Our invalid then proceeds to what is termed by Bacon the *Vindemiatio,* and pronounces that mince pies do not agree with him.

We might go on to what are called by Bacon *prærogativæ instantiarum.* For example: "It must be something peculiar to minced pies; for I can eat any other pastry without the least bad effect." This is the *instantia solitaria.* We might easily proceed; but we have already sufficiently explained our meaning.

We repeat, that we dispute neither the ingenuity nor the accuracy of the theory contained in the second book of the *Novum Organum;* but we think that Bacon greatly over-rated its utility. We conceive that the inductive process, like many other processes, is not likely to be better performed merely because men know how they perform it. William Tell would not have been one whit more likely to cleave the apple if he had known that his arrow would describe a parabola under the influence of the attraction of the earth. Captain Barclay would not have been more likely to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, if he had known the place and name of every muscle in his legs. Monsieur Jourdain probably did not pronounce D and F more correctly after he had been apprized that D is pronounced by touching the teeth with the end of the tongue, and F by putting the upper teeth on the lower lip. We cannot perceive that the study of Grammar makes the smallest difference in the speech of people who have always lived in good society. Not one Londoner in ten thousand can lay down the rules for the proper use of *will* and *shall.* Yet not one Londoner in a million ever misplaces his *will* and *shall.* No man uses figures of speech with more propriety, because he knows that one figure is called a metonomy and another a synedoche. A drayman in a passion calls out, "You are a pretty fellow," without suspecting that he is uttering irony, and that irony is one of the four primary tropes. The old systems of rhetoric were never regarded by the most experienced and discerning judges as of any use in forming an orator. "Ego hanc vim intelligo," said Cicero, "esse in pæceptis omnibus, non ut ea secuti oratores eloquentiæ laudem sint adepti, sed quæ sua sponte homines eloquentes facerent, ea quosdam observasse, atque id egisse; sic esse non eloquentiam ex artificio, sed artificium ex eloquentia natum."[*] We must own that we entertain the same opinion concerning the study of the Logic which Cicero entertained concerning the study of Rhetoric. A man of sense syllogises in *celarent* and *cesare* all day long without suspecting it; and, though he may not know what an *ignoratio elenchi* is, has no difficulty in exposing it whenever he falls in with it; which is likely to be as often as he falls in with a reverend Master of Arts, nourished on mode and figure in the cloisters of Oxford. Considered merely as an intellectual feat, the *Organum* of Aristotle can scarcely be admired too highly. But the more we compare individual with individual, school with school, nation with nation, generation with generation, the more do we lean to the opinion, that the knowledge of the theory of logic has no tendency whatever to make men good reasoners.

What Aristotle did for the syllogistic process, Bacon has, in the second book of the *Novum Organum,* done for the inductive process; that is to say, he has analyzed it well. His rules are quite proper; but we do not need them, because they are drawn from our own constant practice.

But though every body is constantly performing the process described in the second book of the *Novum Organum,* some men perform it well, and some perform it ill. Some are led by it to truth, and some to error. It led Franklin to discover the nature of lightning. It led thousands, who had less brains than Franklin, to believe in animal magnetism. But this was not because Franklin went through the process described by Bacon, and the dupes of Mesmer through a different process. The *comparentiæ* and *rejectiones,* of which we have given examples, will be found in the most unsound inductions. We have heard that an eminent judge of the last generation was in the habit of jocosely propounding after dinner a theory, that the cause of the prevalence of Jacobinism was the practice of bearing three names. He quoted on the one side, Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, John Philpot Curran, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Theobald Wolfe Tone. These were *instantiæ convenienies.* He then proceeded to cite instances *absentiæ in proxime,*—William Pitt, John Scott, William Windham, Samuel Horsley, Henry Dundas, Edmund Burke. He might have gone on to instances *secundum magis et minus.* The practice of giving children three names has been for some time a growing practice, and Jacobinism has also been growing. The practice of giving children three names is more common in America than in England. In England we still have a King and a House of Lords; but the Americans are republicans. The *rejectiones* are obvious. Burke and Theobald Wolfe

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[*] See the last chapter of the Posterior Analytics, and the first of the Metaphysics.

[*] *De Oratore,* Lib. 1.

Tone were both Irishmen; therefore the being an Irishman is not the cause of Jacobinism. Horsley and Horne Tooke are both clergymen; therefore the being a clergyman is not the cause of Jacobinism. Fox and Windham were both educated at Oxford; therefore the being educated at Oxford is not the cause of Jacobinism. Pitt and Horne Tooke were both educated at Cambridge; therefore the being educated at Cambridge is not the cause of Jacobinism. In this way our inductive philosopher arrives at what Bacon calls the *vintage*, and pronounces that the having three names is the cause of Jacobinism.

Here is an induction corresponding with Bacon's analysis, and ending in a monstrous absurdity. In what, then, does this induction differ from the induction which leads us to the conclusion that the presence of the sun is the cause of our having more light by day than by night. The difference evidently is not in the kind of instances, but in the number of instances; that is to say, the difference is not in that part of the process for which Bacon has given precise rules, but in a circumstance for which no precise rule can possibly be given. If the learned author of the theory about Jacobinism had enlarged either of his tables a little, his system would have been destroyed. The names of Tom Paine and William Windham Grenville would have been sufficient to do the work.

It appears to us, then, that the difference between a sound and an unsound induction, or, to use the Baconian phraseology, between the interpretation of nature and the anticipation of nature, does not lie in this—that the interpreter of nature goes through the process analyzed in the second book of the *Novum Organum*, and the anticipator through a different process. They may both perform the same process. But the anticipator performs it foolishly or carelessly; the interpreter performs it with patience, attention, sagacity, and judgment. Now, precepts can do little, towards making men patient and attentive; and still less towards making them sagacious and judicious. It is very well to tell men to be on their guard against prejudices, not to believe facts on slight evidence, not to be content with a scanty collection of facts, to put out of their minds the *idola* which Bacon has so finely described. But these rules are too general to be of much practical use. The question is, What is a prejudice? How long does the incredulity with which I hear a new theory propounded continue to be a wise and salutary incredulity? When does it become an *idolem specus*—the unreasonable pertinacity of a too skeptical mind? What is slight evidence? What collection of facts is scanty? Will ten instances do, or fifty, or a hundred? In how many months would the first human beings who settled on the shores of the ocean have been justified in believing that the moon had an influence on their tides? After how many experiments would Jenner have been justified in believing that he had discovered a safe-guard against the small-pox? These are questions to which it would be most desirable to have a precise answer; but, unhappily, they are questions to which no precise answer can be returned.

We think, then, that it is possible to lay down accurate rules, as Bacon has done, for the performing of that part of the inductive process which all men *perform alike; but that these rules, though accurate, are not wanted, because in truth they only tell us to do what we are all doing.* We think that it is impossible to lay down any precise rule for the performing of that part of the inductive process which a great experimental philosopher performs in one way and a superstitious old woman in another.

On this subject, we think, Bacon was in error. He certainly attributed to his rules a value which did not belong to them. He went so far as to say that, if his method of making discoveries were adopted, little would depend on the degree of force or acuteness of any intellect; that all minds would be reduced to one level; that his philosophy resembled a compass or a rule which equalizes all hands, and enables the most unpractised person to draw a more correct circle or line than the best draftsman can produce without such aid.* This really seems to us as extravagant as it would have been in Lindley Murray to announce that every body who should learn his grammar would write as good English as Dryden; or in that very able writer Dr. Whately to promise that all the readers of his logic would reason like Chillingworth, and that all the readers of his rhetoric would speak like Burke. That Bacon was altogether mistaken as to this point will now hardly be disputed. His philosophy has flourished during two hundred years, and has produced none of this levelling. The interval between a man of talents and a dunce is as wide as ever; and is never more clearly discernible than when they engage in researches which require the constant use of induction.

It will be seen that we do not consider Bacon's ingenious analysis of the inductive method as a very useful performance. Bacon was not, as we have already said, the inventor of the inductive method. He was not even the person who first analyzed the inductive method correctly, though he undoubtedly analyzed it more minutely than any who preceded him. He was not the person who first showed that by the inductive method alone new truth could be discovered. But he was the person who first turned the minds of speculative men, long occupied in verbal disputes, to the discovery of new truth; and, by doing so, he at once gave to the inductive method an importance and dignity which had never before belonged to it. He was not the maker of that road; he was not the discoverer of that road: he was not the person who first surveyed and mapped that road. But he was the person who first called the public attention to an inexhaustible mine of wealth, which had been utterly neglected, and which was accessible by that road alone. By doing so, he caused that road which had previously been trodden only by peasants and higglers, to be frequented by a higher class of travellers.

That which was eminently his own in his system was the end which he proposed to himself. The end being given, the means, as it appears to us, could not well be mistaken. If others had aimed at the same object with Bacon, we hold it to be certain that they would have employed the same method with Bacon. It would have been hard to convince Seneca that the inventing of a safety-lamp was an employment worthy of a philosopher. It would have been hard to persuade Thomas Aquinas to descend from the making of syllogisms to the making of gunpowder. But Seneca would never have doubted for a moment, that it was only by a series of experiments that a safety-

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* Novum Organum, Præf. and Lib. I, Aph. 122.

ıald be invented. Thomas Aquinas would
.ve thought that his *barbara* and *baraliptin*
ıable him to ascertain the proportion which
ought to bear to saltpetre in a pound of gun-
Neither common sense nor Aristotle would
fered him to fall into such an absurdity.
imulating men to the discovery of *new* truth,
timulated them to employ the inductive me-
› only method,—even the ancient philosophers
schoolmen themselves being judges,—by
ɜw truth can be discovered. By stimulating
the discovery of *useful* truth, he furnished
th a motive to perform the inductive process
carefully. His predecessors had been anti-
of nature. They had been content with first
s, at which they had arrived by the most
ad slovenly induction. And why was this?
we conceive, because their philosophy pro-
itself no practical end, because it was merely
ise of the mind. A man who wants to con-
ew machine or a new medicine, has a strong
o observe accurately and patiently, and to try
ent after experiment. But a man who merely
theme for disputation or declamation has no
tive. He is therefore content with premises
l on assumption, or on the most scanty and
luction. Thus, we conceive, the schoolmen
On their foolish premises they often argued
at ability; and as their object was "*assen-*
iugare, non res,"*—to be victorious in con-
, not to be victorious over nature,—they were
it. For just as much logical skill could be
n reasoning on false as on true premises.
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elves the discovery of useful truth as their
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mechanic? Evidently because the object of
ıanic was to mould things, whilst the object
hilosopher was only to mould words. Care-
ıtion is not at all necessary to the making of
syllogism. But it is indispensable to the
of a good shoe. Mechanics, therefore, have
ɔeen, as far as the range of their humble but
allings extended, not anticipators but inter-
ı of nature. And when a philosophy arose,
ɜt of which was to do on a large scale what
ɲanic does on a small scale,—to extend the
ıd to supply the wants of man,—the truth of
nises, which logically is a matter altogether
tant, became a matter of the highest impor-
and careless induction with which men of
had previously been satisfied, gave place, of
y, to an induction far more accurate and satis-

Bacon did for the inductive philosophy may,
t, be fairly stated thus. The objects of pre-
speculators were objects which could be attained without careful induction. Those speculators, therefore, did not perform the inductive process carefully. Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be attained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed. We do not think that the importance of what Bacon did for inductive philosophy has ever been over-rated. But we think that the nature of his services is often mistaken, and was not fully understood even by himself. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a motive for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society.

To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages is the rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to inquire, what was the moral and intellectual constitution which enabled Bacon to exercise so vast an influence on the world.

In the temper of Bacon,—we speak of Bacon the philosopher, not of Bacon the lawyer and politician,—there was a singular union of audacity and sobriety. The promises which he made to mankind might, to a superficial reader, seem to resemble the rants which a great dramatist has put into the mouth of an Oriental conqueror half-crazed by good fortune and by violent passions,

> "He shall have chariots easier than air,
> Which I will have invented; and thyself
> That art the messenger shall ride before him,
> On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
> That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
> I know not how yet."

But Bacon performed what he promised. In truth, Fletcher would not have dared to make Arbaces promise, in his wildest fits of excitement, the tithe of what the Baconian philosophy has performed.

The true philosophical temperament may, we think, be described in four words—much hope, little faith; a disposition to believe that any thing, however extraordinary, may be done; an indisposition to believe that any thing extraordinary has been done. In these points the constitution of Bacon's mind seems to us to have been absolutely perfect. He was at once the Mammon and the Surly of his friend Ben. Sir Epicure did not indulge in visions more magnificent and gigantic. Surly did not sift evidence with keener and more sagacious incredulity.

Closely connected with this peculiarity of Bacon's temper was a striking peculiarity of his understanding. With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being. The small fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. The "Essays" contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque, could escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.

In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed, but the largeness of

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ɲm *Organum*, Lib. 1, Aph. 29.
Augmentis, Lib. 1.

his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe, resembled that which the Archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

> "Round he surveyed—and well might, where he stood
> So high above the circling canopy
> Of night's extended shade,—from eastern point
> Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
> Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
> Beyond the horizon."

His knowledge differed from that of other men, as a Terrestrial Globe differs from an Atlas which contains a different country on every leaf. The towns and roads of England, France, and Germany, are better laid down in the atlas than in the globe. But while we are looking at England we see nothing of France; and while we are looking at France we see nothing of Germany. We may go to the atlas to learn the bearings and distances of York and Bristol, or of Dresden and Prague. But it is useless if we want to know the bearings and distances of France and Martinique, or of England and Canada. On the globe we shall not find all the market-towns in our own neighbourhood; but we shall learn from it the comparative extent and the relative position of all the kingdoms of the earth. "I have taken," said Bacon, in a letter written when he was only thirty-one, to his uncle Lord Burleigh—"I have taken all knowledge to be my province." In any other young man, indeed in any other man, this would have been a ridiculous flight of presumption. There have been thousands of better mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, botanists, mineralogists, than Bacon. No man would go to Bacon's works to learn any particular science or art, any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kennington turnpike to Clapham Common. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men, was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge.

The mode in which he communicated his thoughts was exceedingly peculiar. He had no touch of that disputatious temper which he often censured in his predecessors. He effected a vast intellectual revolution in opposition to a vast mass of prejudices; yet he never engaged in any controversy:—nay, we cannot at present recollect, in all his philosophical works, a single passage of a controversial character. All those works might with propriety have been put into the form which he adopted in the work entitled *Cogitata et visa*—"Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit."—These are thoughts which have occurred to me:—weigh them well—and take them or leave them.

Borgia said of the famous expedition of Charles the Eighth, that the French had conquered Italy, not with steel, but with chalk; for that the only exploit which they had found necessary for the purpose of taking military occupation of any place, had been to mark the doors of the houses where they meant to quarter. Bacon often quoted this saying, and loved to apply it to the victories of his own intellect.* His philosophy, he said, came as a guest, not as an enemy. She found no difficulty in obtaining admittance, without a contest, into every understanding fitted, by its structure and by its capacity, to receive her. In all this we think that he acted most judiciously—first, because, as he has himself remarked, the difference between his school and other schools, was a difference so fundamental, that there was hardly any common ground on which a controversial battle could be fought; and, secondly, because his mind, eminently observant, pre-eminently discursive and capacious, was, we conceive, neither formed by nature, nor disciplined by habit, for a dialectical combat.

Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with the weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the rich decorations of rhetoric. His eloquence, though not untainted with the vicious taste of his age, would alone have entitled him to a high rank in literature. He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable. In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal,—not even Cowley,—not even the author of Hudibras. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, as he did in the *Sapientia Veterum*, and at the end of the second book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On these occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him.

These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wantoned, with scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. We will give the most striking instance which at present occurs to us. In the third book of the *De Agumentis* he tells us that there are some principles which are not peculiar to one science, but are common to several. That part of philosophy which concerns itself with these principles, is, in his nomenclature, designated as *philosophia prima*. He then proceeds to mention some of the principles with which this *philosophia prima* is conversant. One of them is this. An infectious disease is more likely to be communicated while it is in progress than when it has reached its height. This, says he, is true in medicine. It is also true in morals; for we see that the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men in whom vice has not yet extinguished all good qualities. Again—he tells us that in music a discord ending in a concord is agreeable, and that the same thing may be noted in the affections. Once more he tells us, that in physics the energy with which a principle acts is often increased by the antiperistasis of its opposite; and that it is the same in the contests of factions. If this be indeed the *philosophia prima*, we are quite sure that the greatest philosophical work of the nineteenth century is Mr. Moore's "Lalla Rookh." The similitudes which we have cited are very happy similitudes. But that a man like Bacon should have taken them for more,—that he should have thought the discovery of such resemblances as these an important part of philosophy,—has always appeared to us one of the most singular facts in the history of letters.

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* *Novum Organum, Lib.* 1. Aph. 35, and elsewhere.

The truth is, that his mind was wonderfully quick in perceiving analogies of all sorts. But, like several eminent men whom we could name, both living and dead, he sometimes appeared strangely deficient in the power of distinguishing rational from fanciful analogies,—analogies which are arguments from analogies which are mere illustrations,—analogies like that which Bishop Butler so ably pointed out between natural and revealed religion, from analogies like that which Addison discovered between the series of Grecian gods carved by Phidias, and the series of English kings painted by Kneller. This want of discrimination has led to many strange political speculations. Sir William Temple deducted a theory of government from the properties of the pyramid. Mr. Southey's whole system of finance is grounded on the phenomena of evaporation and rain. In theology this perverted ingenuity has made still wider work. From the time of Irenæus and Origen, down to the present day, there has not been a single generation in which great divines have not been led into the most absurd expositions of Scripture, by mere incapacities to distinguish analogies proper,—to use the scholastic phrase,—from analogies metaphorical.* It is curious that Bacon has himself mentioned this very kind of delusion among the *idola specus;* and has mentioned it in language which, we are inclined to think, indicates that he knew himself to be subject to it. It is the vice, he tells us, of subtle minds to attach too much importance to slight distinctions;—it is the vice, on the other hand, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances; and he adds, that when this last propensity is indulged to excess, it leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances.†

Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant. For,—to say nothing of the pleasure which it affords—it was in the vast majority of cases employed for the purpose of making obscure truth plain—of making repulsive truth attractive—or fixing in the mind for ever, truth which might otherwise have made but a transient impression.

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind; but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigour. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world,—amidst things as strange as any that are described in the "Arabian Tales," or in those romances on which the curate and barber of Don Quixote's village performed so cruel an *auto de-fe*,—amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin,—fountains more wonderful than the golden water of Parizade,—conveyances more rapid than the hippogryph of Ruggiero,—arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo,—remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras. Yet in his magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild,—nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters, are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which, with time and patience, will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fable were trifles when compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of *fruit;* and, that if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scot. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, "have enlarged the bounds of human empire."* We might refer to many instances. But we will content ourselves with the strongest—the description of the "House of Solomon" in the "New Atlantis." By most of Bacon's contemporaries, and by some people of our time, this remarkable passage would, we doubt not, be considered as an ingenious rhodomontade,—a counterpart to the adventures of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. The truth is, that there is not to be found in any human composition, a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom. The boldness and originality of the fiction is far less wonderful than the nice discernment which carefully excluded from that long list of prodigies, every thing that can be pronounced impossible; every thing that can be proved to lie beyond the mighty magic of induction and of time. Already some parts, and not the least startling parts, of this glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter; and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing all around us.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind, is the order in which its powers expanded themselves.—With him the fruit came first and remained till the last: the blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the developement of the fancy is to the developement of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness; and, as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity; and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy.—It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen; and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately, when he gave his first work to the world, as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth. In this respect the history of his mind bears some resemblance to the history of the mind of Burke. The treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," though written on a subject which the coldest metaphysician could hardly treat without being occasionally betrayed into florid writing, is the most unadorned of all Burke's works. It appeared when he was twenty-five or twenty-six. When, at forty, he wrote the "Thoughts on the causes of the existing Discontents," his reason and his judgment had reached their full maturity; but his eloquence was still in its splendid dawn. At fifty, his rhetoric was quite as rich as good taste would permit; and when he died, at almost seventy, it had become ungracefully gorgeous.—In his youth he wrote on the emotions produced by mountains and cascades; by the master-pieces of painting and sculpture; by the faces and necks of beautiful women; in the style of a parliamentary report. In his old age, he discussed treaties and tariffs in the most fervid and brilliant language of romance. It is strange that the Essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and the "Letter to a Noble Lord," should be the productions of one man. But it is far more strange that the Essay should have been a production of his youth, and the Letter of his old age.

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* See some interesting remarks on this subject in Bishop Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher." Dialogue IV.

† *Novum Organum*, Lib. 1. Aph. 55.

* "New Atlantis."

We will give very short specimens of Bacon's two styles. In 1597, he wrote thus:—"Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: that is a wisdom without them, and won by observation. Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend." It will hardly be disputed that this is a passage to be "chewed and digested." We do not believe that Thucydides himself has anywhere compressed so much thought into so small a space.

In the additions which Bacon afterwards made to the "Essays," there is nothing superior in truth or weight to what we have quoted. But his style was constantly becoming richer and softer. The following passage, first published in 1625, will show the extent of the change:—"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

It is by the "Essays" that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind; but they have produced it through the operations of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the "Essays" alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There, he opens an exoteric school, and he talks to plain men in language which every body understands, about things in which every body is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves: and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar, may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner school.

Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise *De Augmentis*, we must say that, in our judgment, Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the *Novum Organum*. All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Many of the aphorisms, but particularly those in which he gives examples of the influence of the *idola*, show a nicety of observation that has never been surpassed. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking—overthrew so many prejudices—introduced so many new opinions. Yet no book was ever written in a less contentious spirit. It truly conquers with chalk and not with steel. Proposition after proposition enters into the mind,—is received not as an invader, but as a welcome friend,—and though previously unknown, becomes at once domesticated. But what we most admire is the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science,—all the past, the present, and the future,—all the errors of two thousand years,—all the encouraging signs of the passing times,—all the bright hopes of the coming age.—Cowley, who was among the most ardent and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great Lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse;—behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand, on a far lovelier country,—following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals,—measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. Yet without

back it is impossible fairly to estimate his
He left the University at an earlier age than
hich most people repair thither. While yet
e was plunged into the midst of diplomatic
Thence he passed to the study of a vast
l system of law, and worked his way up
a succession of laborious offices to the high-
in his profession. In the mean time he took
part in every Parliament; he was an adviser
rown; he paid court with the greatest assi-
d address to all whose favour was likely to
e to him; he lived much in society; he noted
test peculiarities of character and the slight-
ges of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a
rring life than that which Bacon led from six-
ixty. Scarcely any man has been better en-
be called a thorough man of the world. The
of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new
to the minds of speculators,—this was the
ent of his leisure, the work of hours occasion-
en from the Woolsack and the Council Board.
nsideration, while it increases the admiration
ich we regard his intellect, increases also our
at such an intellect should so often have been
ily employed. He well knew the better course,
, at one time, resolved to pursue it. "I con-
aid he in a letter written when he was still
"that I have as vast contemplative ends as I
derate civil ends." Had his civil ends con-
be moderate, he would have been, not only
es, but the Joshua of philosophy. He would
filled a large part of his own magnificent pre-
. He would have led his followers, not only
erge, but into the heart of the promised land.
ld not merely have pointed out, but would
vided the spoil. Above all, he would have
only a great, but a spotless name. Mankind
then have been able to esteem their illustrious
tor. We should not then be compelled to re-
character with mingled contempt and admi-
-with mingled aversion and gratitude. We
not then regret that there should be so many
f the narrowness and selfishness of a heart,
evolence of which was yet large enough to
all races and all ages. We should not then
blush for the disingenuousness of the most
worshipper of speculative truth,—for the ser-
f the boldest champion of intellectual freedom.
uld not then have seen the same man at one
in the van, and at another time far in the rear
generation. We should not then be forced to
at he who first treated legislation as a science
ong the last Englishmen who used the rack,
he who first summoned philosophers to the
ork of interpreting nature was among the last
men who sold justice. And we should con-
ur survey of a life placidly, honourably, bene-
passed, "in industrious observations, ground-
lusions, and profitable inventions and disco-
"* with feelings very different from those with
we now turn away from the checkered specta-
o much glory and so much shame.

From the London and Westminster Review. (Radical.)

PROGRESS OF EVENTS IN CANADA.

In the second number of the "London Review," published in July, 1835, we laid before our readers a very full exposition of the misgovernment which has so long prevailed in the Canadas, and of the discontent which has been generated thereby.

After enumerating the manifold evils and abuses which have sprung out of the system of colonial government, established by what is called the Quebec Constitutional Act (31 Geo. III., c. 31—1791,) our article concluded with the following summary of the reforms demanded by the Assembly of Lower Canada:—

"In this situation of affairs, Lord Gosford and two Commissioners are about to proceed to Canada, and inquire into the grievances of the Canadian people, and report thereupon. What is likely to be the result of this inquiry?"

"Our answer is, that let the commission make what report it pleases, only one result can follow: and that is, *the demands of the House of Assembly must be acceded to.*

"1. An Elective Council must be granted to the people, and the present Legislative Council abolished.

"2. The whole of the revenue must be placed entirely under the control of the people of Canada.

"3. The Judges must be made responsible to the Provincial Legislature, and not to the King."

The Commissioners above spoken of reached Canada in the autumn of the same year, 1835, and in the ensuing winter Sir John Colborne, the Governor of Upper Canada, who had rendered himself extremely obnoxious to the people of that province, was recalled, and his place was supplied by Sir Francis Head.

The object of this article is to detail the principal proceedings of these personages; and we think we shall show that they have not merely failed to allay, but that, aided by the disingenuous—we had almost said treacherous—instructions with which they were furnished by Lord Glenelg, they have materially augmented the discontents which existed at the time of their arrival.

Previous to the departure of Lord Gosford and his fellow Commissioners,* Mr. Roebuck, in his capacity of agent to the House of Assembly, laid before the colonial minister, Lord Glenelg, a full and explicit statement, in writing, of the views and demands of that House.

This document, which has since been printed both in the colony and in this country,† is in every respect a most able state paper. The reforms demanded by the Assembly, especially the abolition of the present Legislative Council, and the substitution of an elective second chamber, are there insisted upon with great weight of argument, and Lord Glenelg is warned of

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om a Letter of Bacon to Lord Burleigh.

* The Commissioners were Lord Gosford, Sir Charles Grey, and Sir George Gipps. Lord Gosford was also appointed Governor-in-Chief, in the place of Lord Aylmer, a Governor so bad, that any change must have been for the better.

† See Mr. Roebuck's pamphlet entitled "Existing Difficulties in the Government of the Canadas" (being a reprint of the article which appeared in this Review, with additions.) The document alluded to is to be found in the Appendix of the pamphlet.

the serious consequences which may result from refusing them.

The hope was at first entertained, and we may say encouraged, that the Commissioners had carried out powers to concede these reforms. Sir George Grey, it is true, excused himself from laying the instructions before Parliament on the ground of respect to the Canadians, as such instructions should be first laid before the Assembly. That done, he promised they should be presented to the House.

When the Commissioners reached Canada, their talk was everywhere, and at all times, liberal in the extreme. Lord Gosford spoke of himself and his colleagues as the nominees of a reforming ministry, appointed for no other purpose than to carry out reforms. Of himself, individually, he spoke only as the friend of O'Connell. His previous conduct in Armagh had tended to produce an impression in his favour. His instructions he seldom alluded to without expressly asserting their liberality. "I am convinced," said his Lordship, in conversation with a leading member of the Assembly, a few days before the commencement of the session, "I am convinced that my instructions will satisfy you when they are known. The day after to-morrow will be the great day of revelations; the whole country will then know as much as I know of the intentions of his Majesty. I shall speak all I know without reserve." In consequence of this fair speaking, previous to the commencement of the session, Lord Gosford gained the good-will, if not the perfect confidence, of the members of the Assembly, and, indeed, of the mass of the people. He gained, also, the bitter hatred of the colonial Tories, whose journals abused him in terms of the utmost virulence, proving that they too had been deceived by his professions.

At length came the promised "day of revelations;" but nothing of the kind expected from the Governor's professions was revealed. There was a speech from the throne; without it, the beautiful copy of the British Constitution which prevails in Canada would not have met with due observance. It was, however, wholly unsatisfactory to the Canadians. It was silent on all the topics they deemed most important. If Lord Gosford did "speak all he knew," it was clear he knew nothing. He said nothing of a change in the constitution of the Council. He said nothing of giving up the revenue to the Assembly—reforms which were the head and front of the popular demands. The consequence was, that the degree of hope—we cannot call it confidence—to which Lord Gosford's professions had given birth, was well nigh destroyed.

Still the good-will of the Members of Assembly towards the Governor was not as yet impaired. The Commission, the Assembly did not, in fact, could not, recognize; but, as Governor, Lord Gosford was treated with all possible respect.

The instructions being thus, notwithstanding the promise of Sir George Grey and the statements of Lord Gosford, withheld from the Colonial Legislature, it became the duty of Mr. Roebuck again to ask for them in his place in the House of Commons. This he did on the 16th of February. Sir George Grey, after acknowledging that "the House of Assembly had shown they were actuated by the most honest and ardent wish to promote the interests of the colony," urged upon Mr. Roebuck's consideration that, "inasmuch as there was now a fair prospect of adjusting the differences between this country and Canada, he thought that, while negotiations were still pending, it would be extremely injudicious, and might lead to great inconvenience if the instructions given to the Commissioners were to be made public." Hereupon Mr. Roebuck, being "determined to let the ministry have a complete trial on this matter," consented to withdraw his motion. At the very moment that Sir George Grey was thus expatiating on the "great inconvenience," the "extreme injudiciousness" of permitting the instructions to be made public, they were in every one's hands in Canada, by means of a diplomatic blunder of Sir Francis Head.

The Legislature of Upper Canada was in session when Sir Francis reached the province in February. Accompanying his first message were extracts, giving nearly all the material part of the instructions to the Commissioners. It appeared that he had been permitted to communicate the substance of the Commissioners' instructions with his own; but not having been long enough in the official ranks to have learned that *substance* in diplomatic language means *shadow*, he committed the irremediable blunder which we have described.

The dislike of Sir George Grey that the instructions should see the light, and his conviction that their publication would produce "great inconvenience," would be "extremely injudicious," were now fully explained on the face of the instructions themselves. In *substance* they amounted to a refusal of the demands of the Assembly, whilst there was some slight *shadow* of liberality in their tone. Lord Gosford had confined himself to the latter; Sir Francis Head, as we have seen, blundered in the former.

The object of the Colonial Minister and the Governor in attempting to deceive the Assembly and people of Lower Canada, by dealing in fairer words than their real intentions justified, is obvious enough. The Assembly had refused supplies for some years, in order to enforce the reforms for which they contended, and it was thought that if the suspicions of the Assembly could be lulled, the Executive might possibly obtain a vote of money, perhaps even a permanent-civil list, which would render the offical party independent of the Assembly for an indefinite period. In this hope, however, they were deceived.

After the disclosure of the instructions, which dashed all the hopes previously entertained, the House of Assembly determined to refuse peremptorily all arrears. In order, however, to meet the Executive in a spirit of conciliation, and to show how unwilling they were to throw any unnecessary impediment in the way of the Governor, the Assembly voted a six months' supply, with the conditions they had previously insisted on. The principal condition was, that individuals holding more than one office should only draw the salary of one, namely, the most highly paid. This bill, however, not being palatable to the official party, was lost in that party's house—the Legislative Council.

This body, so ridiculously defended as the representative of the aristocratic principle, when it represents nothing but a few overbearing bureaucrats, now vented its rage by a wholesale rejection of the measures of the Assembly. All the Bills which the Assembly passed for the internal improvement of the country were rejected, except one; and that (a Bill to construct a rail-road between Lower Canada and New

Brunswick) was reserved for the royal sanction by the Governor-in-Chief. The Elementary School Bill and other Education Bills were among those rejected by the Council, In consequence of this it became necessary to shut up no less than 1,665 schools, established under provincial Acts, thus depriving no less than 40,000 scholars of the means of instruction.

> "The party of the Legislative Council," says Mr. Roebuck, "are usually uncommonly pathetic in their lamentations over the ignorance of the Canadian population. The true worth of their hypocritical whining is here made manifest. They talk of ignorance, and deprecate it, so long as such talk forwards, or seems to forward, their paltry purposes. They willingly do all they can to foster and continue ignorance, the moment that by so doing the same vile ends may be served."—*Existing Difficulties*, p. 39.

The Six Month's Supply Bill (a measure worthy of occasional imitation in the Imperial Parliament) was carried on the 23d of February, against a counter-proposal to vote arrears. When this result was made known, murmurs of applause were heard in the gallery and below the bar of the House, which were with difficulty checked. The people could not restrain their feelings.

From this time to the close of the session, the House was chiefly occupied in receiving reports from the standing-committee on grievances (chiefly on the conduct of delinquent public officers,) in discussing a Bill for the reform of the Legislative Council, and lastly, in carrying an address to the King, and both Houses of Parliament, reiterating their grievances, and remonstrating against the conduct we have just detailed.

The official personages whose conduct was inquired into and condemned by a committee of the Assembly, and subsequently by the whole House, were Judges Gale, Thompson and Fletcher; Sheriffs Gugy and Witche; Mr. Felton, Commissioner of Crown Lands; and some others.

Judge Gale was appointed by Lord Aylmer for no other reason, it should seem, than that he was hateful to the popular party. He had been objected to on the ground of his having been a violent partisan of the obnoxious Lord Dalhousie, and the declared enemy of those laws which he was called to administer. The objection was abundantly sustained, and was pronounced to be valid by Mr. Spring Rice, who, when Colonial Minister, disallowed the appointment. Lord Aylmer disregarded Mr. Rice's instructions, and continued the man in his office, where, to the dishonour of our colonial administration, he still remains.

Malversations in office have been brought home to Judge Fletcher; Judge Thompson has been proved to be an habitual and notorious drunkard; and yet these persons are still permitted to hold their offices.*

The case of Felton is one of peculiar atrocity. The evidence of his having defrauded the government—that is, the public—of some thousand acres of land, was made so clear, that the delinquent Commissioner could no longer be screened, and he was suspended from his office. Mr. Spring Rice, however, when Colonial Secretary, admitting the enormity of the offence of which Felton appeared to be guilty, actually directed the Governor to compromise the affair by requiring merely the payment of the value of the lands of which he had reason to believe the public were defrauded! Of Felton's guilt there cannot be much doubt; but whether guilty or innocent, suspension, except during the prosecution of an inquiry, must always be injustice. If he be guilty, suspension is no punishment for his crime; dismissal from office, the refunding of his ill-gotten gains, and punishment, should have been at once enforced; if, however, he be not guilty, suspension becomes an act of gross injustice to the individual. It is, in fact, a lazy expedient, worthy only of a British Colonial Minister—an expedient which is nearly certain to end in impunity to the delinquent official, and injustice to the public, and, therefore, productive of disgust and discontent, to the suffering people of the colony.

All the above cases, including those of Sheriffs Gugy and Witcher, were such as to call for the immediate interference of the Colonial Office: yet they have been, and we have no doubt will continue to be, allowed to drag on until the evils of colonial misrule shall be carried beyond the endurance of the people—a consummation which we take to be rapidly approaching in both provinces.

The last legislative act of the Assembly was to embody their demand for an elective Legislative Council in the form of a Bill, which passed the House by a very large majority. A preliminary objection to this Bill by the official party was, that it proposed to repeal a portion of an imperial statute, which a provincial and subordinate legislature is not competent to do. But to alter the constitution which the Act created, by a law passed in the forms which the Act itself prescribes, is neither a repeal nor a violation of it. The Act in question has already been amended without the aid of the Imperial Parliament. The Act constituted a House of Assembly of fifty members; in process of time parts of the country became thickly inhabited, which, when the Act first came into operation, were uninhabited wastes. A Bill, repealing so much of the Act as related to the Assembly and the division of the province, and making a new division, and adding to the number of members returned, was accordingly passed, first by the Assembly, next by the Council, subsequently received the Governor's assent, and is now part of the Canadian constitution. No objection was made to this local amendment at the time; why then should objections now be made to the principle? The answer is easy. In the former case the local oligarchy conceived themselves likely to be benefited; in the more recent case they see prospective ruin.

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* We cannot avoid citing one case, to give the reader an idea of the kind of justice which is dispensed by judges who hold office during the pleasure of the Crown, that is, of the colonial executive:—

In December, 1835, a man perished of cold in the gaol of Montreal. The matter was investigated by the Assembly, and culpable neglect was proved against the Sheriff, Gugy, and his officer the jailor. An Address was accordingly voted, praying for their dismissal. This was not complied with; but the Attorney-General (another during pleasure official) sent a bill of indictment for murder against the jailor, to the grand jury. This jury was nominated by Gugy, the Sheriff, an implicated party, and of course the bill was not found.

The whole proceeding was regarded as a mockery of justice, and Lord Gosford's popularity was much damaged by it. But the most important part of the case is to come. A newspaper, called "La Minerve," called the jury a "packed jury." The jury took immediate cognizance of the libel, presented it to the Court as such, and the Attorney General moved at once that a writ of attachment should issue against the printer, Duvernay; and for what, does the reader imagine?—for *contempt of Court!* The Court, without hearing evidence even to the fact of the publication, granted the attachment, and the printer gave bail. The next term the defendant was served with interrogatories. "Are you proprietor of 'La Minerve?'" "Did you publish the article in question?" Duvernay, being on his oath, was obliged to answer "Yes." On this confession he was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 20*l.* The judge remarked that the proceeding was one of peculiar mildness, for it was left to the defendant himself to say whether he was guilty or not; from which, if it were not a mere clap-trap, nothing could have been inferred but that the man was punished because he would not perjure himself.

With the present Legislative Council the preliminary objection need scarcely have been raised, as they are not very likely to pass a Bill for their own destruction. Without their destruction, however, the pacification of Canada is impossible; and as the King has the prerogative of peer-making, under another name, there as well as here, the readiest and least troublesome way of rendering the Council elective would be to furnish the King's representative with a sufficient number of blank mandamuses, to enable him to give a majority in the Council to the views of the Assembly and of the people at large. Thus might imperial legislation—always an evil where a local legislature exists—be avoided.

The alteration in the Legislative Council has been objected to on various pretexts, some of which are curious, as exhibiting the shifts to which the enemies of responsible colonial governments are occasionally driven. One of the Commissioners, in conversation with one of the liberal party, hinted that a strong objection to granting the reform in question was, that the majority demanding the change, though overwhelming, was composed chiefly of persons of French origin, whilst the minority opposed to the change consisted chiefly of persons of British origin. If the population had not been of mixed origin, said the Commissioner, there could be no objection to the proposed change. Well, then, was the reply—try the reform in Upper Canada, where it is prayed for by a large majority, all of British origin. And how, reader, do you think the Commissioner got out of this awkward dilemma? By replying, that although of one origin, the people were not so unanimous as in Lower Canada. Here are hard conditions of reform indeed—uniformity of origin and unanimity of opinion; the alternative being no other than to give complete effect to the will of a contemptible minority!

But if the question of an elective Council were left to the decision of the people of British origin alone, it would be carried in the affirmative by a large majority. The township-counties, inhabited entirely by persons of British origin, for the most part return members favourable to the elective principle; and in one of the counties for which opponents of the principle sit, they only prevailed over their adversaries by *a small majority*. Estimating the whole population of British descent in Lower Canada at 150,000, the persons represented by members opposed to the wishes of the majority do not exceed 40,000—a miserable minority out of a population exceeding 600,000; yet it is to the will of this minority that the present system gives effect.

It is urged that an elective Council would weaken, and ultimately destroy, the connexion between the colony and the mother country. We assert, that the maintenance of the present system will not merely ultimately, but even speedily, destroy that connexion. The Council is the great cause of discontent. The chief complaint of the Canadians against the Imperial Government is, not that it is itself directly and immediately oppressive, but that it maintains and supports the Legislative Council. And well may this monstrous institution be offensive to the colony. There may be differences on the question, how much of the government of the colony should belong to the colony itself, and how much to the mother country?—but most people will allow that all the power ought to belong *either* to the mother country *or* to the colony. The colony exercises its powers through its representative body. The mother country exercises its powers through the Governor; and, by means of Parliament and the Colonial Office, can hold him responsible for whatever he does in the exercise of them. But here is a third power, co-equal with these two, and representing neither the mother country nor the colony, but a band of jobbing officials solely: not only frustrating the wishes of the colony, but superseding the authority of the mother country, since the Bills which embody the demands of the people, being rejected in the Upper House, never come regularly before the Governor or the Colonial Minister at all.

Mr. Roebuck, in his pamphlet, shows conclusively that an elective Council would tend more than any other measure to prevent a rupture between the colony and the mother country. We regret that we have not space to transfer to our columns the whole of his close and logical reasoning; but we cannot resist the temptation of presenting to the reader the concluding paragraph:—

"If," (says Mr. Roebuck) "the separation be to take place violently, it will be a matter of no moment, that it is opposed by the present Legislative Council. Rather, indeed, would such opposition aid any measure of separation. The decisions of the Council have no moral force with the people, while the House of Assembly completely represents the whole population. The Legislative Council represents no part of them. Whenever the time for violent separation may come, if come it must, the assent of the Council will neither be needed nor looked for. On the other hand, if the Council were elected, and represented either the whole or a portion of the people, then its co-operation would be looked for, and would be needed. There is greater difficulty assuredly in gaining the assent of two separate bodies to so dangerous a proceeding—one involving so awful a responsibility as a revolution—than in gaining that of one only. If the second Assembly were composed of older men, or of persons elected for a longer term, the difficulty would be materially increased. In no way could the breach between the mother country and the colonies be hindered by the existing Council, while in many and important ways it might be delayed by an elective one. The true friends, therefore, of English dominion, ought to desire the change now so eagerly demanded by the Canadians themselves."—*Existing Difficulties*, p. 52.

The last measure of the Assembly—their address to the King and the two Houses of Parliament—was passed by a majority of 55 to 7, on the 25th of February, 1836. In it the Assembly dwell upon the expectations which had been raised by the conduct of the Governor, and the disappointment caused by the disclosure of the instructions to the Commissioners: after which, in the most temperate, yet in the firmest language, they reiterate their previous demand for—

1st. An elective Council.

2d. The repeal of the Tenure's Act, and the Act creating the British-American Land Company.

3d. Complete Parliamentary control over the whole of the lands belonging to the colony.

4th. Complete control over revenue and expenditure.

The address also contains an explicit declaration, that the redress of grievances must *precede* any permanent appropriation of money.

The firmness of the House of Assembly has since been put to another test, and they have sustained it most nobly.

On the 22d of September, 1836, the Assembly was called together to receive Lord Glenelg's answer to their address. The answer was only a reiteration of the instructions—the demands of the Assembly being once more refused. Upon this the Assembly addressed the Governor, repeating the determination they came to at the close of the session of 1835–6: namely, that the redress of grievances must *precede* a vote of supplies. This address was carried, in committee, by majorities varying from 58 to 6, and 54 to 9; the majority also threatening to retire to their homes, and to leave no quorum. The House was dismissed, after a session of about a fortnight.

We must now turn to the sister province of Upper Canada, in order to show the progress of discontent under Sir Francis Head.

Sir Francis, like Lord Gosford, began with liberal professions; but after his first blunder he was not slow to embroil himself with the House of Assembly. One of his first acts had been to call to the Executive Council (a species of privy council, one of the duties of which is to advise the Governor) several very popular men. This helped to confirm the impression which his professions had generated—namely, that he was appointed to carry into effect those reforms for which the Assembly had prayed. Not long after, however, on the Council's making an attempt to exercise what had always been deemed the function of that body—namely, to advise the Governor—Sir Francis turned round upon them, and told them, that he being responsible, and not they, he should not for the future consult them. Hereupon the members of the Council resigned in a body.

If the matter had stopped here there would at least have been no inconsistency in the proceeding. But no sooner had the persons who enjoyed the confidence of the people resigned than the Governor called to his Executive Council a new set of men, nearly all of whom were of the Ultra Tory party, and moreover extremely obnoxious to the people. This at once destroyed all confidence in Sir Francis Head's professions of reform, and loud expressions of dissatisfaction poured in from all quarters. The House of Assembly, the Mayor and Corporation, the citizens of Toronto, the Alliance (an extensive reform society,) all carried addresses to the Governor, remonstrating in the strongest terms against the course he had pursued, and declaring their want of confidence in the men he had chosen. In his replies he merely adhered with the most pertinacious obstinacy to his first point, declaring that an Executive Council, as it had been understood, was no part of the constitution; that he alone was responsible; and that therefore he alone would hold the power. If this be really Sir Francis Head's opinion, why appoint a Council at all? To appoint a Tory Council was an uncalled-for insult to the people.

In his answer to the address of the citizens of Toronto, Sir Francis Head commenced by stating, that as he presumed several among those who addressed him were of the industrious classes, he should adapt his language to their capacity, and speak in the plainest manner of which he was capable. Now, under any circumstances, this would have evinced great want of tact. If it was Sir Francis's opinion than other than plain language would have been unsuited to those whom he addressed, he was quite right in adopting "plain language;" but to *tell* them that he should do so was in the highest degree injudicious. It turned out, however, that Sir Francis Head's condescension was quite out of place. The "industrious" citizens treated Sir Francis with a rejoinder, which must have interfered considerably with his self-complacency. They tell him, that being sensible of the importance of knowledge, they have, "by their own efforts and at their own expense, so far successfully laboured, as to be able to appreciate *good writing* and *fair reasoning*." They then, "lest his Excellency should doubt their sufficient apprehension of the matter," proceed to expose both Sir Francis's writing and reasoning in the most perfect manner conceivable. They show that neither in "good writing" nor "in fair reasoning" was the pompous and foolish Governor a match for them.

From this time forward but little harmony existed between the Governor and the House of Assembly; and an occurrence which came to light, in the highest degree discreditable to Sir Francis Head, almost put a stop to all communication between them. The facts are these:—

In some way or other the Assembly got an intimation that some agreement had been entered into between the Council and Sir Francis Head, to the effect that, in case of his demise, or absence, the government should devolve on a particular member of the Council in preference to the rest. The House accordingly addressed the Governor to know whether such bond or agreement had been entered into. To this address Sir Francis replied—

> "I have entered into no bond or agreement of any sort with my present Executive Council, and I do not possess, nor does there exist in Council, any document of such a nature between two or more of the said Council."

The matter, however, was referred to a committee of the Assembly; and before this committee the two executive councillors, supposed to be parties to the paper in question, were examined. They were compelled to state that there was such a paper or agreement (they could not call it a bond, because it was not in legal form;) and *that it was drawn up by the Governor himself.* Hereupon the committee reports:—

"The Honourable R. B. Sullivan, the Presiding Member of the Executive Council, and the Honourable Captain Baldwin, informed the committee, as will appear by the minutes of their evidence, marked and hereunto appended, that a paper had been signed, whereby Mr. Sullivan declared his intention, in the event of his Excellency's death, not to administer the government, although by the royal instruction in such a case, the administration would devolve on him as presiding councillor; but to resign his office, in order to avoid the administration of the government, *and that this paper was not only in existence, but was drawn up by his Excellency himself,* in the Council Chamber, and delivered to Mr. Allen, the next senior member, in the presence of his Excellency and the whole council."

The committee then adds, with a dignified delicacy of language:—

"The respect which your Committee feel for his Excellency's high office, forbids their dwelling upon the mortifying subject of the contradiction between his Excellency's answer and those gentlemen's testimony; and they will only say, that it must of course destroy all confidence in future in his Excellency's assertions."

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In a despatch to Lord Glenelg, dated 21st April, 1836, Sir Francis Head attempts to explain the matter, but his explanation is a tissue of miserable quibbles. He does not deny the fact, but contends that the document was not "of the nature applied for:" and concludes by saying "I denied no such thing; but"—reader, pray thee mark the *but*—"stated that I entered into no bond or agreement." What is this but a denial?

From this time forward Sir Francis Head's language and conduct were characteristic rather of a madman than of a person in sane mind. He threw himself completely into the arms of the Tories, forgot all his previous professions of reform, and indulged in the most offensive language towards the reformers, whom he designated as revolutionists, rebels, &c. &c.

The Assembly, in the mean time, got through their business with all possible despatch; and to mark their sense of Sir Francis Head's conduct, they refused supplies. Hereupon the Governor did in Upper Canada what the Council did in Lower Canada—he withheld the royal assent from all the Appropriation Bills which had been passed by the two Houses. He afterwards thought proper to attribute to the rejection of the Supply Bill, amounting to only about 7000*l.*, the whole of the distress and inconvenience which arose from the loss of all the money Bills.

At the end of May the Governor dissolved the House of Assembly. The new elections took place at the end of June and the beginning of July; the result was, that a House, consisting of forty or forty-one Tories and twenty Reformers, was substituted for a House containing forty Reformers to twenty Tories. This extraordinary result astonished the whole country. How it was brought about we shall briefly explain.

In Upper Canada the Executive possesses extraordinary means of corruption. In the first place, the *Governor* has at his disposal an almost infinite *number of small places—the* tenure of which is "*during pleasure"—all over the* country. These innumerable petty offices not merely enable the Governor to command the votes of the incumbents and their families, but renders subservient to the will of the Executive all those (including that numerous class, "fathers of families") who view office with a longing eye. It is fearful to contemplate the extent of demoralization in Upper Canada arising from this single cause. One single office may stand as the bait for a dozen hungry expectants, and were it not for the existence of a numerous and independent yeomanry, it would be difficult to say where the evil would end.

The next source of political corruption is the system of disposing of waste lands, for a price payable by instalments. The Land Company and other large landholders are in the habit of selling lands at a price payable in four or five annual instalments. The industrious settler, ever eager to possess land, no sooner saves enough money to pay an instalment than he purchases a lot. In a majority of cases the purchasers fall behind-hand with the second or third instalment, when their independence is for the present destroyed. The agents of the Land Company are members of the colonial oligarchy, so that we may be sure they are not slow to profit, for political purposes, by the fears of these dependent debtors. Any actual exertion of their ultimate power is seldom, perhaps never, necessary.

Another fruitful source of corruption is the power of the Government so to regulate the disposal of waste lands as to create votes, by creating small freeholds. This power Sir Francis Head is stated to have employed to an enormous extent, and the statement is supported by an abundance of evidence.

When a settler acquires land of the Crown in Canada he receives what is called a location-ticket. This empowers him to go upon the lot of land; but before he can obtain a good title, it is incumbent upon him to perform what are called the settlement-duties, which consist of clearing a certain small portion, and erecting a log-house. The Assembly decided that the possession of a location-ticket did not confer a vote, and so it was held till lately. Votes however have, at the present election, been recorded on this qualification, and as the Assembly is the tribunal of decision, it is not likely a Tory Assembly will decide the point against the Executive. It is stated, and the statement is supported by much evidence, that at least 5000 votes have been created on small, chiefly quarter-acre, lots. Now it is more than probable that 1000 or 1500 would have been quite sufficient, aided by other expedients, to turn the elections in Sir Francis Head's favour.

The former House, as we have stated, had forty Reformers; the present contains only twenty. Each county returns two members, so that it would only be necessary to overwhelm ten counties with these new-made voters, and the object will be attained. The average number of voters in each county does not certainly reach 1000, and perhaps not 800; hence 150, or even 100 obedient Tory votes, added to the constituency of each of ten counties (making 1500, or even 1000 on the whole,) would be adequate to the effect. Now it is currently stated in Upper Canada, that 5000—a number probably exaggerated—of such votes were made: and yet this is called a re-action!

Several minor, but almost equally unjustifiable expedients were resorted to. The polling-places were arbitrarily fixed in parts of the counties likely to be most convenient to the Tory candidates. The day of election, for places where a Tory return was tolerably certain, was fixed several days in advance of the other elections, in order that such returns might depress the Liberals, and encourage and stimulate the Tories. In addition to all this, Sir Francis went about the country playing the part of an agitator; receiving addresses, and answering them in the most highly-wrought and inflammatory language.

Now the evil which is to be dreaded from the results thus generated is, that Ministers will, in their future conduct towards Upper Canada, act as though there really had been a re-action of opinion in that province. If they do act on such a fallacious assumption, they will commit a grievous and irreparable error. The tone of the people at their public meetings—the extensive organization of reform societies—the constant discussion of the question of national independence—all utterly preclude the idea of re-action. A large majority of the people of Upper Canada sympathize with their Lower Canadian brethren in their desire for a responsible government; and any neglect or indignity, any denial of justice, or infliction of injustice on the one province, will be resented by both.

Although the people of Upper Canada are now, through the press and otherwise, freely discussing the means of establishing their independence, neither they nor their brethren of Lower Canada desire independence *as an end*, but merely *as a means*, to good government. Give them a responsible government—that is, responsible to themselves—and we shall not hear of independence for many years to come. Deny what they ask, and who will venture to predict the result?

Under the supposition of a struggle, the people of both the Canadas have not neglected to examine their means and position. The public lands have been passed in review as an adequate inducement to the riflemen of Ohio, Kentucky, and Michigan, to engage in their cause. They expect no assistance from the American government; but they feel sure of it from the American people. The great jealousy between the northern and the southern parts of the American Union would also operate favourably to the Canadians. The province of Texas is very likely to become another state of the Union. Should that be the case, the non-slave-holding states will desire an addition, to preserve their present proportion of power. Should the Canadas at that moment step in, and ask admission into the Union, who can doubt what would be the reply?

Let us earnestly hope that the Government will not force upon the Canadians the alternative of misgovernment or independence. Good government they assuredly will have; by what means, depends wholly on the Ministry and the Parliament. H. S. C.

From the Quarterly Review.

CHEVALIER AND COOPER ON EUROPE AND AMERICA.

1. *Letters sur l' Amerique du Nord.* Par Michel Chevalier. 2 tomes, 8vo. Paris. 1836.
2. *A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a Second Visit to Switzerland.* By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. Paris. 1835.

The frequent references which these two works contain to the countries of their respective authors, have induced us to bring them under notice in conjunction. Highly as we appreciate the descriptive powers of the American novelist, even under his guidance we should hardly have thought it worth our while to follow the track of the myriad tourists who have preceded him on the beaten roads of Europe, if we could not derive an interest from the expositions of American feeling and opinion, called forth by the scenes he visits and the incidents he records.

The work of M. Chevalier, on the other hand, is in great measure a lecture to his countrymen on an American text, in which, with a freedom from national prejudices, which we consider quite as consistent with real patriotism as the anti-British zeal of Mr. Cooper, he couples much incidental chastisements of French vanity with ample matter for reflection and suggestion for improvement. We have heard that M. Chevalier was, if he be not still, a St. Simonian. Those, perhaps, who are intimate with the tenets of that sect may trace, in the political speculations of his volumes, some symptoms of his connexion with it. We are not, however, assailed in the perusal by any of the mere mystic or blasphemous raving in which its doctrines are usually embodied; and judging M. Chevalier by his works, even were it his pleasure to walk the streets of Paris or Philadelphia with a beard and red jacket, we should be equally thankful for the information contained in his volumes, and for the lessons which all nations, and more especially his own, may derive from them. His opinions, whatever they may be, did not prevent his being employed by the French government on a mission to inspect the public works of the United States, and their rail-roads in particular;—an employment the period of which was prolonged by M. Thiers, when minister of the interior. His travels were subsequently extended to Mexico and Cuba, and after perusing the present volumes we wait with impatience his promised account of these countries. The contrast between the neighbouring republics—between the distorted and rickety offspring of a bigot mother and the young giant of Anglo-Saxon race—is pregnant with instruction; and the style of M. Chevalier is well adapted to give point and effect to the various topics of the comparison. The struggles of Spain's chief remaining colony—(if it yet remain hers)—to avail itself of the inventions of modern science, and to follow the examples of Europe and North America in the pursuit of national prosperity, entitle Cuba to our sympathy, and to a better fate than that of being made the financial stalking-horse of a Hebrew democrat, and sharing the ruin and anarchy which knaves and fools together have brought on the mother-country.

"Since the period," says M. Chevalier in his Introduction, "when the preponderance in the balance of the world passed to the people of Saxon origin—when the English race obtained the prevalence over France and Spain, in Asia, America, and Europe—new institutions, new rules of government, new ideas, and new systems touching life, social, political, and individual, have developed themselves among the English, and still more among their continuators of the new world. Among them, every thing which concerns labour, and the condition of the greater number of the labourers, has been brought to a perfection before unheard of. It would seem that, favoured by these innovations, the pre-eminence of the Anglo-Saxons over the nations of the Latin group, has a tendency to increase still further. . . . How, and under what form, shall we arrive at appropriating these inventions of the English race? This difficult and complex question has been my principal subject of reflection during my residence in the new world."—Vol. i. p. 15.

This great question M. Chevalier discusses on a plan less dry and methodical, and therefore more attractive to the general reader than that followed by the Montesquieu of the present age, M. Tocqueville. It is a plan, however, which, as applied to the more serious parts of his subject, is more wandering and desultory than either reader or receiver could desire. Steering a somewhat middle course between the tourist and the philosopher, he strays from place to place, and from topic to topic—from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, from the Bank to Slavery—in separate and unconnected chapter; his mere statistics being judiciously thrown into notes at the end of his volumes.

From one of these notes we learn the rather striking fact, that the intercourse between Havre and New York is about on a level, in respect to the number of passengers, with that between Dover and Calais—the numbers being in either case about forty thousand. M. Chevalier, however, having selected Liverpool for his point of embarkation, his choice gives occasion to two preliminary chapters on England, which makes us rather regret that his mission did not embrace our own country. The following is a fair specimen of his style. After some gentle ridicule of the sentimental tourists of his own nation, and having rebuked them for generally confining their researches to Gothic ruins, Highland scenery, or noble residences, he proceeds:—

"He who wishes to return satisfied from England must visit her as the queen of industry. He should inspect the City rather than the Regent's Park, the India-House rather than Windsor, &c. . . . . . For my own part, I have seen nothing which has better pleased me than the great brewery of Barclay and Perkins. While perambulating one of its floors, on which were ranged ninety-nine vats, each of the capacity of from five to six hundred thousand bottles, I called to mind the tun of Heidelburg. What a difference between the old castle and its tun, and the giant fabric of the English brewer, with its battalion of vats! The castle moulders—its gothic sculptures crumble. No descendant of the old Elector's vassals replaces their fallen statues on their bases. At the brewery, each utensil hangs on its proper nail, each caldron is burnished and lustrous. The stalls of the Electoral stables are empty. In those of the brewer one hundred and fifty horses, which might serve a Goliath for chargers, are the objects of attentions as delicate perhaps as any which were bestowed on the persons of the Electors themselves. The ninety-nine vats of Barclay pour forth a stream which flows to the remotest quarters of the globe, and whose diurnal volume would fill the famed vessel of the Palatinate. The secret of the contrast is, that the great tun was replenished but with the produce of seignorial rights, while those of the brewery are filled by the free labour of three hundred individuals, assured of receiving each day the recompense of their services."—*Chevalier*, vol. i. p. 13.

M. Chevalier's transit through England took place *in November*, 1833. Rail-roads had then become, *what they have not ceased to be*, the topic of the day, *and M. Chevalier's* observations are principally directed to them, and to the means of connecting Paris with London through their agency. The future line of iron which, with the slight interval, indeed, of the Pas de Calais, is to unite the two capitals, he considers as the wire which, bringing into contact the two poles of a Voltaic pile, is to elicit moral light, and heat, and power from the junction. Eager for such results, he naturally laments the absence in France of that spirit of association so powerfully operative in England. More, however, of rail-roads and of France hereafter; we follow our author to America. His mission was one of peace, but war is his first theme, and like the epic rhapsodists of old, he rushes at once into his subjects; but it is the war of the President and the Bank. General Jackson is the Achilles, Troy is represented by that unhappy class the moneyed minority of the Union, and Biddle is the Hector of the strange Iliad which, in 1834, was acting under M. Chevalier's immediate observation. Through its details we cannot follow him, but they are well worth the study of present and future politicians. If M. Chevalier is to be believed, this singular contest has exhibited to the world the spectacle of the chief of a republic, raised to popularity and its consequent power, by military exploits, shaking at will the social fabric of a great people, by acts as arbitrary as those of Czars or Sultans. Some of the features and results of this strife are set forth in the following passage. After describing the effects of the crisis on the financial condition and prospects of Philadelphia in particular, he proceeds,—

"The situation of the other states is little better. I am disposed to think that the anti-Jackson journals, so self-called, exaggerate the distress; but, rhetoric apart, there is evidence of suffering not to be mistaken, especially among the commercial body. It is notorious that unquestionable bills are discounted in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, at 18 per cent., and higher still. The prices current, and the funds, attest a fall of 15, 20, 30, and in some cases 40 per cent. Up to this moment the efforts of the President to beat down the hydra aristocracy of money—the monster, the mammoth bank—have beat down nothing, unless it be the credit and commercial prosperity of the country; for the bank has been administered with so much ability, especially since it has possessed for its President Mr. Biddle, one of the most distinguished citizens of the United States, that now—after the sudden withdrawal of the government deposites, after the sudden and truly disloyal attack directed on some of its branches, especially that of Savannah, to force them to stop their payments in specie—it remains incomparably the firmest of all the financial institutions of the Union."—vol. i. p. 72.

Our readers may be curious as to the Savannah episode; a note of M. Chevalier's will enlighten them:—

"This branch of Savannah, one of the feeblest, had but 500,000 dollars worth of paper in circulation; the agents of the customs, to whom they were given in payment, made a collection of these notes, and one morning a party presented himself at the Bank with 380,000 dollars worth, and demanded cash for the mass. The cashiers of the Bank, at other points, had found time, however, to remark that the paper of the Savannah branch had disappeared from circulation. The holder was paid on the nail, and reduced to beg the agent to receive the cash back on deposite."—vol. i. p. 73.

Our readers need not be told that these officers of the customs are included in that list of 60,000 public functionaries whose official existence depends on the President. In England it was reserved for men recently displaced from power to raise the patriotic cry of "go for gold." We have not yet heard it proclaimed by a Whig Chancellor of the exchequer in his robe of office.

"The egotism of dynasties, or rather of courtiers," says M. Chevalier, "has engendered and will engender many evils; but it has its counterpart in the bosom of republics, especially under a system of absolute equality, which distributes political power in doses absolutely equal between the ignorant and the instructed, between the *élite* of its merchants and its writers, and the Irish peasant, brutal and drunken, who has just inscribed himself on the roll of its citizens. An absolute people may, as an absolute king, repudiate for a time the counsels of wisdom and experience. A people, like a king, may have its courtiers. The official documents which have emanated from the United States' executive during this affair of the bank, in respect of administrative science and intelligence of the machinery of public prosperity, are on a level with the acts of a Spanish or a Roman government; and yet this executive is the result of an elective system the most practical and unlimited. . . . . Assuredly," he pursues, "if an European government, upon motives of such a description as those which he [Jackson] enumerates, were to undertake the ruin of an institution essential to the country, the cry of despotism would be raised on all sides. If in this institution the state held an interest of some £1,200,000, many would tax the pursuit with insanity." —vol. i. p. 75.

It is not our desire, in quoting these remarks of an impartial observer, to push his reasoning to extreme conclusions. He elsewhere anticipates, in his affair of the Bank, that ultimate triumph of good sense which will secure the euthanasia and resuscitation of the United States Bank in some efficient shape; and the march of events has probably by this time justified his anticipation. Thinking, as we do, that there is an innate principle of vigour in the condition of America which may enable her long to endure without flinching the shocks which universal suffrage generates, we do not even hint at the question whether any institutions but her own would afford her scope for the performance of that mighty mission of territorial occupation and civilization to which she is evidently destined. It is fair also to remark, that in a country where recent instances have proved that the mob can set law and justice at defiance at his pleasure, no bloodshed or personal violence has marked the crisis now in question. The Jackson processions, with their moving trees of liberty, have stopped to shout at the residences of their opponents, but they have not gutted them. Biddle with his anathematized pockets has walked unscathed the streets of Philadelphia. A Paris mob, under similar excitement, might have eat his heart in the Palace-de-Grêve. While, however, 20,000 looms are standing idle at Lyons, mainly from the interruption of American demand, a French writer may be excused from criticizing the eccentricities of a machine, in the derangements of which his countrymen are so deeply involved; and so long as men shall be found among ourselves to promote and advocate the application of American institutions to our own complicated frame of society, we are bound to direct our attention to their inherent defects and admitted consequences in a country to which they are peculiarly applicable.

Many of M. Chevalier's pages are devoted to show that the establishment of a well-organized and extensive system of paper credit in France, would do more to unshackle her productive energies, than any conceivable reduction of her establishments. If he be correct in estimating the mean rate of interest in France on all her transactions between borrower and lender so high as 25 per cent., certainly no measure of economy could be so effective, no saving so great, as one which should lower this ratio. M. Chevalier, indeed, calculates that a reduction of 2 per cent. would effect an economy of 540,000,000 livres; but the memory of assignats still weighs upon France. Beyond the confines of Paris the *billet-de-banque* is rejected by the tradesman and the postmaster, and with loss and difficulty accepted by the banker. "Metallic currency has for us," says M. Chevalier, "a superiority incomprehensible to an American or an Englishman, for to our peasants it is an object of a sort of mystic veneration" (vol. ii. let. xxviii.) M. Chevalier's views of the American contest should, therefore, be received with some allowance for the feelings of a Frenchman who believes that his country's vital interests are sacrificed by the want of that very machinery which a government in America has laboured to destroy. Whatever may be the merits of the question, the retiring President's last message, which reaches us while our ink is wet, shows that he is not the man to change his opinions, and "*Delenda est Carthago*" is still the motto of that banner which he is about to furl. Individuals of all parties, we believe, give him credit, if they refuse it to his successor and coadjutor, Mr. Van Buren, for the conviction and sincerity with which he has acted. To us on this side of the Atlantic, the apprehension of danger from a nascent aristocracy of wealth which has so strongly influenced the President, appears visionary; and it may reasonably be doubted whether the peculiarities of his temper, and personal animosities hardly known to our statesmen, have not had much share in urging him to strong measures and those extreme and Cobettian conclusions of *no rags*, &c., which at various periods have become the watchwords of his party. "I do not believe," says M. Chevalier, "that Sylla and Marius, Cæsar and Pompey ever detested one another so cordially as the two Presidents of the United States and the U. S. Bank." A short time will show whether the Talleyrand of America will continue the contest with resolution and sincerity equal to that of his patron, or whether the Pennsylvanian Bank, after receiving, with Quaker-like patience, the parting kicks of its veteran foe, will not be allowed to enjoy and administer the inheritance of the extinct States' Bank, under the presidency of Mr. Van Buren.

We turn, however, with more satisfaction to that subject of internal communication, which formed the main object of M. Chevalier's pilgrimage. While in England we are making a progress in that department of national exertion and improvement which argues no commencement of decrepitude, we cannot but watch with interest the vigorous stride of our trans-Atlantic offspring. Unwilling to occupy the attention of our readers with tabular details, we invite it to a general and striking result of those furnished in M. Chevalier's appendix:—viz., that the canals and railroads completed or in construction in America, are more than double of our own in length, and nearly equal to those which throughout Europe have been brought into a similar state of progress. Those of the United States are estimated by M. Chevalier at some 7350 miles, those of Europe 7566. Of these, England claims for her share 3300. In this estimate are not included the two lines of railroad projected from New Orleans to Nashville and from Charleston to Cincinnati, which, if executed, as they probably soon will be, will add between 11 and 1200 miles to the account of America. The statistical student may amuse himself by considering these general results in various points of view. If he consider the United States and Great Britain with reference to superficial extent of territory, finding that the surface of the Union, exclusive of her possessions westward of the Rocky Mountains, bears a proportion of some fourteen or fifteen to one to that of the British Isles, he might be disposed to think that Britain, standing at nearly one to two in the scale of achievement, comes creditably out of the comparison. If, however, he view the question with reference to wealth, population, or time, he cannot rise from the investigation without feelings of admiration and awe at the progress of the younger community. With respect to the execution of these works in America, M. Chevalier is of opinion that, allowance being made for all the varieties of soil and material, and the difficulties surmounted, they have been executed with economy, and on a scale well adapted to their respective objects and amount of traffic. The canals appear for the most part to range in dimension between those of England, in which, in some instances, economy has perhaps been too much consulted, and those of France, many of which, exposing an useless expanse of surface to a sun more fierce than ours, are liable to desiccation in summer. Many of the American railroads have yet but one line of rails laid down, but with the course of another prepared. Others of inferior importance have but one line, and the rails themselves are of wood armed with a strip of iron. The majority present both curves and inclinations of a bolder description than is willingly admitted by our engineers. While the *ponts et chaussées* department in France forbids a curve of less than 800 metres radius, the engineers of America are content to avoid one of less than 300. The railroad from Baltimore to Ohio, which is traversed by locomotives, has several of 150 and 120. On that from Boston to New Providence 1800 is the minimum. On that from Boston to Lowell, on which the minimum is 919, the rate of motion is twenty-nine miles an hour. We mention these varieties for the mere purpose of showing how large a field of experiment and illustration is open to our men of science at the expense of our active neighbours.

We rather regret that M. Chevalier has forborne to give his readers a sketch of the various processes by which these works, connecting states which present so many features of independence and rivality, have been accomplished. If there be any subjects on which more than another we should be thankful for information and advice, it would be as to the best mode of deciding between the claims of conflicting interests, and the statements of rival companies, in the Parliamentary adoption of new lines of communication. Our House of Commons has in vain struggled with the difficulties of this subject. The rules imposed by its resolutions of last session upon its committees were in themselves perhaps unexceptionable; but they proved insufficient to prevent such scenes of confusion and such reckless outlay of time and money as occurred on the Brighton and on other committees. We have the highest respect for the two learned professions of law and civil engineering; but we suspect that little permanent advantage will accrue to the former from the sudden but precarious profits—to the younger branches of the profession especially—which attended the lucrative wrangling of the Speaker's dining-room last session. With regard to the engineers, we must say, that we have heard members of the house, well and painfully acquainted with this harassing department of its functions, select the names of one or two professional witnesses as *especially distinguished for veracity and consistency* in their evidence. In these days that profession has assumed an importance which makes the moral qualities of its members a matter of no indifference to the public, and if any such distinctions as the above can be justly drawn, the loss of dignity and character to the profession of Smeaton and Telfourd will be ill compensated by any accession of emoluments to their successors. While we write the storm is again brewing from many quarters. Rival companies are exchanging diplomatic sarcasms through their secretaries. The member of Parliament, besieged among his Penates by deputations, and puzzled by conflicting assertions, is arming himself with patience for the impending inquiry, the result of which may probably be governed by an influx of Irish members bent upon some visionary good to their own country, and which may again be rendered abortive by the vote of a four o'clock House of Commons, or the calmer judgment of the Lords. In the mean time the ready and unresisting victim, the landed proprietor, is kept in doubt and ignorance whether the new line is to pass through his dining-room or his garden.

There is another topic connected with the execution of the works in question, which we predict will force itself on public attention *here*, if not in America. We mean the conduct and discipline of those armies of labourers which are thrown at once upon particular districts. Great sacrifices of that interest which has hitherto been considered as specially an English one, individual comfort and convenience, must be made. It would be hopeless, were it justifiable, to set up either, as obstacles to public improvements, or opponents to incorporated power. That the pursuits and amusements of the rich must be the first to give way where invaded, is inevitable. The fly-fishing days of Lord Essex are probably over, and if they were not, the Whig principles of that nobleman would doubtless induce him to offer the trout from the streams of Cashiobury, and the pheasants from his preserves, upon the altar of his country, without a murmur. Both, we understand, have, at all events, been sufficiently ransacked since the neighbourhood of Watford has been taken possession of by the Birmingham Railway Company. At Ashbridge, indeed, an illiberal and Tory resistance has been opposed to a company of high respectability, headed by a foreman of the works, who were disturbed in the division of their shares in Lady Bridgewater's pheasants by a body of gamekeepers. The persons, however, of the nobility and gentry are as yet scarcely in danger. The class which in Johnson's time shunned

> "The glittering flambeau and the gilded coach,"

will probably in ours equally shrink from the aspect of four horses and a rumble full of footmen. The farmer, however, in his cart, the retired tradesman in his gig, runs greater risks in the quiet lanes of Watford and Ealing than our ancestors encountered on Hounslow or Finchley; for the Macheath of that day was a Chesterfield compared to the ruffian who was lately foiled and captured by the courage of an individual in the latter neighbourhood. This may be called an isolated case of attempted outrage—but we mention it because, when the capture was accomplished, the ordinary means of detention were deemed insufficient to secure it, and it was thought necessary, by those well acquainted with the state of the neighbourhood and the character of the railroad labourers, to hurry the ruffian to a place of greater security than the cage of Ealing. We certainly do not imagine that contractors, themselves frequently the victims of ruinous competition, can be made amenable for the delinquencies of their workmen, or responsible for their moral character. We are, however, of opinion that the company should be made to bear the full expense of the utmost additional police that may be necessary for the protection of person and property in the neighbourhood of their operations; and we trust that some independent member of parliament, unconnected, if you will, with the aristocracy, representing not the pretensions of the rich, but the rights of all, pleading rather for ducks and pigs, than for carp or pheasants, will be found to enforce this doctrine in the House of Commons. We are also sorry to be made aware of symptoms of the rise and growth of the truck system, with its concomitant abuses, in the case of some of the railroads under construction. That shops for immediate necessaries should be established in certain situations, may be convenient and proper; but if persons connected with the works are to have an interest in these shops, if they are to be held by the masters of gangs, and by those who have the power of selecting and dismissing the labourers, let the latter and the public beware. We tell them that the worst abuses, the most fraudulent and grinding oppression of the poor, are the inevitable consequences of a system so vicious.

How far soever the United States may have surpassed the mother-country in the item of internal communications, the activity of our own capitalist is sufficient, putting Ireland out of the question, to enable us to give the comparison without mortification or despondency. To a Frenchman, however, whose patriotism is not the mere brawling of the *Victoire et Conquête* school, the subject of what, to adopt a new coined word of M. Chevalier's, we shall call the *viability* of his country, must suggest both these feelings. The following remarks of M. Chevalier embrace Europe at large, but appear to us specially applicable to France.

"The governments of Europe dispose of the wealth and the physical force of two hundred and fifty millions of people, *i. e.* of a population twenty times as great as that of the United States when they commenced the execution of their *system of communications*. The territory which invites their operations is not of four times the extent of that actually covered by the States. The millions which they raise so easily for purposes of war and mutual destruction would not be wanting for enterprises of creation. They have only to will it, and all the nations of Europe will have undergone such a fusion of interests, thought and sentiment, will be so brought together and interwoven, that Europe shall form but one nation, and a European war will have the sacrilegious character of a civil contest." vol. ii. p. 106, let. xxii.

This may be Utopian or St. Simonian, but it would be well if the talent of individuals and the energies of nations were never wasted on speculations more pernicious, if not as visionary. That France, meanwhile, has ample employment before her in completing the *viability* of her own territory, is a truth which some of M. Chevalier's notes forcibly illustrate (note 15, vol. ii.) To begin, like the *belier* of Hamilton's fairy tale, from the commencement, with the ordinary roads, royal and departmental—it appears that, out of some 18,000 leagues of roads of these two classes nominally existing, upwards of 3700 remain to be completed, and that 2700 are in urgent want of repair. The sums required for these works of first necessity M. Chevalier estimates at 260,000,000 of francs, or nearly 10,500,000*l.* sterling. Of the *Chemins vicinaux* he says nothing, or of the deliverance of the villages of France from the five months' blockade of mud, to which he justly states them to be annually subjected. In respect of inland navigation, France has apparently less reason to be ashamed of her achievements and her progress since the period when Henry IV. and his great minister commenced the junction of Loire and Seine by the Canal de Briare. Including all the canals in process of completion, France possesses, or will shortly possess, about 1000 leagues of artificial navigation, to which may be added 1800 of navigable rivers. Some of the former give good promise of success. On the canal of the Rhone and Rhine, above Besançon, where the traffic is less than on the inferior part of the line, in 1833, 1600 boats, in 1834, 2180 were conveyed. On the canal of Burgundy the receipts in 1833 amounted to 171,000 francs—but had reached 591,000 for the year 1835.

"Our canals," says M. Chevalier, "are well conceived and executed. The majority present a section more considerable than the ordinary canals of England and America,—at the least double. When, however, they shall be finished, half our task will remain, for they issue into rivers not navigable in summer. Thus the Canal du Midi terminates in the Garonne at Toulouse, and the navigation of that river is not regularly good till fifty leagues lower down, at Castels near Langon. . . . . . The conceptions of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. of connecting the three seas which wash the coasts of France on the north, the west, and the south, is indeed realized, but the connexion, instead of being permanent, as the development of our commercial relation requires, is, as yet, but casual and interrupted. Until our canals shall be well supplied with water and our rivers improved, all the traffic which requires regularity will be effected on wheels. Those articles alone which can bear without inconvenience a detention of six months, will be confined to our waters, and our roads will continue to be worn by our enormous carriages."—note 15; vol. ii. p. 440.

In respect of railroads the French, possessing some fifty leagues, are, as yet, much in the condition of the young conscript in one of their *vaudevilles*, who having completed a month of his service, has *only* six years and eleven months before him to complete his full term. M. Chevalier considers that the number of leagues of railroad which it will behove the government to complete, leaving the branches to the care of companies, amounts to seven hundred and fifty, at an expense of 597,000,000 livres, or 29,000,000*l.* sterling. This rough sketch, however liable to statistical correction, embodies the notion of an intelligent and observing Frenchman on the subject of the viability of his country. To some considerable extent they must be acted upon, if France means to hold for the future that place in the scale of nations to which her natural advantages entitle her. If she neglect them, it is no exaggeration to say that an executive, established at Philadelphia, or at least in some one more convenient position, would administer the details of the government of the hundred millions who may be expected, at no distant period, to be spread over the present territory of the United States, with greater ease, punctuality, and expedition than France could now be administered.

At the period when M. Chevalier's letters were written, neither the government of France, nor her capitalists, had been roused from their lethargy by the fact that the number of individuals annually passing between Paris and Versailles was considerably more than double that of the passengers on the railroad between our two great emporia of commerce and manufacture, Liverpool and Manchester, then in the fourth year of its acknowledged and progressive triumph. France has since had an example nearer home, more under her immediate observation, and under circumstances more analogous to her own; for the Brussels, Malines, and Antwerp railroad has been constructed on the only principle on which, for some time to come, we can expect that such works will be constructed in France—not by associated individuals, but by the government of the country. The success of that undertaking has already exceeded that of the Liverpool and Manchester. The number of passengers on the latter in the year 1836, the sixth of its operations, was, in round numbers, 515,000. On the line from Brussels to Malines, in rather less than the first year of its completion, from 7th May, 1835, to the 1st May, 1836, were conveyed 503,800 the whole distance, and 59,400 to intermediate points, making a total of 563,200 and a mean of 533,500. On the whole line from Brussels to Antwerp the mean number of passengers in *six* months, from May to the end of October in 1836, was 407,622, the whole number inscribed on the books 626,125. If England can hardly look on these results without jealousy, can France contemplate them with folded arms? The balance of expense and return in the first year of the line to Malines is no less encouraging than the above traffic would indicate; for after paying 4 1-2 per cent. interest on the total expenditure of 1,850,000 francs, the government has pocketed a benefice of some $3,000. It is worth while to observe that the fares on this railroad are not more than half those of the Liverpool and Manchester, and we have been given to understand that a very large proportion of its traffic originates rather in pleasure than in business. It is somewhat singular that while the conductors of this enterprise, viz. King Leopold and his ministers, were desirous that the line should pass through Malines, the real rulers of the kingdom, the priests, insisted on its avoidance of actual contact with that city, and the line has been directed accordingly. We are at a loss to divine the special motive of this partial interference with the plan, though we could imagine very good reasons for priestly opposition to the entire undertaking. There is yet another circumstance, which may be worthy of the attention of our landholders, among the present results of this undertaking. Our readers are aware that in England, where a projected line passes through the field of a proprietor, the parties may be compelled to purchase the whole enclosure. This provision has been adopted in Belgium, and the government was in consequence compelled to purchase a considerable quantity of land of this description, which has since risen so much in value as to form an important item in the estimated profits of the work. We believe that in Belgium, as in England, opinion is yet divided upon the important question whether the carriage of heavy goods can be profitably accomplished by railroads, or whether their main source of profit and chief feature of utility will not continue to be the conveyance of passengers and goods of the lightest description. Should this be the result, the world will still have no reason to be dissatisfied with the powers of its new agent; the triumph over those difficulties, which in the time of Adam Smith attended the transport of human luggage, will not be a barren one. To a country in the condition as to roads in which England was, at no distant period, and France continues, the emancipation of the serf from the soil was but a theoretical triumph of liberty.

"To improve communications," says M. Chevalier, "is to labour for real, positive, and practical liberty; it is to make all the members of the human family participate in the faculty of traversing and cultivating the earth their patrimony, to extend the franchises of the majority as widely and as well as it is possible by laws of election. Improved communications reduce the intervals not only from point to point, but from class to class. Where the rich and powerful alone can travel, where the poor man can only pass from village to village with pain and difficulty, the word equality is a lie. In India and China, in the Mahometan countries, in Spain, and her America, it is of little consequence whether the government call itself a republic, a despotism, or a limited monarchy. For these reasons I should with difficulty give credit to the charge of tyranny against a government strongly intent upon the improvement of its communications. Ideas circulate with merchandise along the road and the canal, and the commercial traveller is a missionary. The men of retrograde convictions know this well: they dread an engineer worse than an editor of Voltaire. It being incontestible that one of the first railroads on the continent was established in the Austrian provinces, as that government has opened five roads throughout its possessions, and encourages steam navigation on the Danube, I venture to conclude that M. Metternich deserves a better reputation than that which he enjoys on this side of the Rhine. It is known, on the contrary, that during the short administration of M. Labourdonnaye, in 1829, the sections and plans of certain roads projected in La Vendée disappeared, and have not been since recovered. It is some months since, in one of the states of the republican confederation of Mexico, La Puebla, which has, it is true, earned a collossal reputation for ignorance and *obscurantisme*, the representative body, animated with a holy zeal against the miscreants, chiefly foreigners, who had pushed innovation so far as to establish a diligence between Vera Cruz and Mexico, smote them with an annual tax of 720,000 francs, and forbad them to exact any charges on the Pueblan territory."—Vol. ii. p. 3.

It is no wonder that, while the tonnage of the Missisippi is counted by hundreds of thousands, that of commodities conveyed from Vera Cruz to Mexico falls short of six thousand.

If any sovereign of the present day is qualified, we do not say to achieve the Herculean task which lies before him, but to give the impulse towards its achievement, Louis Phillippe we believe to be that sovereign. His obstinate prudence has as yet saved to his country the millions which Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers would have willingly laid out for him to the best advantage in pursuing that profitable and successful speculation, the Quadruple Alliance. The recent public works at Paris, and the restoration of Versailles, are such noble triumphs of art, and so well suited to the genius of the nation, that we can neither blame the taste nor the policy which has applied adequate funds for their completion. There is one quarter, however, which promises to keep open for France an outlet of perennial and unprofitable expenditure, and recent events have enlisted every feeling of national vanity in its prodigal continuance. Sir Walter Scott has told us how, when his wizard namesake endeavoured to task his familiar with some impossible thing, he began with a kind of public work,

"And warrior, I could tell to thee
The words which clave Eildon's hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

It was not till the demon had achieved these that the wizard fairly puzzled him by bidding him weave ropes of the sea sands, which to this hour, as the vulgar believe, present nightly proofs of his ineffectual toil. If he succeed, as, with the improvements of modern science, and from his connexion with some modern *universities*, who can say he may not, in turning out at last a finished article from the coast sands of Galloway, we should recommend him to try his hand next upon the colonization of those of Algiers. For the sake of France, we can only wish that the wily wizard of the Tuileries could apply the funds likely to be wasted on that enterprise to the deep cutting and bridging which the Tweeds and Eildons of France call for at his hands.

While upon this subject of public works and communications, we were somewhat surprised at Mr. Cooper's selection of a topic on which to eulogize the institutions of monarchical France. We certainly have never met with an American traveller of the wealthy class who did not betray in conversation his appreciation of certain advantages which affluence enjoys in Europe, but which the jealousy of democratic institutions denies to its possessors in America. Every work upon America adds its testimony to this evidence of the painful working of social laws and habits which limit, in a thousand minor particulars, the self-indulgence of wealth, however acquired. We knew that the owner of millions in America must travel, if travel he will, in the common stage, or rough it with the Kentuckian and the emigrant in the steamboat, but we hardly expected that the recollection of these inconveniences of life would elicit, from one, too, who had travelled in England, a eulogy upon French posting.

"We are a little apt," says Mr. Cooper, "to boast of the facilities for travelling in America, and certainly, so long as we can keep in the steamboats or on the railroads, and be satisfied with mere velocity, no part of the world can probably compete with us; but we absolutely want the highest order of motion, which I think, beyond all question, is the mode of travelling post. By this method you are master of your own hours, and as for speed, you can commonly get along at the rate of ten miles an hour. I never felt the advantage of this mode of travelling so strongly as on the present occasion. Up to the last moment, I was undecided by what route to travel. The passport had been taken out for Brussels, and last year, you may recollect, we went to that place by Dieppe and Arras. The *par quelle route, monsieur?* of the postillion brought me to a conclusion—à St. Denis!"—*Cooper*, let. viii.

Why this amounts to a palliation of passports, that system which the great Whig name of Russell has lately brought under public attention. But ten miles an hour, Mr. Cooper? We know that rate of progression has been accomplished on the Bordeaux route, but Mr. Cooper may depend upon it that eight is the utmost he will accomplish now on that or any other, and we would advise him to look to his springs before he attempts it. There is indeed one advantage which French posting possesses over our own, that travelling by night is as expeditious and nearly as safe as by day. The reason we take to be, that a Frenchman, like Lubin Log, is too wise to spend his money at an inn, and that families as well as individuals are wont to make but one stride from Paris to the place of their destination. The reverse prevails in England; our roads also are narrower, and the chances of collision with fast public conveyances more numerous. The fact is, that there are but two states of society in which Mr. Cooper's highest order of motion can be generally brought to anything like perfection, viz. under a Russian despotism, and in a country where competition is carried, as in England, to a pitch which actually enables the possessor of money to exchange it for civility and promptitude as readily as for *notions*, dry goods, or muscovadoes, and which makes comfort and convenience a marketable commodity. Tastes, however, will differ. The late Lord Guildford had a partiality for quarantine; we have known some travelling philosophers who derived entertainment from the conversations of the Houyhnhnym and Yahoo tribe who assist at a French *attelage*. To us the variation on that one note *sacre*, which constitute the *fond* of the French postillion's *langue*, have long lost their interest, and we consider that, after those states of central Germany, which have notoriously attainted the minimum of equine progression, the posting of France affords as salutary lessons of human patience as that of any civilized country in Christendom.

Mr. Cooper's present work, though it contains many indications of the good sense and liberal feeling which travel and observation usually engender upon natural talents, is not exempt from that tone of surliness and irritability which pervades, to our apprehension, his other publications. Of his known and acknowledged aversion to England, we say nothi

We may think it in its excess unworthy of the position to which he has raised himself in the literary ranks of the day; but these volumes being by no means remarkable for any particular exhibition of it, we have no desire to notice any casual symptoms of the morbid influence, more particularly as any collision of opinion with his own countrymen elicits a most impartial effusion of the bitterness with which his sentiments are usually expressed. This is especially the case in the matter of a certain controversy as to the comparative expense of monarchical and democratic government, in which Mr. Cooper's patriotism involved him as a volunteer at Paris. His zeal, in behalf of his country's institutions, we think highly commendable, and his success in the argument we do not question, the discussion not being before us. From the whole tenor of his observations, however, we gather this unquestionable fact, that for some time past, some influence or other has generated in the American missions at Paris and elsewhere a leaning in favour of the institutions of monarchical Europe, strong and apparent enough to excite Mr. Cooper's deep disgust and strong animadversions. Witness the following passage:

> "I will add another word on the tone of some of our agents abroad. It is not necessary for me to say for the tenth time, that it is often what it ought not to be. . . . We are strangely, not to say disgracefully situated, truly, if an American diplomate is to express his private opinions abroad on political matters only when they happen to be adverse to the system and action of his own government. . . . Like every other accountable being when called upon to speak at all, he is bound to speak the truth; but admitting in the fullest extent the obligations and the duties of the diplomatic man towards the country to which he is sent, is there nothing due to that from which he comes? Is he to be justified in discrediting the principles, denying the facts, or mystifying the results of his own system, in order to ingratiate himself with those with whom he treats?"—*Cooper*, let. xxv.

From all this, and a great deal more in the same strain, we conclude that Mr. Cooper assigns, as the cause of all these culpable condescensions, that vice of the diplomatic profession which consists in the seeking to attain political objects by flattery and dissimulation. Now, considering the class from which, we presume and believe, America usually selects her foreign agents, namely, from those whose education best fits them for meeting the politicians of countries more refined than their own, and whose circumstances enable them to bear the burthen of their ill-paid situations, we strongly suspect that all this infidelity to America has its origin in the same source from which proceeds Mr. Cooper's admiration for French posting, viz., in an habitual sense of all the thousand conveniences which belong to the upper classes in Europe, and which are unattainable by them in America. That Paris is the Capua in which many an American Hannibal forgets his sworn hostility to aristocratic habits and institutions, we do not doubt. We have heard Americans speak very freely on this head, and we can easily imagine that an American waited upon by a white *laquais de place*, fed by a cook also of the color of his own nightcap, and revelling in many other luxuries too numerous and minute for mention, may look with as much complacency upon the institutions which permit his enjoyment of them, as Mr. Cooper did himself on the passport which enabled him (*mirabile dictû!*) to select one of two ill-paved roads to Brussels. If this insensible influence of comfort and convenience lead its victim to repine at the prospect of a return to his black establishment at Philadelphia, if his lady shrink from a resumption of the tasks and duties of Mrs. Haller, it is a misfortune. If it lead him to undervalue or vilify the institutions under which so huge a mass of liberty and national prosperity is nurtured and protected, it is a fault and a grave one; but we suspect both these consequences do sometimes occur. Say what Mr. Cooper may, the vexations to which the wealthy class in America is exposed may be necessary—their removal or mitigation may only be attainable by concessions not to be expected, or sacrifices not to be desired; but *evils* they remain—so long as any abstraction from the sum of attainable human happiness shall be considered as such. Mr. Cooper's own observations show beyond dispute, at least on his part, that the evil of discontent exists—that the *malaise* is rankling, and is producing consequences more violent and general than on any information of ours, or any lighter authority than his own, we should have dared to conjecture. Else why does Mr. Cooper, in penning the diatribe above quoted, go on to profess—

> "I have not the smallest expectation, were these opinions laid to-morrow before that portion of the American people that comprises the reading classes, that either these facts or these opinions would produce the least effect on the indomitable selfishness in which nine men in ten, or even a much larger proportion, are intrenched. I am fully aware that so much has the little national pride and national character, created by the war of 1812, degenerated, that more of this class will forgive the treason to the institutions on account of their hatred of the rights of the mass, than will feel that the republic is degraded by the course and practices of which I complain. I know no country which has retrograded in opinion so much as our own in the last five years. It appears to me to go back as others advance."—*Cooper*, let. xxv.

If this be the state of America, which we own we doubt, we equally question whether the remedy of foreign travel, so obviously indicated in the following passage, would prove a panacea for this strange disease:—

> "A few *toad-eaters* and *court butterflies* excepted, I do not believe there is a man in all America who could dwell five years in any country in Europe without being made sensible of the vast superiority of his own free institutions over those of any other Christian nation."

We would go far to see a specimen of the animals here mentioned, the Papilio Philadelphicus, or the Great Toad-eater of New York. They have as yet escaped detection by our naturalists.

If, in the course of the above remarks, we have touched upon invidious topics, it will be seen that we have done so rather under the guidance of the American than the French writer, and our commentary has been less severe than the text. It is no purpose of ours to bring under partial notice the less favourable points of comparison between Europe and America, or to suppress those which are to the advantage of the latter. If England is to be contemplated, in the words of M. Chevalier, as the queen of industry, the

Union should be visited as the queen of enterprise, and it should never be forgotten that while she is engaged in the mightiest mission of civilization ever undertaken by a community, she has little leisure to cultivate the refinements of social life. Those qualities of daring and endurance, the scorn or love of danger, the contempt of physical comfort, which have been admired in the heroes of military conquest, are not to be contemned in those whose field of victory is the primeval forest and cypress swamp, whose sword is the woodman's axe. In M. Chevalier's work, the following passage succeeds a just enumeration of the dangers of fire and water which make a passage in a Mississippi steamboat an enterprise of greater risk to life than a voyage round Cape Horn.

"If accidents as grave as these should succeed one another in Europe, a general clamour would ensue. The powers of the police and the legislature would be called forthwith into action, and the steamboat would become an object of popular aversion and excommunication. The effect might be to a certain degree the same here, in the neighbourhood of the great towns of the eastern provinces, because the country is beginning to be regularly organized, and the life of man to count for something. In the west the tide of emigrants, pouring down the Alleghanies, rolls over the plain, chasing before it the Indian, the bear and the buffalo. That tide is for civilization, what the armies of Genghis Khan and Attila were for barbarism. It is an army of invasion, and its law is the law of armies. The mass is all, the individual nothing. Wo to him who stumbles, he is crushed and trampled. Every one for himself. Help yourself, Sir. The life of an American is that of a soldier. His camp is a flying one, his motto, death or conquest; but conquest is the gain of dollars, the creation of a fortune from nothing; the purchase of lots at Chicago, their resale a year afterwards at Cleveland, or St. Louis, at 1000 per cent. profit."—*Chevalier*, vol. ii. p. 24.

M. Chevalier goes on to speak, as an European may speak, of the feebleness of constituted authorities in such a country,—of generals with salaries inferior to those of village postmasters, and who hold the command of the forces only, excepting in case of war, like Mr. Pitt's volunteers, who were only to quit their country on the presence of an enemy—of judges themselves in danger of judgment:—

"But the sentiment of discipline," he pursues, "is no loser; it conveys itself instinctively towards the men, who are in effect the generals of the expedition. If the people trouble themselves little with the governors of the state, they are docile and submissive towards the inn-keeper, the driver of the stage, the captain of the steamboat. They eat when the landlord pleases, and what he chooses to set before them—they are upset and fractured by the driver—burnt or drowned by the Captain—without complaint or recrimination. All is still the army. It has been remarked that the life of the founders of empires, from the followers of Romulus to the Buccanier, has been compounded of absolute independence and passive obedience. The society which rears itself on the waste has not escaped this common law."

No traveller in America has given a more lively description than M. Chevalier of that vast scene of speculative enterprise which extends itself from one end of the Union to the other, and which no country can present but the one where civilized industry is let loose, with all the appliances of accumulated knowledge, upon an unoccupied field of operation. For, setting justice and morality apart, things which have no representative in the Inkle and Yarico code of emigration, the Red Indian is no occupant. He is neither the Arab who stands in the gates of Constantine, nor the agricultural Indian who becomes the tenant of the Spanish conqueror, and retains his share, however humble, of the soil. It would be vain to measure the prudence of these speculations by any European standard. The substitution of terms by which, as Thucydides tells us, in Athens the distinction between virtues and vices was obliterated, ceases to be nominal in America. The prizes are so large, and the resources in case of failure so numerous, that schemes, which in Europe would terminate in hopeless beggary, are prudent where bankruptcy is but a state of transition to some new career of industry and profit. The Union, may, indeed, be considered as one vast hazard table, differing only from that over which Mr. Crockford is said to preside, in the circumstance that while the bank is inexhaustible, the advantage, technically termed "the pull," is entirely in favour of the player. In St. James's-street the wise are said to confine their attentions to the supper table, and none but those who, in search of excitement, blind themselves to the certainty of ultimate loss, habitually approach the other. If, however, Mr. Crockford could be prevailed on to dispense with the prerogatives of deuce-ace, leaving those of aces undisturbed, what an accession of prudence and respectability might he not attract within this circle! The fathers of families and the mentors of youth would be heard calling their main, and the great subject of parental warning would be among the things

"Quæ monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes."

Even such a table has nature spread in the American wilderness, and not in vain are its attractions exposed to the race which crowds around it. There are few idle spectators to lean over the backs of others and watch the chances.

"The Yankee of pure race," says M. Chevalier, "is discovered by the desire of locomotion; he cannot rest quiet in one position, he is under a necessity of coming and going, of agitating his limbs and keeping his muscles in action. If his feet are still he must move his fingers—with his inseparable knife he must notch the back of a chair or score a table. He is fit for every kind of labour, except that which requires minute attention and slow progress. 'We are born in a hurry,' says an American writer, 'we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and re-lose it in a twinkle of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke.'"—*Chevalier*, vol. ii. p. 122.

On the Pocahontos steamboat M. Chevalier was surprised that the passengers should one and all leave their beds, on a foggy morning, at four o'clock, to watch till eight for the appearance of Norfolk, their place of destination.

"If, said an American fellow-traveller, you knew my countrymen, you would think it but a matter of course that, in order to arrive at nine, they should rise at four. It is the nature of an American to be always in fear lest

> his neighbour should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition."
> —note 19, vol. ii.

Providence, which Dr. Buckland shows us, has in all times fitted its material instruments to their ends, has dealt in like manner with its moral agents. Our tertiary period of civilization indeed has produced no change in the physical construction of its agents. The bones and phalanges of the backwoodsman are still on the same model as those of the luxurious sons of Europe: the junction of the horse and alligator is an expressive fiction, and not an actual phenomenon; but cannot we trace wisdom and design in the concurrence of events and circumstances which have moulded the character of the American as plainly as in the paddle of the Ichthyosaurus, or the tooth of the Iguanodon? Nor while we observe throughout the population of the Union those qualities which fit them for their task, should we omit to trace those varieties of species which contribute to the moral fitness of the whole to its purpose. Between the New Englander and the inhabitant of the slave-holding South, the Yankee and Virginian, as much difference exists as between the sons of our own three United Kingdoms, or between the Frenchman of the north and the Girondiste. Another is growing up in the far west, partaking of the character of both, but in which Mr. Cooper is of opinion the Virginian infusion will preserve that predominance which its more shining qualities have as yet obtained for it in the counsels of the Union, especially in the senate, in which at present more than one-fifth of its members are of Virginian stock. New England has as yet furnished but two Presidents—all the others have been Virginian, or from North Carolina,

These allusions might naturally introduce the subject of slavery. It is one, however, on which M. Chevalter has touched but briefly, perhaps for the same reason which induces us to avoid it. It is a subject less of difficulty than despair, uninteresting rather from the gloom that involves it than from its dryness. If we could see one gleam of hope in that quarter of the horizon, we should hail it as fellow-men, and as ourselves descendants from those who laid the foundation of the evil, with delight; but all is darkness. The reader will find some interesting statistical details on the subject in the notes of M. Chevalier's first volume. Among the facts there stated, perhaps the most important is, that in the five States of Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, and the two Carolinas, the increase of the white population from 1790 to 1830 was 180 per cent., that of the black 229. While we write, the declaration of the newly-constituted republic of Texas reaches us. We are too well aware of the state of its circumstances and population to wonder at its retention of the system of slavery, but that this retention should occupy the *first place* in the list of the conditions of its adjunction to the Union, brings out in bolder relief the colossal anomaly of its constitution, and stamps in black and white the strange contrast between liberty in its purest form and slavery in its deepest degradation, which is to be found nowhere but in America. If it were our object to select invidious topics of animadversion on America, we should *rather deal with the less* notorious subject of her con*duct towards the Indian race*, for which she has not the excuse of fear or the justification of danger. We commend the case of the Cherokees to Mr. F. Buxton, and the whole subject to those who believe that there is any necessary connexion between republican government and justice, mercy, or good faith. We prefer to insert the following extracts from M. Chevalier's concluding pages, as a sample of the spirit in which he has viewed the institutions of the country he visited:—

> "The American democracy assuredly has its defects. I have suppressed neither its rude demands upon the upper classes, nor its haughty bearing towards foreigners. It is, indeed, exacting and disdainfully overbearing towards the latter; but is it not the fact that susceptibility in young nations, as in young men, is rather a quality than a fault, provided that it be united with an energetic application to some great work? Pride is ridiculous in a degenerate or an effeminate people, but in a nation enterprising, active, and indefatigable, it is the consciousness of present power and future eminence. . . . . The Anglo-Americans have much resemblance to the Romans both in good and evil. I do not pretend that they are to become the masters of the world, but I wish to make it be remarked that coupled with defects which shock foreigners, they possess great qualities and precious virtues, to which our attention should be directed by preference. Posterity will judge them rather by their great qualities than their imperfections. It is by these they are formidable; let us struggle with them, less by denouncing their errors than by endeavouring to appropriate their faculties."
> —vol. ii. p. 215, let. xxxiv.

With these sentiments we willingly concur, and it is only when in actual conflict with those who, neglecting difference of condition and relations of space, would advocate the rash substitution of American institutions for our own, that we are willing to prefer topics of doubt and animadversion to those of eulogy.

With this extract we shall conclude our remarks upon M. Chevalier's very interesting letters. His facts are striking and well selected. His speculations combine much originality of thought, with that liveliness of expression which will recommend his volumes to many readers, especially of his own country. Viewed as a work of entertainment, his publication has left us little to desire. Its graver purposes, we think, might have better been consulted by a graver form than the epistolary. Our limits forbid us to plunge into the ocean of transcendental politics presented in his chapters on social amelioration, which are more immediately addressed to his own countrymen. His range is here so wide, and the game he starts so various, that selection is difficult, and general review impossible. In justice, however, to M. Chevalier, we cannot omit the general remark that no literary traveller within our knowledge has given evidence more satisfactory than these volumes contain of the absence of national prejudices. It is our no less pleasing duty to observe, that the spirit of impartiality which runs through them is as little connected with indifference to religion as with any lack of zeal for the prosperity and greatness of his country.

It remains for us yet to pay our parting respects to Mr. Cooper, and for reasons before stated, we shall do so principally by noticing a few of those passages in which incidents of European travel lead him to American topics. At Berne, Mr. Cooper is much edified by the livret, or pocket certificate of character, which all hired servants, whose conduct entitles them to claim it, receive, not from their masters, but from the communal authorities of the district. "A regulation like this," says Mr. Cooper, "could not exist in a very large town without a good deal of trouble;"—certainly; and yet what is there of more moment to the comfort of a population, than severe regulations on the subject of servants? America is about, perhaps, the only civilized country in which the free trade system is fully carried out in this particular, and carried out it is with a vengeance. We have the let-alone policy *in puris naturalibus*, and everything is truly let alone but the property of the master.

> "The dislike to being a servant in America has arisen from the prejudice created by our having slaves. There is no particular dislike in our people to obey, and to be respectful and attentive to their duties as journeymen, farm labourers, day labourers, seamen, soldiers, or anything else, domestic servants excepted, —which is just the duties they have been accustomed to see discharged by blacks and slaves. This prejudice is fast weakening, whites taking service more readily than formerly, and it is found that with proper training they make capital domestics and are very faithful."—let. xxvi.

From Geneva Mr. Cooper writes—

> "The Genevese are French in their language, in their literature, and consequently in many of their notions. Still they have independence enough to have hours, habits, and rules of intercourse that they find suited to their own particular condition. The fashions of Paris, beyond the point of reason, would scarcely influence them. How is it with us? Our women read in novels and magazines—usually written by those who have no access to the society they write about, and which they oftener caricature than they describe—that people of quality go late to parties; and they go late to parties, too, to be like English people of quality. Let me make a short comparison by way of illustration. The English woman of quality in town rises at an hour between nine and twelve. She is dressed by her maid;" [and, in short, Mr. Cooper, after describing her proceedings correctly enough, puts her to bed between one and four.] "These are late hours, certainly, and, in some respects unwise, but they have their peculiar advantages, and, at all events, they are consistent with themselves. In New York the house is open for morning visits at twelve, and with a large straggling town, bad attendance at the door, and a total want of convenience in public vehicles, unless one travels in a stage coach, yclept an omnibus, it is closed at three for dinner. After dinner there is an interval of three hours, when tea is served, and the mistress of the house is at a loss for employment till ten, when she goes into the world in order to visit at the hour she has heard or read that fashion prescribes such visits ought to be made in other countries, England in particular. Here she remains until one or two, returns home, undresses herself, passes a sleepless morning, perhaps, on account of a cross child, and rises at seven to make her husband's coffee at eight. . . . . . . The men are no wiser. When invited they dine at six, and at home between three and four. The object of this digression is to tell you that, so far as my observation goes, we are the only people who do not think and act for themselves in these matters."—let. xx.

Non noster hic sermo. These are the words neither of Mrs. Trollope, nor of Captain Hall, nor of Mr. Hamilton. How they will be received by the fair plagiarists of New York we know not; but if one spirit of the Curate and the Barber, in Cervantes' inimitable tale, seizing them all, could bring to a general conflagration those sources of the mischief, the English "fashionable" novels, as a moral teacher Cervantes himself would yield in our estimation to the author of the Spy. Truly indeed, but feebly, has Mr. Cooper characterized that mass of falsehood, and of worse than folly, which, with some few exceptions, for we would not outdo the Curate and the Barber, makes the staple of those recent novelists who handle the life and manners of the English aristocracy. We fully believe that Mr. Cooper has described the head, and front, and extent of the mischief they inflict on America, and we have little fear that the descendants of the pilgrim fathers at least—we are less confident as to the southern states—will extend their plagiarism from folly to vice. The fact, however, that any one of Mr. Cooper's fair fellow-citizens should have adopted that inconvenient code of hours, which with us is in reality dictated, like other codes, by the House of Commons, in deference to such guides, is quite sufficient reason, if others were wanting, to justify the conflagration we have taken the liberty to suggest. Jack Cade, after enjoining the burning of London Bridge, adds, on reflection, "And, if you can, burn down the Tower too." We should have little objection to include nine-tenths of the Annuals —(though certainly not Hood's *Comic*)—in this gaol delivery to the secular arm.

Mr. Cooper's travels are wound up by a pilgrimage to the rural shrine of the god of his idolatry, General Lafayette. The Nullification strife, then raging in the United States, was naturally a topic of conversation, though the General himself seems rather to have avoided a subject more curious perhaps than pleasing. It gives occasion, however, to Mr. Cooper to be rather querulous on the subject of European notice and exaggeration of any circumstance which can be quoted against the working of American institutions.

> "There is great weakness," he justly says, "in Americans betraying undue susceptibility on the score of every little unpleasant occurrence that arises at home. No one of the smallest intelligence can believe that we are exempt from human faults, and we all ought to know that they will frequently lead to violence and wrongs. Still there is so much jealousy here on this subject, the votaries of monarchies regard all our acts with so much malevolence, and have so strong a desire to exaggerate our faults, that it is not an easy matter at all times to suppress our feelings. I have often told our opponents that they pay us the highest possible compliment in their constant efforts to compare the results of our system with what is purely right in the abstract, instead of comparing it with the results of their own. If a member of Congress is flogged, it is no answer to say that a member of Parliament has been murdered. They do not affirm, but they always argue as if they thought we ought to be better than they." —let. xxviii.

We gather from the context of this passage that Mr. Cooper is alluding rather to France, in which he was residing at the moment, than to England; but as applied to either, we freely admit that his complaint is not destitute of foundation. Mr. Cooper, however, was a seaman, and he should remember that try, in virtue of her own magniloquent pretensions and the sweeping assertions of her political admirers here in the old world, is something in the condition of the crack ship of a trial squadron. That she has great qualities both for sailing and fighting no rational man disputes; but while it is the boast both of those who launched her and those who cheer her from the shore, that she can beat all rivals on any point of sailing, in virtue of her construction—and while there are not a few who would break up the craft which carried Nelson to battle, in order to refashion the navies of England on her model—we cannot be surprised that the least incidents of her trial cruise should be matter of record and criticism with those who think of such matters. With us, if Captain Symons spring a mast, or Professor Inman behave ill in a squall, the circumstance may be explained and well accounted for; but it is no answer, that Troubridge was lost in his passage from India, or Nelson's whole squadron dismasted in the Gulf of Lyons. Among the questions affecting the Union, to ourselves, is that of its probable stability, and doubtless it is one above all others most liable to miscalculation, and most hazardous for political prophecy. Mr. Cooper's favourable opinion of the Confederation's enduring qualities is entitled to much deference, as coming from one well acquainted with the elements of a problem which few Europeans are in condition to discuss. We are sorry, however, to see that it is partly grounded on the fact of that melancholy compromise between the Northern and the Southern and Western States on the Slavery question, which makes the preservation even of a numerical equilibrium in the legislature between the slave and non-slave-holding states a subject for the ingenuity of American statesmen.* How soon the balance may again be swayed, or, as M. Chevalier thinks, permanently affected by the weighty addition of Texas to the slave scale, depends upon a resolution of Congress, not likely long to pause from any delicacy to the wretched neighbour who apes the gesticulations of her republican model without the dignity of power. We know not what Mr. Cooper will say to the recent message from the President of South Carolina, and still less what Mr. Van Buren will reply to it; but Mr. Cooper need not be surprised if some of the lookers-on in Europe should opine with Captain M'Turk, in St. Ronan's Well,—"If these sweetmeats are passing between them, it is only the two ends of a handkerchief that will serve their turn." There is certainly, however, much truth in the following passage:—

> "The short period from which our independent existence dates furnishes no argument against us, as it is not so much time, as the changes of which time is the parent, that tries political systems; and America has undergone the ordinary changes, such as growth, extension of interests, and the other governing circumstances of society, that properly belong to two centuries, within the last fifty years."—let. xxviii.

Mr. Cooper's reputation as a writer is so well established in Europe that our further recommendation would be superfluous to assist the popularity of his present work. With us, it has performed its office of entertainment and instruction. In America, we hope its reception may be better than his own estimate of the wide-spread corruption of the reading classes there would entitle us to expect. More serious, he is not unfrequently as severe as Mrs. Trollope, whom he admits to have spoken many truths. To the writer, whether native or foreign, caricaturist or philosopher, who shall succeed in removing any of the defects acknowledged to have hitherto accompanied the progress of American civilization, that country will owe an obligation. If it be true, which we do not affirm, that the individual who places his feet on the front of a box in the theatre of New York is now rebuked by a cry of "Trollope!" from the pit, that lady already deserves a civic crown.

From the Retrospective Review.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector; *the Third Part. Giving an Account of his wonderful Escape from an Academy at Bethnal Green, by cutting with a Knife the Bedstead to which he was chained: and of the Dissolution of the pretended Court of the Blind Bench, and their designs against the Corrector. And an Account of his Application at St. James's Palace for the Honour of Knighthood, and his conduct at Guildhall as a Candidate for one of the Representatives in Parliament of this great Metropolis. With an Account of his Law Adventures, while he acted the part of a Counsellor, in the King's Bench in Westminster Hall. To which is added, a History of his Love Adventures, with his Letters, and a Declaration of War sent to the amiable Mrs. Whitaker, a Lady of a shining Character and great Revenues. Interspersed with various religious Reflections, shewing the necessity of appointing a Corrector of the People, or of taking some effectual measures for a speedy and thorough Reformation. London: printed for the Author, and sold by* A. Dodd, &c. 1755.

Though divers good and sufficient reasons have hitherto prevented us from figuring amongst the members of the Roxburgh club, yet, in a small way, we delight in the acquisition and collection of scarce and curious books. Many an hour have we spent in town and in the country, in examining the contents of bookstalls, and of those miserable magazines of trumpery, where a few volumes may not unfrequently be found buried amidst heaps of old iron, cordage, earthenware, and the other *vilia scruta*, for which it is astonishing that their grim, unwashed proprietors can find any customers. Nor have our excursions in search of cheap and antiquated literature been confined to this island. We have given a *hog* (six-pence English) for a volume, which an Hibernian bibliopolist on Ormond Quay, Dublin, has, with the modesty characteristic of his countrymen, at the commencement of our negotiation, estimated at five shillings—and, on the Quai Malaquais, at Paris, we have purchased for an *ecu*, a *quatro cento*, upon the description of a fellow copy, on which Mr. Dibdin has expended three pages in his Catalogue of Lord Spenser's library. Researches of this kind, it is true, are often very unprofitable, "*Experto crede, Lector benevole.*" But occasionally, like a miner hitting upon a rich vein of metal, we have detected literary curiosities lurking in most unpromising quarters, and at the cost of a shilling have possessed ourselves of a prize, which has for an evening rendered us "the envy and admiration" of a little knot of brother collectors, who have assembled in close divan to inspect our purchase. As an instance of our good luck in this particular, we may be permitted to state, that it was from the profane hands of a minor dealer in salt butter, that we rescued the long-titled pamphlet which we now introduce as a stranger to our readers, and which was written by Alexander Cruden, the compiler of that most elaborate work, *The Concordance to the Old and New Testaments.*

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* *See note 33, Chevalier, vol. i.* Appendix.

This extraordinary man was born in the town of Aberdeen, in the year 1701, and was the second son of William Cruden, "Merchant," of that place. Such of our readers, however, as have not had the good fortune to visit the "Land o' Cakes," must not allow this appellation of "Merchant" to lead them to imagine that the father of our hero had, or professed to have, extensive dealings in foreign parts, or that he possessed half-a-dozen ships, and extensive warehouses well stored with the commodities of the East and West Indies. A Scotch "Merchant," (the word is derived immediately from the French *Marchand*) is no more than a shop-keeper; and if Mr. Baring has ever travelled into Caledonia, his mercantile pride must, on his making his grand *entrée* into Annan, have been wounded on his seeing the title of "Merchant" inscribed in rudely formed characters over many a half door, leading to a room some eight feet by seven, where sits a shrewd pains-taking wight, whose returns from his trading operations do not amount to more than fifty shillings and four-pence per week. Nay, if the said Mr. Baring has beheld on the border, a stout raw-boned chield, walking firmly on beneath the pressure of a portable shop, ycleped a "pack," be it known to him that this chield in Scotland, participates with him in the designation of a "travelling merchant."

That William Cruden, however, was not a "travelling merchant," but what is called a respectable shopkeeper, may be inferred from the fact, that, like the immortalized Jarvie, he served the office of Baillie in the town which he had fixed upon as the seat of his business.

The facility of obtaining a good and useful education, has long been an incalculable advantage to the natives of Scotland. In this respect, the town of Aberdeen possessed superior privileges, of which the father of young Cruden faithfully availed himself for the improvement of his son. He sent him, at an early age, to the grammar school of his native place, where he laid an excellent foundation of classical knowledge, and afterwards entered him as a student in Marischal college. Though the fact cannot be now ascertained, we may perhaps be justified in regarding it as extremely probable, that it was intended by his father that young Alexander should exhibit his talents in a pulpit. And certain it is, that for the office of a clergyman of the Scottish church he was well fitted, by the exemplariness of his diligence, the piety of his principles, and the kindness—and we will venture to add, without fear of giving offence where no offence is intended—the simplicity of his character. But he had hardly finished his collegiate studies, when his prospects were clouded by manifest symptoms of insanity, which his friends imagined, but evidently erroneously, to be occasioned by the bite of a mad dog. Whilst he laboured under this malady, he fell deeply in love with the daughter of a clergyman, to whom he paid his addresses in form. His suit was of course rejected; but such was the ardour of his passion, that he persevered in his attempts to visit his fair one, and was so violent in his efforts to force his way to her, that her friends were obliged to have recourse to the civil power, and the poor student was sent to expiate his impetuosity by imprisonment in the town jail. Soon after his liberation from "durance vile," his feelings were exquisitely wounded by the discovery that another lover had made too deep an impression on the susceptibility of his *inamorata*, who was suddenly withdrawn from society, and sent away, nobody knew whither, to avoid the shame of the "cutty stool."

This unpleasant incident was, in all probability, the cause of Alexander's quitting Aberdeen; for we find that he left that place in the year 1722, and fixed his residence in London. Here he contrived for some years to gain a subsistence by giving instructions in the classics, as a private tutor. He next appears to have been settled for a short time in the Isle of Man, where he pursued the same employment. Finding this too narrow a sphere for his energies, he returned to London in the year 1732. He now opened a bookseller's shop under the Royal Exchange, and filled up his leisure time, and added to his scanty emolument, by acting as corrector of the press for different printers; an occupation which his varied knowledge, his minute accuracy, and his strict punctuality, enabled him to turn to good account.

During the time of his occupying the shop abovementioned, a friend called upon him, and proposed to introduce him to one of his countrymen, whose acquaintance, he said, would be both pleasant and profitable to him. Cruden consented to accompany him, to make a call on the individual in question. On their knocking at the door of his residence, it was opened by the *ci-devant* object of Alexander's affections, who, it should seem, had fled to shelter her disgrace in the crowd of the English metropolis. Poor Cruden started with horror at the sight of her who was once so dear to him, grasped the arm of his friend in agony, exclaiming, "Ah! she has still her fine black eyes!"—turned away, and never saw her more.

About this time it was that he began a work, the execution of which must have been a special antidote to the pangs of disappointed love, or to any other mental uneasiness whatsoever, namely, a *Concordance to the Old and New Testaments.* Such of our readers as know what a Concordance is, will duly estimate the pains and labour requisite for the compilation of such a work—and the hitherto uninitiated will form some idea of the toil which this industrious scholar must have bestowed on the book in question, when they are informed, that a Concordance is an index which indicates every passage in which a word of any moment is used in the Holy Scriptures. For example, as honest Cotton says, "if any one remember that he hath heard or read this phrase in the Scriptures, 'He will cast all our sins into the depths of the sea,' and desireth to find it for his future comfort, let him take a Concordance, and search the words *sea*, or *depths*, or *sins*, and at Micah, Ch. vii. v. 19, he shall meet with what he seeks for."

The first edition of Cruden's Concordance was published in 1737, and was dedicated to Queen Caroline, who was, as all the world knows, an amateur in theology. Alexander expected to have received from her majesty a handsome gratuity in return for his dedication. Perhaps his expectations were not unreasonable, and possibly they might have been fulfilled, had the queen lived to ascertain the merits of his performance: but the sanguine hopes of the compiler were frustrated by the death of her majesty, which took place a few days after she had received the presentation copy, and before the publication of the work.

To a mind which has a tendency to insanity, a sudden cessation from stated and assiduous labour is a most dangerous crisis. Soon after the publication of the *Concordance*, the mental malady of Cruden recurred with such violence, that his friends deemed it expedient to confine him in a private mad-house, kept by one Matthew Wright, at Bethnal Green. In this receptacle of wo, if we may give credit to his own account, he was, according to the erroneous practice of the medical men of that day, very harshly treated. He had not, however, been long in confinement, before he contrived to make his escape. It is difficult to decide whether the following passage from his *Adventures* alludes to an investigation on a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, or to a private consultation held by his friends and some medical practitioners, on the question of the propriety of his being remanded into seclusion. We transcribe it for the consideration of our readers.

"June 27th, 1738. The London Citizen having understood that the Judges of the Blind Bench were assembled at the bookseller's at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, he went thither, and attacked the cloudy heads with great resolution and undaunted courage. The Corrector," [this appellation Alexander had assumed in reference to his double office of corrector of the press, and reformer of public morals,] "the Corrector said that they had no business with him or his affairs: and that they were a set of asses, a company of blockheads, and a bench of blind justices. He addressed himself particularly to Dr. Monro, senior, their chairman, and desired him to mind his own business, for that with him he had no concern; which Monro forthwith obeyed, and left the room. From that time the Blind Bench was entirely dissolved, for the other judges soon after followed Monro's example, and never ascended the bench any more."

Exulting in the recollection of his prowess on this important occasion, Alexander remarks,

> "It may be supposed that it will be the general opinion of the London citizens, that Alexander the Corrector had as good a right and as full authority to dissolve this Blind Bench in the Poultry, as the great Oliver Cromwell had to dissolve the House of Commons, April 20th, 1653."

Like other sufferers in the cause of freedom, personal and political, Cruden deemed it of high importance that the public should be acquainted with his wrongs. He, accordingly, stated his grievances in a pamphlet, with the following portentous title: *The London Citizen exceedingly injured, giving an account of his Adventures during the time of his severe and long Campaign at Bethnal Green, for nine Weeks and six Days, the Citizen being sent thither in March,* 1738, *by Robert Wightman, a notoriously conceited whimsical Man, where he was chained, hand-cuffed, strait-waistcoated, and imprisoned; and he would probably have been continued and died under his confinement, had he not most providentially made his escape, by cutting with a Knife the Bedstead to which he was chained. With a History of Wightman's Blind Bench, which was a sort of Court that met in Wightman's room at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, and unaccountably pretended to pass decrees in relation to the London Citizen: particularly this blundering and illegal Blind Bench decreed that the London Citizen should be removed from Bethnal Green to Bethlehem Hospital, the audacious men thinking by that means to screen Wightman and the Criminals from punishment, for confining the Citizen: but Providence frustrated their designs.*

The punishment to which Cruden alludes at the conclusion of this *lengthy* title, as brother Jonathan would call it, is the penalties which he was confident he should inflict on his supposed persecutors, by the result of actions for damages, which he had instituted against Wightman and Monro. His cause against the latter was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, before Lee, Chief Justice, and a verdict given for the defendant. In consequence of the issue of this trial, Cruden's law advisers, to his great displeasure, declined to proceed against Wightman, and he was left to the unavailing vengeance of public remonstrance. His narrative of this transaction is curious and original.

> "Alexander the Corrector brought an action against Wightman in the Court of King's Bench, to be tried in Guildhall. The witnesses were subpœnaed, and attended June 27th, 1739. But it being an afternoon's sitting, and the cause being supposed to be uncommon, and that it would last long, the court inclined to fix a day for trying it, namely, July 23rd, 1732.
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> "This occasioned the action of Alexander the Corrector against Dr. Monro and other defendants, which was tried before a chief bencher at Westminster-hall, to come on before the other. The bencher spoke in favour of Monro, and even threatened to commit the plaintiff for pleading his own cause; and he also threatened the plaintiff's attorney, whereby he was so much frightened, that he acted most unaccountably; for, without the plaintiff's knowledge or consent, he gave notice to Wightman's attorney, that the cause against Wightman was not to be tried July 23rd. This greatly shocked the Corrector, and he went to the chief bencher's house, and also spoke to Mr. Denison, one of his counsel; but he was not regarded, which was owing, he imagines, to his having lost his cause in the Court of Common Pleas.
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> "The chief bencher of the Common Pleas greatly favouring Monro, was the true cause that the Corrector had no verdict against the criminals. The chief bencher is not an ignorant man, and wanted the Corrector to consent that the jury should withdraw, and give no verdict; but he refused it with indignation, being fully convinced that he had a right to a verdict, and, therefore he would not approve of their unjust proceedings. The bencher afterwards directed, or rather commanded, the jury, by saying, '*you are to bring in a verdict for the defendants;*' which they did. The Corrector made a speech in court before the verdict; and after the verdict meekly said, '*I trust in God.*' The chief bencher replied, '*I wish you had trusted more in God, and not have come hither.*'"

Notwithstanding his professed meekness, the Corrector gave vent to his indignation at the issue of this trial, in a pamphlet entitled, "*Mr. Cruden exceedingly injured; or, a Trial between Alexander Cruden*, Plaintiff, Bookseller *to the late Queen Caroline,* *and Doctor James Monro, Matthew Wright, John Oswald, and John Davis, Defendants, in the Court of Common Pleas in Westminster-hall, July* 17, 1739, *on an Action of Trespass, Assault, and Imprisonment: the said Plaintiff, though in his right Senses, having been unjustly confined, and barbarously used, in Matthew Wright's private Mad-house at Bethnal Green. To which is added, a surprising Account of several other Persons, who have been most unjustly confined in private Mad-houses. The whole tending to shew the great necessity for the Legislature to regulate private Mad-houses in a more effectual manner than at present.*"

This pamphlet Cruden dedicated to his Majesty King George the Second. The period of his life immediately subsequent to this transaction was passed in tranquillity. His mind being become tolerably settled, he resumed his occupation of corrector of the press, and superintended the printing of several classic authors, both Greek and Latin; and it is stated, by very competent judges, that he executed this task with great accuracy. His present calm lasted for some years; but in the year 1753 his infirmity again manifested itself in his paying his addresses, with persevering and troublesome importunity, to a widow lady, a zealous dissenter of great fortune, to whom, in his *Adventures*, he gives the fictitious name of Whitaker. On one occasion, having obtained admission into her house, he admonished the lady's steward to behave well, "for he ought to reverence the rising sun." The steward appears to have humoured the unwelcome visiter with much skill. Pointing out to him the extent and beauty of the mansion and its garden, he said to him, "are you not an ambitious man that would have all this?" But Cruden had his answer ready, "it is not," said he, "ambition of riches, but only usefulness that the Corrector aims at." When the lady, upon many applications, refused to see him, and returned his letters, he issued what he styled a declaration of war against her. "It was written," says he, "with red ink; but there was nothing bloody in it except the colour." It is, in truth, nothing but a rambling, incoherent sort of a love-letter. At length his malady recurred to such a degree, that he was again consigned to custody in a private lunatic asylum. On his liberation from thence, he commenced an action against the parties who were instrumental in his confinement; but, as our readers will, no doubt, anticipate, a verdict was given for the defendants. This result of his appeal to the law, Cruden attributed to the "unfaithfulness" of his counsel. In point of fact, finding their ground of action untenable, those learned gentlemen threw up their briefs; which their client shrewdly remarks, was "a new fashioned way of trying causes."

"Perhaps," says he, "some persons may think Alexander did not pay his generals well; therefore he begs leave to mention their pay. Mr. Hume and Sir Richard were his retained counsel. The 1st of November, 1753, upon the writs being taken out against the defendants, for the cause being important, Alexander secured two generals or barristers that were in esteem, by a golden English piece, which is the common retaining fee; and upon the delivery of the brief, a few days before the trial, each of them had four pieces. Mr. Naires, a younger barrister, who was pitched upon to open the action, which was never done, had three pieces. The Corrector was not for starving the cause, and gave very handsome fees; because the cause was of great importance to him; and he supposed it would have lasted a whole day, as his cause in the Court of Common Pleas did, in July, 1739; but Mr. Hume allowed it to come to an end in two hours time; and if the Corrector had not been present, it had probably been over in one hour."

What the gentlemen of the long robe of the present day will think of the conduct of one of Alexander's counsel upon the unsuccessful issue of his cause, we know not. We shall state the case in Cruden's own words, and leave it to themselves to determine whether, under similar circumstances, they will "go and do likewise."

"The Corrector," says Alexander, "is sincerely inclined to do justice to every man; and, therefore, acquaints his readers that at the end of the trial, Mr. Hume was pleased to return his fee of four pieces to the plaintiff's attorney." "But," continues he, with as much chagrin as his temper was capable of feeling, "was Mr. Hume's returning his fee, an adequate satisfaction for his criminal desertion? If a soldier deserts his captain-general, he is ordered to be shot. What punishment shall be inflicted on a barrister for the desertion of his exceedingly-injured plaintiff?"

Thus persuaded of the infidelity of his law advisers, Cruden determined to take his case into his own management. He accordingly went to the Court of King's Bench, for the purpose of moving for a new trial. On his rising for that purpose, one of the judges told him, that he should be heard after the counsel had made their motions. He accordingly waited till the motions had been gone through, and again presented himself to the notice of the court: but was told that it was too late in the day, as one of the judges had departed;—"for it may be supposed," says Alexander, "he was not fond to hear his conduct inquired into." After the usual delays, however, the complainant made his motion, which he supported by a long speech. "The Corrector was favoured by Sir Dudley, the chief bencher, with a long hearing, and he thanks Sir Dudley for that liberty; but the chief bencher did not pretend to give an answer to his reasons, but, contrary to his usual custom, barely said, '*I have heard your reasons, and do not think them sufficient to grant a new trial.*' Then the Corrector immediately said, with a loud voice, '*I appeal to the king in council, or to the House of Lords.*'"

Upon more mature reflection, however, Cruden determined to appeal to a superior tribunal,—the tribunal of public opinion. He accordingly stated his grievances in "*The second Part of the Adventures of Alexander the Corrector.*" The pamphlet he deemed so convincing of the justice of his case, that he determined personally to present it to the king. His presence at St. James's, whither he repaired on sundry levee days, seems to have given no small alarm and annoyance to the retainers of the court, who referred him from one officer to another, till his patience was quite exhausted. In his wrath, he wrote "a smart letter to a person of distinction." "Those that cause people, in this manner, to come after them from time to time," says he, "may be called fashionable pickpockets, for they injure the person who comes from home on purpose, postponing other business, as much as if they pick his pocket of his money, by making him lose time."

One courtier, however, Alexander excepts from the number of those whom he anathematizes as having on this occasion used him ill, namely, Earl Poulet, the lord of the bed-chamber in waiting, who received his pamphlet with great civility; and, on Alexander's waiting on him to his carriage, after his attendance for the day was finished, spoke to him with politeness, "and did not run away from him, as others were afterwards apt to do." The merit which is thus attributed to this nobleman is, however, rendered somewhat equivocal, by the accompanying remark of the Corrector, that "he was somewhat goutish in his feet."

In his visits to St. James's, of which he has kept an amusing diary, Cruden had an object ulterior to the presentation of his pamphlet, namely, his obtaining the honour of knighthood. Being sensible that his aspiring after this elevation in rank might be laid to the score of ambition, he says, with a mixture of simplicity and cunning, not uncommon in those whose wits are subject to the influence of the moon, "if it should be asked why the Corrector was so desirous of the honour of being a knight, he answers, that *thinking men often seek after titles rather to please others than themselves.*"

Disappointed of obtaining honours from the king, his aspiring thoughts were directed to the people; and, on the 23d of April, 1734, he declared himself, by a hand-bill, a candidate for the representation of the city of London in parliament, and at the election, which took place on Thursday, April 30th, he was put in nomination. Though he was so firmly convinced of the validity of his claims, that on the day before he "had some dawning hope that his brother candidates would regard his uncommon motives, and not have opposed his election," he was obliged to demand a poll; and though he appealed to the electors, "whether there were not just grounds to think that God would be pleased to make him an instrument to reform the nation, and to bring the citizens of London to a more religious temper and conduct, he obtained very few votes, and soon withdrew from the contest. On this occasion the religious candidate was treated with great good humour by the aldermen, and other persons on the hustings; and he consoled himself on his defeat, as many a discomfited aspirant after a seat in parliament has done before and since, by the persuasion that the hearts of the people were with him; and, moreover, to his great comfort, "it was said by Betty Young, a pious young woman, that this affair might be looked upon as only a forerunner of what was to come to pass;" on which saying of Betty he makes the following moral and philosophical reflection:—"The Corrector has sometimes thought that persons in low stations, if pious and prudent, think frequently more justly in many things than learned and exalted persons."

Soon after the election Cruden was induced by reports, no doubt extremely false, of the dissipation prevalent in the University of Oxford, to go down to that venerable seat of learning in his capacity of corrector, in hopes that by his admonitions he should be able to work a reformation of manners among the gownsmen. He accordingly frequented the public walks of the city, and boldly reproved those whom, upon the view, he deemed guilty of levity or indecorum; and particularly admonished whomsoever he *found amusing* themselves, by walking on the Sabbath, *to go home, and* apply their thoughts to more *serious concerns. In the* execution of this benevolent design, the usual fate of reformers awaited him. The tuft and the tuft hunters united in treating him with contumely, and the ladies unanimously agreed that he was very impertinent. In a short time, therefore, he shook off the dust of his feet against the city and the university of Oxford, and returned to the metropolis, where he tranquilly resumed his usual occupations. In 1761 he was engaged by Woodfall, as corrector of his celebrated journal, *The Public Advertiser*. This employment, requiring constant attention, and strictness of method, had a happy effect upon Cruden's mind; and from this period to the time of his death he continued so far in the possession of his mental faculties, that he was an active and an useful member of society. Notwithstanding his daily and nightly avocations, as corrector of a newspaper, he found leisure to revise his *Concordance*, a new edition of which was published in 1762. To this edition is prefixed a Latin dedication to the Earl of Halifax. The occasion of this address to his lordship is very creditable to the feelings of Cruden. Happening one day to attend the sessions at the Old Bailey, he heard the trial of one Richard Potter, a seaman, who was arraigned and found guilty of uttering a forged instrument, purporting to be a brother sailor's will. From the demeanour of the culprit, he perceived that he was a very ignorant man, and doubted whether he was at all sensible of the heinousness of the crime which he had committed, and for which he was doomed to forfeit his life. Prompted by the strong feelings of benevolence, which seem to have been inherent in his nature, he visited the wretched prisoner in Newgate, ministered to his bodily and spiritual wants, and, by his instructions and exhortations, so wrought upon him, that he brought him into a state of most humble penitence. He then exerted himself, with his usual perseverance, to procure the unhappy man a pardon; which, notwithstanding the obstacles presented by the peculiar nature of his crime, which is usually, and perhaps necessarily, visited in our courts of law with unrelenting severity, he accomplished by the kind and merciful interposition of Lord Halifax; his petition to whom, on behalf of the culprit, was accompanied by the above-mentioned dedication of the second edition of the *Concordance*.—The particulars or this transaction he recorded in a pamphlet, entitled, "*The History of Richard Potter.*"

Encouraged by the success of his efforts in the cause of reformation of morals in the case of Potter, Cruden extended his benevolent attentions to the general body of the prisoners confined to the jail of Newgate, to whom he paid frequent visits, distributing among them religious books, reading and explaining to them the Holy Scriptures, summoning them to the duty of prayer, and strenuously enforcing upon them the great motives to repentance, which are founded on the doctrines of the gospel. Those who are aware what a hell upon earth Newgate was during the greater part of the last century, will not be surprised that he met with so little success, that he soon gave up what he regarded as the hopeless attempt to reclaim the profligate, and amend the vicious, whose mutual association in the miseries of imprisonment only tended to render their hearts more callous and more obdurate. It was reserved for our own times to produce an individual of the gentler sex, prompted by an enthusiasm equal to that of

Cruden, but gifted with more good sense than he possessed, to make an impression on the seared consciences of hardened offenders, to reduce the irregular to a sense of the advantages of good order, to melt the obdurate to penitence, and to correct the habits of those who, from their infancy, have been taught to maintain unceasing warfare against the institutions and regulations of society.

Cruden was a devotedly loyal subject of the house of Hanover. In the reign of George the Second he was frequent and loud in his testimony against the false principles and dark designs of the Jacobite Tories, of whom he shrewdly says, in the third part of his *Adventures*,—"the Jacobites and disaffected occasion the continuance of taxes, as a parish is obliged to increase the number of watchmen, the more loose, disorderly persons live in their neighbourhood." Nor was he less vigilant in guarding the throne when it was attacked by the violence of popular fury. When London and Middlesex were in an unprecedented state of ferment, he launched a spirited pamphlet against that audacious and crafty demagogue John Wilkes; and, with no small danger to himself, he industriously obliterated the signs of John's popularity, by erasing from the walls of the metropolis, with a large sponge, the factious and disloyal inscription of No. 45. Such, indeed, was his delicate attention to the guardianship of public morals, that in his walks through the city he was usually supplied with the implements necessary for the expunction of any writings offensive to modesty, which might appear on the buildings which he passed.

In the year 1769 he visited his native town of Aberdeen. To this journey it should seem that he was impelled, not merely by the interest which mankind usually take in the place of their birth, and the scenes of their early joys and sorrows, but by his zeal for the promotion of the cause of virtue; for during his temporary residence in Aberdeen, he gave a lecture on reformation in the public hall of the university. It is to be feared, however, that he made no more impression on the plebeians of Marischal College, than he had done on the aristocracy of Oxford; and that he experienced the truth of the adage, that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country." The extravagance of his principles, or his manner of enforcing them, excited the laughter of his audience, whose demeanour on this occasion put the placidity of his temper to a severe trial. That he possessed the power of turning the tables on those who ridiculed him, he evinced by a practical repartee which he made to one of his *quizzers*, a conceited young clergyman, to whom he made a present of a little manual, at that time popular in Scotland, entitled, "*The Mother's Catechism, dedicated to the Young and Ignorant.*"

Cruden remained at Aberdeen about a year, and then returned to London, and took lodgings in Camden street, Islington. Here having gone to bed on the preceding night, in apparently perfect health, on the morning of the first of November, he was found dead in his chamber, in the attitude of prayer.

Cruden was a man entirely free from vice, and a strict economist. At no time of his life was he destitute of the means of support; and he even appears to have had always something to spare for the occasional exigencies of life. He was liberal in his donations to the poor. His law adventures, as he called them, must have been somewhat costly; and when he repaired to St. James's to solicit the honour of knighthood, he was provided with a hundred pounds to pay the customary fees. At his death he was possessed of some property, which he bequeathed to his relations, with the exception of an annuity of five pounds per annum, which he devoted to the establishment of a bursary, or exhibition, at Marischal College.

In the history of Alexander Cruden, we behold at once a striking instance of the infirmity of human nature, and of the efficacy of a good education, and the early imbibing of virtuous principles, in alleviating the greatest calamities to which human nature is subject. For, notwithstanding the occasional alienation of his reason, the purity of his views, and the kindness of his feelings, rendered him unobnoxious to others, and cheerful and happy in himself. In the midst of the disappointments which he experienced, in consequence of the failure of his extravagant projects, he was always devoutly submissive to the divine will, and derived great comfort from an unshaken trust in God. The habits of industry which he had acquired in his youth, no doubt, tended to lengthen the intervals of his sanity, and enabled him, notwithstanding the whimsical nature of his designs, to contribute a respectable share to the general stock of knowledge, both in the useful occupation of a private tutor, and as an editor of the works of antiquity. Amongst the clergy of all denominations, his *Concordance* has long been a standard work; and we have occasionally met with powerful extempore preachers, who have been mainly indebted for their reputation, as being "mighty in the Scriptures," to their study of the references supplied by that work. On a review of the incidents of his life, it may admit of a question, whether it were, at any time, expedient to put him into harsh and strict confinement? He never appears to have been dangerous to himself or to others; and the dread of danger from a lunatic is, perhaps, in most cases, the only justifiable reason for subjecting him to the severity of restraint in the professed receptacles for patients of this unhappy description. We are persuaded that many persons, slightly afflicted by insanity, have been totally lost to society, by being consigned to the duress of the strait-waistcoat, who, by due attention, and by gentle treatment, under the superintendence of their friends, might have had their mental complaints alleviated, if not entirely cured. The chances of recovery, however, depend much upon the early habits of the individual patient. Had Cruden been profligate and debauched in his youthful years, the first attack of his malady would have been decisive of his fate; and his bodily organs, enfeebled by intemperance, would have imparted an equal debility to the powers of his mind. The strictest abstemiousness is most essential to the counteracting of any tendencies to abberration of intellect; and in such cases it is of the first importance that the inclination to brood over some single erroneous notion, which is incident to those who are liable to such a tendency, should be dissipated by the kindness of their friends, and by the cheerfulness superinduced by some easy and pleasant employment. It was once our lot to be acquainted with a man of cultivated mind, who, by a stretch of law, was for a political offence confined, without the use of books or materials for writing, for three months in a solitary cell; and he has often observed in our hearing, that in these circumstances he preserved himself from madness, by working mathematical problems on the boarded floor of his apartment with the point of an iron skewer, which he contrived to conceal from the vigilance of his keepers.

From the Metropolitan.

We offer the following poems for the judgment of our readers. We assure them that they are truly and solely the production of an artisan in the very humblest walks of humble life. We shall only remark upon them, that they seem dictated by an unquenchable, inexpressible enthusiasm for the true, and the beautiful, which, considered rightly, will be always found to be true. Intense, indeed, must be the fire of that inspiration, that will burn so brightly, hitherto unfostered by the world's approbation, (for praise is almost the breath of life to the poet,) and secretly cherished amidst penury and privation. In our opinion of the excellence of these verses, we are not singular; for they have been shown to, and excited the admiration of, one of the brightest geniuses of the age. We hope that our friends will not do us the injustice to think that this is a mercenary puff, or that we have inserted these lines from any other but the most disinterested motives, or if interested, only from the interest we take in advancing talent wherever it may be found.

THE ABSENT POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

When underneath thy lidded eyes
  Young Morning 'gins to peer,
As wondering why thou dost not rise,
  Awaking, turn they here?

Thy dreams then striving to recall,
  If they all pleasant were;
Sweet, art thou vex'd, if 'midst them all,
  Thy minstrel is not there?

Or seeking in the fervent noon,
  Some tree-enshaded spot,
Where Nature, with her bee-like tune,
  Singeth her happy lot,

In tones as gentle, fond, heart-deep
  As thine, dear love, to me,
When lying on some grassy steep,
  My head upon thy knee,

I've heard them murmuring in my ear,
  Oft dying in a kiss:
Ah! now that I'm no longer there,
  Rememberest thou all this?

When shepherd Night in-folds once more
  His flocks that scatter'd be,
His sleepless eyes still watching o'er,
  With love's own constancy;

When heads, like flowers, begin to fail,
  And lids sweet eyes to cover,
When dreamy influences prevail,
  And guardian angels hover

O'er loving spirits such as thine;
  (In love the germ they see
Of being, like their own, divine,
  And hence their sympathy;)

When putting off thy worldly dress
  From body and from mind,
Until in their own loveliness
  Alone they are enshrined;

Thou nestlest in thy bed of snow,
  Ah! as thy last thoughts flee;
Does one, the latest, upward go,
  And die in prayers for me?

J. S.

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.

Sweet May! they tell me thou art come,
  Ah, no! not come to me;
Who may not spare a single hour,
  Sweet May! to welcome thee.

God knows how hard I've work'd this week
  To earn my children bread,
And see—we have an empty board,—
  My children are unfed.

And art thou still the same sweet May
  That I did love so well,
When humming like a happy bee
  Along thy primrose dell,

I thought, O! what a lovely world
  Is this dear God has given;
And wondered any one should seek
  For any other heaven?

Then hawthorn buds are come again,
  And apple-blossoms too,
And all the idle happy birds,
  May sing the long day through.

The old green lane awakes once more;
  And looks, perhaps, for me,
Alas! green lane, my heart may die,
  I cannot come to thee.

J. S.

SONG.

Oh! can I forget, as I bend o'er my loom,
So many long hours in this dark, stifling room,
My boyhood's sweet time when I roam'd all the day,
Untamedly glad as a bird in its play?

Oh! can I forget, when my own darling wife
Is soothing her hungry ones, calming their strife,
Her tears rolling down as she thinks of their fate,
How fair and light-hearted her maidenly state?

Oh! can I forget with what joy and what pride
I saw in the future a happy fire-side,
Where our old age should rest in the cradle of hom
Where, when Christmas was merry, our children sho
  come?

Alas! for the boyhood for ever departed;
Alas! for the maiden so fair and light-hearted;
Alas! for the home and the happy ones nigh;
God help us! we live but to toil and to die.

J. S.

From Friendship's Offering.

THE STARS.

r THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIVAL SISTERS."

he Chaldean—he could watch the stars.
had peopled them with beings bright
ir own beams!—MANFRED.

irone is darkness in the abyss of light—
e of glory that forbids the sight—DRYDEN.

il, majestic spheres that nightly rise,
nightly roll in never-ending march!
of the earth, and glory of the skies,
il you, glittering in your azure arch!

re ye charmed since first your fires I deemed
spangles that adorned night's ebon robe;
my wildest reveries had dreamed
h spark a sun, each spangle was a globe!

mired your matchless beauty then,
ou your Maker's might I now adore;
ieve that, baffling our imperfect ken,
h as we know of you, we know no more.

ould gaze on you till, lost to earth,
rapt soul seems to mingle with your fires;
us your laws, your nature, and your birth,
using accents tremblingly inquires:

s! both ye that seek your sire, the sun,
bask and redden in the flaming ray;
e that through remotest orbits run,
re moons and girdles light you on your way:

,—are your inhabitants like ours,
rm, and soul, and frame, resembling man?
they, like us, to bloom and fade as flowers,
ir hopes an idle dream—their days a span?

s your helpless infancy the same?
r youth, too oft the sport of passion's breath?
nanhood, false ambition, wealth, and fame?
r age, an earthly tomb—a living death?

o—have *ye* been tried, and have ye failed?
e us rebelled against the laws of heaven?
e temptation have ye been assailed?
en like us—like *us* have been forgiven?

s your ransom been as dearly earned?
blood that flowed for *us* been shed for *you?*
the frenzy of your folly spurned,
ugh given for all, atoned but for a few?

re ye stood the trial? round your brow
e celestial palm of victory seen?
ye the tempter's art, and are ye now
ur first erring parents *might* have been?

ing in the endless scale of things,
t ye a nature nearer to *divine?*
our immortal forms on angel-wings?
and your heads do heavenly halos shine?

s the happiness *we* seek in vain?
ugh here a phantom, is it substance there?
your undying frames the touch of pain,
your blest soul the keener pangs of care?

ms of life, unknown and undivined,
cheat the fancy, yet enchant the sight?
By thought undreamed, by reason undefined,
Why shroud in darkness all your blaze of light?

O could I mount on viewless wings of wind!
To your untravelled regions I would soar;
Leave the dull atmosphere of earth behind,
Trace all your wonders, and return no more!

Still as I gaze, new glories seem to rise,
Like books in unknown tongues when open spread,
Whose characters attract our wondering eyes,
Though doomed by mortals never to be read.

Comets! that sweep the heavens with fiery train,
And rush from countless years to frozen climes,
Then in the burning vortex plunge again—
While nations tremble, conscious of their crimes:—

Are ye too peopled?—ye provided too
With creatures fitted to each wide extreme?
Or do we see a living hell in you,
Worse than our wildest fancies dare to dream?

Ye too, ye Suns! each lessened to a speck
By distance foiling fancy's grasp to scan,
Fair globes! yet doomed to share the general wreck,
And end with ours, as with it ye began:

Say, are your bright and burning orbs possest
By creatures pure and glorious as their sphere?
Are they th' appointed mansions of the blest,
For those who struggled and who triumphed here?

"Nature abhors a vacuum"—sages say,
There be whose nature e'en *their* blaze endures;
Oh, then! how blest who bask in such a ray,
And bathe their spirits in a light like yours!

And is it so? is there no single spot
In all your concave's wide extended round,
Where reason does not glow—where light is not—
And where the Author's image is not found?

Speak, ye unfading lights that o'er me glow—
Bright copies of your Maker's brightness, speak!
If ever voice hath reached you from below,
Impart the awful knowledge which I seek.

Ye will not answer!—Science, which hath soared
Beyond the radiant orbits where ye roam,
Your moons hath numbered, and your laws explored,
Brings us no tidings of your *tenants* home.

And *you*—ye will not answer! and my eyes,
Raised to your deaf and silent orbs in vain,
As all my soul were thirsting for replies—
Must seek, unsatisfied, low earth again.

Thou too, fair moon, our own attendant orb,
Shedding o'er night a charm unknown to day—
Doth darkness still *thy* nearer world absorb?
Wilt *thou* not listen to th' inquiring lay?

Perchance—for who can limit human powers?—
The time may come when telescopic skill—
Which brings within a ken as weak as ours—
Thy seas and clouds—the valley and the hill—

Points out volcanos—marks the rising flame—
Tracks its destructive course with critic art
Gives to your oceans and your lands a name,
And sketches all their features in its chart—

May bring more hidden wonders to our view,
Show lofty cities rising on the sight,
Whose splendors mock what mortals ever knew,
And burst upon us in a blaze of light!

Or, if to arts and luxury unknown,
Wandering their unlost Eden's bowers among—
Show where, in ever-verdant arbours thrown,
Resound the lover's tale, the shepherd's song.

Vain hope! or vain at least in these our days;—
The proud inquiry be pursued no more!
God *shows* enough to claim His creature's praise,
Man *sees* enough to tremble and adore.

Peace then, presumptuous mortal! nor aspire
To knowledge heaven has wisely hid from view;
Nor deem, though granted were the vain desire,
The pleasure dreamed of would indeed ensue.

If bliss be theirs beyond what man can know,
Contrast would render suffering more severe;
If their allotted portion is but wo
We need not seek it there who feel it here!

From the London Literary Gazette.

TO AN ANCIENT SUN DIAL.

An hour has passed with lingering pace,
Since, bent in careless musing nigh,
I mark'd upon thy moss-grown face
The noiseless shadow stealing by;
An hour has passed—and wandering back
The fit of vacant idlesse o'er,
I see that shade in outward track
Advance one scanty inch—no more.

Less blue the wide exulting sea,
More white the morning cloud may seem,
A little more the merry bee
Hath toil'd beside the chiming stream,
A little bent appears the flower,
A little raised the mountain sun,
Less bright the dew—less cool the bower—
But other change on earth is none.

Yet to the world of nobler life
What has that hour of stillness brought?
Desire—Despair—far wasting strife—
The madness and the bliss of thought,
And Hope, that flatters to depart,
And Love with unresisted chain;
And O! the anguish of the heart
Which knows its all of fondness vain.

City and tower perchance have sunk,
To waste and howling ruin cast,
And armaments embattled, shrunk
Like reeds before the rending blast:
The mother to her new-born child
Has bared her life-bestowing breast,
And many a brow yet undefiled,
The ruthless grave has called to rest.

A knell for joys for ever fled—
A dooming voice beyond recall—
A trumpet signal, stern and dread,
Of warfare and of watch to all—
A sound o'er earth's arena sent,
To bid the strife of thousands cease;
Such is the gentlest moment, spent
Amidst the calm of halcyon peace.

But we, beneath the varying beam,
While thus time's onward waters flow
O'er straw and bubble; dream and dream,
Nor heed the torrent's depth below.
Destruction, wide as land and sea,
And life, and death, and waste, and power—
Alas! who thinks that such must be
The record of each sunny hour?

From the English Annual for 1834.

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

She hath her wish—for which in vain
She pined in restless dreams;
"Oh, mother, *is* this home again?
How desolate it seems!
Yet all the dear, familiar things,
Look as they did of yore;
But oh, the change this sad heart brings—
This is my home no more!

"I left thee!—like the dove of old,
I left thy parent breast;
But on Life's waste of waters cold
My soul hath found no rest!
And back the weary bird hath come,
Its woes, its wanderings o'er;
Ne'er from the holy ark to roam—
Yet this is home no more!

"Oh mother, sing my childhood's songs!
They fall like summer rain
On this worn heart, that vainly longs
To be *all* thine again!
Speak comfort to me! call me yet
Thy Mary, as of yore;
Those words could make me half forget
That this is home no more!

"Sit near me! Oh, this hour repays
Long years of lonely pain;
I feel as if the old bright days
Were all come back again!
My heart beats thick with happy dreams—
Mine eyes with tears run o'er;
Thou'rt with me, mother!—Oh, it seems
Like home—*our* home, once more.

"Oh, home and mother! can ye not
Give back my heart's glad youth?
The visions which my soul forgot,
Or learnt to doubt their truth!
Give back my childhood's peaceful sleep,
Its aimless hopes restore;
Ye cannot! mother, let me weep,
For this is home no more!"

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
On earth there is no rest,
When grief hath troubled the pure streams,
Of memory in thy breast:
A shadow on thy path shall lie,
Where sunshine laugh'd before;
Look upward to the happy sky!
Earth is thy home no more!

FINDENS' TABLEAUX.

here copy the whole of the letter-press of this
s Annual, the price of which is twelve dollars.
te is large quarto, and the plates are in the
ghest style of art.—Ed. Museum.]

' Tableaux.—A series of Picturesque Scenes of
nal Character, Beauty, and Costume. From
tings, by various Artists, after Sketches by W.
ng. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford, author
Our Village," &c.

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TO

E RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY DACRE,

' EMINENT HERSELF IN DESIGN AND IN POETRY, THIS
IPT TO COMBINE THOSE BEAUTIFUL ARTS, IS MOST RE-
FULLY INSCRIBED BY HER OBLIGED AND ATTACHED
D AND SERVANT, THE EDITOR.

—

PREFACE.

mmending this volume to the public, the editor
le to say, beyond the pleasant duty of thanking
omplished coadjutors for such poetry, and, in
tance, such prose, as may render her pages no
ompanion to the beautiful engravings which
e intended to illustrate.
ier own poor part, she has only to solicit for
necessarily brief, and written, from circum-
over which she had no control, in more than
aste, the same indulgence which has been ex-
to the productions,—over-numerous, perhaps,
h she has sent forth during the last fifteen years.
right to mention, that the two songs in one of
le tales, have been stolen from herself; being
that she did not quite wish to die; and which
peared in two works out of print, and, to all
and purposes, as good or as bad as manuscript.

s *Mile Cross, September* 19*th*, 1837.

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ENTS.—Sicily—Shrine of the Virgin. John Kenyon.
and—The King's Ward. Miss Mitford.—Andalu-
e Death of the Bull. Barry Cornwall.—Florence
Wager. Miss Mitford.—Venice—The Bride's De-
John R. Chorley.—Egypt—D'Auberval. Author
ti."—India—A Romance of the Ganges. E. B. B.
n—The Lost Pearl. Miss Mitford.—America—A
f the Indian War. Mrs. Howitt.—Scotland—Sir
d his Dog. Miss Mitford.—Georgia—The Geor-
ters. Miss Harrison.—Castile—The Signal. Miss

LIST OF PLATES.

	SUBJECTS.	PAINTERS.	ENGRAVERS.
	Shrine of the Virgin	T. Uwins, A.R.A.	W. Finden.
,	Hawking	F. P. Stephanoff.	E. Finden.
LA	Death of the Bull	J. Browne	W. Holl.
S	The Wager	F. P. Stephanoff.	C. E. Wagstaff.
	The Bride's Departure	F. P. Stephanoff.	W. Holl.
	Rising of the Nile	J. Browne.	E. Finden:
	Hindoo Girls.	J. Browne.	H. Egleton.
	The Lost Pearl	W. Perring.	J. Posselwhite.
,	The Captives	W. Perring.	W. H Mote.
D	Deer-shooting	L. Seyfarth.	E. Scriven.
	The Slave Merchant	T. Uwins, A.R.A.	H. Egleton.
	The Signal	W. Perring.	E. Finden.

SICILY.

SHRINE OF THE VIRGIN.

"The Catholic, who hears that vesper bell,
Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George! to join that vesper prayer."
Southey's *St. Gualberto.*

Who knows not, fair Sicilian land!
How proudly thou wert famed of yore,
When all the Muses hymn'd thy strand;
And, pleased to deck so sweet a shore,
Bacchus and Ceres, hand in hand,
To thee their choicest treasures bore,
And saw uprise their graceful shrines
Mid waving corn and curling vines.

Yes! land thou wert of fruits and flowers,
The favour'd land of Deity;
By Jove made glad with suns and showers,
By Neptune cheered with brightest sea;
E'en Dis, beneath his gloomy bowers,
Had heard and loved to dream of thee,
And when he willed to take a bride,
Snatched her from Enna's sloping side.

Those hollow creeds have pass'd away;
Those false, yet graceful, shrines are gone;
A purer faith, of stricter sway,
For our behoof, their place hath won;
And Christian altars overlay
Yon temple's old foundation stone;
And in Minerva's vacant cell[*]
Sublimest Wisdom deigns to dwell.

And where, within some deep shy wood,
And seen but half through curving bough,
In silent marble Dian stood,
Behold! a holier Virgin—now—
Hath sanctified the solitude;
And thou, meek Mary—Mother—thou
Dost hallow each old pagan spot,
Or storied stream, or fabled grot.

The devious pilgrim, far beguiled,
How gladly doth he turn to greet
Thy long-sought image mid the wild,
A calming thought! a vision sweet!
If grief be his, then, Lady mild!
Thy gentle aid he will entreat,
And bowed in heart not less than deed,
Findeth a prayer to fit the need.

There, while his secret soul he bares,
That lonely altar bending by,
The traveller, passing unawares,
Will stay his step—but not too nigh—
And hearkening to those unforced prayers,
—Albeit the creed he may deny—
Shall own his reason less averse,
And spirit—surely—not the worse.

Thy shrines are lovely—wheresoe'er—
And yet if it were mine to choose

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[*] The present cathedral of Syracuse was formerly a temple of Minerva.

One—loveliest—where fretted Care
Might come—to rest—or Thought—to muse,
'Twould be that one, so soft, and fair,
That standeth by old Syracuse,
Just where those salt-sea waters take
The likeness of an inland lake.

Green-tendrill'd plants in many a ring
Creep round the gray stone tenderly,
As tho' in very love to cling
And clasp it; while the reverent sea
A fond uplooking wave doth bring,
To break, anon, submissively,
As if it came that brow to greet,
Then whisper praise beneath thy feet.

When suns, that sink in twilight clear,
Forth from the city tempt to roam,
Be mine to meet mild evening here,
And muse on friends I've left at home.
But she, who loves the mariner,
Shall yet more duly hither come,
Where, fitly, thou art held to be
Our Guardian-Lady of the Sea.

PART II.

She cometh to the seaward shrine,
A mother, with her children three;
And they have made the holy sign,
And they have dropped on bended knee;
Three in the lowly rite combine,
And one is cradled, peaceably.
That mother's heart hath business here,
For she *doth* love the mariner.

Her gallant boy is on the deep,
—She loves him more that he is brave—
Yet when around Peloro's steep
The midnight surges leap and rave,
What marvel if a mother weep,
And, thinking on the tropic wave,
Doth flee to thee, Oh, Mother mild,
Thou Mother of the Blessed Child!

Thro' winds that sweep like hurricane,
And deadly lightning's lurid light,
She speedeth to the pillar'd fane,
Where thou dost stand in silver bright.*
If solace but for him she gain,
What should a mother's soul affright!
And, now, the porch-way she doth win,
And thro' the portal glideth in.

I love the ever-open door
That welcome to the house of God!
I love its wide-spread marble floor
By every foot in freedom trod!
Free altars let me kneel before,
Free as the pathway or the sod,
Whence journeying pilgrim—mid broad air—
Wafts unpremeditated prayer!

She prayeth mid the silent pile—
Her whispers round the columns creep—
She prayeth all alone—the while
Her babes at home securely sleep;
Their brother loved to see her smile—
She would not *they* should see her weep;
Youth's rightful joys she will not dim
With tears—not even tears for him!

But now,—when eve is calm and bright—
You see her here—and not alone—
Her children, in the sweet blue light,
Are with her by the sculptured stone;
With her they share a soothing sight;
Yon scarce-stirred bark—the only one—
Almost as still, on that still tide,
As unrock'd cradle by her side.

Bland omen doth that vessel bring;
"As smoothly sails his vessel now"—
And mark how hope and fondness cling
Around the elder maiden's brow!
The while on that dear younger thing,
—Too young to frame—itself—a vow—
The mother thoughtful hand doth lay,
And timely teacheth how to pray!

As homeward now their way they trace,
Their bosoms own no anxious smart;
For they have seen that blessed face,
And felt how She can calm impart,
Who, tho' in heaven's supremest place,
Bears—as on earth—a woman's heart;
And know that She will guard him—She!
Mother of Him who walked the sea!

And if at last those hopes deceive,
Yet be our reasoning scorn represt;
Nay—since 'tis sweet, to those who grieve,
To dream of comfort and of rest—
Forgive them if they *do* believe,
And, leaning on that Mother Blest,
Link earth below to heaven above
By tender ties of dearest love.

John Kenyon.

ENGLAND.

THE KING'S WARD.

"I have no joy of this contract to-night."
Shakspeare.

"What! not a word to thy poor old nurse, or thy faithful bower-women? Not a nod, or a smile, or a kindly look, to show that thou heedest us? Thou that wast wont to be the merriest and kindliest damsel in merry Cumberland, the fair and the noble Edith Clifford, the wealthiest maiden north of Trent, about to be wedded, too, to the young Philip Howard, the goodliest and the bravest knight of King Henry's court, for whose favour the gay dames of the south have been trying and vying at pageant, at joust, and at tournament, ever since his return from the wars! Men say that, for all that he hath fought against the Soldan, and carried the "blanche-lion," the old banner of his house, foremost among the proud chivalry of France and Italy, he hath rather the mien of a young page than of a stalwart warrior, so smooth and fair is his brow, so graceful his form, so gentle and courteous his bearing. Still amort, Sweeting! mute as a marble image on thy very bridal eve!" And the good old Margaret, seeing her lady still unmoved, paused for very vexation.

"So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed one of the attendant maidens, glancing at the profusion of rich gifts with which a heavy wain had been laden, and which had arrived that very day at the castle, under convoy of the good knight's squire, and a score or two of pages and men-at-arms, and which now lay in magnificent profusion about the tapestried chamber, scattered amidst the quaint antique furniture, high-backed ebony chairs, oaken screens, cut into mimic lace-work; marble slabs, resting on gilded griffins, or some such picturesque monsters of heraldry; and huge cabinets, composed of the rarest woods, an entire history, profane or sacred, carved upon the doors, and surmounted with spires and pinnacles, like the decorated shrine of a Gothic cathedral; the whole scene, lighted up by the bright beams of the evening sun, coloured into a thousand vivid hues, as they glanced through the storied panes of the oriel window. A scene more bright, or more gorgeous, than that stately lady's bower, tenanted, as it was, by woman in her fairest forms, by venerable age and blooming youth, could hardly be found in merry England. Yet there sat the youthful lady of the castle, in the midst of all this costly beauty, languid and listless, pale and motionless as a statue.

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* *In the cathedral of* Syracuse is a statue of the Virgin *in silver.*

"So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed Mistress Mabel, the pretty bright-eyed brunette, the Lady Edith's principal bower-woman, who being reckoned the best adjuster of a head-tire, and the most skilful professor of all arts of the loom and the needle, whether in white-seam, cut work, tapestry, or broidery, of any maiden in the north country, was more especially alive to the rarity and richness of Sir Philip's gifts.

"So generous a wooer, too! only look at these carpets from Persia! 'Tis a marvel how folk can have the heart to put foot on such bright flowers; they seem as if they were growing! And these velvets from Genoa; were ever such colours seen? And the silken stuffs from Padua, that stand on end with their own richness; what kirtles and mantles they will make! and the gloves of Cales, that cause the chamber to smell like a garden full of spice, cloves, and jessamine! And these veils from the Low Countries, as fine as a spider's web! And the cloth of gold, and the cloth ef silver,—where did Master Eustace say they came from, Dame Margaret? And this golden vessel for perfumes, which looks like a basket all over-run with grapes and ivy?"

"That was wrought by a cunning goldsmith of Florence," responded old Margaret, "whose skill is so surpassing, that, albeit he employs chiefly the precious metals, the workmanship is of more value than the materials. This silver tray, with the delicate trellis-work, wreathed with lilies and roses round the edge, and the story of Diana and Ac—Ac—fie on my old brains! I shall forget my own name soon!—Diana and—he that was turned into a stag—"

"Actæon!" whispered Alice, the fairest and most youthful of the Lady Edith's attendants, gently and unostentatiously supplying the good dame's failure of memory, without looking up from her work.

"Ay, Actæon! I thank thee, Alice. Thy wits are younger than mine by fifty good years, or more. This silver salver, with the light delicate edge, that seems like the work of the fairies, and the story of Diana and Actæon inside, is by the same hand."

"And then the caskets of precious stones!" pursued the enthusiastic waiting damsel, warming at the contemplation of the finery. "The brooches and bracelets! The coronets and the carkanets! Why, yonder wreath of emeralds and amethysts, which lies on the table underneath the great Venetian glass —to think of my lady never having had the curiosity to look into *that!*" (and Mistress Mabel took a self-satisfied peep at her own pretty figure, as it was reflected on the broad clear surface of the rare and costly mirror,) "that single wreath, which she hath never vouchsafed to glance upon: and the ropes of pearl which I laid upon her lap, and which she hath let drop upon the floor;—do pick them up, Alice!—I verily believe the foolish wench careth as little for these precious adornments as the Lady Edith herself! That one wreath, and those strings of pearl, be worth an earl's ransom."

At this moment the sound of a harp was heard, and the voice of the minstrel arose from beneath the casement:—

Waken to pleasure,
Lady sweet!
Lo! an empire's treasure
Is spread at thy feet:
Here be shawls of Cashmere fine;
Rubies from Bucharia's mine;
The pear-shaped pearls of Ormuz' bay;
And gold, 'mid Yemen's sands that lay.
Waken to pleasure,
Lady sweet!
Love, and Love's treasure,
Be spread at thy feet."

The air was smooth and flowing, and the voice of Robert Fitz-Stephen, one of the most approved of the courtly minstrels: but still the Lady Edith sat pale and motionless, as though the tide of melody had glided unfelt over her senses, producing no more impression than the waters of the lake upon the plumage of the cygnet.

Dame Margaret sighed deeply; and Mabel, giving her head a provoked impatient jerk, resumed her embroidery with such furious rapidity, that she broke her silk half-a-dozen times in the course of a minute, and well nigh spoiled the carnation upon which she was engaged, and which she had intended to outvie the natural blossom in Father Francis's flower-border. Young Alice, drawing her tapestry-frame nearer to them, and further from the Lady Edith, and speaking in a low tone, even lower than her own soft and gentle natural voice, resumed the conversation.

"For my poor part, good Mabel (call me foolish an' thou wilt), I do *not* wonder at our sweet lady's sadness. Think what a piteous thing it is to be an orphan; think but of that great grief! And then to be a great heir to boot, left in the king's ward, and dragged from her old dear home in her old dear north countrie, to this fine grand castle (which, albeit her own also in right of her lady mother, seems too strange and too grand for happiness,) and all for the purpose of being wedded to this young lord, with his costly glittering gifts, who hath never vouchsafed to come near her until now, on the very eve of the bridal, when it hath pleased him to give notice of his approach. Holy St. Agatha defend me from such a wooer! A wooer, whose actions shew, as plainly as words could tell, that he seeketh the Lady Edith's broad lands, and careth as little for the Lady Edith's warm heart, as I do for a withered rose-leaf. I'll tell thee what, Mabel, I never look to see such happy days again, as when we dwelt in our old dear home, amongst the pleasant vales and breezy mountains of Cumberland. There was health and freedom in the very air. Dost thou not remember the day when old Geoffrey the falconer had lamed himself among the rocks, and the youth Albert, the travelling minstrel, took charge of the hawks, and waited on my lady, as if he had been trained to the sport all his life long! Hast thou forgot how she stood by the lake, with her favourite merlin on her wrist, and her white gray-hound Lily-bell at her side, looking like the very goddess of the chase, so full of life and spirit, and cheeriness? And that bright evening when she led the dance round the May-pole? Well-a-day, poor lady! 'tis a woful change!"

It was remarkable that the Lady Edith's attention, which neither the louder speech of her elder attendants, nor the ringing tones of the harper, had been able to command, was arrested at once by the soft low voice of Alice. The womanly sympathy sank soothingly into the woman's heart, just as the gentle rain from heaven penetrates the parched hill-side, from whose arid surface the sharp and arrowy hail rebounds without impression. The drooping mistress listened in mournful silence, whilst her faithful maiden, unconscious that she had attracted her notice, pursued, in still lower accents, the train of thought which her own fond recollections of the freedom and happiness which they had tasted among their native mountains had awakened in her mind.

"Poor Albert, too! the wandering minstrel, who came to the castle gate to crave lodging for one night, and sojourned with us for three long months; and then, when he had wrought himself up to go,—and, verily, it was a parting like that of the spirit and the flesh, when he left our old walls,—returned again and again, and finally fixed himself in the fisherman's cottage, where the mountain streamlet, after meandering along the meadow, falls into the lake. Poor Albert! I warrant me he taketh good care of Lily-bell and my lady's merlin, whereof he craved the charge from old Geoffrey. I marvel whether my lady knoweth that her pretty Lily-bell and her favourite falcon be in hands that will tend them so faithfully, for her dear sake! To my fancy, Mabel, that poor youth, albeit so fearful and so ashamed in her presence, worshipped the very ground that she trod upon. I have seen him kiss Lily-bell's glossy head, after her hand had patted it, reverently and devoutly, as though it had been a holy relic in the great minster at Durham."

Again the full and ringing chords of the harp—but, this time, to an old border air, well known to the northern maids—arose from beneath the casement. The voice, too, was different from that of the courtly minstrel—deeper, manlier, pouring forth the spirit of the words, as they gushed spontaneously, as it seemed, from his lips, as though, in his case, song were but the medium of feeling, and the poet's fancy and the musician's skill buried in the impassioned grief of the despairing lover. So the strain rang:—

"High o'er the baron's castle tall,
Rich banners float with heavy fall;
And light and song, in mingling tide,
Pour forth, to hail the lovely bride.
Yet, lady, still the birchen tree
Waves o'er the cottage on the lea;
The babbling stream runs bright and fair,—
The love-star of the West shines there."

"Ha!" exclaimed old Margaret; "that ditty hath aroused my lady. See how she listens."

"'Tis the roundelay which she herself was wont to sing," observed Mabel; "but the words are different."

"Peace! peace!" cried the Lady Edith, checking, with some impatience, the prattle of her attendants, and leaning against the casement which she had flung open, as the deep and earnest voice of the minstrel again resounded through the apartment. "Be silent, I pray ye!"

"Mailed warders pace o'er keep and tower;
Gay maidens deck the lady's bower;
Page, squire, and knight, a princely train,
Wait duteous at her bridle rein.
Yet in that cot the milk-white hound,
The favourite falcon, still are found;
And one more fond, more true than they,
Born to adore and to obey."

"Alack! alack!" sighed the tender-hearted Alice. "Well-a-day, poor youth! I ever deemed that his strange fondness for Lily-bell—albeit as pretty and playful a creature as ever gambolled on the greensward, and as swift of foot as ever followed hare over the mountains—had a deeper source than love of the good hound. Well-a-day, poor Albert! He was a goodly youth!"

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed the Lady Edith, as the symphony finished, and the voice, again mingled with the chords of the harp, struck falteringly and unsteadily now, as though the hand trembled, and the heart waxed faint.

"The coronet of jewels rare
Shines proudly o'er her face so fair;
And titles high and higher name
Lord Howard's lovely bride may claim.
And yet, the wreath of hawthorn bough
Once lightlier pressed that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay,
When she was but the Queen of May."

"Alas! alas! my lady, my dear sweet lady!" murmured Alice to herself, as poor Edith, after lingering at the window long enough to ascertain that the harp was silent, and the harper gone, sank into a seat with a sigh and a look of desolation, that proved, more plainly than words, the truth of the last lines of the minstrel's lay.

"Alas! alas! dear lady!" exclaimed she in a louder tone, as the sudden burst of startling noises, the warlike blasts of trump and cornet, the jarring dissonant sound caused by raising the heavy portcullis, and lowering the massive drawbridge, and the echoing tramp of barbed steeds and mailed horsemen in the courts of the castle, showed that the expected bridegroom had at length arrived.

Edith wrung her hands in desperation.

"This knight I cannot, and I will not see. Go to him, Margaret; say that I am sick—that I am dying. The blessed saints can bear witness that thou wilt say but the truth in so telling him. Sick at heart am I, sick to the death! Oh that I had died before this wretched hour!" And poor Edith burst into an agony of tears, that shook her very frame.

"Why goest thou not, Margaret?" inquired she, a few moments after, when, exhausted by its own violence, her grief had become more tranquil. "Why dost thou not carry my message to the Lord Howard? Why dally thus, old dame? Mabel, go thou! They stand about me as though I were an ignorant child, that knew not what she said! Do my bidding on the instant, Mabel: thou wert best!"

"Nay, good my lady, but our gracious lord the king—"

"Tell me not of kings, maiden! I'll to sanctuary. I'll fly this very night to my aunt, the prioress of St. Mary's. The church knoweth well how to protect her votaries. Wo is me! that, for being born a rich heir, I must be shut from the free breath of heaven, the living waters, and the flowery vales, in the dark and gloomy cloister! To change the locks that float upon the breeze for the dismal veil! To waste my youth in the cold and narrow convent cell—a living tomb! Oh! it is a sad and a weary lot. But better so, than to plight my troth to one whom I have never seen, and can never love! to give my hand to one man, whilst my heart abideth with another."

"Lady!" cried Margaret; "do my senses play me false? Or is it Edith Clifford that speaketh thus of a low-born churl?"

"A low born churl!" responded Edith. "There is a regality of mind and of spirit about that youth, which needeth neither wealth nor lineage to even him with the greatest—the inborn nobility of virtue and of genius! Never till now knew I that he loved me; and now—. Hasten to this lord, Alice; and see that he cometh not hither. Wherefore lingerest thou, maiden?" inquired Edith, of the pitying damsel, who staid her steps with an exclamation of surprise, as the door of the chamber was gently opened. "Tell the Lord Howard the very truth; men say that he is good and wise—too wise, too good, to seek his own happiness at the expense of a poor maiden's misery. Tell him the whole truth, Alice. Spare thy mistress that shame. Say that I love him not; say that I love—."

"Nay, sweetest lady, from thine own dear lips must come that sweet confession," said a voice at her side, and, turning to the well-known accents, Edith saw, at her feet, him who, having won her heart as the wandering minstrel, the humble falconer, claimed her hand as the rich and high-born Philip Howard, the favourite of the king.

"A cry of joy burst from the astonished waiting-women, and was echoed by the pretty grayhound Lily-bell, who had followed the Lord Howard into the room, and now stood trembling with ecstasy before her fair mistress, resting her head in her lap, and looking up into her face with eyes beaming with affectionate gladness—eyes that literally glowed with delight.

Never was happiness more perfect than that of the betrothed maiden, on this so dreaded bridal eve. And heartily did her faithful attendants sympathise in her happiness; only Mabel found it impossible to comprehend why, in the hour of hope and joy, as in that of fear and sorrow, her dearly beloved finery should be neglected.

"To think," quoth the provoked bower-woman, "that now that all these marvels have come about, and that the Lord Howard turns out to be none other than the youth Albert, my lady will not vouchsafe to tell me whether her kirtle shall be of cloth of gold or cloth of silver; or whether she will don the coronet of rubies or the emerald wreath! Well-a-day!" quot Mabel, "this love! this love!"

ANDALUSIA.

THE DEATH OF THE BULL.

"He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Troilus and Cressid

The Andalusian maids are dancing
Round and round to a merry tune;
Their eyes, like bright black beads, are glancing
Dark meanings underneath the moon:
And many a youth, and many a maid,
Are loitering in the chestnut shade,—
Lovers all,—each gentle heart
Trembling with its tender pain,
And struggling to conceal the smart
In vain,—in vain!

The bounding foot, and the castanet,
And the word that lights the eyes of jet,
(The gentle sweet love-laden word,)
Alone are in the greenwood heard;
Nought else:—and, in a swift hour, they
Like faery dreams have pass'd away.
Even the Moon hath ta'en her rest
In her chamber in the west,
And Darkness lies on vale and hill,
And Silence,—and the world is still!

Hush,—hark! what spoils a scene so fair?
What noise comes bellowing through the air?
Hark!—from the lone Sierra's side
A wild cry comes, as full of pride
As ever Andalusian heart
Held in its proudest inmost part.
It comes,—it speaks as clarions speak,
When they the rest of armies break
At morning,—and with heartless strife
Hunt the soldier out of life.
It is a voice, as bold and free
As lives 'tween Seville and the sea:—
'Tis *Tormes*, tyrant of the herd,
By dreams on fierce ambition stirr'd.
Victor in every bloody fight,
He sends defiance to the Night!

* * *

. . . A week has vanished! Would ye learn
Where he is, so wild and stern,
Who upon the greensward lay,
And startled Midnight on her way?
Alas! a week of "sports" has flown,
And mute is now each wild bull's tone.
All are gone! A herd that fed
Near Xenil are stiff and dead,—
Some that knew where Darro sings,—
Some where white Nevada springs
Soaring to the unclouded sky,—
All in gore and gashes lie!
One alone,—the best, they say,
That ever held a knight at bay,
Remains. Without the barrier wall
He now awaits the trumpet call;—
And now (for on the signal sound,
All the chains are on the ground),

With a cry, of joy and anger full,
Forth from the darkness springs—The Bull.

Mark the fight. Two bolder foes
Never met in bloody close:
One, all calm and like a knight;
The other, furious for the fight,
Plunges on:—with fierce amaze
He meets for once a fiercer gaze;
And lo,—the bull doth backward tread,
Shaking low his horned head.
Ne'er before did doubt or fear
Check him in his mid career;
And even now he seeks the strife,
And rushes headlong on the knife.
A blow!—he turns it with his horn,
And eyes his foe with seeming scorn:
Another!—ha! the blood doth run
Down the stout champion's hide of dun:
It marks his course upon the sand:
It leaves its red on Juan's hand.
What care! his horned head he lowers,
And pauses to regain his powers.
His hate is roused: another close
Shows us how well matched the foes:
Again they meet. Ha, Juan falls!
And now the wild-tongued clarion calls,
And in affright they smite the drums;
For full of wrath the wild bull comes!
He rushes on:—now, Juan, strength!
Death is before thine eyes, at length.
Be still;—he's safe! See, see,—his knife
Has found the Andalusian's life!
Right through his heart the steel has sped;
And Tormes,—he is with the dead! . . . .

. . . .

Sound!—O'er Seville's guarded ground,
The wild war-thundering trumpets sound!
Sound!—Twice—thrice—with savage mouth,
They rend the air, from North to South!
"The bull is slain! the sports are done!
Dark Juan hath the battle won!"—
'Tis so:—the mountain king is dead!
A rope is round his curled head:
His tongue is lying on the sand,
Foaming white! On either hand,
A thousand eyes are strained in fear,
To see a hero on his bier
Laid at last, in bloody pride,
Without a mourner by his side!

Sound!—athwart the startled sky
Let the martial echoes fly.
Bid the drums sound forth in thunder—
Bid the trumpets shout their wonder,
That a creature (whom we scorn)
Conquest bore upon his horn,
In a hundred fights, and tore
Many a sinewy matador,—
Nobles, knights, and fearless men,
Who had braved the world till then!

Sound!—A warrior should not die
Man or brute (whate'er the name),
If he have *deserved* his fame,
Give him honour! give him glory!
Place him high in after story,—
Amongst those who've fought and won
Victory, underneath the sun!

Barry Cornwall.

FLORENCE.

THE WAGER.

"Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!"
Shakspeare.

"Lily on liquid roses floating!
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne.
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

"Those seas are dangerous (graybeards swear)
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown all Care—
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine!

"And true it is they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx—Champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine.

"Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then, gaily row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcern'd the oar
That dips itself in wine!"*

"So you really wrote this, Giovanni?" said the young and pretty Beatrice Alberti, as she sat on a terrace of her brother's villa, overlooking the Val d'Arno. "Sing it to me. I want to hear it in your own voice. Can Antonio play the air?"

And the little page ran rapidly over the notes, and then accompanied the conti's rich, mellow, baritone voice, in a melody as rich and flowing as the verses. Both the singing and the playing were full of right Italian taste; and the fair Florentine, charmed with both the words and the air, was evidently not a little proud of her gay and gallant brother, whose talent as a poet she had never even suspected.

"Well," said Giovanni, when he had concluded, "will this do, Beatrice? Will that Anacreontic win me the laurel wreath to-night at the Palazzo Riccardi, think you?"

Beatrice started from her seat in astonishment.

"You go to the Palazzo Riccardi! You contend for the laurel crown! You, Giovanni Alberti, who, since you were the height of Antonio there, have done nothing but laugh at the old *précieuse*, the marchesa, with her pedants and her poets, and all the trumpery of all the Della Cruscans transported into a lady's saloon! You are making a fool of me, brother! You never can mean it!"

"I am perfectly in earnest, I assure you," replied the conti, looking, or rather trying to look as grave as an habitually joyous and hilarious temperament would permit. "I have repented of my sins of scoffing and mockery, and mean to make that venerable priestess of the muses all possible amends by enacting the part of her Monsieur Trissotin, her *homme d'esprit*."

"With this great law-suit pending, too! A suit which, if you gain it, will leave that sweet-looking creature, her daughter (every one speaks so well of that pretty, gentle Bianci), little better than a beggar! Why, it would be like the story of one of the Montechi, in the house of the Capuletti, in times of old. Think of that dismal tragedy! And, then, our uncle the cardinal, what would he say? Think of him."

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* The editor is indebted for this Anacreontic—almost an impromptu—to the kind friend, Mr. Kenyon (she is proud to name him,) to whom she also owes the stanzas entitled "Shrine of the Virgin."

"There are no tragedies now-a-days, Beatrice—at least none of the Romeo and Giulietta description; they have left off happening: and as to our dearly beloved uncle, he is a man of peace, and also—with reverence be it spoken—a man of contrivance. Leave his eminence to me. Go I shall; and I'll wager the antique gem that you were wishing for the other day, do you remember?—the Psyche—against your doves, that I bring home the prize. I see," continued he gaily, "that you think my verses are too good to please that fantastical assembly; and, perhaps, you are right. But good or bad, they will answer my purpose; and you shall confess yourself that my wager is won." So saying, the light-hearted cavalier nodded to his sister, and departed, carolling as he went, the refrain of his own song, "Floating away on wine."

Five minutes saw him prancing on his mettled barb, a fiery roan, whose gay curvets and sudden bounds showed to great advantage his noble owner's horsemanship; for the young Conti Alberti was, by common reputation, as well as in the estimate of his fond sister, reckoned amongst the most accomplished cavaliers of Florence; and a very short space of time found him passing through the Lung 'Arno, on his way to his splendid home in the Piazza del Granduca, regarding with the indifference of an accustomed eye and a pre-occupied mind, the spacious, yet tranquil town, whose size, compared with its population, and whose fortified palaces are so striking to strangers, as well as the magnificent groups in bronze and marble, mere copies of which enrich the museums of other nations, whilst the originals are the familiar and out-door treasures of the city of the Medici.

Little thought our friend Giovanni, passing them at full speed on his full-blooded barb, of palace or of statue; and as little, some few hours after, when pacing in the twilight the church of Santa Croce, did he heed, even while looking them in the face, the monuments of Galileo, of Machiavelli, or of him who wore so nobly the triple crown of Art—the sculptor, painter, architect, Michael Angelo Buonarotti. His thoughts were on other matters.

"Ay, there is the good father safe enough until he be wanted, I warrant him," cried he, gazing complacently upon a round, rosy, good-humoured brother of the order of St. Francis, drowsily ensconced beside a dimly lighted shrine. "Per Bacco! the Monte Pulciano hath done its good office. Look, if he have not fallen asleep over his beads! A comfortable nap to thee, Father Paolo! Stay there till I come to rouse thee!" And off danced the mercurial conte, murmuring his old burden, "Floating away, floating away, floating away on wine?"

A blue-stocking party loses nothing of its proverbial dulness in the marble halls of Italy; and the assembly gathered together in the marchesa's magnificent saloon—that is to say, that very important part of such an assembly, the listeners, were roused from a state of drowsihood, scarcely inferior to that of Father Paolo, by the unexpected entrance of the young heir of the Alberti in the palace of the Riccardi.

It was a most animating sensation. The appearance of a Montagu amongst the festivities of the Capulets, was nothing to it. The commerce of flattery (for the important business of the evening had not yet begun) suddenly ceased; and the foundress of these classical amusements, a *fade* and faded lady, emulous of her of the golden violet, who sat on a fauteuil, slightly elevated, with the laurel-wreath on its crimson velvet cushion, laid upon a small table of rich mosaic, before her, and two starched and withered dames of the noble houses of Mozzi and Gerini at her side, stopped short in the middle of a compliment, with which, as in duty bound, she was repaying the adulation of one of the competitors for the prize, and started between horror and astonishment, as if she had been confronted by an apparition.

Our modern Romeo, however, was not a man to be dumbfounded by the amazement of a great lady, or awe-stricken by her displeasure. He advanced with a mixture of gayety and gallantry, an assured yet winning grace, which, for the moment at least, the stately marchesa found irresistible, and professing himself an humble aspirant at the court of the Muses, come to do homage to their fair representative, took his station at the back of her chair, and listened with smiling attention to the competitors for the wreath.

It was, perhaps, the very worst period of Italian literature; before Alfieri had come in his might to renew the old strength and power of the sweetest of modern languages; and when the versifiers of the day, "the word-catchers, who *lived* on syllables," confined themselves to mere verbal quiddities, and the most feeble and trivial imitations of the worst parts—the only parts that such mimics can hope to catch—of the great poets of a preceding age.

Signor Ricci, a lean, yellow, shrivelled anatomy, began the recitations with squeaking forth a canzone to Angiolina, all bristling with *concetti*, after the manner, as he was pleased to say, of Petrarch; and was followed by a wild, sallow, pseudo-enthusiast, who declaimed, with astounding vociferation and gesticulation, an unfinished and seemingly interminable dream, in the involved and difficult triple rhyme which, beauty and sublimity apart, was, in the matter of obscurity, pretty truly what it professed to be—a Fragment in imitation of Dante.

> For "flickering lights, to no one focus brought,
> And mirage mists still baffling thirsty thought,
> And night-mare phantasies from drowsy grot,
> And far similitudes that liken not."
>
> *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance.*

Signor Puzzi beat Signor Ricci all to nothing. And accordingly he gratified to the highest point the bad taste of this coterie of Italian *précieuses;* and in the midst of tappings of fans and murmurs of admiration of this grand effort of their chosen bard, the Monsieur Trissotin of Florence, our friend Giovanni gently stole off to a quiet corner near the door, where sat a very sweet-looking little maiden, whose black eyes sparkled with innocent pleasure, and whose rosy lips curled into irrepressible smiles at his approach. She made room for him beside her, with a natural simplicity and artlessness that formed a strange contrast with the affectation and *minauderie* of the rest of the assembly.

"So, you are a poet, Conte Alberti?" said she, in a low voice.

"To be sure I am," replied he, gaily; "any thing that will bring me to you."

"Really a poet?" asked the lady.

"Why, that is putting my modesty to a very severe test," said the gentleman. "Really a poet! Who may dare answer that question in the affirmative? Judge for yourself. Come out into the porch, and Antonio shall bring his guitar, and I'll sing the words to his accompaniment. You have heard such a serenade before. Don't you remember our old signal?

'The moon is abroad in her glory to-night,
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
Gaily her beams pierce the vine's trellised shade;
Softly they sleep on the long colonnade;
Calm her path in the heavens, though the bright orb below
Still trembles and heaves to the dark river's flow.

All lovely things are around us to-night;
The rose with her perfume, the moon with her light;'

and so forth. This song is worth a thousand of that. To be sure," added he, laughing, "that is not saying much for it. But these stanzas are really good. Only come and hear."

"You'll win the prize, then?"

"I have laid a wager with Beatrice that I carry the prize home to her, in spite of them all; and it will be your fault if I lose. Only come out into the porch; I can't sing here. Besides, I have something important to say to you. I want you to help me to get rid of our weary lawsuit. Would not you like to put an end to this unnatural strife, and live with Beatrice as a sister and friend?"

"Ay, from the bottom of my heart, would I, Conte Alberti!" said Bianca, clasping her hands fervently. "From the very bottom of my heart! And with you, too," added she, with great simplicity.

"Come with me now then, and I will show you how it may be managed. I beseech you, come."

"Oh, Giovanni, I cannot; I must not! We shall be missed. See, Signor Puzzi has finished, and they are going to call for your poem."

"Heaven forfend!" cried Giovanni. No! the danger's past. Young Caroli is going to declaim a drama *à l'improvvista.* What subject do they give him? The Judgment of Solomon, by Jove! The Judgment of Solomon!!! Now, will he turn the marchesa into the Queen of Sheba, and go flattering on for two good hours, at the very least. They are safe enough now. Come, fairest Bianca! Dearest Bianca, come!"

"Well, Beatrice," said Giovanni, as he led his pretty wife to his delighted sister, "is not my wager fairly won? The cardinal suggested this catastrophe to our story; not indeed the means,—per Bacco! they would never have entered his eminence's brains; but he said, a year or two ago—that is to say, he intimated—that if the heir male on one side married the heiress on the other, he, the aforesaid heir male, would have nobody to go to law with but himself. I *had not then seen* my little Bianca, and therefore I *turned a deaf ear to his hints.* But after I had seen her, Fede di Dio! if it had been necessary, to gain admittance, that I should have constructed as vile a canzone as Signor Ricci,—and have dreamed as detestable a dream as Signor Puzzi,—and dramatised the Judgment of Solomon into the bargain, I'd have done it. We have sent a dutiful billet to the marchesa, and I have no doubt but, for joy at getting rid of the lawsuit, and out of compliment to my poetical genius, she will behave like a reasonable woman—the more especially as what is done cannot be undone, and all the anger in the world will not mend it. So now, my fairest Beatrice, you have nothing to do but to set her the good example of bearing misfortune with philosophy, and pay me my wager. The doves! signora, the doves!"

VENICE.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

"¿ Decid, ondas, quando
Visteis vos doncella
Siendo tierna y bella
Andar naveguando?
¿ Mas, qué no se espera
De aquel niño fiero?
Vea yo á quien quiero,
Y sea marinera."
Luis de Camoes.

QUICK! to the Port! adown the seaward stair
Are laid rich tissues for a bridal guest:
Yon merry gondolier, whom seeks he there,
With gilded oar, and prow with garlands dress'd?
The Flower of Venice! Princes sued to wear
That maiden rose;—and on a stranger's breast
She folds her sweetness? Hasten! he hath been
Too bold, too blest, to bear her forth unseen!

So! in truth a noble brow,
Manly form, and gracious bearing,
With a joyful glance, and daring!
Such a gallant wight, I vow,
Maiden would not leave despairing,
Who hath seen him—Cousin, thou?—
Strange! that he hath come and gone,
While his gay emprise pursuing,
Hidden thus from all but one!—
For a love not lightly won,
Say, was e'er such secret wooing?

None may count how many moons
Watched him, when the West breathed coolly
From the hills of steep Friuli,
Gliding o'er the dim lagoons.
Well he knew what shadow falls,
Shine the star-gleams ne'er so brightly,
Slanting from those lofty walls
Where the singer, shrouded nightly,
Poured his love in madrigals.
Many a fancy-stricken dame
Threw her opened lattice wide,
Wondered whence that music came;
Whose that winning foreign tongue,
Whose the peerless praise it sung,
Listening through the gloom,—and sighed
Wishes she had blushed to name!

Now that shade is lost in shine,
Say what wandering hopes and sweet
Yonder bridal train may cheat—
Cousin, what a blush was thine!

The bride descends: below one dainty foot,
Trusted to air, the ready boat lies heaving.
What if her eyelids droop, her voice be mute!
Love's blessing cheer thee, Flower of Venice! leaving
Home, kindred, country! Bitter sweet the fruit
Of thy long cherished passion! nursed by grieving,
Vexed by strong fears: and dashed with bodings dim,
Even in the hour which yields thee all to him!

To him! whose hand upholds thee! To his prize
He clings, a living type of rapture, glowing
All hope, and pride, and tenderness, in eyes
That seeing thee, see heaven!—and gaily shewing
Yon restless bark, that waits but ere she flies
For her sweet freightage, seems a Genius, wooing
Thy heart from its faint fears and memories fond,
To a new life of joy that shines beyond!

Pale she looks, but passing fair;
Such a mien the bride should wear:
Fitly tended, too, behold
Sour Lorenza's prudish care;
Saints! methinks she fain would scold,
Thinking shame that youth should dare
Such a virgin hand to hold!
Nay! 'tis well the forward page
Mocks her primness—yonder maiden,
Quick Zabetta, too, were aiding,
But that softer claims engage
Eyes that turn to seek the strand,
Parting becks, and waving hand.

But the sire—can he refrain,
When his favourite's foot is pressing
Steps she may not tread again,
From one look, one word of blessing?
Well-a-day! 'twas hard to yield
Her, that only brightest daughter!
Thus his ireful heart was steeled;
Thus she pined with love concealed,
While the threatened stranger sought her:
And to give the long-denied,
Death alone could wring from Pride!

Oh, fold her gently to thy heart! for thee,
Strange anguish hath she borne, for one so weak!
Be kind! she leaves beyond a homeless sea!
The tombs her heart in solitude must seek!
Be all to her, all lost unless she be
Paid by thy love for his thou mad'st her break,—
The household charm—the mystery that endears
The conscious scene of all her smiles and tears!

And now un noor! the painted galley springs,
As the swart rowers brush the hissing foam;
The sail is spread: Oh! happy be the wings
That speed the Rose of Venice from her home!
Where evermore, the gondolier that sings
By Lido's wall, or white St. Mary's dome,
Will count from year to year how many sigh'd,
The day that Adria lost her sweetest bride!

John R. Chorley.

EGYPT.

D'AUBERVAL.—SCENE IN CAIRO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTI."

"Henceforth, let all young men take heed,
How in a conjurer's books they read."
Southey.

'Twas when the fight was nobly won,
That, deafen'd by the cannons' roar,
I lean'd, a proud but wearied one,
Against a kindly cottage door.
Who brought clear water from the pool,
To wash my brow, all battle-red?
Who pour'd the wine so old and cool,
And pledged with me our glorious dead?
'Twas brave Jeanette!—
My heart had ne'er been touch'd till then;
But seasons change, and so will men.

There was a broad and amber moon,
—The like we ne'er shall see again,—
That, leaning from the heaven of June,
Lit our light shallop down the Seine.
Rememberest thou, my tender soul,
Who nestled 'neath this sinewy arm?
The kiss—the curl thy rover stole?—
And still he wears it for a charm.
My soft Elise!—
My heart was never moved till then;
But seasons change, and so will men.

That *was* a night—our General's *fête!*
(Ay, bless him, all French hearts and true!)
Those ripe red cheeks, I see them yet;
They meet me now, those eyes of blue!
My gallant lass, who poured the wine,
My moon-lit trembler—where are they,
As, clasping two small hands in mine,
I sigh'd, and swore to love alway?
O bright Amande!—
My heart was never caught till then;
For seasons change, and so will men.

"If you mean to play at *écarté*, deal: if you mean to sing, give us something better than that trumpery song. You must have made it yourself, Alfred."

"Bah!" cried the other, rising from the table, and, with a loud and merry laugh, flinging the neglected pack of cards in his antagonist's face; "you are a couple of *bêtes*, and I shall quit your company."

"We! Henri, dost hear that? No; he did not hear a word. How he sits there, as still as the sphynx!"

Henri (the third and only other occupant of the cool and scantily furnished apartment) did indeed appear wholly abstracted from the noise and war of words raised by his eager fellow-soldiers. And yet he was the youngest of the party; as handsome as any one can be, whose face, while its owner is little more than a boy, is stamped with an unchanging expression of reserve and sadness. He was leaning on one hand, with the unused chibouque beside him; perhaps, far away, in thought, from Cairo, or the Grand Army, in some fairy boudoir at Paris, or under the shade of some *berçeau* of vines and roses in his rich native province of Languedoc. So, at least, thought Villars and Montin.

"Dreaming again! Always dreaming! Best quit the army at once. A young fellow who turns monk, or *savant*, or misanthrope, is no longer fit for a soldier. And such a handsome young fellow, too! Did he hear *that*, think'st thou, Pierre?"

"Hear? No more than he heard that charming *chanson* of thine. 'Tis a vain task to attempt to rouse him to-night. Once let that black look come over him, and there's an end of every thing. I have known many lovers, but Henri's the strangest I ever knew. 'Twas all the same in Paris, when he was running after that pretty dark-eyed Aurelie D'Argentour; just the same—he was just as grave and as gloomy as he is yonder. One would have thought he carried half a hundred murders on his conscience, instead of being, as he was, a happy *fiancé*."

"And how did the affair go off?"

"Nay, who can tell? Why, and the other day, when he chose to take a fancy to that little Arab girl, who used to run in and out with dates (I wonder what has become of her!), it was just in that same sly, surly manner. But the women like it. He had only to look *thus*,"—(the speaker tried to frown grimly from under his magnificent eyebrows,)—"and all was arranged. Come away! never mind Henri. Poor fellow! one loves him in spite of his megrims. Let us think of some sport, without him."

"But what sport, if thy pockets be no better filled than mine?"

"*Voilà!*" cried the other, tossing up his purse, which rose with a suspicious buoyancy. The two laughed (as the young *can* laugh) at this mutual exposition of their scanty resources.

"Henri, lend us some money: we are quite tired of thy company, and are going to send for something to enliven us. Or, what would'st say to a serpent-charmer, or a magician? he believes every thing, Pierre!"

"I'll warrant thyself twice as credulous, *coquin!* It is always such noisy fellows who are soonest frightened."

"I frightened! I.... But *didst* hear Delamare's wonderful story the other night: how the old fellow called up La Marquise, as large as life,—absolutely her very self,—and they were all in such a sweat, they none of them durst question her? *I* afraid! I would have spoken to her! Let us send for Abon—what's his name? this instant; and thou shalt see! I love fortune-tellers above all things; and used to have rare sport with Lenormand.—Poor soul! she went the length of a *sentiment* for me. I'll go and have this man of magic hunted up at once. What a blessing we hit upon the thought! A true inspiration, Pierre, to get rid of a dull evening.

My heart was never caught till then;
For seasons change, and so will men."

And with this careless *da capo*, Alfred Montin left the room.

The door opened softly at the end of an hour (the chamber being now dim with evening shadows,) and a comely middle-aged man entered, dressed simply as a scribe, or man of law, with a green turban and *benisch*. Save for his eye, which was quick, and piercing, and intelligent, and shone like a diamond through the twilight, there was nothing in his physiognomy—nothing in his dress, to bespeak the magician. He left his slippers and spare *benisch*, which, according to custom, he carried on his shoulder, at the edge of the carpet, and made his reverences with less reserve than is common in the East.

"A fine, strong fellow," whispered Montin to his companion; "*he* has not worn himself out, I'll swear, with sitting up to question ghosts and read the stars. But we'll have a lamp; no juggling in the dark for me."

"What, Montin! afraid already?"

The lamp was brought, and Achmed (so was the man of art named) desired that one of the house-servants should seek out some very young boy or other, through whom, as is the usage, he was to communicate with the unseen powers. In the interval, the two young soldiers and the Arab conversed tranquilly; the latter speaking of his art as an heritage derived from the elders of his tribe; and, without boast or hesitation, laying claim to powers far more extensive than any he chose to exhibit to Europeans. His voice was deep and gentle: his manner rational, and likely to inspire confidence; and the two young men found themselves listening, open-mouthed, long ere the re-entrance of their dragoman, who came bringing the little Arab he had picked up in the street and bribed with the reward of a piaster to follow him,—and the one other requisite for the scene about to be enacted—a chafing-dish.

But neither Villars nor Montin were sufficiently disengaged to remark the sudden glance which Achmed had thrown towards the corner where Henri sat, still, to all appearance, rapt in his revery. A moment's scrutiny, however, had sufficed to satisfy the curiosity of the seer.

"All is now ready," said he, quietly rising from the divan; "And I will shew my lords a slight specimen of my art."

The ceremony was brief and simple. The little boy (the son of a pipe-merchant, it was afterwards learnt) was placed close to the manghal, or chafing-dish; and Achmed, with a few goodnatured words of encouragement, bade him hold out his left hand; then, with a reed-pen, scrawled an irregular figure and a few characters upon it, finishing his task by leaving a large blot or pool of ink in the midst of them. Having bidden the boy to look fixedly into this, and to speak as soon as he should see any thing, the magician began to throw perfumes on the fire; and, as the smoke rose, forming a sort of canopy round and above the head of the child, to chant an invocation, repeating the same words often;—at first emphatically; then with a louder and more piercing voice, which filled the hall. Still the child said nothing; and Achmed, without moving, fed the fire with additional perfumes, and became more and more earnest in his adjurations.

"Didst ever hear such a voice?" whispered Villars to Montin.

"Hush!" . . . . .

At that instant, the little Arab, now but dimly visible through the smoke, began to laugh. His merry, childish tones sounded, by contrast, almost ghastly after that solemn incantation.

"A hand with a broom in it," cried he—"I see a hand with a broom in it, sweeping a space before a tent, a large, gay tent; and there is a white horse tied at the door. And . . . . ."

"Stop !" said Achmed, "that will do. Now, will my lords call for any one they would wish this child to see?" speaking their names carefully, that there may be no mistake."

"Villars! thou first. Will he *bring them here*, I wonder?" and the young man's hand found itself on the hilt of his sword.

Villars paused a moment; no name would occur to him. At last he fixed upon Louis Quatorze. "The urchin can know nothing about *him*," whispered he to his comrade. But Montin did not hear; he was absorbed by a thrilling curiosity.

The child made an attempt or two ere he could rightly pronounce the uncouth Frankish words. "Ah ! a handsome man ! a fine man ! a proud man !" cried he, "with his head curled more than a fleece; and long hair falling on his shoulders, and a jewel *here*," pointing to the place where a buttonhole should be; and, in his artless language, completing the picture on the *pacquet*, even to the *fleur de lis* on the ceiling above his head, and under his feet, in the room where the king was standing.

The young men looked at each other; and it has been said, that Montin crossed himself: but this the latter always denied. "Another !" cried the little boy, eager after a show in which it seemed as if he found great amusement, "bid me call another!"

And, jealously avoiding modern times, the two named, in turn, La Pucelle and Henri Quatre, the brilliant de Sevignè, and Molière, that prince of comedy writers. Each was described by the boy with the same precision of idea, the same hesitation of language, as if he found it difficult to give an account of features and costumes so unlike those of his own country. Villars and Montin, neither of them spoke, save to mention a new name. It was impossible to resist the creeping awe which accompanied the conviction increasingly forced upon them. There was something, too, impressive in the unambitious but grave quietness of the magician. Nor did the motionless and half-recumbent figure of Henri D'Auberval, in the background, lessen the singularity of the scene, or disturb its character.

"The child is becoming weary," at length said Achmed; "if my lords have any other friend they would have called ......"

"Thou art not afraid, Montin,' exclaimed Villars, rousing himself with an effort; "come, I will put this wonderful gentleman to the proof. He can never have heard of thy mother, Madame Montin; call her, and let him tell us what she is doing at this moment!"

"*Sacre !*" exclaimed Alfred with a furious oath; "my good old mother! Thou shalt answer to me for this, Pierre! . . . If she should be ill ! If she should ......I cannot bear it; he deals with the devil ! *Taisez-vous, je vous dis !*" .... and he fairly rushed out of the room.

The magician smiled, and, it may be, there was something of contempt in his smile,—as the door closed upon the high-spirited, but superstitious young man. "My lord, I trust, is now content," said he, turning to Villars.

But a third, hitherto silent and motionless, had joined the group,—this was Henri D'Auberval, upon whom, inattentive and engrossed as he had seemed, not a word, nor a look of the past remarkable scene, had been lost. A strange desire had seized him. What his comrades had hinted concerning the Arab girl was not altogether baseless. In a moment of despondency, which followed the destruction of his first hopes, his eye had been arrested by her timid figure, and bright eyes, and the innocent fearlessness of her talk, as she came in and out, a free child of the desert, to ply her small trade. She had been hitherto allowed to pass unmolested; but the strong safeguard of confidence and artlessness lasts not for ever. She had shown herself, alas the day ! greatly struck by his personal beauty; he had fascinated her. The next step was a short one. She began to attract his attention, at first as a plaything, ere long as a pursuit. He was pleased with her wild wit, and, touched by the fear and shrinking she testified, but only in *his* presence—for she was used to make her way into the general's tent as boldly as a cherished domestic animal. Heedless of the future, Henri had now fairly engaged himself in the adventure: but, unprotected as she seemed, the maiden was watched over, either by the good angel in her own heart, or some other of her tribe, who had become acquainted with her dangerous fancy. She had made her escape with many sighs and tears, and sad misgivings;—happily ere escape was too late: by her sudden departure, making her society and presence of tenfold consequence to the moody being who had, never since his cradle-days, brooked contradiction or delay. And now, curiosity —passion,—with one prompting, perhaps, of a purer and deeper feeling, of a yearning to attach some one to him for ever, who should love him as devotedly as he felt himself capable of loving,—with a prompting, too, of that strange, irresistible impulse, which has made the wisest, and most strongly fibred of all ages, aspire to question futurity, to raise the veil higher than fate and circumstance permit—had drawn him from his revery, and placed him, he scarce knew how, close to the speakers in the middle of the apartment; close to Achmed and Villars.

"Pierre! my dear friend, Pierre !" said he, rapidly, in a low voice, seizing the other's hand with a passionate gripe; "Pierre, I entreat of thee, leave me with him !—leave us alone together for a minute !" The dew stood thick on his brow with eagerness as he spoke.

"Pierre, I will give thee whatever thou wishest: —money,—that old sword I have heard thee admire so often,—my black horse,—all I have; but I will be left alone with this man "

"Why, Henri?"

"Art thou not yet gone?" exclaimed the other, vehemently stamping his foot; "my reason, my life hangs on it. Thou shalt know all some day. Go— go, and quickly." And with that mastery of stronger passions, and stronger will, which, joined as they were, in him, with a princely generosity, his comrades never knew how to gainsay, he thrust his companion towards the door.

"Montin will say that I am turned coward, too: but Henri must pay the magician now, that's clear; and it *would* be awful to be left alone with them,— God knows what they may not conjure up between them !" And with these rational and consoling thoughts, Villars allowed himself to be forced over the threshold.

"The boy is well nigh exhausted," said Achmed, looking askance at Henri, who was standing irresolute, his features and his heart, ay, to its inmost depths, working violently the while; "the boy is well nigh exhausted; has my lord decided?"

"I will not call Aurelie—base, treacherous, heartless! What is she now to me? . . . . . . Let him call me Salmeh (and he whispered the name in the magician's ear) let him call *her*, and let him tell me where she is now—and I will enrich thee."

"My lord is good," replied Achmed, drily. It was, peradventure, the passing roll of thunder, very far distant, that made him tremble slightly, but only for an instant, under the nervous grasp of D'Auberval, as the latter stooped towards his ear; for immediately he gave the required name distinctly to the little Arab, who had begun to droop his head, and to describe his recent visions languidly—and with an unfaltering voice recited the formula with which, throughout the whole ceremony, he filled the moments intervening between the summons and the appearance.

"I can see nothing," said the child, faintly, with a pause of fatigue and exhaustion between every word; "I can see nothing but a great, long plain of waters. Oh, yes! yonder are the Pyramids—I know them—and there is a palm-tree or two—that is all; and the moon is rising as red as blood."

"Look again!" said Achmed, throwing fresh perfumes on the flame—"look steadily—it is the last time I shall question thee. Dost thou see nothing more?"

"It is brighter now,—no, nothing—but the Pyramids and the palm-trees, and something dark floating down this way. It is a water-pot,—no, there is that too,—and there is a striped garment. Ah! now the cloud has passed, and it is all as bright as day! I see a long lock of black hair, streaming upon the top of the river; and there is an arm and a bracelet close beside. Some one must be drowned there!" And the child sunk down at the magician's feet, as gently as one who drops to sleep out of weariness.

There was another also who lay prostrate on the earth, crushed by the violence of conflicting feelings. Henri had drunk in every broken word drawn from the Arab, with increasing agitation; and at the last, had uttered a loud cry, and fallen senseless to the ground.

Achmed gently raised his little assistant to his shoulder, the child still lying in a heavy trance. There were none to mark the bitter contempt and hatred which gathered over his comely countenance, as he turned towards the spot where D'Auberval lay; making a gesture as though he would spurn him—and glancing downwards towards the dagger that lurked in the folds of his sash. But the wrath passed. He merely said:—"She would, then, have returned to him—she would have left her own people for him!—my dead brother's child! And he would have dishonoured her!" Then he quietly departed.

It was a week after that day that a party of young French officers went out from the city to see the inundation of the Nile, then at its highest; and higher than it had been known to rise for many seasons. They laughed, they sung, they played those gay tricks with each other, which distinguish—in the intercourse *among* men—our livelier neighbours from our sober *selves. But the most* gamesome of the party, the *foremost in every freak*, the most vociferous in every chorus and *charivari*, was wanting—Where was Alfred Montin?

"Only fancy that good Alfred turned nurse!" said one. "How dull we are without him! Day and night—night and day: he never quits D'Auberval's bedside."

"And what ails D'Auberval?"

"Dying, only!" was the philosophic reply, as the speaker lighted his cigar. "Petitpierre says poison . . . . but my belief is, it is those sullen humours. Thou heard'st the news from Paris, that le Marquis de Rochambault had stabbed his wife—she was that little Aurelie—in a fit of jealousy. *Mon Dieu!* they say she gave him abundant cause."

"Well, but what is that to Montin?"

Nothing to Montin—*bête!* D'Auberval was an old lover of hers. They were to have been married; but a quarrel—I don't know what about—never mind .... Come, as Montin is not here, sing something!"

"Nay, but," said a third, "*that* is not the reason that D'Auberval's dying. Petitpierre swears it's poison; and I heard Villars talking last night about an Arab, who is missing—the old wretch!—that conjuring fellow, whom they had in to amuse them one night last week, and who took a spite against D'Auberval! It's as clear as noon-day. And there was something more about a girl of the same tribe, whom her mother got away from him (I don't believe such things of mothers *too* often,) who was drowned by the rising of the waters."

"Oh, ho! now I understand Master Henri, why he must needs go a-boating on that tremendous hot day. It's a *coup de soleil*, I tell you, he is dying of," chimed in a fourth speaker. "The maddest fellow I ever knew! I suppose he went to fish for the young lady—and they say he came back raving and dying of thirst, and yet he had drained all the skins that the fellows in the boat had with them. I know, for I had the same set in the evening."

"Well, I know that too; and Petitpierre swears the water was poisoned; and the conjurer is not to be heard of from one end of Cairo to the other. A case of love and revenge, I take it. Give me a light, Victor—that last cigar was detestable."

"Come—hold your tongues, or sing, one of you! D'Auberval, they tell me, won't see the morning; and we shall soon have Montin back among us. What's that tune he's so fond of?

'My heart was never touched till then;
For seasons change, and so will men.'"

And the party strolled on.

INDIA.

A ROMANCE OF THE GANGES.

"When thy light perisheth,
That from thee issueth,
Our life evanisheth."

TENNYSON.

THEY stand beneath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea,
Whose water sweepeth white around
The shadow of the tree.

The moon and earth are face to face,
And earth is trancèd deep!
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
That wander through her sleep.
The river floweth on.

What bring they 'neath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea?
They bring that human heart, wherein
No nightly calm can be—
That droppeth never with the wind,
Nor drieth with the dew—
Oh, calm it, God! *Thy* calm is broad
To cover spirits, too.
The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide:
And each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit;
If bright it move, the loved doth love,—
And love doth fail with *it*—
The river floweth on.

The stars are strong above us,
To symbolize the soul;
Whereby a tempest-wind may rush,
Nor dim them as they roll,
And yet the soul, by instinct sad,
Doth stoop to symbols low—
To that small flame, whose very name,
Breathed o'er it, shakes it so.
The river floweth on.

Go, little boats, go softly,
And guard the symbol spark!
The little boats go soft and safe
Across the waters dark.
And Luti's eyes have caught the fire
They watch; and unawares,
That blessèd while, she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers!
The river floweth on.

The smile—where hath it wandered?—
She riseth from her knee;
She holds her dark, wet locks away—
There is no light to see!
She cries a quick and bitter cry—
"Nuleeni, launch me thine!
We must have light abroad to-night,
For all the wreck of mine!"
The river floweth on.

"I do remember watching
Anear this river-bed,
When on my childish knee was laid
My dying father's head.*
I turnèd mine, to keep the tears
From falling on his face—
What doth it prove, when Death and Love
Choose out the selfsame place?"
The river floweth on.

"They say the dead are blessèd,
The death-change here receiving.
Who say—ah, me!—do *any* say
Where blessèd are the living?
Thy boat, Nuleeni!—look not sad—
Light up the waters rather!
I weep no faithless lover where
I wept a loving father!"
The river floweth on.

"My thought was of his falsehood,
Ere my flame had waxèd dim;
And though I closed mine eyes to dream
That one last dream of *him*,
They shall not now be wet to see
The shining vision go.
From earth's cold love, I look above
To the holy house of snow."*
The river floweth on.

"Come *thou*—thou never knewest
A grief, that thou shouldst fear it—
Thou wearest still the happy look
That feels another's near it!
Thy humming-bird is in the sun,†
Thy cuckoo in the grove;
And all the three broad worlds, for thee,
Are full of wandering love."
The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh—
She cometh shy and slow.
I ween she seeth thro' her lids,
They drop a-down so low!
Her tresses near her small feet bare—
She stands, and speaketh nought;
Yet blusheth red, as if she said
The name she only thought.
The river floweth on

She kneelèd by the water—
She lighted up the flame—
And o'er her youthful forehead's calm
The trembling radiance came.
Go, little boat; go, soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark!
Soft, safe, doth float the little boat
Across the waters dark.
The river floweth o

Glad tears her eyes have blinded—
The light they cannot reach—
She turneth with that sudden smile
She learnt before for speech.
"I do not hear his voice; the tears
Have dimmed my light away;
But the symbol light will last to-night—
The love will last for aye."
The river floweth o

Then Luti spake behind her—
Out spake she bitterly:
"By the symbol light which lasts to-night,
Wilt vow a vow to me?"
She gazeth upward in her face;
Soft answer maketh she:
"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vow that vow to thee."
The river floweth

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* The Hindoos carry their dying friends to the banks of Ganges, believing in the after blessedness of those who there.

* The Hindoo heaven is located on the summit of M Meru—one of the mountains of Himalaya, or Himm which signifies, I believe, in Sanscrit, the abode of winter, or coldness.

† Hamadeva, the Indian God of Love, is imagin wander through the three worlds, accompanied humming-bird, cuckoo, and gentle breezes.

An earthly look had Luti,
Though her voice was deep as prayer.
"The rice is gather'd from the plains,
To cast upon thine hair.*
And when *he* comes, his marriage-band
Around thy neck to throw;
Toward his gaze thy bride-smile raise,
And ask of ...... *Luti's wo!*"
The river floweth on.

"And when, in seasons after,
Thy young bright-facèd son
Shall lean against thy knee, and ask
What deeds his sire hath done;
Press deep adown thy mother-smile
Upon his ringlets long—
View deep his pretty childish eyes—
And tell of—*Luti's wrong!*"
The river floweth on.

She lookèd up in wonder,
Yet softly answered she—
"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vow'd that vow to thee!
But why glads it thee, that a bride-day be,
By a word of wo defiled—
That a word of wrong take the cradle song
From the ear of a sinless child?"
"*Why!*" Luti said, and her laugh was dread,—
Her laugh was low and wild—
"That the fair new love may the bridegroom prove,
And the father shame the child!"
The river floweth on.

"Thou flowest still, O river!
Thou flowest 'neath the moon—
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,†
Thy charmèd lute a tune!
He mixed his voice with thine—and *his*
Was all I heard around!
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river's sound!"
The river floweth on.

"I gaze upon her beauty,
I feel her happy breathing:
The light above thy wave is hers;
And mine the rest beneath them.
Oh! give me back the dying look,
My father gave thy water!
Give back! and let a little love
O'erwatch his weary daughter!"
The river floweth on.

"Give back!" she hath departed—
The word is wandering with her,
And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together.
O symbols! none are frail enow
For mortal joys to borrow!
While bright doth float Nuleeni's boat,
She weepeth, dark with sorrow!
The river floweth on.

CEYLON.

THE LOST PEARL.

> "The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."
> MILTON.

It was somewhere in the last quarter of the last century, that Charles Pemberton, the younger son of an ancient but impoverished family, having committed the old-fashioned folly of marrying a young lady, for no better qualifications than beauty, sense, and goodness, without regard to those worldly considerations which modern prudence deems indispensable, esteemed himself most fortunate to inherit, through the bequest of a distant relative, a small estate in the Island of Ceylon; and to obtain a commission in a Dutch regiment serving in that colony, in which, in the course of fourteen or fifteen years, he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Living chiefly upon his own property, about a mile from the beautiful village of Negumbo, amongst some of the finest scenery of Ceylon (which the inhabitants imagine to have been the abode of our first parents, the paradise of the old world); enjoying an elegant competence, and all-sufficient to each other, Colonel and Mrs. Pemberton would have considered themselves blessed beyond the ordinary lot of humanity, in spite of their banishment from the country they loved so dearly, and the society they were so well calculated to adorn, but for the great evil of eastern climates, the successive deaths of several promising children. Five fine boys and girls had they followed to the grave; and the only one who now remained to them was their little son, William, a child remarkable for his affectionate temper, his intelligence, and his beauty; upon whom both parents doted, more particularly, perhaps, his mother, whose own health had been considerably injured by the repeated trials which her maternal feelings had undergone.

No tutor had been provided for Willy, whom they intended hereafter to send to England for education. Meanwhile his father taught him, when at home in the intervals of duty, whilst Mrs. Pemberton supplied his place in his absence; but the active, lively boy was much about in the cinnamon plantations (just then beginning to be cultivated by the few British residents on the islands,) which were superintended by a Cinglese, called Vinna, a man of remarkable quickness and much apparent fidelity; whilst on longer excursions, he was put in charge of a superior domestic servant, a Malay of the name of Gatura, who, by his pliancy of manner, and powers of amusement, had greatly ingratiated himself with his young master.

So implicit was the colonel's confidence in these dependents, especially in Vinna—for there was an occasional expression in the dark eye of the Malay, which recalled to recollection the vindictiveness of his race;—but such was his reliance upon Vinna's integrity and care, that it came upon him like no common shock, to find, having contracted for the sale of some essential oil of cinnamon (extracted from such fragments as happen to be broken off in packing up the bales), and having seen it actually measured and ready for delivery, that half-a-dozen bottles of this valuable oil, which sometimes sells as high as ten pounds British a pint, were missing; and that, upon subjecting all concerned to an examination, two of the very peculiar bottles, in which the oil had been contained, were found in a corner of Vinna's hut, behind the earthen vessels used for cooking rice; whilst another was hidden between the brass basin and the pestle and mortar, where the spices are pounded, upon the bench which surrounded the apartment, and formed, with the articles which we have enumerated, nearly the whole of its simple furniture. The bottles were not merely distinguishable by their fabric and shape; but the strong aroma of the precious commodity, and even a few drops left in the bottom, proved that they had been secretly and hastily emptied of their contents; and that Vinna, the trusted superintendent of this valuable manufactory, was himself the thief.

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* The casting of rice upon the head, and the fixing of the band or tali about the neck, are parts of the Hindoo *marriage* ceremonial.

† *The Ganges is represented* as a white woman, with a *ater-lily in her right hand,* and in her left, a lute.

After one simple but earnest denial of the charge—a denial to which his master made no other reply than pointing to the concealed bottles—the delinquent attempted no further defence, but resigned himself tranquilly to whatever punishment the laws might decree. That extremity was, however, averted by the intercession of Willy, whose urgent entreaty for pardon for his friend was so far complied with, that Colonel Pemberton contented himself with dismissing the favoured servant, who had set so flagrant an example of dishonesty to the labourers under his charge.

"Remember," said his master, impressively, when paying the wages due to him and discharging him from his service, "Remember, that I have abstained from punishing you at the earnest solicitations of this child; but that if you ever again come before me for any act of theft or fraud, the chastisement will be exemplary." Vinna listened in silent submission, kissed the skirt of Willy's garment, and departed.

For awhile the boy missed his kind and pleasant face in the cinnamon plantations and about the home-grounds; but the griefs of childhood are enviably brief, and he had nearly forgotten his old playfellow, when he was thrown unexpectedly in his way, many months afterwards, in a visit paid by himself and his father, attended by Gatura, to the pearl-fishery at Condatchy.

A gay and pleasant scene was this pearl-fishery. Thousands of persons, of all colours and nations, in the picturesque costumes of the East, from the rich travelling merchants who supply the great jewellers of our European cities, to the poorest of the Cinglese women and children, who hover around the sieves, and pore for days over the heaps of sand which have been thrown aside, in hopes of lighting upon the smallest seedling pearl, crowd the streets of the temporary town (at other times a mere fishing village,) washing, sifting, boring, drilling, squabbling, and bargaining, in every variety of dialect and jargon; all intent upon the beautiful luxury destined to add a costlier splendour to the monarch's crown, or a rarer charm to the brow of beauty.

Willy was delighted; all the more delighted that he met his old friend Vinna, and that Vinna had been singularly prosperous. A speculating merchant had not only engaged divers on his own account, but had employed persons to examine the sand that had been thrown by after passing, or being supposed to pass, through the sieves. Vinna had been fortunate enough to discover, in a portion which must have been spilled before being subjected to that process, a pear-shaped pearl of such size and beauty, as had not been found off the coast of Ceylon within the memory of the oldest trader connected with the fishery. An agent of the King of Candy, specially despatched by his royal master for the purpose of obtaining such a jewel, to gratify a fancy expressed by his favourite wife, who wanted such a one to complete a set of ornaments, was at that moment treating for it with his employer. Vinna ran to procure it to show to the boy, and placed it on a crimson shawl to display the shape and colour to the best advantage. At Willy's entreaty, Colonel Pemberton also advanced to admire the treasure, attended by Gatura, who had accompanied them to Condatchy; and a little crowd of merchants and natives gathered round the place, enlarging upon its merits, marvelling at Vinna's good fortune, or rather the extraordinary luck of his employer, and wondering how, by any degree of carelessness, a pearl of such magnitude could have escaped from the sieves.

Whilst these assistants, in the heat of their discussion, stood divided into separate groups, and Colonel Pemberton, at Willy's entreaty, was speaking with a grave and measured kindness to Vinna, his employer and the agent of the King of Candy having concluded their bargain, returned for the pearl. They applied to Vinna, who motioned to the shawl which he had deposited on the top of a high covered basket close behind him. The basket was there, and the shawl; but the pearl was gone! The consternation was general. Vinna wrung his hands in agony; the buyer and seller of the precious commodity were in equal dismay. Every man looked suspiciously on his fellow. Some disclaimed; some accused. Gatura, who had stood nearest to the basket upon which the valuable jewel had been so unhappily left, insisted so vehemently upon being searched, that, rather to pacify him and rid themselves of his clamour, than from any positive mistrust, his dress and person were, as he desired, subjected to a very rigorous examination; nothing, of course, being found that could implicate him in any way in the delinquency.

In the meantime, the less successful adventurers, who had before been loud in the expression of their astonishment that such a pearl could be found in such a manner, began to gather round Colonel Pemberton, to examine into the character which Vinna, whom they understood, from what had passed between them, to have been heretofore employed by him, had borne while in his service. The agent of the King of Candy, the purchaser of the pearl, and the speculator who had sold it, also approached with the same view. Willy, who, child as he was, saw the turn that matters were about to take, seized the opportunity to steal towards his friend.

"Go, Vinna! go!" said Willy; and, with a sudden start, and a momentary pause, Vinna obeyed the injunction. He disappeared among the crowd; and, by the time that the questions that those interested had extracted from Colonel Pemberton the cause of his dismissal, and that two or three of the most determined called out to arrest him, he had made such good use of his time, as completely to baffle every effort of his pursuers: his flight, whilst it saved him from almost inevitable punishment, producing upon every body, except Willy, who did battle manfully in his behalf, the most complete conviction of his guilt. It seemed as certain that he had stolen the pearl,—perhaps, that he had twice stolen it,—as that he had stolen the oil of cinnamon. No one believed in the possibility of his innocence, except our friend Willy.

The boy and his father returned to Negumbo; and, in a little while, the colonel was called away on service; and Mrs. Pemberton being in delicate health, Willy was left much to the care of Gatura, who spared no pains in his endeavour to win the favour of the lively and spirited boy. He constructed a pad, on which to take him before him on a blood horse, belonging to the colonel, and carried him every day upon some excursion to the cocoa groves (or topes,) or the dreary forests which surrounded their habitation. One day, he took him to see the manner in which wild elephants are caught; and Willy was delighted with the sagacity and affection displayed by one of the tame ones, who, apparently recognising an old companion in the largest of those that had been ensnared, actually opened the fastenings of the gate for the release of his friend; thus showing, although enslaved himself, his sense of the value of freedom. Willy was enchanted; and, on Gatura's dwelling upon the grandeur and interest of a buffalo hunt, never ceased importuning the Malay to afford him that gratification.

One fine morning, accordingly, they set forth professedly to witness this remarkable spectacle. The high-bred steed carried them rapidly through the cocoa tope, into the very depth of the forest. No sign appeared of the hunters; but, pleased with the beauty of the scenery, the golden rays of the sun darting through the shaddock and the tamarind, and resting on the beautiful fruit of the jamboe, and amused by the variety of bright coloured birds and gorgeous butterflies, the boy took no note of the distance. At last, as the day advanced, the claims of hunger began to be felt, and he intimated to Gatura his desire to return home.

"Home!" said the Malay, in the low accent of bitter hate; "you never shall return. Do you remember the day—you, child as you are, may forget; but, on my memory that day is burnt in characters of fire—when, for striking this horse, ay, this very horse, as Colonel Pemberton, my master, your father, was pleased to think over hard, he snatched the whip from my hand, and struck me, ay, lashed me with it, as if I had been a beast? I grasped the crease in my bosom; but that would have been a brief and common vengeance. I have waited for such revenge as may endure; and now my hour is come. You, too, young sir! you were pleased to read out of some story-book to your mother that pearls might be hidden in the mouth; that stripping the dress, and searching the person, was no security against a skilful thief! Home you shall never come to tell your father that tale, unless, indeed, you can win your way through the beasts and reptiles, the snakes and the panthers of this forest. Down with you, sir! Do not cling around me in this manner! Let go my sash, or I will cut away those little hands! What noise is that? Off with you, I say!"

And frightened at some real or imaginary noise, Gatura dashed the struggling child to the earth and rode rapidly away, leaving, in the boy's hands, the shawl sash, by which he had hung so tightly, and which had been folded, after the oriental fashion, round the waist of the Malay. A small packet dropped from it—it was the lost pearl!

Hungry and bewildered as he was, the stout-hearted boy lost neither his courage nor his presence of mind. He pocketed the precious jewel, plucked the unripe fruits to appease the cravings of appetite, and tried, with all his might, to retrace the way by which he had come, and to turn back to his home; but, far beyond his own knowledge, he only plunged deeper and deeper in the forest. He avoided, however, with remarkable boldness and sagacity, the frequent dangers from snakes and wild animals, took refuge under a talipot-tree from a storm, which sent the shrieking flor-mouse to the same friendly shelter; and at night, remembering that the Cinglese sometimes constructed their habitations for security on the branches of trees, he climbed the tall trunk of the cocoa to sleep.

What was the agony of the bereaved mother during that long and solitary night! Gatura had not returned, and, wholly unsuspicious of his treachery, she imagined that some fatal accident had happened to him and to his charge. Messenger after messenger did she despatch in every direction; Colonel Pemberton was recalled; and every means taken that the most anxious affection could dictate, to recover the missing child.

He, meanwhile, wandered on, subsisting on wild fruits by day, and sleeping in trees by night, until he had nearly reached the boundaries of Candy. He, too, poor child, was heart-sick and home-sick. The high courage which he inherited from his father, roused at the approach of danger; but at other moments, footsore, weary, bruised by falls, and torn by bushes, his spirits flagged, and his strength was exhausted. One day, as he was passing by some brushwood, which half concealed the entrance to a low cavern, a furious buffalo came bellowing up a track in the forest, and, pausing for an instant, lowered his head to attack the child. Another moment, and Willy would have been gored by his horns, or tossed into the air; but a man rushed from the cavern, and, seizing the child with one arm, with the other flung a piece of cloth (part of his own garments) over the head of the buffalo, blinding him, and entangling his horns, so that the boy and his preserver had time to retreat into the cave, the entrance to which was too low to admit the enraged animal. Willy was saved; and, turning to thank the friend to whose boldness and address he owed his life, he burst into tears of delight, clapped his little hands together, and shouted, "Vinna! dear, dear Vinna!"

Three days after this, Vinna, bending in respectful salutation, with his arms folded upon his bosom, stood in the presence of the beautiful wife of the Candian king. She listened to his little story, and listened pityingly, for she was a woman and a mother. She promised, with the grace of conscious power, and nobly did she redeem her promise, to redress all Vinna's grievances, whether as regarded the oil of cinnamon, which she justly suspected Gatura to have stolen, or the pearl; and with regard to that pearl of pearls, the noble boy Willy, she made it her first business, her first pleasure, to send him home to his distracted parents, laden with presents, and accompanied by his brave preserver, the faithful Cinglese.

AMERICA.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN WAR.

"I was at William Penn's country-house, called Pensbury, in Pennsylvania, where I staid some days. Much of my time I spent in seeing William Penn, and many of the chief men among the Indians, in council concerning their former covenant, now renewed on his going away for England. To pass by several particulars, I may mention the following: 'They never broke covenant with any people,' said one of their great chiefs; and, smiting his hand upon his head, he said, 'they made not their covenants there; but *here*,' said he, smiting on his breast three times.

* * * * * *

"I, being walking in the woods, espied several wigwams, and drew towards them. The love of God filled my heart; and I felt it right to look for an interpreter, which I did. Then I signified that I was come from a far country with a message from the Great Spirit (as they call God,) and my message was to endeavour to persuade them that they should not be drunkards, nor steal, nor kill one another, nor fight, nor put away their wives for small faults; for if they did these things, the Great Spirit would be angry with them, and would not prosper them, but bring trouble on them. On the contrary, if they were careful to refrain from these evils, then would he love them, and prosper them, and speak peace to them. And when the interpreter expressed these things to them in their own language, they wept till tears ran down their naked bodies.

* * * * * *

"They manifested much love towards me in their way, as they did mostly to upright, plain-dealing Friends; and whilst I was amongst them my spirit was very easy: nor did I feel that power of darkness to oppress me, as I had done in many places amongst people calling themselves *Christians*,"—*Journal of John Richardson, one of the early Friends.*

THEY read of rapine, war, and wo,
A party by an English fire,—
Of Indian warfare in the wood,
Of stern and ruthless ire.

They read of torture worse than death—
Of treachery dark—of natures base—
Of women savage as the beast—
Of the red Indian race.

"Hold!" said the matron of the hearth,
A woman beautiful in age;
"And let me of the Indian speak;
Close, close that faithless page!

"My father was the youngest born
In an old rural English hall;
The youngest out of five stout sons,
With patrimony small.

"His boyhood was in greenwood spent;
His youth was all a sylvan dream;
He tracked the game upon the hills;
He angled in the stream.

"Quiet was he, and well content,
With naught to fret, and none to chide;
For all that his young heart desired
The woods and streams supplied.

"Small knowledge had a youth so trained,
College or school ne'er knew his face;
And yet as he grew up, he grew
Superior to his race.

"His brethren were of sordid sort,
Men with coarse minds, and without range;
He grew adventurous and bold,
Inquisitive of change.

"And, as he grew, he took to books,
And read whate'er the hall supplied;
Histories of admirals, voyages old,
And travel far and wide.

"He read of settlers, who went forth
To the far west, and pitched their tent
Within the woods, and grew, ere long,
To a great, prosperous settlement.

"He read of the bold lives they led,
Full of adventure, hardy, free;
Of the wild creatures they pursued,
Of game in every tree.

"And how the Indians, quaintly gay,
Came down in wampum-belt and feather,
To welcome them with courteous grace;
How they and the free forest-race
Hunted and dwelt together.

"And how they and their chosen mates
Led lives so sweet and primitive:
Oh! in such land, with one dear heart,
What joy it were to live!

"So thought he, and such life it were
As suited well his turn of mind;
For what within his father's house
Was there to lure or bind?

"Four needy brothers, coarse and dull;
A patrimony, quite outspent;
A mother, long since in her grave;
A father, weak and indolent!

"At twenty he had ta'en a mate,
A creature gentle, kind, and fair;
Poor, like himself, but well content
The forest-life to share.

"She left an old white-headed sire;
A mother loving, thoughtful, good;
She left a home of love, to live
For him, within the wood.

"And that old couple did provide,
Out of their need, for many a want
Else unforeseen; their daughter's dower
In gifts of love, not scant.

"His father with cold scorn received
So dowered a daughter, without name;
Nor could his purposed exile win
Either assent or blame.

"All was a chill indifference;
And from his father's gate he went,
As from a place where none for him
Had kindred sentiment.

"And in the western world they dwelt;
Life, like a joyous summer morn;
Each hope fulfilled; and in the wild
To them were children born.

"All that his youth had dreamed he found
In that life's freshness; peril strange;

children (for his daughters, older than my father, an only son, and early married, had scattered his descendants over the country), and replying, with a chuckling glee, when questioned about horses nnd servants, 'that he had walked; that he left such effeminacies as coaches and flunkies to those who needed them, and was ready to dance a reel with the youngest lassie present; and it should go hard but he would tire her down: and Jeanie hersel' will keep it up with any lad of her inches; won't you, Jeanie?' and the vaunt would end by the good old man tossing Jeanie upon his shoulder, and cutting the Highland fling to his own music. This was his delight: a ball was nothing without his presence. If you had but seen the nod and the wink, the fulness of his glee, the overflow of his good-humour, his archness in suspecting, and sagacity in detecting which lad and lassie would like to come together for the dance; ay, and sometimes for longer than the dance! How he would reconcile old feuds, and cement new friendships; ay, and how he would use the influence of age, and character, and property, even to the very stretch of his interest, to smooth difficulties, and turn dim and distant wishes into present realities! Many a hopeful youth has owed his prosperity, many a gentle maiden her happiness, to the unwearied benevolence of the kind and merry Sir Allan.

"One Christmas he went to Glenmore, accompanied, as usual, by Jeanie and Oscar, to keep the birthday of his favourite daughter, Lady Macleod. My brother was detained at home by a slight indisposition; and the weather was so severe, that my mother, always delicate, was afraid to venture, I myself being too young for parties of any kind. Sir Allan had fixed to return on New Year's Eve, the succeeding day being always one of high festivity at Kilburnie, the servants and neighbours dining in the great hall, and the whole castle being alive with feasting and jollity. It was an occasion on which we felt that he would be very unwilling to absent himself, and yet the day fixed for his return was so tremendous, that we took for granted Lady Macleod would detain her honoured guest at Glenmore. Snow had fallen during the whole of the preceding night, accompanied by a drifting wind, so that to send carriages and horses was impracticable, every vestige of the road, a wild mountain-track, at the best, was impassable, or my brother would have gone under pretence of fetching Jeanie; for we all knew well, that the only shade that ever crossed the brightness of our dear grandfather's countenance, was occasioned by his suspicion of being taken care of,—an affront which the hardy sportsman would have regarded with as much jealousy and displeasure as would be evinced by a veteran of the wars at any precaution that should imply a doubt of his personal prowess. This consideration alone deterred my brother from setting forth to Glenmore in person; and as the day grew wilder and wilder, all around, hill, plain, and valley, covered with a sheet of fragile, glittering white, with scarcely an hour's intermission of incessant snowfall, and the night closed in with bitter gusts of wind, which blew the frozen and feathery particles against the face with blinding violence, even my mother, a nervous and timorous woman, with a revered parent and a beloved child at stake, made up her mind to believe that, as it was evidently impossible that the expected guests would reach Kilburnie Castle on the morrow, its master would be content to remain where he was. Weather less formidable, so that it might have afforded some chance of his finding the road, or some probability of the arrival of his guests the next day, would have been more alarming. To have stirred out in such a fall as this seemed impossible. So we went to bed in comfort.

"About an hour after midnight we were awakened by a tremendous noise at the gate of the castle, a mixture of scratching and howling. Upon opening the door, it was found to be our friend, Oscar, who, instantly singling out my brother, leaped upon him with a piteous cry, and then went on a little way beyond the gate, returning to see if Allan followed him (who delayed a few minutes to furnish himself with a lantern, and men with hurdles, mattrasses, and ropes,) pulling him by the coat-skirts with the most urgent whine, wagging his tail when he began to move, and enticing him forward by every means in his power. Oh, I shall never forget the poor dog's piteous ways, his trembling earnestness, his eager looks, and the expression of his anxious cry—no human voice could have conveyed his meaning more distinctly. Never shall I forget that moment, nor the hour of agonising suspense that followed."

"They were saved?" inquired Jessy, anxiously, breaking silence for the first time.

"Oscar led his party to a hollow by the hill-side, about three miles distant; and there the venerable old man was found leaning against the rock in a half-recumbent posture, so as to shelter the child, who was clasped to his bosom. The snow was gathering around them. Sleep had crept upon both, and, in another hour, all help would have been unavailing."

"But they *were* saved?" again inquired Jessy.

"Thanks to Oscar's fidelity and intelligence, they were. By proper care, they both recovered sufficiently to dance at the postponed festival on Old New Year's Day. Our dear grandfather lived in health and happiness until last year, just before we had the happiness of renewing our friendship with your family; and Jeanie is, you know, as lively and as life-like a little personage as treads this most excellent earth. And now, my dearest Jessy, do you wonder that Oscar—look at him, poor fellow, he knows that we are talking of him!—Do you wonder that this noble and sagacious animal should be my pet?"

GEORGIA.

THE GEORGIAN SISTERS.

"TIMON (*looking on the gold.*) Oh! thou sweet king killer
and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire."—*Timon of Athens.*

'Twas evening, and softly the moonbeam stray'd
Through the trellis-work of the woodland shade;
The south wind stole with a murmur sweet,
Like the feathery fall of a fairy's feet;
And an echo came from the distant sea,
Of the blue waves' mighty jollity.
'Twas evening, and marking the shadows fall
On Nature's brow, as a funeral pall,

Watching the clouds o'er the pale moon flying,
Two Georgian sisters were listless lying.
They were young and happy; their life's brief hours
Had pass'd in that valley, mid trees and flowers:
They were lovely and loving; with arms entwined,
They lay in their thoughtless peace resign'd:
"Sing to me, sister! My sister, sing!
Sweet in mine ear let thine accents ring!"
"What would'st thou, dearest? A joyous tune,
Like the wild wood-note of the bird in June?
Or that by the cradle I'm wont to frame,
Of my brother, wearied with childish game,
Till his slumbering head on the pillow press'd,
Hath the soothing charm of my song confess'd?
Or would'st thou the spirit-thrilling lay
That we sung on the eve of the battle-day,
When, safe in his glory, my father came
In the blood-red light of a warrior's fame,
With helmet and mail, when we saw him ride,
When the sword gleam'd scabbardless at his side?
Or lovest thou, dearest, the sweet sad note,
Like the tones through the autumn leaves that float,
Which we sang when we bound our sister's head
With the last pale garland of the dead?"
"Stay, Zoë, seest not our mother near,
And a stranger with her, I fear, I fear;
Yet I know not why, but his stern cold eye
Is viewing us long and earnestly.
I love him not! Now the red gold gleams,
And my mother, all tearful, and trembling seems.
She comes." "My children, bright news I bear;
Fortune hath smiled on ye, great and rare:
Proud tidings, and happy, this merchant brings;
My daughters! Ye go to the hall of kings.
Ye have prized frail flowers; there, gems will be
As rife as the sands in Araby.
Ye have loved your brother, one far more dear
Will kiss from the eyelid each rising tear.
Farewell! Ye leave little for fond regret;
Your fountain of joy is scarce open'd yet.
Life stretches before ye its green expanse;
Go forth on its pathways with song and dance."
Wild rose the wail. "We are sold, we are sold;
The mother hath barter'd the child for gold!
We are leaving the land we have loved so well;
We are bidding its fountains and woods farewell!
We are leaving the home of our childhood free,
For a gilded, but drear captivity!
Our voice on the hills will be heard no more;
Its gladness hath pass'd from our father's door.
Our brother will wake with the sunrise bright,
And call us to join him in gambols light,
Ere the dew be dried in the opening flowers,
Or the fragrance flown of the morning hours.
He will seek us high on the sunny hill,
By the willowy stream, and the leaping rill;
He will call us vainly, then turn and weep,
Till wearied, he sinks, in his grief, to sleep.
He will soon forget us; some painted fly
Will charm the tear from his laughing eye.
Our father, who glories in Foray wild,
Will *he* give a thought to an exiled child,
When he hears on the mountains the fleet hoofs ring,
That back from the battle the booty bring?
They may forget *us*, but ne'er can'st thou,
The mother who bore us, and loved till now:
We shall stand 'twixt thee and the sun's glad beam;
We shall hover around thee in midnight's dream.
Thou wilt think of us in the twilight dim,
And thine ear will yearn for our vesper hymn;
And, when on the mountains, the morn smiles sweet,
For the merry sound of the bounding feet,
Thou wilt think of us when the spring hath flung
Its garlands the greenwood's boughs among.
Thou wilt think of us when the summer glows;
Our image will come with the opening rose.
And the tongues of the winds, and the waters wild,
Will cry as in judgment, Thy child! Thy child!
Ah, no! *thou* can'st never forget; to thee
Each season will bring our memory;
Each gleam, each shadow, each idle word,
Will wake in thy heart, as by trumpet stirr'd,
Remembrance dear to the childless mother,
Ne'er mark'd or unheeded by every other.
Thou art rich, indeed, if that merchant's gold
Weigh but half the price of the love thou hast sold.

HENRIETTA E. HARRISON.

CASTILE.

THE SIGNAL.

"Mine honour is my life."—SHAKSPEARE.

"BE waiting soon after dark, my dearest Leonora, at the balcony of your apartment, and when you see me holding up a torch in the little boat upon the lake, steal unobserved if possible, from the castle, and come to meet me at the water side. I must see you; must pour my sorrows into your sympathising bosom; must take leave of you—possibly for ever!

Your unhappy Brother,
FERNANDO JUAN CARLOS DE GUZMAN."

For the twentieth time, Donna Leonora read her beloved brother's letter, as she stood leaning upon the beautifully carved stone work of the balcony, watching the appointed signal. Her husband was absent; and the mystery in the delivery of the billet, which had excited the attention of her serving maidens, Livia and Ursula, and had even awakened in their coarser minds,—accustomed to the not unfrequent flirtations of Spanish beauties,—suspicions that their grave and high-minded lady, hitherto so inaccessible and so spotless, was, at last, about to listen at least to one amongst her innumerable admirers. The disguise of the letter-bearer, and the silence and secrecy of his own approach, were, as far as Don Pedro was concerned, wholly unnecessary. But Donna Leonora, aware of the untamed—perhaps untameable—impetuosity of her brother's character (an only, and a twin brother, and most fondly beloved), and of his impatience of contradiction, and doubtful, also, how far what she had to hear might be connected with the political convulsions of these troubled times, and certain of her husband's just reliance upon her affection and prudence, resolved to obey implicitly Don Fernando's directions, to wait in the balcony until she perceived the signal-torch, and then to hasten to meet him by the edge of the lake.

As she stood leaning on the carved stone-work, her guitar at her side, the beams of the full moon striking on her rich jewels and her commanding beauty, and illuminating the splendid mansion, of which she was the undisputed mistress (from one of whose opened windows peeped forth the inquisitive and laughing serving maidens), the contrast—that contrast so frequent in this world of contradictions—between the splendour and gayety of outward circumstances, and the cares and anxieties of the interior mind, the wide difference, in short, between appearance and reality, was most strikingly exemplified. To the eye she was bright, fair, sweet, and calm, as the flowers clustered in their sculptured vase, that waved above her head, diffusing beauty and fragrance around her; but, as the flower-leaf is subject to influences from without, shaken by the night wind, and battered by the rain, so is that sentient and delicate blossom, the human heart, liable to be swayed by the changeful gusts of passion and feeling; and, even when in itself equable and firm, it is but too often torn and shattered by sympathy with the sufferings and injuries of the objects of its best affections. And so it fared with the gentle Leonora at this moment, when, awakening from a long revery, occupied in vain guesses as to the purport of the letter which lay by her side, she glanced suddenly down towards the lake, and saw the signal-torch gleaming high above the waters.

In a few minutes the brother and sister were standing together, in earnest conversation beneath a group of cedar, and cypress, and Portugal laurel, through whose dark foliage the moonbeams struck in bright fitful gleams, as the cool breeze of evening swayed the huge branches.

"He insulted me, Leonora, before the whole regiment: called me a rash, hot-headed boy; and when I sent the young Conde de Merida to him, to demand an apology, or to appoint the time and weapons for a meeting, he refused to listen to him or answer him, otherwise than by saying that his regard for my father's memory, his old comrade in arms, alone prevented him from putting me under arrest for sending a challenge to my superior officer; that for this time he forgave me, but that I had need look to it, for that the next breach of discipline should be visited upon me with all the rigour of military law. And this from Manuel Hernandez to a descendant of the house of Guzman! And he survives, and I survive! And all redress is closed against me by military discipline, forsooth! Military discipline!!! Well, I have removed that barrier, have thrown up my commission; and if, upon my return to Madrid, he refuse me the satisfaction that I require, I will leave Spain—leave Europe! The world does not want ways in which the son of an old Castilian, even if he abandon his estates, his rank, his country, may win for himself enough to maintain life, without forfeiting that without which life is worthless—honour."

"Alas! my dearest Fernando! my most dear brother!" exclaimed Donna Leonora, in the deepest affliction; "can you speak thus of leaving your country, of abandoning the princely name and the princely home of your ancestors, of deserting now, in the moment when she most needs the defence of every loyal cavalier, the young and innocent sovereign, in the assertion of whose rights you took so vivid an interest;—above all, can you think of forsaking me! True, I have a kind and an honourable husband; but even his affection would not suffice for my happiness, if you, the playmate of my childhood, the companion and friend of my maturer years, my twin brother, my only living relation, were to become a wanderer and an exile! Speak to my husband, Fernando; he, too, is a soldier, and a noble Castilian! Consult him. What was the commencement of this unlucky quarrel? Don Manuel Hernandez has a lovely daughter, the Donna Serafina, respecting whom he is known to be singularly tenacious. Surely, her name was not mentioned between ye?"

"His daughter, quotha!" replied the fiery youth. "I never saw her, have hardly heard that such a person existed! Don Diego Velasquez and myself were speaking of a stranger, clearly a lady of distinction, a beauty whom we had met together on the Prado, and whom I had subsequently seen, oftener indeed than I cared to tell him, at early mass at the church of San Isidro. He dared to compare with this angel, pure, dignified, gracious, and graceful;—I have never spoken to her, but I am *sure* that she is all this; there is an evidence of bearing and of countenance, to say nothing of the careful attendance of two old domestics, whose appearance vouches for the station and the character of their mistress;—he dared to compare with *her* a Jewish girl, picked up in some of the alleys of the city: and it was my indignation at this insult, offered to a virtuous lady, which provoked the interference of Colonel Hernandez, who had entered unobserved during the dispute. Don Diego apologised. He is a slight boy; a trivial jester, who would crack jokes at his mother's death-bed, or his father's tomb: but Hernandez! And to refuse me all explanation! all redress! To disgrace me before my comrades, and then to stand upon his seniority! his military discipline! 'The day would come,' he said, 'when I should repent my violence.' Death will arrive before that day! Farewell, my Leonora! Women cannot comprehend these feelings! Schooled before all his officers! And he expects that I shall submit! that I shall rejoin the regiment, to be pardoned, it may be! or schooled again! By St. Jago, the gentleman is modest! Farewell, my precious sister, my own Leonora! May the Holy Virgin watch over you! Forget me, my best Leonora; I can never forget you!" And he broke from her affectionate embrace, leaped into the boat that awaited him, and rowed rapidly to the opposite shore; where Jose, his faithful domestic, attended with his horses.

The weather was singularly fine even for that delicious climate. The moon, nearly at full, reigned in the clear and deep-blue sky like a milder sun, throwing a silvery light upon the wild and beautiful scenery, the deep and richly wooded glens, threaded by mountain streams, and surmounted by the abrupt precipices and rugged steeps of the Sierra Guadarrama, into the defiles of which a few hours' riding had now brought them. Even the stormy passions of man were insensibly soothed by the peaceful sights and the harmonious sounds of nature, the calm sweetness of the night, the lulling sound of the wind amongst the willows, and distant fall of waters gushing from a rock, and the balmy odours of the cistuses, the wild thyme, and the thousand aromatic herbs that sprang around him on every side. Unconsciously his anger was yielding to milder thoughts, as he wended his way, taking, at the guidance of Jose, or the will of his steed, the nearest but least-frequented road to Madrid, when, on emerging from a grove of cork-trees, and entering a strait and narrow valley where the rude cart track wound between tall and almost inaccessible crags, celebrated as the resort of the banditti, formed in these times of civil war by the refuse of either army, he was startled from his meditations by the repeated sound of a pistol-shot, and the shrill screams of female voices; and saw right before him, in the moonlight, a carriage drawn by mules, with one or two unarmed attendants, who, overpowered by superiority of numbers, and the suddenness of the attack, were on the point of surrendering to half-a-dozen ferocious-looking savages, armed to the teeth, who were so intent on their booty, that they did not perceive the new comers.

"Carry off the trunks, Pablo! Take care of the lady, Joachim! She looks like one for whom we may demand good ransom!" cried the ruffian, who seemed to be their leader.

The reply to this injunction was a shot from Fernando's pistol, which levelled the wretch to the earth. The faithful Jose seconded his master; the driver of the carriage and the attending servants, encouraged by the unexpected succour, rallied round their lady; and, in a few minutes, the assailants, dismayed by the loss of their captain, and alarmed also by the sound of horses advancing along the highway, fled the field.

Don Fernando advanced to the trembling and frightened travellers, (for they were two females ensconced in the calèche,) whom he had rescued from worse than death.

"The beauty of the Prado!" cried he, in ecstasy. "The lovely devotee of San Isidro!"

"Serafina, my beloved daughter!" exclaimed the newly arrived cavalier, joining the group; "and you, señor, her protector, her preserver, how can we repay such services? Don Fernando! Is it, indeed, Don Fernando de Guzman?"

"Colonel Hernandez!" and, without their at all knowing how it happened, the two brave hands were joined in the most cordial grasp of affectionate amity.

"Well, is not this better, now, than fighting for neither could tell what?" said Don Manuel, after a few minutes passed in the warmest expressions of gratitude on the part of the father and daughter. "You will understand, my good young friend, that I had heard enough of your conversation with Don Diego, to be convinced that you were speaking of Serafina, without exactly knowing the degree or the manner of your acquaintance with her. This occasioned my taking up the matter with undue warmth. Upon discovering, however, how matters stood, I was actually on my road to your excellent sister, Donna Leonora, to commission her to mediate between us; and, as you confess to having left her in some trouble, why, I think, with your permission, we had better proceed thither now. She will forgive our untimely visit for the sake of its object."

There is little need to say with how much delight Don Fernando acceded to this proposition, or how much more delicious the silver light of the moon, the lulling sound of wind and waters, and the balmy scent of the herbs, which hung heavy with the night-dew from the romantic defiles of the Sierra Guaderrama, seemed to the lover, when traversed at the side of his beloved.

It was long past midnight when they arrived at the castle, to the unspeakable pleasure of its fair mistress, and a little to the disappointment of her waiting maids, who found to their no small amazement, that the cavalier of the signal-torch was no other than their lady's twin brother.

From The Drawing Room Scrap-Book,

OF WHICH THE POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ALL BY MISS LANDON.

THE DEVOTEE.

PRAYER on her lips—yet, while the maiden prayeth,
  A human sorrow deepens in her eyes;
For e'en the very words of prayer she sayeth,
  A sad and lingering memory supplies.

She leans beside the vault where sleeps her mother,
  The tablet has her name upon the wall—
Her only parent, for she knew no other;
  In losing whom, the orphan lost her all.

Young, very young, she is, but wholly vanish'd
  Youth's morning colours from her cheek are gone;
All gayer and all careless thoughts are banish'd
  By the perpetual presence of but one.

And yet that sweet face is not all of sorrow,
  It wears a softer and a higher mood;
And seemeth from the world within to borrow
  A holy and a constant fortitude.

Early with every sabbath-morn returning,
  You hear her light step up the chancel come,
She looketh all the week with tender yearning
  To that old church which is to her a home.

For her own home is desolate and lonely,
  Hers is the only seat beside the hearth,
Sad in her summer garden, as she only
  Were the last wanderer on this weary earth.

But in that ancient church her heart grows stronger
  With prayers that raise their earnest eyes above;
And in the presence of her God, no longer
  Feels like an outcast from all hope and love.

Glorious the mighty anthem round her swelling,
  Fills the rapt spirit, sacred and sublime;
Soon will for her unfold th' immortal dwelling—
  She waiteth patient, God's appointed time.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Felicia Dorothea Brown, was born at Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793; and married to Capt. Hemans, from whom she was afterwards separated. The simple fact of her separation from her husband afforded sufficient ground for melancholy reflection, at the same time that it renders intelligible to the reader those touches of sadness, those shadows of deep and early disappointment, which render her poetry so congenial to the feelings of the sensitive and sorrowful. It is remarked of Mrs. Hemans, that of this affliction she never complained: if, however, the fountain of her sorrow was in one sense sealed, it found a natural outlet through the medium of verse, for never were the chords of human feeling touched by a hand more skilful in the native melody of grief, than that of this gifted and high-souled woman.

No more, no more—oh, never more returning,
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth;
No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning
Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.
Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,
How many lovely things have vanish'd too:
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,
And feelings, teaching us our own were true.
Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,
Known only by the music on the air;
The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit
A beauty known but from thy breathing there:
For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,
The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;
As planets from afar look down on ocean,
And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,
As floats thy various melody along;
We know the softness of Italian measures,
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.
A general bond of union is the poet,
By its immortal verse is language known,
And for the sake of song do others know it—
One glorious poet makes the world his own.
And thou, how far thy gentle sway extended!
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea;
Many a stranger and far flower was blended
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.
The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters
Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear;
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly?—never
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.
We see the goal, but know not the endeavour
Nor what fond hopes have on their way been lost.
What do we know of the unquiet pillow,
By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,
When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous billow,
Whose very light and foam reveals unrest?
We say the song is sorrowful, but know not
What may have left that sorrow on the song;
However mournful words may be, they show not
The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.
They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd only
In vain regrets at what we feel we are.
Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—
Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,
By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?
What is to feed such feeling, but to culture
A soil whence pain will never more depart?
The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—
By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;
While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.
Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers
Gave other lips the joy thine own had not.
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers
Which closed around thy mourning human lot?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,
For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,
The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,
But only from thyself its being drew.
How is the warm and loving heart requited
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell.
Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd, and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,
Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.
Fame's troubled hour was clear'd, and now replying,
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.
Sleep with a light the lovely and undying
Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM,

EARL OF EGREMONT.

Born December 18th, 1759. Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the County of Sussex, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquaries' Societies, &c. &c.

To do justice to the character of Lord Egremont, we must separate him from the interest of general affairs, and contemplate his individual efforts as the patron and encourager of every thing which could tend to the good of the community. His seat, truly denominated "The Princely Petworth," may be esteemed the head-quarters, whence improvement has been spread around, without interruption or pause, during a period happily continued beyond the common lot of man. The temple of all that can grace and refine our nature, rich in the noblest productions of genius—whatever the scholar, the sculptor, and the painter could produce. The noble owner has not been less mindful of the benevolent and the useful: under his auspices, the labours of agriculture have flourished, the condition of the lower orders has been ameliorated, and ingenious discoveries and inventions have been applied to promote the progress of this the first of sciences—the foundation of all others.

In his patronage of living artists and our native school, the munificence of the noble Earl has been equally conspicuous; many of the finest pictures produced in our day in England, are the results of his unlimited commissions. The Earl of Egremont has taken hundreds by the hand, whom circumstances had previously repressed, and brought them forward into notice and independence. To this day his house is the abode of several artists, engaged in the production of various works under his liberal patronage.

In all other relations of society, his Lordship is equally liberal and munificent. His charities are as prompt and ample as their occasions are numerous; and there is too much of want and affliction in our world, to render this a lightly-won praise. Much of human misery must have been alleviated, much of human comfort bestowed, much of suffering solaced, and much of happiness conferred, by the man of superior rank and fortune, who has, during more than half a century, deserved a title far above that of the highest nobility, by being, throughout so wide a sphere, the charitable benefactor of his species.

TUNIS.

Tunis, one of the Barbary states, presenting an extended littorale to the Mediterranean, occupies a peninsula containing 72,000 square miles, and about 200,000 inhabitants. Its eastern parts are fertile, of great natural beauty, and highly cultivated. The articles of commerce here are various, and include gold dust, orchilla weed, ostrich feathers, sponge, and ivory, the greater proportion being conveyed hither by caravan from Timbuctoo. Tunis, the capital, is situated at the head of a noble bay, about ten miles S. W. from the site of the ancient "*Carthago, contra Italiam*," on a plain, overhung on all sides, except the east, by considerable heights, and encircled by lakes and marshes. The streets are irregular and narrow, but the palace of the bey, the chief mosque, and piazza of 3,000 shops, are on a scale of much magnificence. The dwellings of the Europeans are all insulated, and built in a defensive style; the Moorish houses are of only one story, with flat roofs, and cisterns to receive and collect rain water. The citadel, El Gassa, which frowns over the view, is now much neglected, and fallen to decay, but the Goletta, the harbour and citadel, six miles to the west, strongly fortified. After the destruction of Carthage, the Romans built a new city, near the site of modern Tunis; it was colonized by the conquerors, and soon became one of the most important commercial cities of the ancient world.

No more that city's pirate barks
Molest the distant waves;
No more the Moslem idler marks
The sale of Christian slaves.
And yet how much is left undone
These city walls within!
What though the victory may be won,
Its fruit is yet to win.

What should the fruit of victory be?
What spoil should it command?—
Commerce upon the sweeping sea,
And peace upon the land.
As when the crimson sunset ends,
In twilight's quiet hours,
The fertilising dew ascends,
That feeds the fruits and flowers.

A quiet time hath Europe now,
And she should use that time,
The seed of general good to sow,
Eternal and sublime!
Mighty is now the general scope
To mortal views assign'd;
Direct from heaven is the hope
That worketh for mankind.

Too many objects worth its care
The mind has left unwon;
But who is there that shall despair
Knowing what has been done?
The Press, that on the moral world
Has risen, like a star,
The leaves of light in darkness furl'd,
Spread with its aid afar.
Far may it spread!—its influence
Is giant in its might:
The moral world's intelligence
Lives on its guiding light.
To teach, to liberate, to save,
Is empire's noblest worth.
Such be our hope across the wave,
Our triumph o'er the earth!

DJOUNI,

THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

In its intricate, wild, convulsed appearance, this scene resembles many among the Appenines; the road is seen in front, winding up, in a zig-zag course, to the building; a kind of "break-neck road," as if her ladyship wished to make the pilgrim toil and murmur to her dwelling, and, like Christian going up the hill Difficulty, "endure hardness" ere he reaches her bower of delights. A more capricious choice of a home has never been made, in this world of caprice and eccentricity; the land abounds with sites of beauty and richness, vales and shaded hills, screened by loftier hills, with many waters. Lebanon has a hundred sites of exquisite attraction and scenery; but this lady, ever loving the wild and the fearful more than the soft things of this world, has fixed her eagle's nest on the top of a craggy height that is swept by every wind. The dark foliage that appears above its walls are the gardens, which are remarkably beautiful and verdant, the creation of her own hands. No where in the gardens of the East is so much beauty and variety to be seen—covered alleys, pavilions, grass-plats, plantations, &c., all in admirable order.

Oh ladye, wherefore to the desert flying,
Didst thou forsake Old England's sea-beat strand,
To dwell where never voice to thine replying,
Repeats the accents of thy native land?

Around thee the white pelican is sweeping,
Watching the slumbers of her callow brood;
And at the fountains of her fond heart keeping
The last supply of their precarious food.

Far spreads the wilderness of sand, as lonely
As is the silence of the eternal grave;
And for thy home companions, thou hast only
The dog, the Arab steed, the flower, the slave.

And rightly hast thou judged. On the strong pinion
Of an unfetter'd will thy flight was made;
At once escaping from the false dominion
Of our cold life, whose hopes are still betrayed.

What is the social world thou hast forsaken?—
A scene of wrong and sorrow, guilt and guile;
Whence Love a long and last farewell has taken,
Where friends can smile, and "murder while they
smile."

Small truth is there among us—little kindness—
And falsehood still at work to make that less.
We hurry onwards in our selfish blindness,
Not knowing that the truth were happiness.

Ah! wisely hast thou chosen thus to leave us,
For thou hast left society behind.
What are to thee the petty cares that grieve us,
The cold—the false—the thankless—the unkind?

Thy home is in the desert; fit disdaining
  Thou showest to the present and to us.
Calm with the future and the past remaining,
  Hopeful the one—the other glorious.

"How could I," said Lady Hester, "live with the common people of usual life, after having lived with my uncle—England's prime minister—Pitt?"

GIBRALTAR—FROM THE SEA.

THE PIRATE.

This view of the Rock of Gibraltar places it before the spectator in a new light, and conducts rapidly to reflection upon the boldness of those who attempted the reduction of such a fortress, as well as upon the bravery of those, who persevered in the defence of a citadel so bare, so bleak, so barren, so remote from any source of encouragement or supply. The rocky faces, here expressed, look towards the waters of the Mediterranean, and down upon that singular accumulation of fine sand, which, originating at the very edge of the sea, ascends almost to the loftiest pinnacle of the rock. From the lowest extremity of this inclined plain, the water becomes suddenly deep. One of the boldest efforts ever made to surprise the rock, took place at this approach. A French officer, in imitation of the Gaul of olden time, attended by 500 followers, landed at the foot of the sandy slope, and aided by the darkness of night, reached the highest point of the rock in safety. From this rendezvous they were to have rushed down and surprised the garrison, while a second party was to commence an attack from below. Their courage proved superior to their powers of attack and defence, and the morning only shone to light the garrison of Gibraltar to the destruction of this brave little band of heroes.

Down 'mid the waves, accursed bark,
  Down, down before the wind;
Thou canst not sink to doom more dark
  Than that thou leav'st behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake
  Whose hand is on thy helm.
Above the heaving billows break—
  Will they not overwhelm?

The blood is red upon the deck,
  Of murder, not of strife;
Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck
  Atone for that of life!

Many a brave heart has grown cold,
  Though battle has been done;
And shrieks have risen from the hold,
  When human help was none.

We've sail'd amid the Spanish lines,
  The black flag at the mast,
And burning towns and rifled shrines
  Proclaim'd where we had past.

The captive's low and latest cry
  Has risen on the night,
While night-carousals mock'd the sky
  With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—
  How can he look so young?
His locks of youth, his golden hair,
  Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,
  Not one has left a trace:
The midnight cup, the noontide sun,
  Have darken'd not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—
  He has a girl's blue eyes;
And yet I would far rather meet
  The storm in yonder skies.

The fiercest of our pirate band
  Holds at his name the breath;
For there is blood on his right hand,
  And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,
  Yet careless is his eye;
He looks with scorn upon the wave,
  With scorn upon the sky.

Great God! the sights that I have seen
  When far upon the main!
I'd rather that my death had been
  Than see those sights again.

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone,
  Wild voices rise from shore;
I see one giant wave sweep on—
  It breaks!—we rise no more.

MILLER'S DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

The Miller's Dale is one of the most picturesque passages in the interesting valley of the Wye. It extends, for about two miles, in a direction south-east from Wormhill Village, and the colouring of the landscape is diversified by the appearance of toadstone and tufa intersecting the strata of this limestone district. The river which is pent up within a narrow chasm beneath the mills, appears to rejoice at its release, as it quietly expands into a more ample stream, and glides leisurely away. This delightful dale abounds in scenes that soothe and tranquillize the mind. The stream is never turbulent, never still; though in some places the huge branches of the gnarled oak, or a weather-beaten elm, shoot from a fissure in the rock above, in a manner that Salvator would adopt; yet the light and graceful foliage with which it is accompanied, subdues every feature of wildness, and softens down the whole to beauty. When darkness pervades the Dale, and the many windows are lighted up, and not even the outline of the buildings is to be traced against the dark mountains, fancy may take it for an illumined palace raised by the magician's power.

Do you remember, Love, the lake
  We used to meet beside?
The only sound upon the air
  The ripples on the tide.

Do you remember, Love, the hour
  When first the moonbeam shone,
Rising above the distant hills,
  We used to meet alone.

You knew not then my rank and state,
You only knew my love,
Whose gentle witness was the moon,
That watch'd us from above.

The valley, silver'd with her light,
Was lovely as a shrine;
The truth within that young fresh heart
Felt there was truth in mine.

You are a Countess now, sweet Love,
And dwell in stately halls;
The red gold shines upon the board,
The silk upon the walls.

A thousand watch my lady's eye,
The minstrel sings her name;
None were so fair at Henry's court,
Where all the fairest came.

For the soft moonshine's rising light,
The pearls are on your brow:
Now, were you, lovely Ladye mine,
The happiest then, or now?

Nor lake, nor castle," soft she said,
"Have any choice of mine;
I know in life one only lot,
So long as I am thine!"

CAPTAIN COOK.

Do you recall the fancies of many years ago,
When the pulse danced those light measures that again it cannot know?
Ah! we both of us are alter'd, and now we talk no more
Of all the old creations that haunted us of yore.

Then any favourite volume was a mine of long delight,
From whence we took our future, to fashion as we might.
We liv'd again its pages, we were its chiefs and kings,
As actual, but more pleasant, than what the day now brings.

It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his Voyages who found the fair South Seas.
We read it till the sunset amid the boughs grew dim;
All other favourite heroes were nothing beside him.

For weeks he was our idol, we sail'd with him at sea,
And the pond amid the willows the ocean seem'd to be.
The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,
We called the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.

No golden lot that fortune could draw for human life,
To us seemed like a sailor's, mid the storm and strife.
Our talk was of fair vessels that swept before the breeze,
And new discover'd countries amid the Southern Seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by,
While we fancied that around us spread foreign sea and sky.
Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer haunt the mind;
We leave, in leaving childhood, life's fairy land behind.

There is not of that garden a single tree or flower;
They have plough'd its long green grasses, and cut down the lime-tree bower.
Where are the Guelder roses, whose silver used to bring,
With the gold of the laburnums, their tribute to the Spring.

They have vanish'd with the childhood that with their treasures play'd;
The life that cometh after, dwells in a darker shade.
Yet the name of that sea-captain, it cannot but recall
How much we lov'd his dangers, and how we mourn'd his fall.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AND THE RUINS OF LAHNECK CASTLE.

FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE TEMPLARS.

On the dark heights that overlook the Rhine,
Flinging long shadows on the watery plains,
Crown'd with grey towers, and girdled by the vine,
How little of the warlike past remains!

The castle walls are shatter'd, and wild flowers
Usurp the crimson banner's former sign.
Where are the haughty Templar's and their powers?
Their forts are perish'd—but not so their shrine.

Like Memory veil'd, Tradition sits and tells
Her twilight histories of the olden time.
How few the records of those craggy dells
But what recalls some sorrow or some crime.

Of Europe's childhood was the feudal age,
When the world's sceptre was the sword; and power,
Unfit for human weakness, wrong, and rage,
Knew not that curb which waits a wiser hour.

Ill suited empire with a human hand,
Authority needs rule, restraint, and awe;
Order and peace spread gradual through the land,
And force submits to a diviner law.

A few great minds appear, and by their light
The many find their way; truth after truth
Rise starlike on the depths of moral night,
Though even now is knowledge in its youth.

Still as those ancient heights, which only bore
The iron harvest of the sword and spear,
Are now with purple vineyards cover'd o'er,
While corn-fields fill the fertile valleys near.

Our moral progress has a glorious scope,
Much has the past by thought and labour done;
Knowledge and Peace pursue the steps of Hope,
Whose noblest victories are yet unwon.

THE MOTHER OF DR. DODDRIDGE

TEACHING HIM SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"I heard him relate, that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch Tiles, in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories they represented, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out; and therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents."—*Life of Doddridge.*

Look on our pictur'd page! the tale it tells
Does honour to the painter's, graver's art:
Nor less it bears of blameless, blissful spells,
To touch an English and a Christian heart.

It speaks of quiet, happy, fire-side hours,
By love maternal to her offspring given;
To train aright his mind's unfolding powers,
In that best lore which lifts the heart to heaven.

Simple and rude the graphic art display'd
Upon those tiles antique, with history fraught,
Yet all-sufficient, with a Mother's aid,
To charm his fancy, and awaken thought!

The scenes depicted are from Scripture's page;
And he has been accustom'd oft to hear
The Holy Record of that earlier age,
From lips whose voice is music to his ear.

And here he *sees* the stories he has *heard*,
In portraiture embodied to his view;
The sight must bring belief—for God's own Word,
And a fond mother's, tell him "all is true!"

Here he beholds his blessed Saviour bear
The cross—*there* crucified—his eyes are dim
With childhood's tears: his silent thought is prayer,
As her loved, gentle voice says, "'Twas for him!"

THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

Sadly the captive o'er her flowers is bending,
While her soft eye with sudden sorrow fills;
They are not those that grew beneath her tending
In the green valleys of her native hills.

There is the violet—not from the meadow
Where wander'd carelessly her childish feet;
There is the rose—it grew not in the shadow
Of her old home—it cannot be so sweet.

And yet she loves them—for those flowers are bringing
Dreams of the home that she will see no more;
The languid perfumes are around her, flinging
What almost for the moment they restore.

She hears her mother's wheel, that slowly turning
Murmur'd unceasingly the summer day;
And the same murmur, when the pine-boughs burning
Told that the summer-hours had pass'd away.

She hears her young companions sadly singing
A song they loved—an old complaining tune;
Then comes a gayer sound—the laugh is ringing
Of the young children—hurrying in at noon.

By the dim myrtles, wandering with her sister,
They tell old stories, broken by the mirth
Of her young brother: alas! have they miss'd her,
She who was borne a captive from their hearth?

She starts—too present grows the actual sorrow,
By her own heart she knows what they have borne;
Young as she is, she shudders at to-morrow,
It can but find her prisoner and forlorn.

What are the glittering trifles that surround her—
What the rich shawl—and what the golden chain—
Would she could break the fetters that have bound her,
And see her household and her hills again!

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Ye ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
When millions for a battle were array'd,
And the sky darken'd with the vulture's wings.

Long silence follow'd on the battle-cries;
First the bones whiten'd, then were seen no more;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim Tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,
Men left the desert tents for marble walls;
Then rose the towers from whence they watch'd the stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perish'd—those imperial towers
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees! are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that mark'd earth's earlier clime,
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how Nature triumphs over Time.

Much have ye witness'd—but yet more remains,
The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains,
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlighten'd, calm, and free;
More glorious than the glories known of old—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea.

All that the past has taught is not in vain—
Wisdom is garner'd up from centuries gone;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known—Cedars of Lebanon!

RYDAL WATER AND GRASMERE LAKE,

THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

Not for the glory on their heads
Those stately hill-tops wear,
Although the summer sunset sheds
Its constant crimson there.
Not for the gleaming lights that break
The purple of the twilight lake,
Half dusky and half fair,
Does that sweet valley seem to be
A sacred place on earth to me.

The influence of a moral spell
Is found around the scene,
Giving new shadows to the dell,
New verdure to the green.
With every mountain-top is wrought
The presence of associate thought,
A music that has been;
Calling that loveliness to life,
With which the inward world is rife.

His home—our English poet's home—
Amid these hills is made;
Here, with the morning, hath he come,
There, with the night delay'd.
On all things is his memory cast,
For every place wherein he past,
Is with his mind array'd,
That, wandering in a summer hour,
Ask'd wisdom of the leaf and flower.

Great poet, if I dare to throw
My homage at thy feet,
'Tis thankfulness for hours which thou
Hast made serene and sweet;
As wayfarers have incense thrown
Upon some mighty altar-stone,
Unworthy, and yet meet,
The human spirit longs to prove
The truth of its uplooking love.

Until thy hand unlock'd its store,
What glorious music slept!
Music that can be hush'd no more
Was from our knowledge kept.
But the great Mother gave to thee
The poet's universal key,
And forth the fountains swept—
A gushing melody for ever,
The witness of thy high endeavour.

Rough is the road which we are sent,
Rough with long toil and pain;
And when upon the steep ascent,
A little way we gain,
Vexed with our perpetual care,
Little we heed what sweet things are
Around our pathway blent;
With anxious steps we hurry on,
The very sense of pleasure gone.

But thou dost in this feverish dream
Awake a better mood,
With voices from the mountain stream,
With voices from the wood.
And with their music dost impart
Their freshness to the world-worn heart,
Whose fever is subdued
By memories sweet with other years,
By gentle hopes, and soothing tears.

A solemn creed is thine, and high,
Yet simple as a child,
Who looketh hopeful to yon sky
With eyes yet undefil'd.
By all the glitter and the glare
This life's deceits and follies wear,
Exalted and yet mild,
Conscious of those diviner powers
Brought from a better world than ours.

Thou hast not chosen to rehearse
The old heroic themes;
Thou hast not given to thy verse
The heart's impassion'd dreams.
Forth flows thy song as waters flow,
So bright above—so calm below,
Wherein the heaven seems
Eternal as the golden shade
Its sunshine on the stream hath laid.

The glory which thy spirit hath,
Is round life's common things,
And flingeth round our common path,
As from an angel's wings,
A light that is not of our sphere,
Yet lovelier for being here,
Beneath whose presence springs
A beauty never mark'd before,
Yet once known vanishing no more.

How often with the present sad,
And weary with the past,
A sunny respite have we had,
By but a chance look cast
Upon some word of thine that made
The sullenness forsake the shade,
Till shade itself was past:
For Hope divine, serene and strong,
Perpetual lives within thy song.

Eternal as the hills thy name,
Eternal as thy strain;
So long as ministers of Fame
Shall Love and Hope remain.
The crowded city in its streets,
The valley, in its green retreats,
Alike thy words retain.
What need hast thou of sculptur'd stone?—
Thy temple, is thy name alone.

THE GANGES.

The Ganges (called by the natives *Ganga, the river*,) takes its rise among the loftiest of the Himalayan peaks, and, after winding for a hundred and fifty miles through a stupendous labyrinth of mountains, enters the plains of Hindostan through an opening in the mountains of Hurdwar. It exchanges the character of a raging torrent for that of a clear broad stream, and glides tranquilly, for a distance of twelve hundred miles, to the ocean. The Brahmins of India venerate the Ganges much, and pretend to believe, that its first descent from heaven was designed to fill up the "hollowed, but then empty, bed of the ocean itself;" and all Hindoos imagine that it springs up at the feet of Brama. The distant hill, in the illustration, is the Chundnee Pahar, (or Silver Mountain,) on the summit of which, an elevation of six thousand feet, a white temple to Mahadeva is erected, to whose altar the pilgrims, after performing their ablutions in the river, repair to fulfil their devotions. In the British-Indian courts of justice, the water of the Ganges is used for swearing Hindoos, as the Bible is for Christians.

On sweeps the mighty river—calmly flowing,
Through the eternal flowers,
That light the summer hours,
Year after year, perpetual in their blowing.

Over the myriad plains that current ranges,
Itself as clear and bright
As in its earliest light,
And yet the mirror of perpetual changes.

Here must have ceas'd the echo of those slaughters,
When stopp'd the onward jar
Of Macedonian war,
Whose murmur only reach'd thy ancient waters.

Yet have they redden'd with the fierce outpouring
Of human blood and life,
When over kingly strife
The vulture on his fated wing was soaring.

How oft its watch, impatient of the morrow,
Hath mortal misery kept,
Beside thy banks, and wept,
Kissing thy quiet night-winds with their sorrow!

Yet thou art on thy course majestic keeping,
Unruffled by the breath
Of man's vain life or death,
Calm as the heaven upon thy bosom sleeping.

Still dost thou keep thy calm and onward motion,
Amid the ancient ranks
Of forests on thy banks,
Till thou hast gained thy home—the mighty ocean.

And dost thou scatter benefits around thee:
Thy silver current yields
Life to the green rice-fields,
That have like an enchanted girdle bound thee.

By thee are royal gardens, each possessing
A summer in its hues,
Which still thy wave renews,
Where'er thou flowest dost thou bear a blessing.

Such, O my country! should be thy advancing—
A glorious progress known
As is that river's, shown
By the glad sunshine on its waters glancing.

So should thy moral light be onward flowing—
So should its course be bound
By benefits around,
The blessings which itself hath known bestowing.

Faith—commerce—knowledge—laws—those should be springing,
Where'er thy standard flies
Amid the azure skies,
Whose highest gift that red-cross flag is bringing.

Already much for man has been effected;
The weak and poor man's cause
Is strengthened by the laws,
The equal right born with us, all respected.

But much awaits, O England! thy redressing;
Thou hast no nobler guide
Than yon bright river's tide
Bear as that bears—where'er thou goest, blessing!

Will General Fagan permit me to quote an expression of his which struck me most forcibly?—"We have," said he, "been the conquerors of India: we have now to be its benefactors, its legislators, its instructors, and its liberators."

INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

The Malagassy regard certain days as propitious to every procedure resulting from the events of those days, and other days as the reverse. This delusive influence inculcates the belief, that all born on these inauspicious days will be its subjects and agents through life, and superinduces a conviction, that to spare and nurse the unhappy infants, born on such days, would be to cherish sorcerers, the chief instruments in inflicting every calamity they fear. On the birth, therefore, of an infant, the great solicitude of the parents is to know its vintana, or destiny, which must be ascertained by certain rules. Amongst the varied exhibitions of the domination of superstition, there is not, perhaps, presented a scene of more affecting wretchedness than the one displayed in the engraving. An infant, perfectly helpless, and unconscious, smiling perhaps in innocence, is laid in a narrow entrance to a village, or a fold, through which there is barely room for cattle to pass, several of which are driven violently in, and made to pass over the spot on which the child is placed, while the parents, with agonising feelings, stand by waiting the result. If the oxen pass over without injuring the infant, the omen is propitious; the powerful and evil destiny is removed, and the parents may, without apprehension, embrace and cherish their offspring.

A luxury of summer green
  Is on the southern plain,
And water-flags, with dewy screen,
  Protect the rip'ning grain.
Upon the sky is not a cloud
  To mar the golden glow,
Only the palm-tree is allow'd
  To fling its shade below.

And silvery, mid its fertile brakes,
  The winding river glides,
And every ray in heaven makes
  Its mirror of its tides.
And yet it is a place of death—
  A place of sacrifice.
Heavy with childhood's parting breath—
  Weary with childhood's cries.

The mother takes her little child,
  Its face is like her own;
The cradle of her choice is wild—
  Why is it left alone?
The trampling of the buffalo
  Is heard among the reeds,
And sweeps around the carrion-crow,
  That amid carnage feeds.

Oh! outrage upon mother Earth,
  To yonder azure sky;
A destin'd victim from its birth,
  The child is left to die.
We shudder that such crimes disgrace
  E'en yonder savage strand;
Alas! and hath such crime no trace
  Within our English land?

Pause, ere we blame the savage code
  That such strange horror keeps;
Perhaps within her sad abode
  The mother sits and weeps,
And thinks how oft those eyelids smiled,
  Whose close she may not see,
And says, "Oh, would to God, my child,
  I might have died for thee!"

Such law of bloodshed to annul
  Should be the Christian's toil;
May not such law be merciful,
  To that upon our soil?
Better the infant eyes should close
  Upon the first sweet breath,
Than weary for their last repose,
  A living life in death!

Look on the children of our poor,
  On many an English child:
Better that it had died secure
  By yonder river wild.
Flung careless on the waves of life,
  From childhood's earliest time,
They struggle, one perpetual strife,
  With hunger and with crime.

Look on the crowded prison-gate—
  Instructive love and care
In early life had saved the fate
  That waits on many there.
Cold, selfish, shunning care and cost,
  The poor are left unknown;
I say, for every soul thus lost,
  We answer with our own.

THE RIVER WEAR.

Come back, come back, my childhood,
  To the old familiar spot,
Whose wild flowers, and whose wild wood,
  Have never been forgot.
It is the shining river,
  With the bulrush by its tide,
Where I fill'd my green rush quiver
  With arrows at its side.

And deem'd that knightly glories
  Were honour'd as of old.
My head was fill'd with stories
  My aged nurse had told.
The Douglas and the Percy
  Alike were forced to yield;
I had but little mercy
  Upon the battle-field.

Ah! folly of the fancies,
  That haunt our childhood's hour.
And yet those old romances
  On after life hath power,
When the weight appears too weary
  With which we daily strive,
Mid the actual and the dreary,
  How much they keep alive!

How often, amid hours
  By life severely tried,
Have I thought on those wild flowers
  On the sweet Wear's silver tide.
Each ancient recollection
  Brought something to subdue;
I lived in old affection,
  And felt the heart was true.

I am come again with summer,
  It is lovely to behold.
Will it welcome the new comer,
  As it seem'd to do of old?
Within those dark green covers,
  Whose shade is downwards cast,
How many a memory hovers
  Whose light is from the past!

I see the bright trout springing,
  Where the wave is dark yet clear,
And a myriad flies are winging,
  As if to tempt him near.
With the lucid waters blending,
  The willow shade yet floats,
From beneath whose quiet bending
  I used to launch my boats.

Over the sunny meadows,
I watch them as of old,
Flit soft and sudden shadows
That leave a greener gold.
And a faint south wind is blowing
Amid the cowslip beds,
A deeper glow bestowing
To the light around their heads.

Farewell, sweet river! ever
Wilt thou be dear to me;
I can repay thee never
One half I owe to thee.
Around thy banks are lying
Nature's diviner part,
And thou dost keep undying
My childhood at my heart.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

hn Benbow was born at Shrewsbury in the year 1650,
brought up to the nautical profession on board a mer-
tman. In this service he so signalised himself in a
rate fight with a Sallee pirate in the Mediterranean,
King James II. promoted him at once to the command
ship of war. William III. employed him in protecting
trade in the Channel, which he did with great effect.
valour and activity acquired for him the confidence of
ation; and being raised to the rank of Rear Admiral
iled to the West Indies in search of the French fleet.
ugust, 1702, he fell in with Du Casse, the French ad-
l, and was so unfortunate as to have his leg carried
by a chain-shot, in a running fight with the enemy's
Being carried below, and proper dressings being ap-
, he caused himself to be again brought on deck, and
inued the action. At this critical moment, he was
y deserted by several of the captains under his com-
d, two of whem were afterwards tried by court-martial
condemned to be shot. Benbow, however, sunk gra-
y under the mental distress occasioned by this trans-
n and the bodily suffering from his wound, and ex-
l at Jamaica on the 4th of November, 1702. The letter
s opponent, Du Casse, after the battle, is in the highest
t of chivalry: "Sir, I had little hope on Monday last
o have supped in your cabin. It has pleased God to
r it otherwise: I am thankful for it. As to those
rdly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for
richly deserve it.—Yours, Du Casse."

The Admiral stood upon the deck,
Before a shot was thrown;
Before him rode the Frenchman's fleet,
Behind him lay his own.

Six gallant ships upon the sea
Their stately shadows cast:
In all of them St. George's flag
Was waving at the mast.

Dark was the shadow on that sea,
And dark upon the sky;
In stillness like the coming storm,
The English fleet sail'd by.

Our Admiral he gave the word—
Up rose the gallant crew:
And far across the sounding seas
Their iron welcome threw.

The earthly thunder of the deep
Pour'd from the Breda's side;
With welcome fiery as their own,
The Fleur-de-lis replied.

"Signal to form our battle-line!"
The English Admiral said;
At once, above the rising smoke,
The signal-flags are spread.

The wind sprung up—a hotter fire
Is carried o'er the flood;
The deck whereon the seamen stand
Is slippery with blood.

The smoke that rises from the guns
Rolls on the heavy air,
So thick above 'twere vain to ask
If heaven itself be there.

The thunder growls along the deep,
The echoing waves reply;
Yet, over all is heard the groan
Deep, faint, of those who die.

The wind goes down—down drop the sails—
Awhile the conflict stops;
A last chain-shot sweeps o'er the deck—
Our Admiral, he drops!

What careth he for life or wound?—
The flowing blood they check.
Again, though helpless as a child,
They bear him to the deck.

With heavy eyes he looks around—
An angry man was he;
He sees three English frigates lie
All idle on the sea.

"Out on the cowards!" mutter'd he,
Then turn'd to where beside,
The Ruby, his true consort, lay
A wreck upon the tide.

There is no time for thought or word,
The French are coming fast;
Again the signal-flag is hung
Unnoticed at his mast.

A raking fire sweeps through her deck,
The Breda has resign'd;
For the first time her sails are spread,
And with the foe behind.

They take the dying Admiral,
They carry him ashore;
They lay him on the bed of death
From whence he rose no more.

But not unhonour'd is his name—
Recall'd and honour'd long;
His name on many a song that speeds
The midnight watch along.

But for the cowards who could leave
The brave man to his doom,
Their's was the scorned memory,
And their's the nameless tomb.

They died their long dishonour flung
  For ever on the wave:
Time brings no silence to the shame
  Cast on the coward's grave.

DISENCHANTMENT.

Do not ask me why I loved him,
  Love's cause is to Love unknown;
Faithless as the past has proved him,
  Once his heart appear'd mine own.
Do not say he did not merit
  All my fondness, all my truth:
Those in whom Love dwells inherit
  Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dream'd him,
  Noble, generous, gifted, true,
Not the less I fondly deem'd him,
  All those flattering visions drew.
All the hues of old romances
  By his actual self grew dim;
Bitterly I mock the fancies
  That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted
  From the moment when we met,
Henceforth with one image haunted,
  Life may never more forget.
All my nature changed—his being
  Seem'd the only source of mine.
Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing
  Thy sad future to divine?

Once, upon myself relying,
  All I ask'd were words and thought;
Many hearts to mine replying,
  Own'd the music that I brought.
Eager, spiritual, and lonely,
  Visions fill'd the fairy hour,
Deep with love—though love was only
  Not a presence, but a power.

But from that first hour I met thee,
  All caught actual life from you.
Alas! how can I forget thee,
  Thou who mad'st the fancied true?
Once my wide world was ideal,
  Fair it was—ah! very fair.
Wherefore hast thou made it real?
  Wherefore is thy image there?

Ah! no more to me is given
  Fancy's far and fairy birth;
Chords upon my lute are riven,
  Never more to sound on earth.
Once sweet music could it borrow
  From a look, a word, a tone;
I could paint another's sorrow—
  Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter
  Which at morning-tide they wore,
And the well within is bitter,
  Nought its sweetness may restore:
For I know how vainly given
  Life's most precious things may be,
Love that might have look'd on heaven,
  Even as it look'd on thee.

Ah, farewell!—with that word dying,
  Hope and love must perish too.
For thy sake themselves denying.
  What is truth with thee untrue.
Farewell!—'tis a dreary sentence,
  Like the death-doom of the grave,
May it wake in thee repentance,
  Stinging when too late to save!

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual,
Edited bythe Rev. William Ellis.

MRS. FLETCHER,

LATE MISS JEWSBURY.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Miss Jewsbury, whose portrait stands as the frontispiece of the present volume, was a native of Warwickshire, born in the year 1800. In the early part of her life her family removed to Manchester, where she resided until the time of her marriage with the Rev. Kew Fletcher, on the second of August, 1832.

In contemplating the character of this distinguished woman there appears little for the pen to record, but much for the mind to expatiate upon; and there are few individuals, amongst those who are capable of appreciating the depth, the extent, and the strength of her mental capabilities, who will not feel with the writer of this humble memorial, a disposition, not always rightly controlled, to regret that a star so bright and benignant in its influence, should have set to the world, before the fulness of its splendour was revealed. In the writings of Miss Jewsbury, brilliant and powerful as they are, we are struck more with what she might have been, than with what she was. Not merely with what she might have been as a writer, but as an experienced and exemplary Christian. By her own confession, in an affecting and characteristic letter, written a short time before her departure for India, she had *done nothing to live;* and of the fragments of thought and feeling left behind her, it cannot be said that they prove, either collectedly or individually, what her mind was capable of working out. It may with more propriety be remarked, that they resemble specimens of the precious ore of some deep unfathomed mine, from whose wealth the world is now shut out for ever. The same impenetrable veil has been drawn between our eyes, and the full developement of her religious character. For though there is clear and satisfactory evidence, in the tone and character of her writings, that her mind was deeply impressed with the force of scriptural truth, and her heart secured against the many temptations to which her ardent nature was peculiarly liable, by a well-grounded religious faith, she was removed from this scene of spiritual conflict, before all the energies of her soul appeared to be fully matured, or devoted, as there is every reason to believe they would have been, to the highest and noblest purposes of existence. And thus we sorrow, perhaps with too much poignancy, over the early death of one so peculiarly calculated to adorn and improve the society of which we form a part; forgetting that He who seeth not as man seeth, needs no ray of earthly splendour to add to the glory of his crown, and therefore, more compassionate than we are in our short-sightedness and folly, he not unfrequently quenches the rising splendour of human intellect, in mercy to the weak and suffering nature to which it is allied. It is probable, too, that the "early grave which men weep over," may afford a blessed deliverance from temptations, unknown except to the heart where they exist, and to Him who formed that heart, and who pities its manifold infirmities.

It is a well-known truth, that genius is a fearful, and sometimes fatal gift; and genius of that particular kind which distinguished the character of Miss Jewsbury, is, perhaps, the most to be feared in connexion with the happiness or misery of its possessor. The author of the "Enthusiast" has, in that story, bequeathed to the world a striking and most melancholy picture of the ceaseless conflict, the insatiable thirst for what is unattainable, and the final wretchedness necessarily attendant upon the ungoverned ambition of superior intellect, when associated with the weakness, natural dependence, and susceptibility of woman. The character of Julia, with an injustice too frequently practised, has been identified with that of the authoress herself; and though, by her own confession, "the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions" of her heroine are drawn from her own; we feel the highest satisfaction in turning from the dreary void to which this ideal being is consigned, to the indefatigable industry, the practical usefulness, and the religious zeal which imparted solidity and worth to the later years of the real "Enthusiast."

The most striking features in the character of Miss Jewsbury, were such as qualified her in an especial manner for shining in society. Naturally prone to satire, she looked upon the world, not with the tempered vision of one early initiated in its hackneyed customs; but, with the keen perception of an unsophisticated and self-tutored mind, she fearlessly assailed its absurdities, and sported with its follies like a child with its toys, until their impotence wearies him, and their frailty disappoints. It was then, in the midst of her playfulness, when her strong moral feelings were excited, that she seemed to possess an intuitive power of striking off, as it were, masses of thought, and scattering them amongst her hearers, with a rapidity of movement in all the operations of her own intellect, which, in the opinion of Wordsworth, was without its equal in any other mind. And this variety perpetually recurring, mingled, also with a profound heart-searching melancholy, whose "boding voice" was ever reminding her of death and the grave, rendered the seasons of intellectual communion with Miss Jewsbury like bright spots, in the existence of all who knew and loved her, never to be forgotten, and never to be effaced by their likeness to any thing on earth.

It is not for common-place, tame, unimaginative minds to form an idea of what must have been the temptations to a being thus endowed, when surrounded by an admiring circle. That Miss Jewsbury's experience should in many points, have too closely resembled that of her own "Enthusiast," can be no subject of surprise. The wonder is, (and would that all who wonder might learn to imitate and admire!) that, knowing and feeling herself to be thus endowed, she should have devoted her time, her care, and her affectionate attention, to the household duties of her father's family, until the total failure of her health rendered it a higher duty to withdraw from such arduous and unremitting occupations. Even then, when her recovery was despaired of, she was not idle; for she had a strong principle within her, perpetually prompting her to employ all the powers she was gifted with, in promoting the temporal and eternal benefit of her fellow-creatures. During her stay at Leamington she wrote her "Letters to the Young," many of them addressed to her own young friends, and all bearing evidence of a strong conviction of the importance and necessity of that entire devotedness of the heart to God, which this work so strenuously recommends.

It may be said, (for many unjust and unkind things are said of literary women,) that the love of fame might influence her even in the high and holy duty of recommending the religion of the Bible to the acceptance and adoption of youth; and rather than dispute this point, we turn again to her domestic character, and contemplate her at the age of nineteen, taking the sole management of a large family, the youngest of which was but a month old. To this child, whose health was extremely delicate, she devoted herself with unremitting anxiety, and it is, humanly speaking, to her long and unceasing kindness that her youngest brother now owes his life. Yet at the same time, that there burned within her soul the unquenchable fire of a genius too powerful to be extinguished by the many cares of her arduous life, so fearful was she of being absorbed by any selfish pursuit, that she made it a point of conscience never to take up a book, until all her little charge had retired to rest for the night. With what avidity she then drank at the well of knowledge, may be inferred from the insatiable thirst for distinction which at a very early period of her existence filled her mind.

"I was nine years old," she says in the letter already alluded to, "when the ambition of writing a book, being praised publicly, and associating with authors, seized me as a vague longing." The desire of her heart in after years was granted, and what was the result? Not the satisfaction of having earned a rich reward, but keen regrets that she had not done better, and earned more. "I would gladly burn almost every thing I ever wrote," is her own affecting expression in the same letter, "if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, and thought, and suffered something at least approaching to a preparation." And then in what beautiful language does she lament her own past impatience in attempting to seize, without attaining excellence. "Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst. I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have promise, may mature, may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will.

'I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.'

In the best of every thing I have done, you will find one leading idea—*death:* all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow."

And well was it for the gifted authoress that her thoughts had this peculiar bias; and merciful was the shadow thus cast upon her earthly path, as if to obscure the brilliance which her own genius shed around her, and veil from her eyes the allurements of a deceitful world. Had it been otherwise, in what a different state of mind, and feeling, and experience, might she have met her early death! for there was every thing in her own nature calculated to make her the idol of society; and but for such internal premonitions of her doom, she might have been the idol of society, and nothing more.

It is remarkable, that the same bias and tendency of thought should have pervaded with equal power the mind of a sister genius, destined to follow at a short distance the steps of her friend to the same house appointed to all living, and that the intimacy, which at a late period of their lives existed between Miss Jewsbury and Mrs. Hemans, should have been cemented by the sympathy of their souls, on what appears to have been to both, a subject of absorbing and profound interest—that of death and eternity. In describing the effect produced upon her own feelings by the tidings of Mrs. Fletcher's decease, Mrs. Hemans uses the following expressive language: "It hung the more heavily upon my spirits, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up as it were in the recess of her mind, than was ever manifested to the world in her writings. Strange and sad does it seem that only the broken music of such a spirit has been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth!"

And many are the hearts that will echo a response to this exclamation. Yet when we reflect, that the elements of intellectual greatness are seldom allied to those of social and domestic happiness, especially in women; that there is a fervour and an impulse of feeling connected with high mental capabilities, at variance in their nature with the repose, and too often with the loveliness, of the female character,—we are willing to bow beneath the hand of Him who doeth all things well, without murmuring that he has added to the harmony of heaven, those strains which it is possible might never have been tuned on earth without some jarring chord.

As a writer Miss Jewsbury is well known to the world, and all comments upon her ability as an authoress must fall short of what she merits as a highly-gifted and intellectual woman. It may, therefore, be briefly remarked, that her mind though imaginative, was not naturally poetical; and though her style abounds in imagery, it wants the easy flow—the melody of poetic numbers. It is possible the movements of her mind were too rapid for verse, and the materials with which it worked out its purposes, too massive and ponderous to be associated with perfect harmony. The following stanzas on man will exemplify this defect, in conjunction with the magnitude and abruptness of thought in which it originated; at *the same* time that they show how expansive, and how *noble were the subjects* upon which her thoughts *were exercised:—*

"Creation's heir!" the first, the last!
  That knew the world his own;
Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast
  A fugitive o'erthrown!
Faded and frail the glorious form,
  And changed the soul within,
While pain, and grief, and strife, and storm,
  Told the dark secret—sin!

Unaided and alone on earth,
  He bade the heavens give ear;
But every song that sang his birth
  Kept silence in its sphere:
He saw round Eden's distant steep
  Angelic legions stray;
Alas! they were but sent to keep
  His guilty foot away!

Then turn'd he reckless to his own,
  The world before him spread;
But nature's was an alter'd tone,
  And spoke rebuke and dread.
Fierce thunder's peal, and racking gale,
  Answer'd the storm-swept sea,
While crashing forests join'd the wail,
  And all said "Cursed for thee!"

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar,
  And this the victim's cry;
This written in defenceless gore,
  For ever met his eye.
And not alone each fiercer power
  Proclaim'd just heaven's decree,
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
  Alike said "Cursed for thee!"

Though mortal, doom'd to many a length
  Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength;
  They too proclaim'd the ban.
'Twas heard amid their hostile spears,
  Own'd in the murderer's doom,
Seen in the widow's silent tears,
  Felt in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after fate,
  His being, birth, or name;
Enough that all have shared his state,
  That man is still the same;
Still brier and thorn his life o'ergrow,
  Still strives his soul within,
And pain, and care, and sorrow show
  The same dark secret—sin.

It is in the prose writings of Miss Jewsbury that we are more frequently struck with those flashes of genius, and that bursting forth of powerful intellect, by which she was so strikingly distinguished from the more superficial writers of her day, and which gave promise of a degree of literary eminence which few women have attained. The story of the "Enthusiast," defective as it is in some respects, abounds in passages of this description; passages that strike the heart with an instantaneous conviction of how much the writer of them must have thought, and felt, and suffered, in her own short experience of human life; and how much she must have learned in her eager quest after the knowledge of good and evil. The following description of society after it has been sought as the idol of an ambitious woman, though accompanied with the wildness of highly wrought enthusiasm, is strongly characteristic of her own mind; and while she makes her heroine speak for her, we cannot but suspect that the feelings she expresses had a deeper root than in the *imagination* of the author. "None know better than I do that this society is magnificent in its outward aspect, but in detail it will not bear inspection. The temple is barbaric, not Grecian; the worship is idolatrous, not Christian. It is a divinity gorgeous in apparel, but a fire is concealed within its hollow bosom, and whoso worships must cast therein the first born of the soul's simplicity. Do not refer me to nature for the well-spring of beauty and consolation. I love her, but it is a luxury—as an addition to other things; I could not be satisfied to live with her alone, and for her own sake. Besides, I deserted her once; and she does not, like Deity, call back her prodigals to her bosom. There is no voice in nature which says, 'Return, and I will receive you again.' Ah, what is genius to a woman, but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blends with it. However much as an individual she may have gained in name, in rank, in fortune, she has suffered as a woman. In the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current; she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with the wind—a splendid exotic nurtured for display; she is the Hebrew whose songs are demanded in a strange land; Ruth standing, amid the alien corn; her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive, bright, desolate, and sad!"

Who can read this description of the fate of an ambitious woman, without believing that the writer must herself have played upon the brink of that precipice, down which her heroine had plunged; and the more feelingly we contemplate the degree of suffering and temptation to which her own ardent nature was liable, the more we rejoice that she listened to the warnings of the still small voice, and retreated to a safe resting-place, and found that shelter and repose, which, beloved and admired as she was, she never could have enjoyed as the idol of society.

There is nothing more powerfully expressed in the writings of Miss Jewsbury, than her own deep sense of the utter emptiness and insufficiency of all earthly enjoyments. Even of human sympathy, she who must have proved its utmost worth remarks, in one of her earliest publications,—"It is indeed a frail evanescent thing, which we all over-estimate, until deep suffering convinces us of its little real worth. As the parent of charity, it may alleviate tangible evils, and diminish the sum of bodily sufferings. Food may relieve hunger; medicine may assuage sickness; money may convey warmth and plenty to the abodes of poverty; sympathy may soothe the surface of human sorrow; but its dark troubled depths must remain dark and troubled still. It cannot medicine the soul, and *there* lie all the griefs that kill."—Again speaking through her imaginary "Enthusiast," she says of "knowledge—ask, is it come to this! Knowledge, though it still invigorates my understanding, no longer fills my heart with unalloyed pleasure; it seems only to open my eyes to fresh views of human crime and sorrow. And what is the office of poetry? little other than to strew flowers over the various sepulchres in which the heart buries its dead. Yes, poetry may be ethereal in our nature, but it also enervates, and saddens; it imparts poison to an odour; it slays with a jewelled scimetar."

What, then, was left for one who had tried all things which her ambition had pointed out as desirable, and experienced, ere the prime of life, that all was vanity? What but to choose that better part commended by the Saviour himself, when he accepted the precious ointment as the offering of a love, whose depth and devotedness he alone could comprehend.

In Miss Jewsbury's earliest connected work, entitled, "Phantasmagoria," much of her natural tendency to satire is exhibited, without the subdued and chastened feelings which imparted a deep interest to the productions of her riper years. It is said by those most intimately acquainted with her, that many of her best writings appeared anonymously in the periodicals of the day, and these she collected together previously to her departure for India, there is every reason to suppose, with the intention of having them republished under her own name. It is much to be regretted, that no complete edition of her works has yet appeared; and if such be in preparation, it must be the ardent wish of every admirer of true genius, that they may fall into able and generous hands, capable of doing justice to so talented an author.

If neither the intellectual nor religious part of Miss Jewsbury's character was ever fully exhibited in her native country, there is a noble testimony on record, that, during her short but honourable career in India, the matured virtues of her heart and mind were brought into more powerful and efficient exercise. Sustained by that faith which gives strength to the feeble, and energy to the desponding, she devoted herself to her husband through a severe and protracted illness; and when disease was raging around her, and famine presented every aspect of wretchedness to her compassionate view, her abode was thronged by the native women and children, whose sufferings were not only commiserated, but as far as possible relieved. It was in this way that she sought to win the hearts of the people, as well as to gratify her own benevolent feelings; to convince them that her religion was one which led those who received it to delight in binding up the broken-hearted, and comforting those that mourned, while she hoped to be able gradually to instil into their minds its important and sublime principles. But the term of her usefulness was near its close, and while compassionating the sufferings of others, she herself fell a victim to the same dreadful disease. Mrs. Fletcher died of the cholera, in her way from Sholapore to Bombay, on the 3d of October, 1833.

It is recorded as one of the last acts of her valuable life, that while famine was desolating the neighbourhood of Sholapore, and her benevolence and charity were extending themselves in every available channel, a poor Hindoo, deprived by starvation of his wife and all his children, except one infant daughter, having crawled with this child in his arms to the foot of his idol, was found dead before the altar, as if arrested in the act of supplicating for relief. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher hastened to the spot had the father buried, and the unconscious child thus literally found in the arms of death, they adopted as their own. During the short remaining period of her life, Mrs. Fletcher carefully and affectionately attended upon this orphan; and it was one of the last acts of her benevolence to have it placed in a female missionary school.

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THE RULER'S FAITH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Come lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live."
Matt. ix. 18.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick.
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Turns pale as marble. Hark! that hollow moan,
Which none may soothe, and then the last faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder.
Deep the wail
That speaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A wither'd flower
Is there, oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solaced itself with garlands, and beheld
New buddings every morn.
Father, 'tis o'er!
That voice is silent which had been thy harp,
Quickening thy footsteps nightly toward thy home,
Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
Even with thy temple worship, when the soul
Should deal with God alone.
What stranger-step
Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
In meekness and in majesty doth bend
Beside the bed of death?
"She doth but *sleep*,
The damsel is not *dead*."
A smother'd hiss,
Contemptuous, rises from that wondering band,
Who beat the breast, and raise the licensed wail
Of Judah's mourning.
Look upon the dead!
Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids,
What peers between their fringes, like the tint
Of dewy violet? The blanch'd lips dispart,
And what a quivering long-drawn sigh restores
Their rose-leaf beauty. Lo, that clay-cold hand
Doth clasp the Master's, and with sudden spring
That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
Hides in her mother's bosom. Faith's strong root
Was in the parent's spirit, and its fruit
How beautiful!
O mother! who dost gaze
Upon thy daughter, in that deeper sleep
Which threats the soul's salvation, breathe her name
To thy Redeemer's ear, both when she smiles
In all her glowing beauty on the morn,
Or when at night her clustering tresses sweep
Her downy pillow, in the trance of dreams,
Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
Or to the meshes of an earthly love
Yields her young heart, be eloquent for her,
Take no denial, till the gracious hand
Which raised the ruler's dead, give life to her,
That better life, whose power surmounts the tomb.

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

MRS. STEWART,

WIFE OF THE REV. C. S. STEWART, A. M., CHAPLAIN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, AND LATE AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lips as Hermon's dew to shower?
Yes, in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd?
Of heaven they were, and thither have return'd!"

Harriet Bradford Stewart was born near Stamford, Connecticut, in the United States of America, on the 24th of June, 1798. She was the youngest daughter of Colonel Tiffany, a distinguished officer in the war by which the independence of America was secured. Her mother was a daughter of the Hon. W. Bradford Whiting, of Columbia county, New York. Her ancestry embraced many of the most pious and illustrious of the early pilgrims, among whom may be mentioned the Rev. S. Whiting, a learned nonconformist clergyman of Oxford; the Rev. John Laythrope, of London, who, with his church, was driven to the wilds of America by the persecutions of Laud; and the Hon. W. Bradford, one of the most distinguished pilgrims from Leyden, through whom she traced her ancestry to the Rev. John Bradford, chaplain to Edward VI., who perished at the stake in Smithfield, in 1555.

The childhood and youth of Mrs. Stewart were passed under the guardianship of an amiable and pious maternal aunt; but though herself distinguished by great sweetness and gentleness of natural disposition, and carefully instructed in the principles and duties of the Bible, she does not appear to have experienced the decisive influence of religion in her own heart, till she had attained her twenty-first year, when, during her recovery from an alarming illness, she was enabled, through the aboundings of Divine mercy, to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and was filled with consolation and joy. Her mind was first led to contemplate the missionary enterprise as her future walk of usefulness, when reading, shortly after the period of her conversion, Melville Horne's "Letters on Missions." In June, 1822, she became the wife of the Rev. Charles Samuel Stewart, and in the month of November following, embarked, with him and other missionaries, for the Sandwich Islands. After a passage unusually pleasant and favourable, they reached the Sandwich Islands in the month of April, 1823. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Stewart accompanied her husband from Oahu to Maui, where she sustained with cheerfulness the trials, and engaged with activity and devotedness in the arduous duties, inseparable from the commencement of a mission among uncivilized tribes.

Mrs. Stewart was not long favoured to occupy the post in which she had found much enjoyment, and had been the means of most important benefit, especially to many of her own sex. In the summer of 1825, her health was so impaired, as to excite the most painful apprehensions, and no prospect of life remained but by returning to her native land. For several months, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart waited in great anxiety for a vessel bound to America, and during this period the family received the most polite and kind attentions from Lord Byron, then at the islands in H. M. S. Blonde. At length an English ship, homeward bound, put into Oahu for refreshments—the captain generously offered them a passage to England—and, in October, 1825, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, with two dear children, left the islands, followed by the tender sympathy and ardent affection, not only of their fellow-labourers in the mission, but by many of the chiefs and people, by whom the memory of Mrs. Stewart is still held in grateful remembrance. They reached this country in April, 1826, and, after spending some months in London, Mrs. Stewart's strength was so far restored as to allow her to proceed to America, where she had the satisfaction of once more meeting many endeared friends, with whom (occasionally cheered by hopes of restoration to health) she enjoyed a delighful Christian intercourse, until her sufferings were terminated by death, which took place in the month of Septemcer, 1830. Her end was peace, her record is on high; and she has entered upon her reward and her rest.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

How many a woman, young and pale,
Hath sat to watch while fickle day
Spread in the west his crimson sail,
Impatient of delay;
And listen'd with an aching ear
For tread of foot or cry of hound,
Till weary hope, with sigh and tear
Expiring look'd around,
O'er darken'd vale, and wood and plain,
For one who came not back again.

And weary is that woman's lot,
If in a fertile land she dwell,
Where war and famine riot not,
Nor even sickness fell:
But if, in hovel cold and rude,
On rugged rock, or windy moor,
Ye find her in her solitude,
At eve beside her door,
Sad thoughts her only company—
O dismal, then, her fate must be!

Oh! dismal, in the bitter north!
Where, over wastes of trackless snow,
Coy summer rarely peepeth forth,
And flowers forget to blow.
Where, with a wan and spectral light,
Short time the sun his journey takes,
And winter falls with heavy night
On frozen seas and lakes,
And, through their icy caverns drear,
The deep wind murmurs sounds of fear.

A lone one watches in her hut,
By dark, desponding thoughts possess'd,
And fancies strong—nor force can shut
Their phantoms from her breast:
Her own sweet Germany she sees,
Its laughing fields, its cities gray,
Its hamlet-churches bower'd in trees,
Where first she learn'd to pray,—
And spirits are whispering in her ear,
"What, dreamer, wouldst thou perish here?

"Thy pious father lies asleep,
Among his children, all but thee,—
Thy mother hath not ceased to weep
Her daughter's face to see,—
And thou must leave thy shelter'd home,
To die, ere youth's best years be told,
In this dark land of cheerless gloom,
Of hunger, and of cold;
Return—forsake its wilds austere!
Thy place, fair woman, is not here."

Thick-coming thoughts like these did fill
Her large blue eyes with gentle grief,
When through the night (so very still
Was heard the whistling leaf,)
A step drew near—a voice was heard—
The fur-clad labourer came at last;
The embers on the hearth she stirr'd,
The weary one embraced—
Great sorrow sat most heavily
On furrow'd brow, and languid eye.

"Mine own," he said, and clasp'd her hand,
Her small white hand, within his twain,
"I cannot bear this weary land,
This labour all in vain;
I preach the word, and none will hear,
Or hear, God's mercy to despise;
And palsying doubt, and boding fear,
Within my breast arise;
The Lord denies to bless my prayer,
Thou weepest—Yes! our home *is* fair!

"Come, we'll return! the hind refrains
To sow, when nothing springs to reap;
We will return to blither plains,
Of corn, and trees, and sheep;
There's pestilence around us now,
And winter, with his noons of night,
And cold, rude men, who will not bow
To worship God aright:
For mine own holy land I sigh,
If but to breathe its air—and die!"

Lo! while he mourn'd, a sudden change
Crimson'd her lip, and fired her eye,
And boldness, to herself most strange,
Spoke out in her reply—
"Cheer thee, my faithful! keep thy trust
In One above, the Just, the Wise,
Who, for he knows us frail as dust,
Our faith and courage tries;
Our friends are far, but God is near,
Ay, to this land of gloom and fear!

"I, too, have wrestled with despair,
And, weeping, yearn'd to live and die
Within some Christian dwelling fair
Of my sweet Germany!

But it hath pass'd, and I am strong;
Our God, who sent us here to toil,
Can build the shrine, and wake the song,
On this unthankful soil;
And bow the heathen heart of stone
To worship at his lofty throne!"

"Cheer thee, mine own! the day is nigh,
The seed is sown, the well is found;
And soon, from out the kindling sky,
Shall glory stream around;
And soon the plenteous garden, piled
With golden harvests, shall o'erflow,
And gushing fountains, in the wild,
Bid rose and lily blow;
And for the labourer, toil-oppress'd,
Are heaven's unfailing homes of rest!

She spoke with such a beaming eye,
And such a mild benignant brow,
As angel's, beaming from the sky,
To comfort earth below:
Her sweet words fell like healing dew
Upon the pastor's heart of care,
And, side by side, to God anew
They vow'd themselves in prayer;
And blest with sleep more sweet to see
Were none that night in Germany.

From the Christian Keepsake.

JUGGERNATH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GOGERLY, MISSIONARY IN BENGAL.

The great temple at Pooree, in Orissa, is situated in latitude 20° 38′ North, and longitude 86° 15′ East. According to the Hindoo authorities, it was built A. D. 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, under the superintendence of his minister Bajpoi, at a cost of 50 lakhs of rupees, or £500,000 sterling. It is surrounded with a stone wall twenty feet high, and forms a square of 650 feet. Besides the large pagoda, there are about fifty smaller temples, in honour of Shira Kalee and other Hindoo deities. There are four gates, one at at each side of the square, but the principal entrance is the Singha-devar, or the "Lion-gate." Immediately before this gate, outside the wall, is a beautiful column, which formerly adorned the black pagoda, but which was removed to its present position by a wealthy inhabitant of Pooree; it is in honour of the sun. Near the Singha-devar is a monastery, belonging to a sect of Voishnobs, very richly endowed; it is frequented by the most learned pundits of India, and the *mohont*, or superior, is a venerable man, of high reputation for learning and sanctity, and is adored by his disciples, whose number, it is stated, amounts to several thousands.

The principal building within the walls is 180 feet high, and 32 feet square, on every part of which, in bold relief, are representations of the most obscene and abominable description. This, however, is not confined to the Pooree temple, for in various parts of Bengal, on the temples of Shiva, I have beheld sculpture, which, had I not seen, I should not have believed could exist. Sculpture of the same kind disgrace all all the temples within the enclosure. Upwards of 3000 families of priests and other servants of the idol, are supported by the revenues of the temple, among whom are 400 families of cooks and 120 women of ill fame, who are kept for the avowed purpose of dancing before the idols. How affecting the comparative apathy with which the followers of the pure and holy Jesus have so long regarded the abominations and pollutions of idolatry, so openly practised and so perseveringly upheld in India!

Connected with this temple, three idols are the great objects of attraction, the chief of these is the great Juggernath, or Jogo-nat'h, from the Sanscrit Jogot, world, and nat'h, lord—"Lord of the World." The next in importance is his brother, Bollobhodro, the "Great Lord;" and the third, his sister, Soobodro, which may be translated, "the Great Beauty."

The idol called Jogot-nat'h is a huge unsightly figure of wood, bearing some distant resemblance to the human form, but without legs or arms, excepting two short projections or stumps proceeding from the upper part of the trunk; it is painted black, with a red mouth, and large red and white circles for eyes. The form of Bollobhodro resembles, in appearance, that of the principal idol, but is painted white; whilst their sister, though denominated the "*Great Beauty*," is the most deformed of all, having neither arms, legs, or neck, the head of the figure consisting of a round block of wood painted yellow, fixed upon the shoulders. These three idols are placed in separate cars, one of which is forty-three feet high, and has sixteen wheels; the other two, forty-one and forty feet high, have each fourteen wheels.

The origin of Jogot-nat'h is differently related by the Hindoos themselves, but is generally believed to be as follows: Kristno, the eighth incarnation of Vishnoo, having been killed by a hunter, his body was left to rot in the forest. After a time some zealous individuals collected his bones, and, depositing them in a box, kept them a considerable time, when the Rajah Indradomon, a man held in great veneration, under the instruction of Vishnoo, obtained possession of the bones; and, entreating the assistance of Vishno-koormo, the architect of the gods, to prepare an image, in which the bones of Kristno were to be deposited. Vishnoo-koormo is reported to have consented, on the condition that, if interrupted by any one in his work, he would leave the figure in an unfinished state. He commenced, and in one night built a temple on the Neel-giri, or blue mountains of Orissa. He then proceeded to prepare an image to receive the bones of Kristno, and continued at his work fifteen days. Rajah Indradomon, hearing no noise, and seeing the temple complete, imagining the work was finished, and that Vishnoo Koormo had ascended to the gods, entered the building, and to his astonishment found the architect still engaged. Filled with wrath at the interruption, the workman left his image without legs, or hands, or neck. In his distress, the king prayed to Bromha, who promised to make the image famous in its present shape. The king, on receiving this promise, prepared to set up this unfinished idol, and invited all the gods to the ceremony, and Bromha himself officiated as high priest on the occasion, which established the fame of Jogot-nat'h for ever.

In the month of June, the ceremony of drawing the car of Jogot-nat'h takes place. On the day previous to the ceremony, the three cars are brought out and arranged opposite to the Singha-devar. At the appointed time, the three idols, Jogot-nat'h, Bollobhodro, and Soobhodro, are brought forth, and placed on their respective thrones. Platforms are erected on the car and in front of the idols, and these platforms are thronged with Brahmins. Large cables are attached to the cars, and thousands of persons, hitherto forced into the service by the officers of government, arrange themselves in order to drag the ponderous vehicle, and wait the signal to move. The dense multitudes are at this moment in the greatest degree of excitement; and all eyes are directed towards the cars, which, covered with cloth of the most gaudy colours, and adorned with silver, present, in the eyes of an ignorant, superstitious, and infatuated multitude, a most imposing appearance. Several elephants belonging to the establishment, and kept avowedly for the service of the gods, are clothed in superb trappings, and stationed at different parts of the road along which the procession is to pass, to do honour to the idols. Innumerable banners wave in the air, and great numbers of musicians, with all kinds of instruments, are stationed around the cars. When the auspicious moment arrives, the signal is given, and hundreds of drums, trumpets, &c. send forth their deafening and discordant sounds, whilst the shouts of the men, and the screams of the women, rend the air. In the midst of this tumult, the cars begin to move, and shouts of "*Hori bol*," and "Jogot-nat'h swamie ka joe," "Victory to the lord Jogot-nat'h," uttered by perhaps 150,000 voices, produce in the minds of the people feelings bordering on delirious frenzy. The Brahmins on the platforms in front of the images sing the praises of the gods, and in the chorus all the people join. Songs of the most polluting description are also chanted by the priests, and these form a prominent part of the religious ceremonies of the day. To these iniquitous songs, the people of all ages and both sexes listen, and respond, with a degree of seeming delight, which forms one of the most affecting demonstrations ever witnessed of the fatal power of idolatry to debase and destroy all that distinguishes the human faculties from mere animal feeling. Having arrived at the place where the cars are to remain, the crowds return to the vicinity of the temple, to spend the night in riot and debauchery. After eight days, the ceremony of the *Volta ruth*, or the bringing back the cars and the idols to the temple, takes place, when similar scenes are witnessed; after which the crowds disperse by degrees, and prepare for their return home.

To this festival about 200,000 pilgrims, three-fourths of whom are females, from all parts of India, but principally from Bengal, generally resort, in the vain hope of obtaining salvation by beholding this unsightly image, so impiously designated the "Lord of the World." The festival occurs during the rainy season, when the low lands of Bengal are nearly under water, and the distress experienced by the pilgrims, and the diseases induced by this circumstance, during their journey, exceed all belief. It is supposed that one-fourth of the pilgrims to Jogot-nat'h, or 50,000 individuals, perish annually by sickness, hunger and fatigue! Frequently a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and two or three children, leave their native village on a pilgrimage to Jogot-nat'h, accompanied by four or five women, generally widows belonging to the same caste, and residents of the same village. They have with them a few bundles, containing a change of clothing for each person, an earthen pot, some rice and peas, and perhaps about fifty rupees in money. Filled with hope, they commence a journey on foot of perhaps three hundred miles. They travel slowly, and at noon, gathering a few sticks, make a fire and cook a portion of their rice, which having eaten under the shade of a tree, they pursue their journey until they arrive at some place where they must rest for the night. On account of the number of travellers, many are compelled to sleep in the open air, on the damp ground. At daylight they resume their journey, at noon eat their scanty meal under the shade of a tree, and again at night sleep in the open air, or, if enabled to get a lodging in any of the *sarais*, (inns,) the small dirty and windowless rooms, with mud walls and thatched roofs, are crowded to excess with miserable wretches, lying on the mud floor, and when the thermometer in the open air at midnight, in that sultry month, is near 90°; within that dirty building, men, women, and children are huddled together, with scarcely room to stir.

Under these circumstances, the travellers often proceed day after day, for about a month, the rains and inundations frequently detaining them on the road. By the time they approach Jogot-nat'h, one half of their money is expended; and in paying to the British government the pilgrim tax, without doing which the object of their journey would be lost, and in the purchase of provisions, &c., the price of which at Pooree, at this particular season, is raised fourfold, the remainder of their money is exhausted. They see the idol—join in the shouts of the multitude—listen with delight to the filthy obscene songs which are sung, and with their usual improvidence remain on the spot until excitement gives place to exhaustion, and hunger, and poverty, and helplessness reduce them to a state of the utmost despondency and wretchedness.

Three hundred miles from home, destitute of all provisions, many are found without a single rupee, or any means of providing food necessary to the preservation of life. To add to their distress, the filth of the place, and the hardships they endure, disease, frequently cholera, makes its appearance—medical aid is not to be obtained, and to proceed on their journey is impossible. Seated by the roadside, imploring charity from the returning pilgrims, the great majority of whom are in as wretched circumstances as themselves, small parties are often seen weeping and praying for relief, till, wasted by sickness and famine, one or more of the number expire, and are left to decay on the spot where they fell, or be devoured by vultures or beasts of prey. The rest, depending on the casual bounty of others on the road, slowly proceed, and, after losing by death one or two more of the party, in process of time again enter their own quiet village, but like living skeletons; and on reaching their own doors, they often give vent to their feelings in strong cries and tears.

A missionary, now labouring at Pooree, writes as follows:—"On one occasion, I witnessed such scenes of cruelty and misery, as no time can ever obliterate from my memory. In one small space of ground (about an acre) I counted upwards of a hundred and forty dead bodies, and in another place ninety: the latter especially were exposed close by the highway, on each side of it, naked, swollen, and putrefying, in the open face of day; while the numbers which might be seen, in other places, and on the roadside, many miles from Pooree, defied calculation. Were I to detail facts which came under my observation, of husbands losing their wives, wives their husbands, children their parents, and parents their children, I could fill a volume; suffice it to say, we have relieved many a child of misery, by administering medicine to the sick, clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, and money to the destitute; but what we have been able to do falls short indeed of the wants of the miserable. Many a heart-rending scene we have been called to witness, where we could afford no relief; many poor creatures we have dismissed with partial assistance, under a full persuasion that they would soon want again, and die: and many a scene of death have we endured, and turned away with a heavy overflowing heart from many a fellow-creature, dying without God and without hope, the victims of this wretched superstition."

Such is idolatry! We mourn over the calamities induced by war; but what are these when compared with the ravages of idolatry! Of the votaries of Jogot-nat'h alone, nearly 50,000 annually perish, and at the other *jatras*, pilgrimages made to Gunga-Sagor, Allahabad, Gya, Tripetty, &c., perhaps as many more. What can be done to save these immense multitudes from death? Send them the gospel—send them missionaries, that, instructed in the word of God, they may, by the Divine blessing, be delivered from the cruel and polluting infatuations of idolatry, and rescued from the power of the destroyer.

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

A BAPTISM OF TEARS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Like a weak ship amid the sea,
Is human life through misery;
And storms would wreck, and billows whelm,
Did no good angel guide the helm;
Therefore, O God, on thee we call,
Almighty One, to succour all!

Not on the whirlwind's wing upborne,
Not in the glory of the morn,
Ask we thy presence; but thy power
To strengthen each frail child of clay
In life's adverse, o'erclouded hour,
When his own spirit dies away!
Ah, though the day be calm and bright,
And glorious the sublimer night,
And fields, and flowers, and waters shine
As fair as on their earliest day,
Yet man, a creature half divine,
Goes drooping, mourning on his way!
Then, from the heavens thy dwelling-place,
Father of all, look down and see,
How wo hath left its darkening trace
Upon thy human family!

The poor,—their heritage is toil;
Their fourscore years are given as spoil
To the rich man; their bread they gain
By watching, weariness, and pain;
Hope knows them not; and cares and fears
Have bow'd them like a load of years.
Their life, through caring for to-day,
Doth pass like one long pang away.
Behold them, Father, where they lie,
Blighted by many miseries,
Hungry and cold; to wan disease
A prey; unmark'd by human eye,
Unpitied by a human heart!
Oh comfort them, and give them power
To look beyond this present hour,
Merciful as thou art!
Oh give them virtue to gainsay
The cruel tempter night and day;
And hope, and health, and fortitude,
To turn life's evil into good;
And a meek contrite heart to bend
Before thee! Let them know thee, Friend,
And Father! God, so visit these,
And lighten life of its worst miseries.

And oh, be thy great mercy sent
Unto the feeble penitent—
The wanderer from the narrow way,
The youthful spirit gone astray—
Most miserable, who cannot win
Repose by night, or peace by day—
The self-accused, who loathes his sin,
Yet hath not strength to break;
Oh save him, for thy mercy's sake!
Call, call him back, for he doth yearn
Toward thee, and longeth to return,
Thine erring, doubting, trembling child,
That seeketh to be reconciled,
Yet dare not look to thee,
Although like life he loveth thee.
Oh, do not cast him off, but still
Strengthen his feeble will!
Call, call him back, and bid him cease
From sin, and sin in dust deplore;
And give him thy serenest peace,
And give him hope, and he
Will fly to thee rejoicingly,
And sin no more.

Another lot of misery!
I see it bowing to the earth
Children that know not childhood's mirth;
Their drooping forms I see;
But who can see their drooping heart—
Who know the anguish that they bear,—
The harrow'd soul, the mortal smart,
That bears through life the wound of care?
Penuried heirs of wretchedness,
Who ne'er the smile of mercy saw,
Who have no kinder friend than *law*,
Whom no eye sees to bless!
O God, look down and see
Their unshared, desolate misery;
Pity their unawaken'd sense,
And their blind hopeless ignorance:
Oh teach them right from wrong
Whom no man teaches, and instil
Into their abject spirits virtues strong,
And joy which at small fountains drinks its fi

My tongue is all unskill'd to pour,
O Lord, a fitting prayer to thee,
Yet would I crave, once more, once more,
For poor humanity;
For him whose mortal die is cast,
Who sees his life's sands ebbing fast,
Yet has no hope, no stay, no trust;
A shrinking, feeble, fearful thing,
That to the fading world doth cling,
Yet knows each earth-made idol, dust!
A doubter once, but now who sees
Before him stern realities—
Death and an awful Judge, who lent
Life not to be misspent!
And now who knows, alas, too late,
How vain a dreamer he has been,
And, shuddering, feels the past a weight
Of mortal, unredeemed sin;
And the great work to be begun
Just when the day is done!
Mighty Avenger, spare, O spare!
Bow not his spirit to despair!
Oh seal thine awful work with grace,
Though bought with mortal agony,
And let him hope to see thy face,
Poor sinner though he be,
And meet a Father and a Friend in thee!

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

THE LAND OF REST.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."
Heb. iv. 9.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
When darkness round our pathway lies,
When tempests blow,
And waters flow,
Sweeping the lovely from our eyes;
No storm thou know'st, or treacherous sea,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee,
When by the bed of death we stand,
Watching until
The Master's will
Shall to his bar the soul command;
Thy sons fade not at death's decree,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
Whene'er iniquities prevail,
When all within
Is dark with sin,
And Satan's wiles our peace assail;
Where thou art, nought impure shall be,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
As exiles homeward bound may turn,
Where to their eyes
The cliffs arise,
Of the dear land for which they yearn;
Our home *thou* art, sad exiles *we*,
And therefore do we look to thee.
Oh! land of rest, we look to thee
For brighter suns than light us here,
For purer balm,
And truer calm,
And holy love unblent with fear;
Thy clime hath all our eyes would see,
And therefore do we look to thee.

Yet, oh, thou land of heavenly rest!
End of our hopes, we prize thee more,
That we shall sit
At Jesus' feet,
Soon as we reach thy happy shore;
And walk with him—the glad! the free!
And therefore do we look to thee.

GENEVRE.

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

ROTUMA, OR WALLIS'S ISLAND.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS.

Wallis's island is one of the numerous and verdant little spots which enliven and adorn the vast Pacific Ocean. They are frequently in clusters, and it is a remarkable fact, that several of the groups consist of eight islands. There are, however, many single islands, whose beauties are rendered still more enchanting by the wide expanse of waters around them; so that all the powers of admiration are concentrated upon the one verdant spot which invites attention.

Wallis's island is situated 13. 16. S. lat. and 176. 50. W. lon. about two hundred and fifty miles west of the Samoa or Navigators' Islands.

This island, though small, is rich in all the productions of tropical climes, which in many instances surpass the powers of description. The convolvulus and other creeping plants, by their luxuriance, cover the ground with their foliage, while they embellish the carpet of nature they form with the variegated flowers which they bear. The banana and the mountain plantain, the one with its rich and golden-coloured cluster of fruit, partially hid among the magnificent leaves by which it is shaded, next invites your attention. The dracenæ also, or ti-plant, expands its glossy and spear-shaped leaves, beneath which hangs pendent, its beautiful, its chaste and fragrant blossom. Then the Barringtonia or the mape* rears its gigantic form, and extends its wide-spreading branches, as if it were determined to engross an island to itself; but the elegant casuarina forces its way up, and fills the interstices with its wiry foliage; and the stately cocoa-nut tree, finding but little space amidst this luxuriant contention of nature, pushes its way through, until its graceful plumes, as if conscious of victory and superiority, tower above the trees of the grove, and wave majestically to the passing breeze. The numerous parasitical plants hang in a profusion of festoons from almost every branch, and give a rich but graceful wildness to the scene.

The effect of the scenery in the isles of the Pacific is heightened by the variety of objects which are within the range of distinct observation. The majestic tree and the lowly shrub, the lofty mountain towering in the clouds, and the sandy beach, whose minute particles almost elude your grasp, are all within the range of your vision; and a vividness is given to the whole by the clearness of the atmosphere, and by the brilliancy with which the rays from the tropical sun flit and play about the objects upon which they alternately alight.

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* Inocarpus, or tropical chestnut tree.

The native name of this island, Wallis's Island, is *Rotuma*, and, although seventeen hundred miles west of Tahiti, is said, by tradition, to have been visited by one of the ancient navigators of the Society Isles. Indeed, the celebrated seat, Reuea, used by the chief of Raiatea in all their sacred festivals, is said to have been brought by Hiro from Rotuma.

The inhabitants of this charming and retired little spot have ever been regarded as a mild and inoffensive race, and the females as being more attractive in their persons than those of other islands. These circumstances induced the commanders of vessels, especially those engaged in the whale fishsry, to resort frequently to this island; and very many of the sailors left their vessels, and took up their residence on the shore. Thus it will appear that intercourse between Europeans and the inhabitants of this secluded garden of the ocean has been considerable before Missionary influence had reached the aborigines. This, as the sequel will shew, is deeply to be deplored, for the subsequent history of this devoted isle is connected with the most tragical events.

Some few years ago, a person possessing a small schooner and a little property, settled on the island, and soon obtained influence and authority there; but by his unjust extortions and cruelties, he rendered himself obnoxious to the inhabitants, who determined to rid themselves of their unwelcome intruder. Of this he became aware, and took a variety of methods to secure himself against their design. Among other things, he erected a house upon posts, which he ascended by a ladder, that he drew up after him. Being out, however, one day on a shooting excursion, while in the act of taking aim, the natives effected his destruction.

Not long after this, an English whaler was taken at this island, and the crew, twenty-eight in number, with the exception of the surgeon and cabin-boy, were all massacred by the natives. The little cabin-boy effected his escape by crawling among the casks in the hold of the ship.

The circumstances under which the surgeon was preserved were remarkable, but they are too well authenticated to admit of doubt. The ship in question was pursuing her way from the westward for Wallis's Island; on reaching which she was overtaken by a westerly gale, and driven to Samoas, where she remained two days. While there, the surgeon had a dream, in which the Bible appeared open before him, and, while his eyes were fixed upon a particular passage, a voice appeared to say to him, "Read that." The impression made upon his mind was very great; he felt convinced that some dreadful evil was about to befall the ship, and determined at all events to leave, and go on shore among the uncivilised Samoans. At the breakfast table, the following morning, he appeared low-spirited and thoughtful; upon observing which, the captain inquired into the cause, when Mr. S—— informed him of what had passed during the night; stating that he should never be happy again in the vessel, and prayed that the captain would allow him to leave. Mr. S—— had forgotten the passage that had been presented to his imagination, but taking up a Bible which was lying upon the lockers, and opening it, his eye caught the words which had been pointed out to him in his dream, and which were, "The prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, while the wicked pass on and are punished." The captain perceiving that the mind of Mr S—— was under a more than ordinary impression, intimated that he would not oppose his wishes; he accordingly left the vessel, and on my second visit to the Navigators, I found him there in a state of great destitution. On coming on board of the Messenger of Peace, I supplied him with such articles of clothing as my stock would allow, conveyed him to Rarotonga, and subsequently to Tahiti; where by his medical skill he rendered invaluable service to the Mission families: indeed, humanly speaking, the life of that truly excellent missionary, Mr. Pitman, was prolonged by his skilful attentions. *We* had been called to consign *seven* lovely babes to a premature grave; our hopes and fears were again in lively exercise, and it was a matter of no small joy to us to have proper medical aid within reach under those peculiar circumstances. Mr. S—— was with us eight or ten months, and I had every reason to believe that a most salutary impression had been made upon his mind; for the Bible was his constant companion, and his conduct was consistent with the strictest rules of propriety.

I am fully aware that some persons regard impressions from dreams as the effect only of a disturbed imagination. I cannot now enter into the philosophy of dreams, but simply add, that I have never read any thing that, to my mind was satisfactory upon the subject. Lord Brougham's observations are inconclusive; neither do I think that the phenomena of dreams can be accounted for by any *single* cause. Doubtless many nocturnal rambles are occasioned by a disordered state of the body, others arise from the intense occupancy of the thoughts upon any given subject during our waking hours; (and indeed Mr. S—— informed me that he had been distressed for months at the unprecedented wickedness of the captain and crew of the ship, and he felt convinced that some signal judgment must befall them, and that the vessel would never reach England in safety.) But in addition to these and other causes, I think that there are abundant facts to induce the belief, and nothing in the word of God to contradict the conviction, that the human mind is frequently operated upon, when the body is in a state of repose, both by Divine and satanic influence: hence those excellent and salutary dreams which bad men occasionally have; and those of a different character, of which the Apostle Peter speaks, and with which the best of persons are frequently annoyed: but to proceed with the narrative. As soon as Mr. S—— left the vessel, the captain made sail for Rotuma, whence he had been driven by the westerly gale. On reaching it, he ran into the harbour, and dropped anchor. Not contented with the number of poor heathen females who went on board the ship, the captain and his crew, in a state of intoxication, hastened to the shore, and were in the act of compelling the chief's wife and daughters to go off to the vessel, when the exasperated natives rose upon them, and inflicted summary vengeance by putting them all to death, and taking possession of the ship. Thus, in about thirty hours after Mr. S——

left the vessel, were his fearful forebodings realised, and the lifeless bodies of his wicked shipmates lying mangled and bleeding on the beach at Rotuma.

Shortly after this event, one of H. B. Majesty's ships of war visited the spot where this tragical event had occurred, and fired upon the natives. Sixty of the latter were reported to have been killed, and many others wounded.

All this loss of property, (for the vessel and cargo are said to have been worth considerably above £10,000,) and of human life, is to be attributed to this ONE circumstance, *that intercourse between shipping and the natives had taken place before missionary influence had reached the island. Had the latter preceded, in all human probability these dreadful and distressing events would never have occurred.*

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN HUSS.

THE simple but majestic memorial of a tree planted on the spot where John Huss heroically suffered martyrdom, is one that arrests the attention of the stranger, and invests the scenery around the town of Constance with no common interest. On other occasions, and under far less important circumstances, the skill of the artist and the labour of the workman have been called in, to erect monuments of glory, or testimonials of public gratitude, as might best accord with the predominant feeling of the times. But here neither skill nor labour were required, yet the traveller may now repose beneath the stately and outstretching boughs, whose existence is traced back to the very day on which the martyr expired amidst surrounding flames.

It is difficult to suppose that the idea of establishing so simple and beautiful a memorial of the martyr's sufferings and death, could have originated in the malignant and persecuting spirit to which he owed his doom; but as there was "one hand unseen" that strewed flowers upon the tomb of Nero, it may not be too fanciful to suppose that there might have been one bosom in the unpitying multitude whose hope was like his own, and that the planting of this tree was dictated by that holy sympathy which could only arise from similarity of faith, and union of soul.

Little, however, of this sympathy or union was exhibited on the great occasion to which Constance owes so much of its importance in history. Famous as it is for having been the seat of so many ecclesiastical convocations, the most eventful on record is that which sealed the martyrdom of John Huss, in 1415, when all the powers of the church, then at its zenith, and all the potentates in Christendom, assisted in person, or by proxy, at the great council. "At this tribunal, two aspirants to the papal throne were deposed, a third abdicated, and a fourth, in the person of Martin the Fifth, was promoted to the triple crown. Never before had the world witnessed an assembly uniting such transcendent attributes of ecclesiastical power and secular splendour. It was a concentration of all who stood pre-eminent in the departments of social and monastic life. Every kingdom, republic, state, city, and commune, that owned the papal sway, had here their representatives, deputies, or advocates. At this vast assembly which had attracted upwards of one hundred thousand strangers, the Pope and the Emperor Sigismund presided. The former, who had succeeded Alexander the Fifth, and taken the name of John the Twenty-third, was a man, according to the historians of that day, of insatiable ambition, unbounded avarice, and, though possessing some talents as a politician, without a single redeeming virtue as an ecclesiastic. He made his entrance into Constance, attended by nine cardinals, several archbishops, and inferior prelates, forming altogether a suite of six hundred persons, and was received with all possible magnificence. The whole body of the clergy met him in procession, bearing the relics of saints, offering presents, and celebrating his arrival as a solemn and pompous fête. All the magistracy and civic orders of the city, as well as the vast multitude of foreigners whom the occasion had brought from the remotest parts of Christendom, escorted him in triumph to the episcopal palace, saluting him as the Vicar of Jesus Christ—the Vicegerent of God on earth.

Sigismund, however, was in every respect the hero of the council, and added to his other imperial titles that of "Advocate and Defender of the Church." To his person nature had been liberal in her favours; he was a man of heroic stature, martial port, and noble presence, and inferior to no prince of his time in personal courage or knightly accomplishments. His reverses and imprisonment in Hungary and his ill-success against the Turks, had somewhat softened, it is said, his naturally cruel propensities, and taught him lessons of justice and forbearance. These lessons, however, seems to have been remembered, or forgotten, as might suit the occasion, for his treachery towards John Huss has left an indelible stain upon his memory.

In times extremely favourable for the improvement of his various talents, when the university of Prague was in a flourishing state, owing to the great resort of scholars from all parts, John Huss, appears to have made a great progress in writing, and in obtaining the various honours which the university had to bestow. It is written by his own hand in the archives of this institution, that in the year 1393 he was made bachelor, master of arts in 1396, priest and preacher at Bethlehem in 1400, dean of the faculty of divines in 1401, and doctor of the academy in 1409. As much esteemed in the church as in the academy, he was in 1400 appointed confessor to Sophia of Bavaria, second wife of Wenceslaus, a princess of great merit, over whom John Huss held much influence. Five years after this, John Huss made himself very famous by the sermons he preached in the Bohemian language, in the celebrated chapel of Bethlehem, of which he was minister. It does not appear that he had been charged with any innovation before that; but one suspicious circumstance alleged against him was, that the works of John Wickliffe were known to be in his possession, though it is said by some, that he remarked upon many of them in terms of public disapprobation, at the same time that he preached openly in favour of others. His great crime, however, was, that, as his eyes became opened to the abuses of the church, he was emboldened to attack them with no sparing hand, showing what impostures were practised by the priests; and in this he was countenanced and protected by Sigismund, king of Hungary, who had then assumed the title of governor of Bohemia. Indeed, so glaring were the abuses at this time, that a general feeling seems to have prevailed against them, though not a feeling sufficiently powerful to protect those who fell under the immediate power of the indignant church. Aware of the spirit now rapidly gaining ground amongst the Bohemians, Pope Alexander the Fifth ordered the archbishop of Prague to use all his diligence to stop the progress of the innovations; and, in pursuance of this order, Wickliffe's books were publicly committed to the flames; while, not content with this, an order was issued, that all curates who had possession of them should be forbidden to preach in the chapels, even though licensed by the apostolic see. As this prohibition particularly affected John Huss, and his chapel at Bethlehem, he appealed, in the name of the University, to John the Twenty-third, successor to Alexander, and this pope having committed the affair to the examination of his doctors, the decision was, that the archbishop of Prague had acted without sufficient authority in the burning of Wickliffe's books.

Meantime certain enemies of John Huss having given this pope to understand that he taught heresies at Prague, he was summoned to appear before the court of Rome, then kept at Bologna. But such was the respect and veneration in which he was held, that the king and the queen, the nobility, the university, and the city of Prague, sent a deputation to Rome, to desire the pope to dispense with John Huss's appearance in person—on the one hand, because he had been summoned on a false accusation, and, on the other, because they deemed it unsafe for him to go to Rome, by reason of the enemies he had in Germany. In consequence of this, John Huss sent his proctors to the court, to answer for him; but they were very unworthily treated, after having stayed there a year and a half to no purpose. This was followed by the excommunication of Huss, who had no other remedy than to appeal to his Saviour, and await the issue of the next council. But his doom was now darkening upon him, and this very appeal was construed into a crime. When the season for the council drew near, he took measures for his security, but in vain; for though he obtained the testimonials of men who were influential in the church, in favour of his orthodoxy, and adopted every means of establishing it himself all his efforts were unavailing. A powerful engine was in operation against him, and, amongst the friends upon whose support he had calculated, some proved faithless in the hour of trial.

About the 12th of October, 1414, he set out on his journey from Prague, to meet the great council at Constance, protected by a promise of safe-conduct from Sigismund. Though conscious of his own innocence, he did not prosecute his journey without forebodings of what would be its termination. In a letter written shortly before his departure, to a priest named Martin, an entreaty was inscribed on the back of it, that it should not be opened until certain news of his death should have been received; and in the same letter he speaks of his return in a very uncertain manner, saying, that he was resigned to the will of God, and even joyful to die in his cause.

The day after his arrival at Constance, John Huss caused it to be notified to John the Twenty-third, by two of the Bohemian noblemen that were his convoy. They declared to the pope, at the same time, that he was furnished with a safe-conduct from Sigismund; and they also desired his holiness to grant him his protection, and to take care that his safe-conduct was not violated. The pope received the lords very cordially, and made this protestation to them,—"Even though John Huss had killed my brother, I would make use of all my power to prevent any injustice being done to him while he stays at Constance." And for a short time he did in reality enjoy his freedom; but two active and bitter enemies of his, one of whom had formerly been his friend, both animated with the same zeal against him, let no moment pass, nor any stone remain unturned, that might assist in bringing about his condemnation. For this purpose, they not only acted as adversaries or accusers, but as spies upon him, by watching his behaviour at home, and insinuated to the cardinals that it was proper to arrest him. And at last he received a deputation of influential men to summon him before the pope and cardinals, in order to give that account of his doctrines which he had so long wished to lay before the public.

In compliance with this summons, he set out without delay, accompanied by Count John de Chlum, a generous and zealous friend, who never abandoned him. When he arrived at the episcopal palace, one of the cardinals spoke to him in these terms: "Many complaints have been made to us against you, of such a nature, that, if they are just, it will be impossible to tolerate you; for public fame accuses you of having propagated capital and manifold errors in Bohemia, against the Catholic church. To know what truth there is in all this, is the reason we have sent for you hither."

"I entreat you, my fathers, to be assured," said Huss, "that I could sooner die than be convicted of any heresy, much less of any capital errors, as you say; for this reason I came with joy to this council, and promise you, that if I am convicted of any error, I will abjure it without any hesitation."

With this answer the cardinals professed to be satisfied, and dismissed him until another meeting. In the mean time, a certain learned monk was sent to John Huss, with orders to feign himself ignorant, and thus to draw him into some unwary exposure of his heretical sentiments; and though the martyr manfully and boldly repelled the covert attacks of his enemy, he was, at the second meeting of the council, ordered into confinement as a close prisoner; and though his zealous friend appealed to the pope for a confirmation of his promise of protection, and publicly exhibited the safe-conduct of Sigismund, in which terms of affection were inserted, he obtained no redress, but had to submit to the gathering accusations which so commonly crowd upon a falling man.

The pope, who had justified his own want of faith upon the plea of the necessity he was under of submitting to the cardinals, now appointed commissioners to inquire into the case; and while John Huss lay sick in prison, unable to defend his own cause, he was even denied an advocate to plead for him, "because," said his judges, "the canon law prohibits the espousing or pleading the cause of a person suspected of heresy." And as, according to the same law, all manner of witnesses are admitted *against* a heretic, they did not fail to find many amongst the clergy of Bohemia, whom John Huss had exasperated by his preaching.

The result was such as neither the assiduity of friendship, nor the efforts of the indignant nobles of

Bohemia, scarcely less interested than his personal friends, could avert. Yet so powerful and energetic were the movements made in his favour, that the council did all in their power to avoid the odium of a public trial and condemnation. On one hand, the doctors pleaded that a public hearing ought not to be allowed to a heretic; and on the other, it was apprehended that some uproar might attend a trial of that nature. The council, therefore, thought fit to send deputies to induce John Huss either to make recantation, or declaration, which might excuse them from hearing them in a public manner. His private examinations had already become very frequent, and the interrogatories put to him were accompanied with an air of violence and insult, enough to have shaken the constancy of a man already weakened by a tedious and severe imprisonment. After the last private hearing, he was put into the monastery of the Franciscans, where he was laden with chains until the day of his condemnation. A council was now held to examine his books, and in the mean time Sigismund, repenting, it is probable, of the injury he had done him, loudly asserted the justice of allowing him a public examination. In consequence of which, a formal trial was granted, but so great was the tumult when John Huss attempted to speak, that the most judicious of the members advised the putting off the affair until another day.

This was Friday the seventh of June, a day remarkable for a great eclipse of the sun, which was total at Prague, and almost entire at Constance. About one hour after the eclipse, while a feeling of solemnity and awe pervaded the public mind, the prelates again assembled in the presence of the emperor, whose presence the lords of Bohemia desired, in order to prevent the disorder which had disgraced the proceedings of the previous assembly.

John Huss now appeared a second time, accompanied by a great number of soldiers and Michael de Causis had a paper containing the principal charge against him, which was supported by the evidence of several clergymen at Prague. John Huss answered this article by calling God to witness that he never advanced such a proposition, and never so much as believed it. Several other articles were afterwards brought against him, but he defended himself with great calmness and address—after which he was remanded to prison.

John Huss appears to have been a man of singular courage and intrepidity of mind, for on this occasion he made no scruple to assert, that, had he been disinclined to come to the council at Constance, such was the friendly feeling, as well as the power of the dukes of Bohemia, that they would have secured him against both the Emperor and King of Bohemia. And here his devoted friend, John de Chlum, added his assurance that John Huss had asserted nothing but what was true, "for though," said he, "I am one of the meanest lords in Bohemia, I would undertake to defend him for a twelvemonth against all the forces of the emperor and the king; and much more would the other nobles, who were more potent and have stronger places than I have." Even at the time of his condemnation, John Huss is said to have turned round, and steadily fixing his eye upon the emperor, addressed him in these words; "Sire, I have now the honour to tender my especial thanks for the *passport and safe-conduct* vouchsafed me at your imperial majesty's hands:" at which the emperor betrayed his feelings by a guilty blush.

Yet resolute as was this undaunted man, and firm in his determination not to retract in any of the numerous instances in which his firmness was put to the test, his constancy had nothing in it that was obstinate or stoical. We find him sometimes assailed with the fear of death, but he immediately recovers himself under the hopes of assistance from God, which, with the prayers of his friends, he fervently implored. This appears from the words of his twenty-ninth letter: "I am far from saying rashly with St. Peter, 'Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.' The strength and zeal of that apostle was incomparably greater than mine. Jesus Christ has not given me his talents; besides, I have more violent conflicts, and a greater number of shocks to sustain. I say, therefore, that, placing all my confidence in Jesus Christ, I am resolved, when I hear my sentence, to endure steadfast in the truth even to death, as the saints and you shall help me."

On the twenty-fourth of June, when he had avowed his determination neither to own the extracts made from his books to be erroneous, nor to abjure those laid to his charge by false witnesses, it was resolved to condemn his books to be burned—no doubt, with a view to intimidate him by such forerunners of his own fate. But this, like all other attempts of a similar nature, failed to shake his resolution.

On the fifth of July, another and a final trial was made upon him, by four bishops sent from the emperor; and these received with indignation his last refusal to recant. He was, therefore, remanded to prison until the following day, which was that of his condemnation, and the last of his life. Even until this time, this great and good man had not wholly despaired of being liberated to return again to Bohemia, where it was evident from his letters, it was his full purpose to carry out the doctrines he had preached to yet farther extent. Yet no way intimidated by his final sentence, he consoled himself with the thoughts that his books would live after him, and that others would embrace, extend, and disseminate his own doctrines.

As on other occasions of martyrdom, every species of insult and cruelty was practised upon the sufferer. A cap, intended by the grotesque figures upon it to excite the mockery of the spectators, was placed upon his head, while the priests and public officers quarrelled among themselves about the manner in which they could most effectually insult and degrade him. Yet, while the assembled powers followed the martyr with a band of armed men, and a triumphant multitude so numerous that in crossing the bridge they were obliged to go singly lest it should break under them, John Huss employed himself in repeating penitential psalms, often exclaiming in these words, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Into thy hands, O God! I commend my spirit!"

Accompanied still with the infliction of every kind of indignity, and refused to speak to those around him, he reached at last the place of execution, where they bound him to a stake set up for the purpose; but his face happening to be turned towards the east, some thought it wrong, because he was a heretic, and therefore they turned him towards the west. An old author of his life observes, that his neck was fastened to the stake with a black and filthy chain, which had served for a pot-hanger. At which John Huss smiled, and made some pious reflections upon the ignominious sufferings of Jesus Christ. Being thus fastened, they piled the wood about him, to burn him, but before it was set on fire, the Elector Palatine, Count d'Oppenheim, marshal of the empire, advanced, to exhort him once more to retract, to save his life. But John Huss declared, that as what he had wrote and taught was only to rescue souls from the power of the devil, and to deliver them from the tyranny of sin, he was glad to seal it with his blood. At which, the elector withdrawing, the wood was kindled, and the martyr was soon suffocated, after having called on God's mercy to the last.

It is recorded, that the executioners cut and hacked what remained of his body into a thousand pieces, that it might be the sooner consumed; and when they found his heart, they fastened it upon a sharp stick, and roasted it at the fire apart. Contrary to order, they were about to secure his clothes, but the elector made them cast them also into the fire, promising to indemnify them for the loss. After which his ashes were carefully gathered up and thrown into the Rhine, lest his disciples should carry them into Bohemia for relics. But if we may believe the same historian, this precaution was of no use, for his followers scraped the very earth of the place where he was burned, and carried it as a very precious cargo to Prague, where he was held in almost as great veneration as St. Peter or St. Paul.

The same writer says, "he went to the stake as to a banquet; not a word fell from him which discovered the least faint-heartedness. In the midst of the flames he sung hymns to the last gasp, without ceasing. Never did any philosopher suffer death with so much constancy as he endured the flames."

The stranger in Constance is now forcibly reminded of these days of tyranny and persecution, by many objects well calculated to make a lasting impression upon the mind; amongst which are the Hall of the Council, and the Cathedral, and the Augustine Convent. The hall, the windows of which command a beautiful view of the lake, still contains the chairs occupied by the Emperor and the Pope during the long sitting of the council, the canopy of tapestry, the bible of John Huss, and numerous other relics of that eventful time, and of the distinguished individuals connected with it. It is said, that the signature of Huss is only of recent discovery, and was made on accidentally splitting open the boards of the sacred volume, between which it had been ingeniously concealed, but not obliterated. The pulpit of the cathedral is supported by a statue of the heresiarch, as Huss was designated by his persecutors, and the spot where he received sentence is marked by a brass plate, inserted into a flat stone of extraordinary dimensions. The Franciscan convent, in a turret of which Huss was first immured, is now a ruin; and the Dominican convent to which he was afterwards conveyed, where a cell above ground appeared too great an indulgence for a denounced heretic, is also a desecrated ruin, being used only as a manufactory.

Amid the same scenes where art has done so much to commemorate the martyr's death, and time has done more to obliterate all trace of his existence,—amid the same scenes, stands the majestic tree, under whose shade the traveller reposes, and perhaps in fancy traces out the fate of men and nations, the fall of empires and the establishment of thrones, the overthrow of false systems, and the gradual working out of the principles of truth, with all the great events, national and political, which have transpired since that scene was lighted by the blazing fagots, in the midst of which the martyr sung his death-song of triumph, and praise, and glory to his Redeemer and his God.

"The Saviour stood by him in pain,
  Nor left him in sorrow forlorn;
And mitred blasphemers and monarchs in vain
  Heap'd on him their hatred and scorn.
He was meek as the innocent child,
  He was firm as the storm-stricken rock,
And so humbly he pray'd, and so gently he smiled,
  And so sweet were the words that he spoke,
That the murderous keepers who guarded their prey,
Could weep for the man they were marshall'd to slay."

Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

THE LÄMMERGHEYER;

OR,

VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

A LEGEND OF THE VALLAIS.

Their castle look'd upon the Rhone,
  And fair was she their infant daughter;
No sweeter bud at evening shone,
  Reflected in yon sunny water.

One beauteous morn they scaled the rocks,
  To breathe the air of mountain chalèt;
Where stray at large the Alpine flocks,
  And snowy ramparts guard the Vallais.

The Flora of that Alpine wild
  Around them flung her richest treasure;
Yet fairer shone that lovely child,
  As playful, in her infant pleasure,

She pluck'd each flower, and forward flew,
  Lured on and onward by another;
Till one brief moment, lost to view,
  The next hath made a childless mother!

Then wildly rose the shriek of wo—
  "My child! my child!"—Ah, vain desire!
Borne off beyond yon peaks of snow,
  Thy child shall feast the Lämmergheyer!

B.

From Heath's Book of Beauty

THE HEART'S FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

There is a fountain in the heart,
  Deep buried in its inmost cell,
And thence the unbidden tear will start,
  When fondness makes the bosom swell.
I could have doubted sigh or smile;
  But when the tear bedew'd thine eye,
I could not think thou did'st beguile,
  For there was Nature's witchery!

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

DECEMBER, 1837.

From the Retrospective Review.

ANECDOTES OF THE JUDGES, &c.

Chronica Juridicialia; or, an Abridgement and Continuation of Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales; containing a Calendar of the Years of our Lord God and the Kings of England, &c. from William the Conqueror to the year 1739. With Chronological Tables of the names of all the Lord Chancellors, Judges, Sergeants, &c. shewing the times of their several promotions, &c. opposite to the years in the said Calendar. Second edit. 8vo. 1739.

There is, perhaps, no class of men who live more immediately within the observation of the public eye, than the judges of our courts of justice. The importance of the functions which they are appointed to perform, the private interests which are affected by their decisions, their high station in a liberal and much regarded profession, and the rank accorded to them in society, all contribute to render their character and conduct the object of personal attention. The display and pomp too which attend all their movements, as the great administrators of public justice, allure the eyes of the crowd. The entry of a judge into an assize town, escorted by the sheriff and his attendants, and surrounded by his javelin-men, as they are termed, is, to the provincial spectators, a very awful and imposing ceremonial. A variety of little arts have been invented to keep alive this feeling of veneration. Ermine and scarlet, and full-bottomed wigs on the judgment-seat, and shovel hats and scratches off it, distinguish the administrators of our laws, whose time of life in general prevents these usages from appearing ridiculous. They are addressed by a title peculiar to the nobility;[*] and nothing is omitted which can contribute to render them honoured and respected.

It would have been well if at every period of our history the judges had contented themselves with the professional distinctions thus freely bestowed upon them, but unfortunately this has not been the case. The eminent station assigned them necessarily brings them into occasional contact with the government and the court; and how dangerous this approximation is to the interests of the public, we learn from history. The biography of many of our judges is, on this account, by no means confined to their judicial career, but often embraces the political history of the times in which they lived. Nor are their memoirs, by any means, devoid of other interesting matter. The subjects of them are generally men who mingled much in society, and whose names are consequently connected with those of the celebrated persons of their day. Occasionally, too, we meet amongst them with men whose singular characters and eccentric habits, render their biography highly entertaining. It is with the view of collecting the scattered anecdotes relative to the most remarkable of these personages, that we enter upon the present task; and, in the following pages, we propose to give some account of the more distinguished ornaments of the bench, during a very singular period of judicial history,—the reign of Charles II.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century a very considerable change had begun to take place in the character of the judges. In the political struggles which were even then generating, it was a difficult task for men of their influence and station to remain neuter. In earlier times the Crown had never thought it worth while to bespeak the services of the judges, in assisting it to assert the prerogative; the hand of power had, in general, been sufficiently strong without such aid. "It is very observable," says Clarendon, in speaking of the opinions delivered by the judges upon the matter of ship-money, "it is very observable, that in the wisdom of former times, when the prerogative went highest (as very often it hath been swoln above any pitch we have seen it at in our times) never any court of law—very seldom any judge or lawyer of reputation was called upon to assist in any act of power, the Crown well knowing the object of keeping those the objects of reverence and veneration with the people, and that though it might sometimes make sallies upon them by the prerogative, yet, that the law would keep the people from any invasion of it, and that the king would never suffer whilst the law and the judges were looked upon by the subject, as the asylum for their liberties and security." (*Clar. Rebel.* I. 124.) Upon the accession of James I. however, these maxims were forgotten, and a system of intimidation and corruption was then commenced by the Crown which did not terminate until the Revolution. We have on a former occasion* enabled the reader to form some idea of the conduct observed by James I. towards his judges, and it is almost unnecessary to advert to the infamous prostitution of the judicial character which distinguished the reign of his successor. With respect to the affair of ship-money, even Clarendon speaks of it in the warmest terms of reprobation. "And here the damage and mischief cannot be expressed, that the Crown and State sustained by the deserved reproach and infamy that attended the judges, by being made use of in this and the like acts of power." Upon the whole, however, the odious part acted by the judges in the reign of Charles I., was perhaps serviceable to the interests of freedom, by awakening the feelings of the people; and Finch's speech in the Exchequer chamber, is said to have rendered ship-money much more abhorred and formidable than all the commitments of the Council-Table. But without canvassing the character of the Bench at this period, or during the Commonwealth, which we may possibly attempt upon some future occasion, we shall only observe, that the system which had its origin in the reign of James I., and attained so pernicious a maturity during that of his son, was revived in all its full vigour soon after the Restoration. In the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors it was unnecessary to veil the encroachments of power under the semblance of justice; but now, when any act of oppression or iniquity was to be wrought, it was essential to clothe it with the judicial sanction. Accordingly we find that the utmost exertions were at this time made by the Crown, and in general with the greatest success, to render the judges subservient to the royal wishes. The consequence of this was, that men of loose principles, and abandoned manners, were selected to fill the judgment-seat; and the records of our courts of justice are disgraced with such names as Jefferies, Scroggs, Wright, and Saunders, (though in legal attainments the latter was eminently fitted for his station.) Of the personal character of Saunders, and, indeed, of some other of the judges of this time, an account has been given in our former volumes,† which we shall not repeat upon this occasion, only observing that it will be necessary to recur to the portrait of Saunders, as painted by Roger North, in order to complete the series of sketches which we now intend to present to the reader.

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[*] It was only, however, during the last century that the puisne judges began to be addressed by the title of "your lordship." In the Year-Books they are constantly addressed by the title of "sir," "*sir, vous voyez bien*," &c. The late Sergeant Hill was, we believe, the last who persisted in the ancient fashion.

In discussing the character of our English judges, an examination into the nature of the *tenure* by which they held their offices (a subject very ably illustrated by Mr. Sergeant Heywood in the Appendix to his *Vindication of Fox's Historical Work,*) will be found to throw great light upon our judicial biography. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the commissions of the Chief Justices of the King's Bench were in general without any specification of the tenure, and they were removeable at the pleasure of the king. The puisne Judges, both of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, held *quam diu nobis placuerit*; but the judges of the Exchequer were appointed *quam diu se bene gesserint.* James I. was advised by Bacon to exercise this power in the case of Sir Edward Coke, (see *Bacon's Works*, vi. 125;) and in the succeeding reign, Sir Randolph Crewe (who had resisted the system of illegal loans and benevolences) and Sir Robert Heath were unceremoniously displaced. In the year 1640, the House of Lords petitioned that the patents of all the judges should be made *quam diu se bene gesserint*, and not as formerly, *durante bene placito;* "unto which request his majesty was graciously pleased to condescend." Cromwell appears to have paid but little regard to this regulation, and removed a baron of the Exchequer, and one of the judges of the Upper Bench. For some time after the Restoration, the patents of the judges pursued the form adopted by Charles I., and ran *quam diu*, &c.; but the inconvenience of not holding those offices altogether dependant upon the Crown was soon felt, and the old form of the patents, *durante bene placito*, was restored. The time when this alteration first took place is not clearly ascertained: but it was probably before *Dighton's* case, which was tried in the King's Bench, in Trinity Term, 1670; on which occasion, the offices of judicature in Westminster Hall were said by the court to be held *duranto bene placito.* The patent of Sir Richard Rainsford, who was made one of the judges of the King's Bench, in the year 1678, was *durante bene placito.*—(*Siderfin's Rep.* p. 408.)

The appointment of the judges at this period, as at present, was virtually in the power of the Lord Chancellor; but this right of patronage was disputed by Jefferies, when chief justice, with North, then Lord Keeper. The chief justice was supported by a strong party at court, who were adverse to the Lord Keeper, and anxiously resorted to every device in order to lessen his influence. Upon one occasion they succeeded in procuring the appointment of Sir Robert Wright to a puisne seat on the bench, against the opinion of North, and certainly to the public scandal of the government. This incident is a striking proof of the extent to which the system of corruption was carried at the court of Charles II., and of the influence which Jefferies possessed with the king. Sir Robert Wright was "a comely person, airy and flourishing, both in his habits and way of living;" but at the same time so wretched a lawyer, that he was absolutely unable to give an opinion; and when a case was laid before him, he usually applied for assistance to his friend, North, who furnished him with an opinion, which Wright copied and signed. Having dissipated his estate in debauchery, and finding himself on the brink of ruin, he applied to Jefferies to rescue him from his difficulties, by getting him made a judge. Upon a vacancy occurring, the king consulted the Lord Keeper respecting a proper person to fill it, adding, "My lord, what think you of Sergeant Wright? why may not he be the man?" North answered, that he knew him but too well, and was satisfied that he was the most unfit person in England to be made a judge. "Then," said the king, "it must not be;" and the matter was for a time suspended. We shall relate the sequel in the words of Roger North.

> "Wright still by his friend Jefferies pushed his point, and in the interim worked all he could by most importunate applications and bitter tears, (but for no other

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* See Life and Character of Sir Edward Coke. *Retros. Rev.* viii. 105.

† *Retros. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 252; vol. viii. p. 17.

work should have been reserved for Mr. Hallam. The history of literature might appear a field in which the true lovers of letters would delight to expatiate; we should expect to find it crowded with aspirants for distinction, or industrious labourers in this work of love. It is a study which might be pursued by the tranquil scholar in the happy seclusion of his library; and stands almost entirely aloof from those jealousies and collisions which may deter the modest, and disturb the peace of the more adventurous writer, in other departments of history. Political animosities live in the descendants of the different parties; the great principles of attachment to monarchical and republican institutions keep up a perpetual agitation; the opinions, the passions, the interests of men, are constantly awake, to watch with jealous hostility all heretical aberrations from their respective creeds. The historical characters of antiquity, still more those of modern times, have their ray of accusers or compurgators, of haters or admirers, who resent either the high-coloured or the depreciating estimate of their several favourites. But the jealousies of literary men are personal, and expire with them; few form a permanent and exclusive sect. The body of their fame is not contested, like that of Patroclus, by rival armies; it is either left to the dogs and kites, or peaceably entombed by the pious gratitude of posterity. Though there is nothing which may not become a cause of strife in this contentious world, men's tastes are less quarrelsome than their political opinions; and the peaceful literary historian, while he would command the general gratitude, as guiding the student through the immense and almost trackless wilderness of literature, would thus more rarely come into collision with prejudice or angry jealousy.

The disappointment of every student, anxious to obtain a compendious and lucid view of the progress of the human mind, particularly during the fertile and eventful period of the centuries named in Mr. Hallam's title-page—no less than the survey of the various authors who have devoted themselves to this branch of study, contained in his preface—will show that Europe has not yet produced one impartial and comprehensive work, representing the gradual development of the human imagination and intellect in the different nations which contribute to the literature of the western world. For, in fact, the History of European Literature ought to be *one* work; the well-arranged and harmonious cast, if we may so speak, of one mind. The vast scheme projected in Germany, but completed only in one or two of its divisions, assigned each leading department to one distinguished individual—as, poetry to Bouterwek, philosophy to Tenneman, classical literature to Heeren. But among the important uses and advantages of such a work, would undoubtedly be the general view of the simultaneous progress of the various branches of literature—their mutual aid, or their interference with each other—the causes and authors of their predominance. Independent of the difficulty of strictly defining each particular province, the associates in such a plan, like the writers of the Bridgewater Treatises, would be constantly trenching on each other's ground; either perplexing the reader by conflicting views; or, by the repetition of the same information under a different form, adding unnecessarily to the bulk of the collection. A master hand would at last be necessary—(that office, indeed, in the German project was assigned to Eichhorn)—armed with supreme authority, against which the several rulers of the different provinces could not be permitted to rebel; to compress the whole into uniformity, to condense the divergent rays into one luminous and consistent body. English literature is not merely without a work of these high pretensions, but singularly barren even in the subsidiary histories of the different departments of knowledge. If we except the admirable Essays of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh, prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, we know not that we could point out one readable treatise which traces fairly and fully the development of any one branch even of our own literature.

Yet, when we consider the combination of qualities requisite to endow an historian, we say not now of his native literature—and even that would demand talents and accomplishments of rare extent and variety—but of the literature of Europe, we can scarcely be surprised that the self-sufficiency of arrogant pretension, as well as the diffidence of modest merit, should be overawed by the magnitude and difficulties of the task. The vigour of mind, which can explore the abstrusest depths of philosophy, must meet with the fine sensibility to the beauties of eloquence and poetry:—

"Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas et amor"—

—laborious diligence in collecting materials, with dexterous skill in harmonizing and arranging them;—the vast range of knowledge requisite for compiling a useful and instructive book, with the more delicate art of writing an agreeable one.

Let us glance rapidly, as our space alone permits, yet somewhat more particularly, at the acquirements indispensable to an historian of European literature. He must be a scholar in the old and genuine sense of the word. The study of the learned languages exercised so great an influence over every department of letters;—so much of the higher literature of a certain period was written in Latin;—even poetry had learned to speak a language, foreign indeed to the mass of mankind, but so familiarized as almost to be vernacular with the educated classes;—that the historian of literature, who has not a full command of this kind of knowledge, is not merely disqualified to pass judgment on the merits or influence of individual writers, but will be entirely unfit to examine the effects of this predominant and almost exclusive custom of writing and thinking in Latin on the general mind of Europe. Even if, with regard to the Latin poetry, his ignorance shall assume the language of contempt, his view of the imaginative literature of certain periods will be altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory.

> "In the present age," observes Mr. Hallam, "it is easy to anticipate the supercilious disdain of those who believe it ridiculous to write Latin poetry at all, because it cannot, as they imagine, be written well. I must be content to assert, that those who do not know when such poetry is good, should be as slow to contradict those who do, as the ignorant in music to set themselves against competent judges."—p. 598.

An extensive acquaintance with modern languages is no less indispensable, both in order to introduce the writers who may command notice, with an authority, improperly assumed by those who only know them through the deadening medium of translation; and likewise, to call in aid whatever valuable estimate of its native literature each country may possess. All are not so poor in this respect as England; and one reason why we have less justice done to us by continental writers is, that we have not done justice to ourselves.

The term literature is of vast and almost indefinite extent. It comprehends, in its widest range, theology, law, medicine, science. Though even the highest ideal notion of a literary historian will not demand a thorough and professional mastery of all those subjects,—yet, as constituent parts of the great plan, as elements of the general intellectual development, continually mingled up and crossing each other in infinitely various ways, they must all be studied with care,—no one of them can be excluded without essential injury to the whole circle of knowledge. The writer must, at least, be able to give the main results from those who have composed separate accounts of the progress of each, with sufficient intelligence not to mislead; with that just discrimination of their importance which may enable him to blend them up in due proportion with his general design.

In the more general branches of literature, to a certain degree in theology, at least in works on religious subjects, in philosophy, in history, in eloquence, in works of imagination, a closer insight is necessary for a fair and authoritative estimate. The literary historian has, in a certain sense, to assign to each writer of every period his proper station and dignity; to promote or to degrade, to confirm or to abrogate the judgment of contemporaries. His taste must be no less multifarious than his erudition; he must have patience and strength of understanding to sound the depths of philosophy, while he must be keenly alive to the passion, and feeling, and imagery, and be gifted with a fine ear for the melodies of verse. He has to summon up the mighty dead from the cloister, the university, the study, the hall of justice, the observatory, the theatre, the Vaucluse, the court of the prince, where the popular poet exercised his art. The theologian and the poet, the jurist and the dramatist, the scholar and the bold idiomatic writer of his own tongue, the metaphysician and the romance writer, the lexicographer and the ballad-maker; Luther and Ariosto, Bartolus and the free writers of the Italian comedy, Erasmus and Hans Sachs, Ficinus the Platonist, and the author of Amadis de Gaul, Budæus and the minstrels of the Spanish Cancionero, all must successively and in rapid transition pass in review; each receive his duly-measured and carefully-balanced meed of praise or blame; and take his rank according to his relative merits as to his own age, and the general advancement of letters.

Mr. Hallam speaks with diffidence not unbecoming the most learned and accomplished man, of his own qualifications as a literary historian of Europe. For our own part, judging solely from the substantial and recognized excellence of his former writings, we could not have selected a name in modern English literature, which we should more cordially rejoice to see prefixed to the announcement of such a work. For diligence in research and scrupulous accuracy, a wide range of knowledge and masculine independence of judgment, that name is a sufficient guarantee. Mr. Hallam is among the few modern authors who have not lost in depth what they have gained in extent of surface. He is of the old race—we would not willingly say, one of the last representatives—of our scholarlike writers; yet he has manifestly advanced with the rapid stream of modern literature, at least as far as most of his contemporaries. He appears from the present volume to have extended his acquaintance with modern languages. We do not remember any reference in his former books to German authorities; but we do now find him acknowledging great obligations to the laborious writers of that country—without whose assistance, indeed, a work of this nature would be very incomplete. Meiners, Heeren, Bouterwek, Heinsius, the Schlegels, contribute with Andrès, Tiraboschi, with Bayle and Niceron, Warton, and the various biographical dictionaries, to the fulness and particularity of this valuable book. But while Mr. Hallam's readers have a perfect right to rely on these credentials of extensive and well-arranged information, and sound judgment as to those grave questions which are allied to historical fact, and to the progress of general knowledge—in one respect this volume may surpass their expectations. Those who know Mr. Hallam only by his former works, in which questions of purely literary taste occurred but rarely, will be no less delighted perhaps than surprised, to find this laborious diligence allied with the most ardent admiration of the original, the imaginative, and the harmonious, in the poetry of all countries: they will find themselves passing from the inevitable dryness of a paragraph relating to the progress of grammatical studies, to a burst of eloquence, called forth by the magic of some great bard of Italy or of England. The characteristic of Mr. Hallam's criticism is the union of a vigorous common sense, with a just appreciation of the elevated, the noble, and the original, in poetry. He is superior to the vanity of calling forth some undistinguished writer from the crowd, in order to display his own ingenuity in vindicating his title to a higher place; or his own originality, by contemptuously reversing the general judgment of mankind. He is just and generous to all, but not so prodigal as to leave little distinction between the different gradations of merit. He advances no new canons. He is entangled in no speculative theory, such as, in many works of modern criticism, at first dazzles us by an appeal to our depth of thought; and leaves us dissatisfied at last in finding that we have been mystified rather than instructed. Mr. Hallam is philosophical without philosophizing—his is the plain and perspicuous philosophy of a strong mind, which never plunges beyond its depth; and is content with clearly stating his impressions without subtly analyzing or refining upon them to excess. There is, besides, a kind of manly amenity throughout the volume, as of a mind dealing with subjects calmer and less allied to exciting passions than Mr. Hallam's former works, where the fray of political opinion struck out at times, expressions not without rigour, and judgments not free from severity. In the present volume we have been struck with the union of independence and candour—of respect for common opinions, with the fair assertion of the freedom of his own—which on certain rather delicate subjects, the characters, for instance, of some of the reformers, it is not easy to maintain. The general tone is decisive without being dictatorial; plain, but not peremptory. He who differs from others with such perfect command of temper, has a right to more than patient hearing, to something of deferential respect to his matured and recorded judgments.

It is not easy in a brief and limited article to give a just notice of a work, the great merit of which is, and ought to be, the close condensation of a vast and various mass of knowledge in a few pages. Ours must be the review of that which itself is a powerful, compressed, and comprehensive reviewal. If we should select a few of the subjects on which the author has treated, for more detailed examination, we should either dilute his pregnant pages, or take, as it were, an unfair advantage, by transgressing those bounds which his self-denial has rigidly prescribed to himself. On some minor points we may differ, but, in general, we should find it difficult to state the grounds of our difference without entering upon a long and perhaps uninteresting dissertation. Where we attempt an outline, then, it must be very slightly drawn; the selection of subjects, upon which we offer our observations, where there is so much to interest and to instruct, must at least have the appearance of chance or caprice.

Mr. Hallam commences with an introductory chapter, containing the first dawn of letters in Europe, after the extinction of classical Latinity in Boethius—the universal domination of the scholastic philosophy—the formation of the modern languages—the revival of classical learning, chiefly under the influence of Petrarch. Of the early part of this period it may be generally said that Latin was the language of prose, the vernacular tongues that of poetry; during the fourteenth century, popular fiction and some graver branches of knowledge began to take the form of prose. But the Latin had sunk to the lowest state of barbarism. The exclusive possession of a very narrow caste, confined to subjects altogether alien to the modes of thinking and forms of expression prevalent in the purer ages of Latinity, uncorrected by the study of better models in the writings of antiquity, it had become an hybrid and ungrammatical dialect, in which the initiate in the several sciences, scholastic divinity, law, and medicine, carried on their general intercourse, and trained their respective scholars. But since the doom of Latin, as a common language, was sealed; as it had ceased to be the vernacular dialect of men, it was well, perhaps, that it had sunk to so low a state, and retired within the confined domain of a very limited oligarchy. The premature revival and general prevalence of classical studies just at this period, might have checked the free development of the modern languages, and withdrawn some of their earlier cultivators within its less useful and fertile province. Petrarch, if Latin had continued more intelligible to the popular ear, might have sung of Laura in the artificial and lifeless language of his Africa. But poetry, the primary agent in civilization, had resumed its office. What Homer and her other minstrels had been to Greece, the disseminators and conservators of a common language, intelligible alike to Dorian, Æolian, or Ionian, a general standard which, notwithstanding its infinite diversity of dialects, maintained Greek as one language; such, in a great degree, were some of the earlier poets in the modern languages of Europe. The spirit of song brooded over the chaos of various dialects and idioms which prevailed, and reduced them, may we venture the fanciful expression, to an Heptatone harmony—the seven-stringed lyre of European poetry began to breathe its softening notes to the popular ear. " By the year 1400 we find a natural literature subsiding in several European languages, three spoken in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the Italian, the German, and the English. Our own tongue, though it had latterly acquired much copiousness in the hands of Chaucer and Wickliffe, both of whom lavishly supplied it with words of French and Latin derivation, was but just growing into a literary existence. The German, as well as that of Valencia, seemed to decline." At the precise period, indeed, to which this passage from Mr. Hallam refers, the first splendid burst of poetry—the Epic or Homeric age, as it were—had passed away, and was not immediately replaced by a new race of bards who could win the general ear, and prolong the empire of poetry over the general mind. It had discharged its primary function in all the various languages, which if it had not created, it had at least consolidated, regulated, harmonized; to which it had habituated the popular ear, and established something like a standard of grammatical form and expression, to be perfected at length into a national language.

Spain already possessed, in that which was afterwards called Castilian, her great poem of the Cid,[*] and some, though perhaps not many, of the fine old romantic ballads which form her Cancionero. Portugal had her own poets. Mr. Hallam quotes a curious volume (printed by Lord Stuart of Rothsay) of Portuguese song, as early as the twelfth century. The third Spanish language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, was called the Valencian, but in fact was the Provençal of the south of France, perhaps the eldest barbarian daughter of the Latin, the language of the Troubadours and their *gay science*. This language had gradually retreated from before the French, into the kindred provinces of northern Spain, and there maintained its independence for several centuries. The Valencian, therefore, might claim the Provençal poets as its parents; their lays of love, and their religious satires, were the groundwork and chief part of its literature. The chivalrous romances of the Trouveurs, and the poems of Wace, had given a promise of freedom, invention, and occasional picturesqueness, by no means fulfilled by the later poetry of France; and France, even then, by the fatal influence of the long-drawn allegory of the Roman de la Rose (translated by our Chaucer, and imitated in its form in other countries,) threw a languor, something of a chilling torpor, over the spirit of national song among her neighbours. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the best poetry of France, as in later periods, was in her prose. In the vivid and picturesque narrative, the chivalrous tone, the truth of delineation, we may add, perhaps, the invention of old Froissart, we have more of the stirring life, the character, the nationality, almost the form of the true Epic, than has appeared either before or since in the poetry of France. Germany could boast of her Heldenbuch, and her Nibelungen-lied ,—poems manifestly of more ancient date than chivalry, of which their more rude and simple, if we may so speak, heroic manners have no trace. She had also her long array of Minne-singers, her bards of hall and bower, who in evil hour were superseded by her burgher poets, the Meister-singers of the guilds or fraternities.

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[*] We need hardly remind our readers of Mr. Frere's admirable versions from this poem, printed in the appendix to Mr. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid."

> "Meantime a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprung up about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, before the lays of the Minne-singers had yet ceased to resound. These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style as more salutary than the love songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the fourteenth century by the name of Meister-singers, but are traced to the institutions of the twelfth century, called Singing-schools, for the promotion of popular music, the favourite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say: it was in an evil hour for the art of poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence but conformity to rule would be sure to adopt; though nobler institutions have often done the same, the Master-burghers were but prototypes of the Italian academicians. The poetry was always moral and serious, but flat. These Meister-singers are said to have originated at Mentz, from which they spread to Augsburg, Strasburg, and other cities, and in none were more renowned than Nuremberg. Charles IV., in 1378, incorporated them by the name of Meister-genoss-schaft, with armorial bearings and peculiar privileges. They became, however, more conspicuous in the sixteenth century; scarce any names of Meister-singers before that age are recorded; nor does it seem that much of their earlier poetry is extant."—vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Italy ripened more slowly; but, when once mature, she broke forth with all the rapid luxuriance and vigour of southern vegetation,—she bore at once her earliest flower and her richest fruit. Dante and Petrarch were almost the creators, as well as the unrivalled models, each in his style, of real Italian poetry. It might seem that in Italy Latin maintained a more vigorous struggle for its ascendancy; or that the various dialects required a master hand, not so much in this case to form them into one national tongue, as to assert the predominance of the Tuscan, from henceforth to be the accredited literary language of Italy. The first efforts indeed of Italian poetry were provincial, chiefly Sicilian, and but for the commanding influence of Dante and Petrarch, the Peninsula might have had as many separate literatures as provinces. Her modern Goldonis and Melis, instead of being what Ramsay and Burns are to English poetry, might have been the successors and heirs of a distinct race of writers.

After Italy, England could boast in Chaucer the greatest poet of these ages. But Chaucer's excellence lay in fertile and graceful invention; and in the vivid and humorous delineation of manners—(the peculiar inheritance which our wealthy ancestors bequeathed to English poetry)—rather than in the high perfection of language or melody of verse. The foreign element, the French, with which Chaucer, or perhaps the fashion of the time, the Norman blood and the French wars, enriched our language, is not yet blended and harmonized; it lies, as it were, in separate and distinct masses, not yet having passed through the amalgamating process of common usage. The difficulties of Chaucer's versification are perhaps most reasonably traced to the uncertain state of *pronunciation*, or rather accentuation—the letters or syllables which afterwards became mute, still retaining their proper sound, as in French and in other languages.

It is remarkable, we have said, and it was a singularly happy circumstance in the development of European literature, that the first creative impulse of poetry was over in most of these nations, before the revival of classical learning absorbed the general mind of the educated classes. Poetry might have suffered some constraining and chilling effect, from that which could confer only pure and unmingled benefit on the development of prose. Even if it had retained its independent originality of language, of imagery, of sentiment, it might have become too much enamoured of the beautiful but uncongenial forms of the classics; Virgil, instead of being transformed into the romantic companion of Dante, through the wild regions which expanded before the fancy of the Christian poet, might have been the stately and unapproachable model to which he would have paid the homage of servile imitation. Petrarch happily chose to perfect, by his own translucent language, unrivalled harmony, and exquisite tenderness, the fanciful graces, the amatory idealism of the Provençal poets, rather than to rival the elegies of Ovid or Tibullus. But the style of which the classic writers furnished such inimitable models, was the great thing wanting to prose. It is indeed after all, extraordinary, that in Italy, where these studies were pursued with the greatest zeal and success, they should have produced such little effect. Order, distribution, selection, the harmonious structure of periods, found their way but slowly into Italian prose. It required a long process of classical training before Machiavelli broke up its involved and long-drawn periods into a more terse and compressed manner; nor had even the example of Machiavelli the influence which might have been expected, in the general formation of an Italian prose style.

It is impossible to compress, and unnecessary to follow, Mr. Hallam's luminous account of the state of Latin erudition and the revival of Greek at the commencement of the fifteenth century; or his view of the early progress of science during the same period. The following observations relating to the last point, are, however, especially worthy of our reader's attention:—

> "It is an interesting question, What were the causes of this enthusiasm for antiquity which we find in the beginning of the fifteenth century?—a burst of public feeling that seems rather sudden, but prepared by several circumstances that lie farther back in Italian history. The Italians had for some generations learned more to identify themselves with the great people that had subdued the world. The fall of the house of Swabia, releasing their necks from a foreign yoke, had given them a prouder sense of nationality; while the name of Roman Emperor was systematically associated by one party with ancient tradition; and the study of the civil law, barbarously ignorant as its professors often were, had at least the effect of keeping alive a mysterious veneration for antiquity. The monuments of ancient Italy were perpetual witnesses; their inscriptions were read; it was enough that a few men like Petrarch should animate the rest; it was enough that learning should become honourable, and that there should be the means of acquiring it. The story of Rienzi, familiar to every one, is a proof what enthusiasm could be kindled by ancient recollections. Meantime

the laity became better instructed; a mixed race, ecclesiastics, but not priests, and capable alike of enjoying the benefices of the church or of returning from it to the world, were more prone to literary than theological pursuits. The religious scruples which had restrained churchmen in the darker ages from perusing heathen writers, by degrees gave way, as the spirit of religion itself grew more objective, and directed itself more towards maintaining the outward church in its orthodoxy of profession, and in its secular power, than towards cultivating devout sentiments in the bosom. . . . . .

"The love of Greek and Latin absorbed the minds of these Italian scholars, and effaced all regard to every other branch of literature. Their own language was nearly silent; few condescended so much as to write letters in it; as few gave a moment's attention to physical science, though we find it mentioned, perhaps as remarkable, in Victorin of Feltre, that he had some fondness for geometry, and had learned to understand Euclid. But even in Latin they wrote very little that can be deemed worthy of remembrance, or even that can be mentioned at all. The ethical dialogues of Francis Barbaro, a noble Venetian, on the married life (de re uxoria,) and of Poggio on nobility, are almost the only books that fall within this period, except declamatory invectives or panegyrics, and other productions of circumstance. Their knowledge was not yet exact enough to let them venture upon critical philology; though Niccoli and Traversari were silently occupied in the useful task of correcting the text of manuscripts, faulty beyond description in the later centuries. Thus we must consider Italy as still at school, active, acute, sanguine, full of promise, but not yet become really learned, or capable of doing more than excite the emulation of other nations."—vol. i. pp. 141—144.

The Spanish ballads, which chiefly belong to the period from 1400 to 1440, bring us back to what, with many readers, will be "metal more attractive:"—Mr. Hallam pauses to consider the characteristics of modern *romantic* poetry. He assigns, with other writers, chivalry, gallantry, and religion, as the three great leading elements which distinguish modern from classical poetry. The effect of gallantry towards women is developed in the following passage:—

"The popular taste had been also essentially affected by changes in social intercourse, rendering it more studiously and punctiliously courteous, and especially by the homage due to women under the modern laws of gallantry. Love, with the ancient poets, is often tender, sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex through the voluntary submission of the stronger, though a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe, has not, perhaps, been adequately developed. It did not originate, or at least very partially, in the Teutonic manners, from which it has sometimes been derived. The love-songs again, and romances of Arabia, where others have sought its birthplace, display, no doubt, a good deal of that rapturous adoration which distinguishes the language of later poetry, and have, perhaps in some measure, been the models of the Provençal troubadours; yet this seems rather consonant to the hyperbolical character of oriental works of imagination, than to a state of manners where the usual lot of women is seclusion, if not slavery. The late editor of Warton has thought it sufficient to call 'that reverence and adoration of the female sex which has descended to our own times, the offspring of the Christian dispensation.' But until it can be shown that Christianity establishes any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin.

"Without rejecting, by any means, the influence of these collateral and preparatory circumstances, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favour shown towards women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dower, by the later Roman law, and by the customs of the northern nations; to the respect which the clergy paid them (a subject which might bear to be more fully expanded;) but, above all, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyment. In whatever country the charms of high-born beauty were first admitted to grace the banquet or give brilliancy to the tournament,—in whatever country the austere restraints of jealousy were most completely laid aside,—in whatever country the coarser, though often more virtuous, simplicity of unpolished ages was exchanged for winning and delicate artifices—in whatever country, through the influence of climate or polish, less boisterousness and intemperance prevailed,—it is there that we must expect to find the commencement of so great a revolution in society."—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

We apprehend that the error of the very able editor of Warton is, that of assigning an influence too direct and immediate to Christianity. Christianity was the first principle of that which, in chivalrous gallantry, assumed an highly artificial form. The equalization of the sexes, as that of ranks, arose out of the common hope of immortality, the blessing of Christian faith, imparted without respect of persons to both. The Roman law itself softened, and became more generous to the female sex, after the reign of Constantine. The respect paid to women by the clergy, though abused, even in the days of the Apostles—(we allude to a passage in St. Paul, certainly not expressed in the tone of chivalrous gallantry)—and still more so in the less pure and disinterested ages of the church, was almost an inevitable consequence of the elevation of the female character, the natural homage to the importance with which they were endowed by the new dispensation. It would be curious to inquire how far the worship of the Virgin, though both in time and in place far more extensive, coincident in its universality and general predominance with the growth of chivalrous respect for women, may have contributed to this result. To the strictly evangelical Christian, who studies his faith in the gospel alone, there is something in the part assigned to the females, in the sacred narrative, which instils a kind of involuntary respect, if not veneration. The thought which has been embodied in the well-known line,

"Last by the cross and earliest by the tomb,"

is inseparately mingled up with that solemn and mysterious scene, and cannot fail to blend with all the sacred feelings which it inspires. But when that intuitive homage had grown into prostrate deification, when the whole Christian world united to hymn the

"Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,
Coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole
Piacesti si, che in te sua luce nascose;"—

when, too, gallantry so constantly spoke the language of religion, and devotion of gallantry, this may have been at least one of the subsidiary causes which contributed to the high-toned adoration of the female character. For, after all, it was a poetical and highly aristocratical sentiment. It was not so much to *woman*, as to the high-born beauty, the lady-love, who presided in the tournament, and shone in hall or bower, that gallantry assumed its respectful tone. If, in fact, the offspring of Teutonic manners, it ought to appear, where Mr. Hallam justly observes it is not to be found, in Beowulf in the oldest Teutonic fragments, or in the Nibelungen Lied. In these poems, "love may appear as a natural passion, but not as a conventional idolatry." If again it were the genuine and *immediate* offspring of Christianity, it ought certainly to have been more general throughout the Christian world, more equably disposed through society, and developed at an earlier period. Though it appears occasionally in the earlier romances, usually called Breton or Armorican, and sometimes elevates the tone of the Provençal poetry—it reaches this height in Amadis, and the prose romances of that class. But as Amadis is undoubtedly Portuguese, and the same manners prevailed no doubt, through the whole Peninsula, the courtly Saracens of Spain may have contributed very much to the predominant fashion. In this sense, there may be some truth in its Arabian origin; for probably the manners of the court of Cordova or Grenada, were as far removed from those of the Arabian desert, or of the fierce warriors of Medina, as those of the Frankish monarchs, or the Counts of Toulouse, from the Germans of Tacitus, or the Goths of Jornandes. All these causes, then, remotely contributed to its origin; but its mature development (as far, indeed, as it actually existed beyond the regions of poetic romance) must be ascribed to a very peculiar and artificial state of society; it was poetry, poetry which entered, at least in some degree, into real life, and exercised a lasting influence upon manners. The south of France may be considered its native province, and the manners of France retained its influence, till, like other feudal *prejudices*, it was cast off by the vulgar violence of democratic revolution—when the "days of chivalry" came to an end.

Mr. Hallam considers the year 1440 as "nearly coincident with the complete development of an ardent thirst for classical, and especially Grecian, literature in Italy, as the year 1400 was with its first manifestation." It cannot be denied that this exclusive devotion of the general mind to classical studies, was accompanied by almost a general dearth of original production. This was more decidedly the case in Italy than elsewhere. The genealogy of sonnetteers from Petrarch to Lorenzo de' Medici, was never interrupted; but there are few names which are heard of beyond the general collections of poetry, and very few single pieces which stand out from the general monotony of thought and expression, which prevails throughout those closely printed volumes, to which the youthful passion for Italian poetry has tempted us of yore to devote some idle time, in hope of gleaning some neglected beauty, some exquisite turn of thought, or some new grace of expression. The chivalrous poems, the descendants of the early popular prose romance, the Reali di Francia, and the progenitors of the Orlando Inamorato and Orlando Furioso, were as yet cold and prolix, without much fertility of *invention, without* gaiety, fire, richness of imagery, or harmonious flow of verse. But we overleap this period, as relates to other countries as well as Italy; nor can we pause to examine the author's luminous view of the origin, the first and at the same time, the most perfect effects of printing. This question has recently called forth several volumes in Germany, unnoticed by Mr. Hallam. We must confess that we have not examined them so deliberately as to decide whether they contain much new or valuable matter. Mentz, however, asserts the claim of Guttenberg with all the ardour of local patriotism, and is about to erect a statue to his memory in some public place.

We transport ourselves at once to the villa of Lorenzo de' Medici. Classical learning had now, as it were, performed some of its more servile but necessary drudgery. Valla's celebrated though imperfect treatise, de Elegantiis linguæ Latina, the translations from the Greek by the exiles from Constantinople and their scholars, the first efforts of grammar and lexicography, had paved the way for those who were to move with freer step through the walks of classical literature. Scholarship, from a recluse and almost monastic vocation, began to mingle up with the pursuits of men of the world; it became an elegant accomplishment of the highest; it began to associate itself with the modern languages; to instil its order, taste, and purity, into original and imaginative minds, by no means chilling the energies, or restraining the fancy, when it would pour itself out in its native tongue; and calling forth many specimens of Latin poetry which, in ease, correctness, and elegance, come nearer to the classical models than most of the compositions of declining Rome. Politian was a poet in both languages. In Italian we do not think him equal to Lorenzo himself—some of whose sonnets are peculiarly sweet and graceful; whose "Ambra" is a flowing and agreeable piece of descriptive poetry; and whose "Carnival Songs," in Mr. Hallam's language, "display a union of classical grace and imitation with the native raciness of Florentine gaiety." We subscribe to Mr. Hallam's estimate, both of the faults and excellences of Politian's Latin poetry. His great merit appears to us, that he led the way to that approximation to better models, which harmonized and purified the verse of the best Latin poets of modern Italy, while he kept it free from that servile imitation, that mosaic working of Virgilian or Ovidian words and phrases, into which more diffident or less original writers of Latin poetry are apt to degenerate.

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, Mr. Hallam's enthusiastic and high-wrought description of Lorenzo at his villa on the "slope of Fiesole." He has caught some of the brightest hues of poetry, without departing from the sober dignity of prose:—

> "Lorenzo de' Medici sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side. he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.
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> "Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could

more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelf aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that raised them to power.

"The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but embosomed in these were other villas and domains of his own, while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the east, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea."—pp. 243, 245.

There is no greater temptation to the author of a literary history than the departure from the general estimate of mankind concerning individual writers. The pride which delights in originality of opinion—the honest sense of justice, which is indignant at the unfair distribution of glory—the base and the noble motive mingle together at times to betray the judgment. Clever men aspire to the fame of discoveries in the darkness of past times—to draw forth some obscure name, and to resent, as it were, the injurious silence of posterity, as to its transcendent merits. To many, the paradoxes of taste have an unspeakable charm; he who can see that to which all the world is blind, must be endowed with transcendent acuteness of vision. On the other hand, the literary historian is pledged, in some degree, to revise the sentences of past times; he is untrue to his high office if he acquiesces, without examination, in the common opinion, and timidly submits merely to record and sanction the popular and accredited judgment. One of the great merits of Mr. Hallam's book is the calm and equable line which he maintains between these conflicting forces—the proud disdain, or the servile deference, for established opinion. There is one case, indeed, where novelty of opinion is a welcome and acknowledged duty—where the silence of contemporaries, or of immediate posterity, has been from ignorance, not want of judgment—where either the author himself, or his friends, have not done justice to his memory by withholding valuable manuscripts from publication. Thus it seems to have been with Lionardo da Vinci, already one of the greatest names of his age and country—as one of the unequalled fathers of his art, and a scientific writer on its rules; but who, it appears, ought before this time to have assumed his rank as one of the boldest and most original thinkers—as one of those prophets who have been gifted with a premature foreknowledge of the future revelations of philosophy. He who has gazed with wonder and admiration on the intense depth of feeling, the glowing expression of character, as well as the wonderful breadth and vigour of colourings in the paintings of Lionardo, will be no less gratified than surprised at this modern accession to his fame.

"His greatest literary distinction is derived from those short fragments of his unpublished writings that appeared not many years since; and which, according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, and Kepler, and Mæstlin, and Maurolycus, and Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologers, are anticipated by Da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides of just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harboured, not as to the right of Lionardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the middle ages, especially in the fifteenth century, as well as those of Toscanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, lend some countenance to this opinion; and it is said to be

> confirmed by the notes of Fra Mauro, a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him, and still extant. Lionardo himself speaks of the earth's annual motion, in a treatise that appears to have been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age."—vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We must add, that the authorities adduced by Mr. Hallam fully bear out this splendid eulogy.

As the field of literature expands, it becomes, at the same time, more difficult to select, and more necessary to dwell on, insulated points in the comprehensive work of our author. The great religious strife was now about to commence; its slow but not silent approach, its secret and pervading influence, when it had begun to work upon the opinions, the interests, the passions of men, may be traced in every branch of literature. It is singular to observe it, partly in connexion, partly in contrast, with that department of letters which might seem most remote from such grave and solemn matters; too high in the airy regions of imagination to be disturbed by any impulse from actual and contemporary life. Italian poetry might almost seem to have taken refuge in the romances of the elder chivalry from the distracting and unimaginative polemics of the day; and so in some respects perhaps was the case. Though there were many exceptions of profound and serious spirits, who brought an impetuous earnestness, a depth and intensity of thought to such questions,—in Italy the general mind was either too gay and light, or too much preoccupied by its passion for classical literature, to enter with any general or absorbing interest into the awful conflict. While Luther was agitating men's minds with religious passions and lessons—while his awakening pamphlets were stirring up the depths of the human heart—Italy, even the Pope himself, was listening to the wild adventures of Ariosto's paladins; her printers were busily multiplying editions of the Orlando.

The earliest, however, of the more celebrated among these romantic poems, the Morgante of Pulci, strongly indicates the state of the Italian mind previous to the outbreak of the Reformation. Religious opinion, like every thing else, was in a loose and floating state; the spirit of innovation had not yet awakened the fears or the jealousies of its conservators; the established creed was not taken under the austere protection of an affrighted hierarchy: there was no Inquisition, for there was no Reformation. Pulci, who laughs at everything, laughs upon religious topics with as broad and unscrupulous humour as on profaner subjects; he plunges into religious controversies with a bold and careless irreverence, inexplicable to the feelings and judgments of another age and another country.

Pulci's own age took no very serious offence at that, which a few years later, and in a less-privileged person than a poet of a humorous vein, would have been of fearfully serious consequence to the peace or even the life of the author. Ariosto, when he ventures on allusions to such subjects, subdues himself to a more guarded and quiet irony. Yet, even in Pulci himself, there is a kind of incongruity, a wild revelry in all sorts of strange and interdicted opinions, which moves the wonder of the reader best instructed in the spirit of the times. There is, in fact, a freedom of burlesque and parody in southern nations which seems unintelligible to the more serious North. The Aristophanic comedy, though Aristophanes himself was of the party of the established religion in Athens, does not even spare the god in honour of whose festival it was performed. In some other writings, there is a blending up of the elements of the comic and the serious, not only as in the Shaksperian drama, where ludicrous and tragical incident and character are constantly intermingled, but in the whole tone and essence of the poem. And this, though the comic and the whimsical predominates, appears to us the case with Pulci. We should so far differ from Mr. Hallam, as to doubt whether, in any part of his poem, "he had an intention of bringing religion into contempt." We should question altogether whether he had any deliberate design or intention at all. He surrendered himself with a sort of carnival license to the caprice or fancy of the moment, followed out and embodied his whimsical thoughts as they occurred; sometimes, as his subject developed itself, melting, as in the passage which Mr. Hallam points out, to real pathos; sometimes almost rising, as towards the end of the poem, in some of the circumstances of the Roncesvalles battle, into grandeur. In short, Pulci's poem is, to the more serious chivalrous romances, what the satiric drama was to the tragic trilogies of Greece.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Hallam does justice to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. Boiardo was likewise a writer of sonnets and of lyric poetry, a Latin poet, and, we believe, the first translator of Herodotus. Though Boiardo was by no means successful in any of these works, they deserved notice as connected with the character of this remarkable man. We must add, that we have always, we will not quite say, believed, but wished to believe, a different version of the story, alluded to by Mr. Hallam, of the Count of Scandiano borrowing the sonorous names, the Mandricardos and Gradassos of his verse, from the peasants on his own estate. It is said (we cannot immediately call to mind our authority,) that he was sorely perplexed for a name to accord with the fiercest and proudest of his pagans, and was riding rather disconsolately through his domains, when he heard one peasant call another by the name of Rodomonte. The noble poet galloped back to his castle, set the bells ringing, and ordered the castle to be illuminated to celebrate this fortunate event. Having differed in this important point with Mr. Hallam, we must express our cordial assent to his praise of the Innamorato, for boldness and novelty of design, for that inventive felicity, which taught him to associate the wonders of the newly discovered and gorgeous East, the Cathay of Marco Polo, with his western Paladins. Europe and Asia were first mingled by Boiardo in the romantic war. The terrors of the Tartar invasions, which spread forth from the remotest east, and might not yet be exhausted, with the vague rumours of immense cities, and monarchs on thrones of gold and ivory, are blended with the adventures of Archbishop Turpin's heroes, the knights of Charlemagne's court; and over all is thrown an air of genuine romance and of remote antiquity, which rarely disturbs us by the introduction of modern allusions, and is entirely withdrawn from the passions and opinions of his time. Boiardo alone writes in the serious tone of a bard of the old chivalrous times; if his execution had been equal to his conception—if his ruder language and inharmonious verse had not tempted a less congenial mind to remodel his work, and thus throw a dim uncertainty over his fame, as well as changed the character of his poem—the original author of the Orlando Innamorato would have maintained a much higher rank among the poets of modern Europe.

On Ariosto we admire the just and discriminating as well as ardent, language of Mr. Hallam. We only regret that our limits compel us in some degree to curtail this brilliant and elaborate criticism.

"Ariosto has been, after Homer, the favourite poet of Europe. His grace and facility, his clear and rapid stream of language, his variety and beauty of invention, his very transitions of subject, so frequently censured by critics, but artfully devised to spare the tediousness that hangs on a protracted story, left him no rival in general popularity. Above sixty editions of the Orlando Furioso were published in the sixteenth century. There was not one, says Bernardo Tasso, of any age, or sex, or rank, who was satisfied after more than a single perusal. If the change of manners and sentiments have already in some degree impaired this attraction, if we cease to take interest in the prowess of Paladins, and find their combats a little monotonous, this is perhaps the necessary lot of all poetry, which, as it can only reach posterity through the medium of contemporary reputation, must accommodate itself to the fleeting character of its own time. This character is strongly impressed on the Orlando Furioso; it well suited an age of war, and pomp, and gallantry; an age when chivalry was still recent in actual life, and was reflected in concentrated brightness from the mirror of romance.

"It has been sometimes hinted as an objection to Ariosto, that he is not sufficiently in earnest, and leaves a little suspicion of laughing at his subject. I do not perceive that he does this in a greater degree than good sense and taste permit. The poets of knight-errantry might in this respect be arranged in a scale, of which Pulci and Spenser might stand at the extreme points; the one mocking the absurdities he coolly invents, the other, by intense strength of conception, full of love and faith in his own creations. Between these Boiardo, Ariosto, and Berni take successively their places; none so deeply serious as Spenser, none so ironical as Pulci. It was not easy in Italy, especially after the Morgante Maggiore had roused the sense of ridicule, to keep up at every moment the solemn tone which Spain endured in the romances of the sixteenth century; nor was this consonant to the gaiety of Ariosto."—p. 420.

After vindicating Ariosto for building on the foundation of Boiardo—chiefly by the example of the Iliad, which "was only a fragment of the tale of Troy," one episode and portion of the great Cycle of the war of Ilium—Mr. Hallam thus proceeds—

"The inventions of Ariosto are less original than those of Boiardo, but they are more pleasing and various. The tales of old mythology and of modern romance furnished him with those delightful episodes we all admire, with his Olimpia and Bireno, his Ariodante and Geneura, his Cloridan and Medoro, his Zerbino and Isabella. He is more conversant with the Latin poets, or has turned them to better account than his predecessor. For the sudden transitions in the middle of a canto or even a stanza, with which every reader of Ariosto is familiar, he is indebted to Boiardo, who had himself imitated in them the metrical romancers of the preceding age. From them also, that justice may be rendered to those nameless rhymers, Boiardo drew the individuality of character, by which their heroes were distinguished, and which Ariosto has not been so careful to preserve. His Orlando has less of the honest simplicity, and his Astolfo less of the gay boastfulness, than had been assigned to them in the cyclus.

"Corniani observes of the style of Ariosto, what we may all perceive on attending to it to be true, that he is sparing in the use of metaphors, contenting himself generally with the plainest expression; by which, if he loses something in dignity, he gains in perspicuity. It may be added, that he is not very successful in figurative language, which is sometimes forced and exaggerated. Doubtless this transparency of phrase, so eminent in Ariosto, is the cause that he is read and delighted in by the multitude, as well as by the few; and it seems also to be the cause that he can never be satisfactorily rendered into any language less musical, and consequently less independent upon an ornamental dress in poetry, than his own, or one which wants the peculiar advantages, by which conventional variances in the form of words, and the liberty of inversion, as well as the frequent recurrence of the richest and most euphonious rhymes, elevate the simplest expression in Italian verse above the level of discourse. Galileo, being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable talent of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. His similes are conspicuous for their elaborate beauty; they are familiar to every reader of this great poet; imitated, as they usually are, from the ancients, they maintain an equal strife with their models, and occasionally surpass them. But even the general strain of Ariosto, natural as it seems, was not unpremeditated, or left to its own felicity; his manuscript at Ferrara, part of which is shown to strangers, bears numerous alterations, the *pentimenti*, if I may borrow a word from a kindred art, of creative genius."—pp. 423-425.

Mr. Hallam appears by no means inclined to disguise the faults of Ariosto. Something, however, ought to have been said, and no one would have said it in a more natural and unaffected tone of moral dignity than Mr. Hallam, on the too luxurious colouring of some passages, the strange and fantastic indecency of others, in the Furioso. For this, we conceive, even more than the change of manners, causes Ariosto to be less read than formerly. He proceeds:—

"The Italian critics love to expatiate in his praise, though they are often keenly sensible to his defects. The variety of style and of rhythm in Ariosto, it is remarked by Gravina, is convenient to that of his subject. His rhymes, the same author observes, seem to spring from the thoughts, and not from the necessities of metre, He describes minutely, but with much felicity, and gives a clear idea of every part; like the Farnesian Hercules, which seems greater by the distinctness of every vein and muscle. Quadrio praises the correspondence of the sound to the sense. Yet neither of these critics is blindly partial. It is acknowledged indeed by his warmest advocates, that he falls sometimes below his subject, and that trifling and feeble lines intrude too frequently in the Orlando Furioso. I can hardly regret, however, that in the passages of flattery towards the house of Este, such as that long genealogy which he deduces in the third canto, his genius has deserted him, and he degenerates, as it were wilfully, into prosaic tediousness. In other allusions to contemporary history, he is little better. I am hazarding a deviation from the judgment of good critics when I add, that in the opening stanzas of each canto, where the poet appears in his own person, I find generally a deficiency of vigour and originality, a poverty of thought and of emotion, which is also very far from unusual in the speeches of his characters. But these introductions have been greatly admired.

> "Many faults of language in Ariosto are observed by his countrymen. They justly blame also his inobservance of propriety, his hyperbolical extravagance, his harsh metaphors, his affected thoughts. These are sufficiently obvious to a reader of reflecting taste; but the enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing, and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The Orlando Furioso, as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante. The most obvious parallel is Ovid, whose Metamorphoses, however, are far excelled by the Orlando Furioso, not in fertility of invention, or variety of images and sentiments, but in purity of taste, in grace of language, and harmony of versification."—pp. 425, 426.

Italy had thus surrendered itself to the spell of this new enchanter. The poetry of Ariosto was the occupation of its light and festive hours; in its graver studies it soared to the heights of the Platonic philosophy with Ficinus, or sounded the depths of the Cabala with Picus of Mirandola, or plunged with Ponponatius into wilder and more dangerous speculations. Popes, cardinals, princes, the burgher sovereigns of the few free cities that remained, in their serene and undisturbed enjoyment of chivalrous poetry and pagan philosophy, might seem almost unconscious of the revolution which was passing beyond the Alps in literature, as well as in graver matters.

A few of the more devout in the highest ranks of the church and the state (as Professor Ranke has shown in his History of the Popes) returned to severer studies, and at first closely approximated in some of their opinions to the reformers of the north; and, indeed, the spirit of inquiry once awakened in Italy, it advanced in speculative daring far beyond the bounds which arrested the reformers of the north. But it was, in fact, a small lettered aristocracy which embraced the anti-papal doctrines; these in Italy never reached the body of the people. Mr. Hallam has stated the curious discovery of Signor Panizzi, that Berni, the re-writer of the Orlando Innamorato, had embraced such opinions. In general, however, the literature of Italy stood entirely aloof from these questions, which began to absorb all the activity of the public mind in Germany and France, and, at a somewhat later period, in England. Some of the best Latin poets of Italy, Sanazzaro and Vida, occasionally chose Christian, and even Catholic, subjects. Sanazzaro's De Partu Virginis bears strong indications of the prevailing classical taste: and, at any rate, these were exceptions to the general tone of Italian literature. The Latin poems of Fracastorius, the beautiful lyrics of Flaminius, the elegies of Naugerius, the other didactic pieces of Vida, the piscatory eclogues of Sanazzaro; the early Italian dramatic pieces, both the tragic and the comic; the prose works of the greatest master who had yet written in Italian, Machiavelli, give few indications of the contest which absorbed almost all the productive energy of the intellect in some parts of Europe. The new Italian school of Boscan and Garcilasso in *Spain—even* the commencement of her fertile comedy, in like manner maintains its independence of religious strife: and in our own country, Surrey and Wyatt seem to have taken advantage of a calm moment, before the gathering, or rather the bursting, of the storm, to infuse something of the grace and harmony of Petrarch into English verse. But in Germany theology laid its strong hand on literature, and almost bound it to its exclusive service. Poetry began to speak only in religious hymns. The curious poem of Theuerdank, we may observe, though published only in 1517, belongs to a somewhat earlier period. A recent editor of this work has re-opened the question of its authorship, and adduces some strong reasons for believing that the groundwork, at least, of the poem belongs to the emperor Maximilian; and that Pfinzing, the poetical burgher of Nuremburg, had only the honourable office of completing and preparing for the press the unfinished composition of his imperial master. Classical learning was at first inclined to devote itself to the advancement of the Reformation, till the Reformation, somewhat contemptuously, spurned its alliance, and appealed to the uncultivated intellect, and, it must be acknowledged, too frequently to the passions of the ignorant. But into this beaten field it is impossible for us to enter. We pass with regret Mr. Hallam's observations on Erasmus and some other distinguished names of the period; we pause only to extract his character of Luther.

> "In the history of the Reformation Luther is incomparably the greatest name. We see him, in the skilful composition of Robertson, the chief figure of a group of gownsmen, standing in contrast on the canvass with the crowned rivals of France and Austria, and their attendant warriors, but blended in the unity of that historic picture. This amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seems to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness. It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poetry of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers.
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> "But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book "against the falsely-named order of bishops," can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined; that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive any advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise De servo arbitrio, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbound-

ed dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonized, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther's writings. Yet he had passed himself through several changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile, or to understand, his tenets concerning faith and works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favour of the latter, not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly well convinced, it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. These are not the oscillations of the balance in a calm understanding, conscious of the difficulty which so often attends the estimate of opposite presumptions, but alternate gusts of dogmatism, during which, for the time, he was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform.

"It is not impossible that some offence will be taken at this character of his works by those who have thought only of the man; extraordinary as he doubtless was in himself, and far more so as the instrument of mighty changes on the earth. Many, of late years, especially in Germany, without holding a single one of Luther's more peculiar tenets, have thought it necessary to magnify his intellectual gifts. Frederic Schlegel is among these; but in his panegyric there seems a little wish to insinuate that the reformer's powerful understanding had a taint of insanity. This has not unnaturally occurred to others, from the strange tales of diabolical visions Luther very seriously recounts, and from the inconsistencies as well as the extravagance of some passages. But the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations, which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful; one of them he seems to represent as internal."—pp. 513–516.

This is admirable; we admire the courage with which it is said, as well as the vigorous discrimination which it displays. Yet we think that there is something wanting to complete the truth of the picture: in the first place, few of those who have exercised a powerful religious influence over their age claim a high place in the history of mere literature. To confine ourselves to two instances:—the published remains of Savonarola only excite our wonder that the Florentine preacher should ever have stirred the minds of his countrymen with such commanding awe. In Florence, if any where, we should have expected that pure Athenian taste, diffused throughout society, which would have required the eloquence of a Demosthenes,—that eloquence which speaks almost as vividly to posterity in written volumes, as of old to the ears of the listening people. Even his own followers, if they do not suppress, are prudently silent about the published writings of our Whitefield. Luther wrote rudely to a rude age and a rude class of readers. It is in his moral courage, his inexhaustible activity, his indefatigable perseverance, not in his mental accomplishments, not in the profound and comprehensive philosophy which calmly investigates the depth of a subject, that we must recognise the great distinction of Luther. He wrote from his passions,—passions in general lofty and generous, but still passions. Had he been a calm and severe thinker, a dispassionate and philosophical writer, he never would have occupied what we may presume to consider his designated place in the religious history of mankind. The man was greater than the author. In most cases we study with interest the biography of a distinguished writer for the light which it throws on the character and composition of his works:—here the writings are chiefly read to illustrate the character of the author. Luther may be considered as an active and uncommonly powerful religious pamphleteer—opposing dogmatic innovation to the dogmatism of the established creed; for it is dogmatism alone which moves or satisfies the mass of mankind. The indistinct and indefinite in polemics is always ineffective. Where Luther hesitated and fluctuated, or took a middle ground, as in the sacramental question, there he was speedily supplanted by bolder and more decided asserters. Both Robertson, then, and Mr. Hallam, may be in the right. In the general history of the Reformation Luther may deservedly be the prominent, the central figure of the design; while the literary historian, calmly surveying his works, inquiring what perpetual, what indestructible book he has delivered as an inheritance to posterity, will be inclined to call in question that overweening fame which is attached to his name; may express some natural wonder that he exercised such unparalleled power over his age and country. But has Mr. Hallam done full justice even to the literary character of Luther? His great literary work is unquestionably the translation of the Bible. It created, we may almost say, the German language. The older poems, the Nibelungen and the Lays of the Minnesingers, had not performed the function exercised by the poets of Italy, Spain, and England, and to a certain degree, of France. They had not formed a standard of language intelligible throughout the country. Even Theuerdank is in a dialect; and in essaying another of the old German poems recently issued from the same press at Quedlinberg-Kutun, we found that we had to learn a new language. In this respect Luther was the Homer of Germany. The Bible consolidated at least the north of Germany into one nation; it was the common bond of nationality; and the Reformation—which seemed entirely to quench the spirit of invention throughout the whole land—which was succeeded by a long tract of total barrenness in the national literature—by this one gift more than compensated for the evil it had wrought. When the German was to have its late revival—a revival which took place almost within our own days—when it was again to burst forth with all the burning vigour of long-suppressed, long-suspended life—when it was to swarm, as it were, with native philosophers, poets, historians—writers in every branch and in every department of letters—the language of Luther's Bible was the great well of "German undefiled;" which not only afforded a powerful and copious vocabulary to the writer, but had prepared, as it were, the ear and the understanding of the reader in every class of society for the prose of the Kants and the Jacobis, and the poetry of the Schillers and the Goethes of the present age.

We should not do justice to Mr. Hallam, if we were not to give some example of the manner in which he treats subjects more abstruse and remote from popular knowledge. It might seem that the reformation, instead of extinguishing, had merely pent up for a time the unextinguishable superstition of the human mind, which, however, found vent by other channels. In Germany particularly, thus suddenly and forcibly dissevered from its usual associate, religion, it formed a strange and unnatural connexion with science. It has been observed by several writers, that the belief in witchcraft and other diabolical influences, seemed to take stronger root in Protestant countries, to lead to public acts of greater cruelty and absurdity, than before the reformation. There remained a craving for the preternatural, which, deprived of its accustomed aliment, sought to corrupt everything sound and wholesome into its food. Germany was not so prolific as England in purely religious fanaticism. Her mere dreamy enthusiasm was mixed up with her medicine and her metaphysics, at least as much as with her theology. The combination between coherent reasoning, and at times extraordinary powers of intellect, with almost insane extravagance, is even more startling in these philosophical visionaries; it enforces the suspicion of knavery and imposture even more strongly than in the authors of wild religious sects. In them it is more impossible justly to discriminate the proportions of philosopher, of madman, and of charlatan, which are blended together in the strange and conflicting character. The succession of these men in Germany has never been interrupted; it has sometimes, as in Jacob Behmen, mingled itself with religious dreamery, sometimes spoken a purely medical language; but from Paracelsus to the Homoiopathists, it has never been extinct, and has never wanted believing and admiring votaries. Mr. Hallam thus describes one of the earliest and most remarkable progenitors of this race:—

"While Ramus was assaulting the stronghold of Aristotelian despotism, the syllogistic method of argumentation, another province of that extensive empire, its physical theory, was invaded by a still more audacious, and we must add, a much more unworthy innovator, Theophrastus Paracelsus. Though few of this extraordinary person's writings were published before the middle of the century, yet as he died in 1541, and his disciples began very early to promulgate his theories, we may introduce his name more appropriately in this than in any later period. The system, if so it may be called, of Paracelsus had a primary regard to medicine, which he practised with the boldness of a wandering empiric. It was not unusual in Germany to carry on this profession; and Paracelsus employed his youth in casting nativities, practising chiromancy, and exhibiting chemical tricks. He knew very little Latin, and his writings are as unintelligible from their style as their substance. Yet he was not without acuteness in his own profession; and his knowledge of pharmaceutic chemistry was far beyond that of his age. Upon this real advantage he founded those extravagant theories, which attracted many ardent minds in the sixteenth century, and were *afterwards woven into* new schemes of fanciful philosophy. His own models were the oriental reveries of the Cabala, and the theosophy of the mystics. He seized hold of a notion which easily seduces the imagination of those who do not ask for rational proof, that there is a constant analogy between the macrocosm, as they call it, of external nature, and the microcosm of man. This harmony and parallelism of all things, he maintains, can only be made known to us by Divine revelation; and hence all heathen philosophy has been erroneous. The key to the knowledge of nature is in the Scriptures only, studied by means of the Spirit of God communicating an interior light to the contemplative soul. So great an obscurity reigns over the writings of Paracelsus, which, in Latin at least, are not originally his own, for he had but a scanty acquaintance with that language, that it is difficult to pronounce upon his opinions, especially as he affects to use words in senses imposed by himself; the development of his physical system consisted in an accumulation of chemical theorems, none of which are conformable to sound philosophy.

"A mixture of fanaticism and imposture is very palpable in Paracelsus, as in what he calls his Cabalistic art, which produces by imagination and natural faith, 'per fidem naturalem ingenitam,' all magical operations, and counterfeits by these means whatever we see in the external world. Man has a sidereal as well material body, an astral element, which all do not partake in equal degrees; and therefore the power of magic, which is in fact the power of astral properties, or of producing those effects which the stars naturally produce, is not equally attainable by all. This actual element of the body survives for a time after death and explains the apparition of dead persons; but in this state it is subject to those who possess the art of magic, which is then called necromancy.

"Paracelsus maintained the animation of everything; all minerals both feed and render their food. And besides this life of every part of nature, it is peopled with spiritual beings, inhabitants of the four elements, subject to disease and death like man. These are the silvains (sylphs,) undines, or nymphs, gnomes, and salamanders. It is thus observable that he first gave these names, which rendered afterwards the Rosicrucian fables so celebrated. These live with man, and sometimes, except the salamanders, bear children to him; they know future events, and reveal them to us; they are also guardians of hidden treasures, which may be obtained by their means. I may perhaps have said too much about paradoxes so absurd and mendacious; but literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers; and Paracelsus forms a link in the history of opinion, which should not be overlooked."—pp. 541—543.

From this cloudy and mystic twilight, it will be a singular transition to the clear and piercing light in which Machiavelli has placed the secret springs of human action, and laid open the worst realities of our nature. Is not Machiavelli, in a few words, the expression of the Italian mind; not without fine and noble enthusiasm, but habituated to oppose craft to power, the noble energies of intellectual acuteness to brute force? Such, in fact, appears to be Mr. Hallam's view; it is impossible to be more fair at once to the excellences and the sins of Machiavelli's celebrated treatise. We quote only two passages, because we are anxious to reserve some space for the observations on the Discorsi, Machiavelli's greater, but at the same time, less known work.

"None of the explanations assigned for the motives of Machiavel in The Prince is more groundless than one very early suggested, that by putting the house of Medici on schemes of tyranny, he was artfully luring them to their ruin. Whether this could be reckoned an excuse, may be left to the reader; but we may confidently affirm that it contradicts the whole tenor of that treatise. And, without palliating the worst passages, it may be said that few books have been more misrepresented. It is very far from true, that he advises a tyrannical administration of government, or one likely to excite general resistance, even to those whom he thought, or rather knew from experience, to be placed in the most difficult position for retaining power, by having recently been exalted to it. The Prince, he repeatedly says, must avoid all that will render him despicable or odious, especially injury to the property of citizens, or to their honour. This will leave nothing to guard against but the ambition of a few. Conspiracies, which are of little importance while the people are well affected, become unspeakably dangerous as soon as they are hostile. Their love, therefore, or at least the absence of their hatred, is the basis of the governor's security, and far better than any fortresses. A wise prince will honour the nobility, at the same time that he gives content to the people. If the observance of these maxims is likely to subvert a ruler's power, he may be presumed to have designed the ruin of the Medici. The first duke in the new dynasty of that house, Cosmo I., lived forty years in the practice of all Machiavel would have advised, for evil as well as good; and his reign was not insecure."—pp. 558, 559.

Mr. Hallam proceeds to describe that which is of darker taint in The Prince. He concludes with this paragraph:—

"The eighteenth chapter, on the manner in which princes should observe faith, might pass for a satire on their usual violations of it, if the author did not too seriously manifest his approbation of them. The best palliation of this, and of what else has been justly censured in Machiavel, is to be derived from his life and times. These led him to consider every petty government as in a continual state of self-defence against treachery and violence, from its ill-affected citizens, as well as from its ambitious neighbours. It is very difficult to draw the straight line of natural right in such circumstances; and neither perhaps the cool reader of a remote age, nor the secure subject of a well-organized community, is altogether a fair arbiter of what has been done or counselled in days of peril and necessity; relatively, I mean, to the persons, not to the objective character of actions. There is certainly a steadiness of moral principle and Christian endurance, which tells us that it is better not to exist at all, than to exist at the price of virtue; but few indeed of the countrymen and contemporaries of Machiavel had any claim to the practice, whatever they might have to the profession, of such integrity. His crime, in the eyes of the world, and it was truly a crime, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy, the profession of a religious adherence to maxims which at the same moment were violated."—p. 560.

We transcribe without mutilation the remarks on the Discourses of Machiavelli. It is well for society, with its present manifest tendencies, to consider the influence of democracy in all its bearings. It is true that great wisdom is required to apply the lessons of ancient history, or of political writers so far removed from our own times, and living in a social state so different from our own as Machiavelli. But to the calm and judicious mind, which can separate that which is universal and immutable, from that which is extraneous and temporary—which can frame and adapt the great leading principles to modern uses—they are not less worthy of study. But we break off, as well aware that we can add nothing to the authority of Mr. Hallam on such subjects.

"The discourses of Machiavel upon the first books of Livy, though not more celebrated than The Prince, have been better esteemed. Far from being exempt from the same bias in favour of unscrupulous politics, they abound with similar maxims, especially in the third book; but they contain more sound and deep thinking on the spirit of small republics, than could be found in any preceding writer that has descended to us; more probably, in a practical sense, than the Politics of Aristotle, though they are not so comprehensive. In reasoning upon the Roman government, he is naturally sometimes misled by confidence in Livy; but his own acquaintance with modern Italy was in some measure the corrective that secured him from the errors of ordinary antiquaries.

"These discourses are divided into three books, and contain 143 chapters with no great regard to arrangement; written probably as reflections occasionally presented themselves to the author's mind. They are built upon one predominant idea: that the political and military annals of early Rome having had their counterparts in a great variety of parallel instances which the recent history of Italy furnished, it is safe to draw experimental principles from them, and to expect the recurrence of similar consequences in the same circumstances. This reasoning, founded upon a single repetition of the event, though it may easily mislead us, from an imperfect estimate of the conditions, and does not give a high probability to our anticipations, is such as those intrusted with the safety of commonwealths ought not to neglect. But Machiavel sprinkles these discourses with thoughts of a more general cast, and often applies a comprehensive knowledge of history, and a long experience of mankind.

"Permanence, according to Machiavel, is the great aim of government. In this very common sentiment among writers accustomed to republican forms, although experience of the mischiefs generally attending upon change might lead to it, there is no doubt, a little of Machiavel's original taint, the reference of political ends to the benefit of the rulers rather than that of the community. But the polity which he seems for the most part to prefer, though he does not speak explicitly, nor always perhaps consistently, is one wherein the people should at least have great weight. In one passage he recommends, like Cicero and Tacitus, the triple form, which endeavours to conciliate the power of a prince with that of a nobility and a popular assembly, as the best means of preventing that cycle of revolutions through which, as he supposes, the simpler institutions would naturally, if not necessarily, pass; from monarchy to aristocracy, from that to democracy, and finally to monarchy again; though, as he observes, it rarely happens that there is time given to complete this cycle, which requires a long course of ages—the community itself, as an independent state, being generally destroyed before the close of the period. "But, with this predilection for a republican polity, he yet saw its essential weakness in difficult circumstances; and hence observes that there is no surer way to ruin a democracy than to set it on bold undertakings, which it is sure to misconduct. He has made also the profound and important remark, that states are rarely either formed, or reformed, except by one man.

"Few political treatises can even now be read with more advantage than the Discourses of Machiavel; and in proportion as the course of civil society tends farther towards democracy, and especially if it should lead to what seems the inevitable consequence of democracy, a considerable subdivision of independent states, they may acquire an additional value. The absence of all passion, continual reference of every public measure to a distinct end, the disregard of vulgar associations with names or persons, render him, though too cold of heart for a very generous reader, a sagacious and useful monitor for any one who can employ the necessary methods of correcting his theorems. He formed a school of subtile reasoners upon political history, which, both in Italy and France, was in vogue for two centuries; and, whatever might be its errors, has hardly been superseded for the better by the loose declamation that some dignify with the name of philosophical politics, and in which we continually find a more flagitious and undisguised abandonment of moral rules for the sake of some idol of a general principle, than can be imputed to The Prince of Machiavel."

With these remarks we close our, of necessity, imperfect and somewhat desultory notice of Mr. Hallam's first volume—the most important single volume that it has for some years been our duty to comment upon. By this specimen Mr. Hallam will confirm the solid and substantial reputation which he had already gained with all the sound and mature judges of literary excellence. By his completion of the work with the same care and in the same spirit, he will enable English literature to boast of the first full, impartial, and general view of the simultaneous progress of letters in every part of Europe.

From the Retrospective Review.

HISTORY OF AUTOMATHES.

The Capacity and Extent of the Human Understanding; exemplified in the extraordinary Case of Automathes, a young Nobleman, who was accidentally left in his Infancy upon a desolate Island, and continued Nineteen Years in that solitary State, separate from all Human Society. A Narrative abounding with many surprising Occurrences, both useful and entertaining to the Reader. London: 1745.

"During my abode in my native county of Cumberland, in quality of an indigent curate, I used, now and then in summer, when the pleasantness of the season invited, to take a solitary walk to the seashore, which lies about two miles from the town where I lived. Here I would amuse myself, one while in viewing, at large, the agreeable prospect, which surrounded me; and another while (confining my sight to nearer objects) in admiring the vast variety of beautiful shells, thrown upon the beach, some of the choicest of which I always picked up, to divert my little ones upon my return. One time, among the rest, taking such a journey in my head, I sat down upon the declivity of the beach, with my face towards the sea, which was now come up within a few yards of my feet; when immediately the sad thoughts of the wretched condition of my family, and the unsuccessfulness of all endeavours to amend it, came crowding into my mind; which drove me into a deep melancholy, and ever and anon forced tears from my eyes. I had not long continued in this pensive mood, ere I was diverted from it by the sight, as I imagined, of a small cylindrical trunk, about a foot long, rolling along with the tide, just below where I sat, with a key tied to the handle. I stepped into the water, to seize the supposed prize, which, upon opening, I found to contain nothing but a kind of written journal, rolled up, belonging (as I then conjectured) to some shipwrecked mariner; but, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken to keep it dry, a great part (of the beginning especially) seemed to be quite obliterated with the salt water; the leaves would not bear opening, without being torn to pieces: so that, though my curiosity was sufficiently raised to know what was contained in a manuscript, which had fallen after so strange a manner into my hands, yet, I was forced, for that time, to return it into its former receptacle, and wait till a fitter opportunity offered."

Such is the simple introduction to the history of Automathes. The manuscript thus discovered he contrives with some difficulty to decipher, and he learns from it, that it was written by a Benedictine monk, who, with others, was driven from the island of Japan, in 1614. This monk having been wrecked off the coast of America, is fortunate enough to gain the shore of a country which is designated as Soteria, where he meets with the singular subject of these memoirs, from whose relation he has written them down. This volume was written by John Kirkby, who acted as tutor to Gibbon for about eighteen months. This historian informs us, that "distress forced him to leave the country," and he adds, "his learning and virtue introduced him to my father, and at Putney he might have found at least temporary shelter, had not an act of indiscretion again driven him into the world. One day, reading prayers in the parish church, he most unluckily forgot the name of King George: his patron, a loyal subject, dismissed him with some reluctance, and a decent reward; and how the poor man ended his days I have never been able to learn. Mr. John Kirkby is author of two small volumes; *The Life of Automathes*, (London, 1745,) and an *English and Latin Grammar*, (London, 1746,) which, as a testimony of gratitude, he dedicated (Nov. 5, 1745,) to my father. The books are before me: from them the pupil may judge the preceptor; and upon the whole, his judgment will not be unfavourable. The *Grammar* is executed with accuracy and skill, and I know not whether any better existed at the time in our language; but the *Life of Automathes* aspires to the honours of a philosophical fiction." The object of the book is, as intimated in the title-page, to show the extent to which the human understanding can proceed in the acquisition of knowledge and the enlargement of ideas unassisted by human intelligence, and uncheered by human converse. Not, as the author says, that he attributes those acquirements to the effect of our own capacity alone, any more than if he had had the most complete education which the world can afford.

"I have given you a brief history of my life, and the manner of my attainment of knowledge from my infancy, till the time of my entrance into human society; which happened towards the end of my twenty-first year, after I had continued in the island about nineteen years and ten months; and it is now near eleven years since. Through all which, I would have it well observed, that I attribute those acquirements no more to the effect of my own capacity alone, than if I had the most complete education which the world could afford. For I have all the reason in the world to believe, that if I had been left entirely to myself, after my father's departure from me, I should have been little better than my dumb companions. From whence I cannot but conclude, 'That man, by nature, depends as much after his birth upon the care and instruction of others, to bring him to act agreeably to his rational character, as he before depended upon the action of others to give him his birth.' And, if so, I think it may easily be made appear, 'that all nations of men, how distantly soever placed from each other, do actually derive their education from a supernatural original, and that ever since their first appearance in the world.'"

This proposition he attempts to prove principally by showing that it is quite beyond the ability of human nature in itself to make such advances in education by experience, and that it is to be deduced from the agreement in the education of all mankind. Amongst the examples of agreement there are two which will, probably, excite a smile in our reader: "How comes it else," asks the worthy author, "that no people have been discovered at any time, but what are trained to walk always in *an erect posture* only;" he might as well have asked, "How comes it then, that no people have been discovered at any time but what are without tails?" a fact in which, we verily believe, although the real and *bonâ fide* existence of this quadrupedal ornament has not wanted learned advocates. "Again," proceeds the speculative philosopher,

"What reason can be assigned for the universal concurrence of all mankind, in attempting to express their thoughts by no other means than that of speech, by articulate sounds of the voice, made by the motion of the lips and tongue? By what means could it happen, that the tongue, at least, should have any share at all in this; when the same thing may be demonstrated to be capable of being as fully performed, and more easily taught, by the bare turning or modulating the voice; which is said to be experimented in China?"

The father of Automathes, a nobleman of Soteria, being banished from the kingdom by the contrivance of his enemies, embarks aboard a ship, with his wife and son, then just born—the ship is wrecked—all the crew, except the father and mother of Automathes, and himself, endeavour to save themselves in a boat, and perish; the hero's family stay with the wreck, and escape. They are carried to a desert island, where, in the course of seven months, the mother dies. After her death Automathes, having observed the manner in which the kid of a hind obtained nourishment from its mother, and the kid having luckily died when he wanted a nurse, takes the same course, and is fed by its milk. The father beginning to feel the extreme desolateness of his situation, strains his eyes over the sea in hope of discovering land, that he might again feel the pleasure of mixing in human society; he succeeds, and refits an old boat belonging to the wrecked ship; and whilst he is spreading his sails, intending to take his infant son with him, the wind rises, and he is wafted over the waves without the possibility of resistance [he must have been but an indifferent sailor;] leaving his son on the island. Automathes himself had no recollection of this early part of his life. Besides the milk of the hind, he became acquainted with the use of fruits, from observing the fowls of the air eat them, and with roots, from remarking that his dog, the only living thing which escaped with them from the wreck, subsisted upon them. The first occasion of reflection to the young islander, arises from a natural incident, related in a striking and forcible manner.

"The first time I remember myself to be brought to serious reflection, though, doubtless, I had reflected upon many things before, happened on this manner: one remarkably hot day, I had wandered something farther than common from my cottage; and, going to a lake to quench my thirst, I was surprised with the appearance of a creature, as I thought, in the lake, of a shape very different from anything I ever yet had seen; which, when I stooped to the water, seemed to leap upwards at me, as if in a design to pull me down to it. Terrified at the supposed danger, I started backwards, and fled with all possible haste to a neighbouring wood for shelter, where I skulked for some time, before I durst look out again, to see whether or no I was pursued. At length, my thirst returning, and perceiving no farther appearance of harm, I took courage to visit another part of the lake, where I hoped to drink with less disturbance. But, no sooner did I stoop down to the water again, than I was scared back with a like spectacle, as before. And this second disappointment made the place become so dreadful to me, that I thought my greatest safety was, in being at the farthest remove from it.

"It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that I should all this while be so afraid of nothing but my own shadow. But this, I suppose, was the first time I ever had beheld it in the water, or, at least, had taken notice of it; all the other fountains and rivulets I had hitherto seen, though sufficiently clear and transparent, having been either too shallow, or too rapid, to cast a reflection deep enough to fall under my observation. But, not long after, I grew better acquainted with such appearances.

"I cannot, though, forget the deep impression, which this affright left upon me; an impression so strong, that, for several weeks after, I durst hardly look out of my cottage, always imagining, that this terrible phantom was in search of me; and my sleep was, for some time afterwards, disturbed with fearful starts and dreams. But time wore this off, and the continual sight of no danger emboldened me to walk about, as usual: only the lake was a long while after frightful to me, whenever I came near it.

"This accident seemed, as it were, to rouse me out of my hitherto stupid condition into a sense of myself; which first broke forth in such inward expostulations as these: *What am I? How came I here?* Upon which I would every now-and-then run over in my mind all the transactions which occurred, of my past life, to the present time. And so intent was I on these contemplations, that I became heedless of everything else; and, as I walked along, would often stumble and fall over whatever came in my way. But my mind was taken off from this thoughtfulness concerning herself, as her curiosity prevailed towards other things; which now began to drive me abroad more than usual, to take notice of every object falling in my way. And this, I conjecture, might happen about the ninth or tenth year of my age."

He afterwards sees the image of the dog, and again of himself in the water; and comes to the conclusion that it is his shadow. This circumstance first surprised him into the notion of the existence of other creatures of his own species; for he had observed, that all the creatures in the island produced similar creatures: he concluded that the dog and himself, two solitary animals, had been produced in the same way. And, when he compared the structure of his cottage (which his father had built) with the regular apartments of the beavers, he guessed it must have been built by his predecessors. He begins to reason upon the sea; which he conceives to be a great lake surrounded with hills: he examines the instruments in his cottage, different in shape and consistence from anything in the island: he notices the fragment of a boat, and finally concludes, that he and his dog had by its means been conveyed to the island. Thence sprung a longing for the society of his own species, and he became melancholy.

"But I was effectually directed from these ungrateful thoughts, when I came to apply more closely to the study of nature, which every where presented me with fresh scenes of wonder; and the more I observed, still the more was my curiosity increased. The first thing which drew my attention was, how the ground brought forth its fruits, by which all living creatures were nourished, and seemed to receive their whole essence. I observed the manner how the trees, the grass, and the flowers grew; each yielding its proper seed for new clothing to their mother earth on their decay. The beautiful contexture also, which appeared in each individual, gave me no small delight. And, in time, I learned how these successive renewals of nature exactly corresponded with the motions of the sun, at whose annual approach the woods and meadows put on a smiling green, and the flowers shot forth their heads, and at his removal to the more southern climates, all things seemed to fade and droop, as if they only lived in hopes of his return, which never failed at the fixed time. I marked the agreement between the moon and tide, and the revolutions of the lesser heavenly luminaries were the subject of my nocturnal contemplations. I also employed some time in considering the figure, situation, and beautiful variety of the colours in the rainbow. I discovered the necessity of rain and the solar heat, to ripen the fruits of the earth; and the use of morning and evening dews, to supply the absence of the former, was likewise known to me. I considered the admirable structure of the bodies of every species of animal within my observation; how appositely they were framed to serve their several purposes and ways of living, and what surprising art and foresight they shewed for the preservation of themselves and their young. In fine, I beheld the marks of wisdom wherever I cast my eyes. An universal harmony and alternate dependence appeared through all parts of the creation; the most neglected things, when duly examined, being not without their manifest use. In short, I was every where surprised with an apparently wise design, where the least design of all was expected."

From nature he proceeded to nature's God; and he goes on somewhat too rapidly, except on the supposition of supernatural communication. He studies the economy of the beavers—is dazzled with the flash of lightning, and astounded with the roar of the thunder—he contemplates and meditates upon the luminaries which sparkle in the heavens, and becomes a natural astronomer. The occurrence which gave him the strongest emotion, was the death of his dog. occasioned by the fall of a tree which had been gnawed by the beavers. The effect of this accident is thus *related.*

"Affrighted at the accident, I ran, without any regard to my own safety, and catching him up in my arms carried him a little distance off, and laid him upon the grass. Here, examining what mischief he had received, I could perceive no visible breach in his body, save a little skin rubbed from one of his knees; but I guessed at the greatness of his hurt, by supposing the like to have befallen myself.

"After I had continued some time looking on, I grew impatient to see him rise again upon his feet, and fawn upon me as usual; for I had never yet seen the dead body of any animal, no, not to my remembrance, of the smallest insect; and his motionless condition made me at first conclude him to be only asleep. But after I found all endeavours in vain to bring him to himself, my confusion increased, and I began to suspect that the body was not only bereft of sense and motion for the present, but was also rendered incapable of performing the functions of life ever after: for I considered, from my own experience, that every degree of violence impressed upon me was usually followed with a proportionable degree of pain, which was an utter enemy of sleep. I reasoned moreover with myself, that a greater force with the same instrument, or the same force with a different instrument, might have been capable to separate every member of the body from its fellow, or, at least, to have reduced it into a state as unlike what it was, and as incapable of recovering its former condition, as I had seen a flower, or blade of grass, after I had bruised it between my fingers. And in the end I became thoroughly convinced that this must be the case of my companion, whom I was now to expect no more conversation with; but in a short time must behold his body mingled with the earth, like what I constantly saw happen to every thing which received its growth from thence. But when I came to apply these melancholy reflections to myself, it is not in my power to make you sensible of the uncommon emotions which arose within my breast; and when I suspected that my ceasing to live might be no other than a ceasing for ever to exist, which seemed to be the case of the dog now before me; this struck me with such a horror and amazement, that, for some time, I seemed as if driven into the very condition I so much dreaded.

"When I was partly recovered out of this consternation, the day drawing to an end, I left the carcass upon the grass, and retired to my cottage with a mind sufficiently disordered, and the dreadful apprehensions always running in my head of what was to befal me hereafter, would suffer me to take no rest the greatest part of that night."

He next examines, with more attention than he had ever before bestowed, the contents of his cottage, and is particularly engaged with an old chest. The contents display considerable variety; a mirror, a fan painted with human figures, mathematical instruments, and books; from the first, which he breaks, he learns what causes the reflexion; he cannot read the books, it is true, but one of them being a mathematical one, with figures, he is enabled, with their assistance, to learn the science. The most striking incident in the book, and the most naturally told, is the discovery of fire, which leads him to the discovery of conscience.

"One evening, as I was cutting down the reliques of an old rotten tree within my inclosure, whose situation did not please me, accidentally missing my aim I struck the hatchet against a stone, which occasioned sparks to fly forth in abundance. After I had removed this without my pales, in my return I beheld some of the chips lying close by the remaining stump to send up a vapour, something like what I had seen arise in the morning from the dewy savannahs, but far more gross and dense, as well as more quick in its ascent; and, as I approached nigher, I perceived the flame, which immediately brought to mind the ignis fatuus and glow-worms heretofore: but when I came to handle this, as I had done the worms, the pain it gave made me draw in my fingers with a great deal more speed than I put them forth; and by-and-by the flame, catching hold of the stump of the tree, began to burn with some vehemence. I stood wondering how this strange thing came here, which I took at first to be a living animal from its creeping along the ground, and seeming to catch at and consume every thing in its way: and I was well nigh confirmed in this belief by the fall of some drops of rain, at every one of which, as at the receipt of so many blows, it appeared to recoil back, and send forth its complaints as if from a sense of the injury it received; but I changed this opinion when I beheld the sparks flying from it, and observed the sudden increase made from the smallest of these, wherever it met with proper materials, which brought to mind the sparks struck from the hatchet, from whence I immediately concluded all this to proceed.

"I spent some time in making experiments upon this wonderful phenomenon: I observed its emission of light and heat, like the sun and stars; from which resemblance of its effects I concluded the resemblance of their natures. I took notice also, how apt several sorts of matter were to be destroyed by it, while others it affected no otherwise than as it heated them for the present, or discoloured them with its smoke; but water it seemed always to abhor: and I pleased myself one while with supplying it with fuel, and anon quenching it again with water from the brook; till at last, by pouring on too much, I quite extinguished it.

"My thoughts were mostly that night employed upon this new discovery; and on the morrow I took the hatchet and sword to try farther experience upon the tree now lying without the south-west side of my inclosure; where, at the first trial with my instruments one against another, I got fire, which presently set the tree all in a blaze. I pleased myself awhile with the sight; but this was soon over, and my heart began to quake, when I beheld it out of my power to extinguish it; and, catching hold of a large coppice of trees which stretched along to the sea at north-west, it in a moment set up such huge pillars of fire and smoke, that it threatened to lay the whole island in ashes. And doubtless the mischief would have been vastly more, had not the wind at that time chanced to blow from the land, and by that means preserved my inclosure and cottage, which must otherwise have inevitably fallen with the first in this dreadful ruin.

"I was in the utmost consternation to see the devastation I had caused, my ears being quite stunned with the incessant roaring of the flames, and crackling of the large trees, mixed with the loud yells of the beasts and fowls, all endeavouring to escape as far as possible from a sight so terrible: and so great was the combustion, that it was fairly visible to my father in the other island. But when I came to think of the injuries this indiscreet piece of curiosity must bring upon my fellow-creatures, and imagined I heard the cries of several helpless animals perishing in the flames; O heavens! with what horror was I seized! I ran round the flames in the most distracted manner, without the least regard to my own safety; still pouring forth the most bitter lamentations, till, at last, through very anguish of spirit I fell all along upon the ground, and could bear up no longer; my resentments being all the same, as if I had occasioned the destruction of so many of my own species.

"The fire continued burning that whole day, and the greatest part of the night following; during all which time I could not keep my eyes from it, continually showing the utmost tokens of rage and despair, for having been the author of so much mischief. At length, when it had destroyed all before it to the shore, for near a mile distance, it began to abate for want of proper matter to supply it; and a great quantity of rain falling next morning quite extinguished it.

"But though the fire was extinguished, so was not my trouble. This accident raised a tumult in my bosom, as much beyond my own power to appease, as it was beyond my power to quench the flames which occasioned it: for it gave me the first sad experience of the severe lashes of a self-condemning conscience; a trouble to which all my other griefs were comparatively as nothing. I had hitherto experienced no afflictions but such only as proceeded from things without; things upon which the soul had no real, at least, no lasting dependence: so that whenever she obtained a better knowledge of her own state, it would not fail either to show her the vanity of them at present, or, however, give her the comfortable hopes (if not the assurance) of their removal hereafter. But this was a wound given to the soul herself, and, consequently, a more perfect knowledge of herself was the way to add to her misery, by making her more sensible of the great evil of the loss of innocence; a loss which could never be retrieved by any ability in herself, and which must needs proportionally deprive her of the favour of God. And whenever I reflected upon the wretched havoc which, by this fact, I had made in the workmanship of God's hand, and considered the intolerable injuries I had done to so many of my fellow-creatures, I could not but tremble to think how justly I had provoked our common Creator."

There are several pretty little incidents in the book, in addition to those we have quoted:—the discovery of the light of the glow-worm; the intercourse between Automathes and the beavers, which is of a very agreeable sort, and full of the author's own kind disposition, besides many other pleasant touches of description and feeling. On the fan, which he had found in his cottage, Automathes first saw the semblance of the human figure; it was this elegant toy that awakened in his heart a longing for the society of his own species, a burning desire to see something like himself: by his minute examination of the fan, and his own observation of the animal kingdom, he had already pictured on his mind a distinction of sexes. He was one day partially gratified by a vision of a female: it was his mother, whom he supposed had been the instrument employed by heaven in his education, and who was now come on the completion of the task, to afford a sensible manifestation of herself, as if intending to take her final adieu of him in this life, when she had, as it were, executed her commission, and was about to return into the mansion of rest. Shortly afterwards a ship arrives off the island, and, to his great surprise and delight, a company lands from the vessel, the motions of whom are watched with intense interest by Automathes, who at last marches amongst them a naked savage, and finds his father, who is revealed to him by that sort of mysterious sympathy which accompanies the relation of parent and child, at least in novels and romances.

The father, it appears, had been driven on another desert island, where he had remained until this very time, when he was discovered by the crew of this ship who were countrymen and acquaintances, and upon whom he had prevailed to accompany him to the island on which he had left his son. Gibbon says that our author has blended the History of *Robinson Crusoe* with the Arabian Romance of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*. This does not appear to us to be the case; it bears no resemblance to the former; the outline is entirely borrowed from the Arabian work, which was translated into Latin by Pocock, and afterwards into English by George Ashwell. The history of Automathes possesses considerable advantage, as a romance, over that of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, which is filled with philosophical speculations on the subject of the human mind, but unmixed with the pleasant episodes and lively fancy of the *History of Automathes*. There is also this difference between the two fictions, namely, that the progress of *Hai Eb'n Yockdan*, in the attainment of knowledge, is accompanied with a ferocious indifference to the sufferings of the animals around him, whom he considers as his enemies in his pursuit of information. In his acquirements, too, he had nothing but his own unaided reason for his guide. Automathes, on the contrary, at first imagines that all animals are endowed with the same feelings, and are influenced by the same resentments as himself: he never attempts to destroy life in the meanest of the animal tribes, and his sole food consisted of fruits and vegetables. The former is the most philosophical, but also the most wearisome; the latter is the most entertaining, and the most amiable. *Automathes*, indeed, bears the marks of having been written by a mild and gentle spirit, who had some peculiar notions about the superintending care of divine intelligences; and who, if not a profound philosopher, was, at least, an agreeable writer. Indeed, we have been induced to notice his work, not from its scientific but its romantic character, which may be summed up in a few words.—If it does not display either much genius or invention, it is full of amiable and humanizing feeling; is, in the descriptive parts, frequently beautiful; and, in the reflections, sensible and judicious.

From Frazier's Magazine.

THE ROCKITE: AN IRISH TALE.

All the world knows the parish and village of Ardfinnan. No demur, good reader! we can prove our assertion. In the first place, there is not a man, woman, or child in the county of Tipperary, that does not know the pleasant meadows and pretty girls of Ardfinnan. Tipperary, in its turn, is celebrated throughout Ireland for light heels and heavy shillelaghs; and show us, if you can, the spot on the globe that has not heard of the Emerald Isle. *Ergo*, all the world knows the parish of Ardfinnan. Having digested this morsel of logic as you may, we proceed.

It was about one o'clock on a beautiful morning in July, mass was over, and the men, women, and children of the aforesaid parish were abroad in the sunshine, like a swarm of bees, enjoying themselves, according to their several tastes, in that luxury of idleness or sport which a fine holiday in summer confers upon the care-hating Irish peasant. Along the roadside, near the village, might be seen groups of the *responsible* folks of the parish—*strong*[*] farmers and their wives—the men with their loose great-coats unfastened at the throat, partly because of the heat of the weather, and partly to exhibit the clean linen shirt, which their careful spouses, vain of their own lace-edged caps and India silk neck-handkerchiefs, eyed with complacent pride. There they sat in the shade of a hawthorn hedge, talking of the crops, the tithes, Father Sweeny's sermon touching his Easter dues, and the rale leathering that *bould* Daniel O'Connell gave to the Bishop of London (and more power to him!) afore the king himself, in the house of parliament:—the never-failing black *dhudeen* regularly passing from mouth to mouth in the brief intervals of the conversation. In a neighbouring pasture field, a shoal of gossoons, active, wiry imps, with bare red shins, and short yellow leather unmentionables, significantly named *puckawns*, were engaged at a game of *hurley or bat*; and on the sunny slope of a wild *knock*,[†] the favourable trysting place of love-stricken village youths and damsels, the keen eye of the observer might discover, almost hidden amongst the luxuriant golden blossomed furz, many an enamoured couple, whispering those words that draw two stranger hearts together by bonds stronger and closer than the ties of blood. There, in the brief but bright moments of a life, too often wasted in misdirected energies and broken hopes, the youthful peasant—whose present possessions and future prospects are generally limited to half an acre of potato-garden, the grazing of a cow upon a barren and over-stocked mountain, and the good-will of the "master's" steward to obtain for him a few week's work as a labourer during the harvest—unmindful of the warning voice of prudence, madly rushes to his ruin. His ardent temperament prompts him to love, and his generous nature rarely permits him to do so but with honourable intentions. He marries—the consequences are obvious. Poverty crosses his threshold, and the fiend, Misery, haunts his hearth-stone. He becomes desponding or reckless; and a few short years beholds him the tenant of an early grave, or a hardened outlaw, paying the dread penalty of the violated laws of his country. Such, alas! is the sad picture—sadder, because it but too faithfully depicts the condition of a people whose best dispositions and noblest qualities have become as poison in their cup of life.

It was in perfect keeping with this national character, that, on the day we have mentioned, Edmund Delany, a young good-looking fellow, who had little to boast of beside his good looks, should be found in the most sequestered part of the *knock*, seated on the smooth turf, with one arm lovingly circling Moynah Daly's waist, and the other aiding, by its impressive action, the eloquent appeals his lips were making to the blushing and delighted girl. As we are enabled to give a great portion of their interesting conversation to our readers, from an "authentic source," we shall do so without alteration or curtailment.

"Ah, then, Moynah, darling!" whispered Edmund, observing his companion's eyes following the rapid motions of one of those beautiful small blue butterflies, as it fluttered from flower to flower—now poising on the feathery crown of the dandelion, and now burying its tiny body in the golden chalice of a buttercup—“Ah, then, Moynah, darling! a'n't it a blessed life, that *dawney* crather's, with nothing in life to trouble him, but to fly about all his days wherever he pleases. And whisht! sarra one but there's another of them—come to help him in his divarsion—his sweetheart, I'll be bound, for see how loving they fly off together. Moynah, *asthore ghal*, I wish we were them two butterflies.”

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[*] *Strong*, in this sense, means, in Ireland, *comfortable*.

[†] A hill, or eminence, overgrown with brushwood.

“What puts that thought in your head, Eamun? Is it for the sake of the wings that you'd wish to be a butterfly? You know I daren't trust you with them, for fear'd you'd take flight some morning, and never come back to your own Moynah again,” replied she, patting his cheek, with a smile that belied her suspicious words. Edmund folded her to his bosom, and for some moments spoke not. At length he said:

“I was thinking, Moynah, when I saw them two happy things sporting in the blessed sunshine, that, if *we* had our rights, it's like them we'd be ourselves, wandering about among the sweet posies, ating and drinkin' of what God sends alike to all, without being heart-scalded with the minister for his *tides*, or the agint for his rent.”

“Eamun, an' would not that be a life of sin and idleness? You know that we are all sent into the world to gain our bread by honest industry.”

“Not *all*, Moynah,” interrupted Edmund, quickly—“not *all*. What does Squire Wilson do for his living? Hasn't he the best of roast and biled at his table every day? Don't he ride about on his long-tailed horse, or drive in his elegant coach? Don't he walk upon soft carpets, as if it would bemean his shoes to touch the ground? Don't he lie down in his warm bed with an easy mind, and get up with a light heart?”

“If Squire Wilson has an easy mind, Eamun, it is because he is a good man. It's little happiness riches bring in this world or the next.”

“And hasn't he,” continued the young man, heedless of Moynah's remark, but straining her still closer in his arms—“hasn't he the wife of his heart, to smile into his face, and to lay her head upon his buzzum. Moynah, darling, lane your cheek nigher to my heart—there—there, *avourneen*. Hasn't he *her*, I say, to laugh with him in his joy, and to *murn* with him when sorrow darkens his door?”

Eamun could feel the warm tears dropping from Moynah's eyes upon his bosom.

“Yes,” he added, “*he* has all this; while I, because I am poor, must live alone in the world. Even you, Moynah, that I love better than life itself, *you* are afeard to face poverty with me.”

“Eamun,” replied the innocent girl, raising her bright blue eyes, rendered brighter by their tears, reproachfully to her lover, “I am *not* afeard to face poverty or hardship with you; and *that* was a hard saying of yours to one that loves you as I do. But why should we bring distress upon one another, when we can wait a little longer? We are both young—too young, Eamun, to know much about the ways of the world. Let us wait, *asthore*, an' the blessed Saint Bridget that helps poor sinners like us in their trouble, will raise us out of ours. I went a pilgrimage to her holy well last Lady-day; and they say if a girl does that, and says ten *pather-an-aves*,[*] fasting, to the saint, that her prayer will be granted. So you see, Eamun, dear, we have only to wait quietly, and the time will come.

“The time *will* come, and *it is come*,” exclaimed Edmund, vehemently, “when the villains that have trampled upon us, and fattened upon our hearts' blood, will be brought low.”

“What do you mean, Eamun? Your looks frighten me—I never saw you so before.”

“Nothing, Moynah—nothing to signify. But mind I tell you there will be a change in the world afore long. Hasn't Pastorni prophess'd it as plain as Mike Dooley the schoolmaster's nose, that *ould* Ireland is to have her own again.”

“Eamun, dear Eamun!” said Moynah, earnestly, “tell me who has been putting these wild thoughts into your head? But I know it is since you and Shawn Gow have grown so thick together that you began to talk this way.”

“Shawn Gow is an honest pathriot, Moynah—*he* knows how they have been ground to the arth, and racked, and harrashed for hundreds of years; and he has *them* to back him that will see us rightified, though, for rasons of their own, they're backward in coming forrard at this present.”

“By all accounts, Eamun, Shawn Gow is a man that it's best not to meddle or make with. They say he's a captain among the Rockites.”

“Well,” replied Edmund, laughing, “where's the harm in that? Many a decent boy—ay, and some that you don't hate, Moynah—have stood up for their country amongst Captain Rock's men.”

“Mother of Heaven!” exclaimed the agitated girl, “can it be possible that *you* have joined the villains that's going about murdering, and burning, and destroying?”

“Whisht, Moynah!—you need not spake so loud,” and Edmund glanced cautiously around; “I did not say that *I* was one of them; but still if I did—why—you persave——”

“Say no more, Eamun—I see they have drawn you into their nets and have broken my heart. Can I ever again hold this hand of yours between mine, when may-be, it has been the means of bringing misery upon some unfortinet family? Can I hope for happiness with you, when the stain of blood shall lie upon your head? No, Eamun, if you love me, quit those terrible men, whose dark doings will end in public shame.”

“Pooh, Moynah,” replied he, pettishly, “this is all the fine talk you have been picking up at Squire Wilson's.”

“I have never larned any thing there that was not for my own good; and it would be the black heart that could forget all the kindness that the squire and the young ladies showed to me, when I lay lonely and dessolet in the faver last summer.”

“Yes; but he's a hard landlord, Moynah.”

“He's a just one, Eamun, and never presses those that he sees willing to do their best; and (though I never told you afore, because he charged me not) he determined to give you Tom Connor's old hill farm at a low rent next Michaelmas, which he said would enable you to maintain a wife decently.”

“Moynah, did Squire Wilson mean that?”

“Indeed, Eamun, he did, and more; for he promised me a heifer and a pig, to help our little stock when we began housekeeping.”

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[*] Paternosters and ave-Marias.

"*Diaoul!*" muttered he, "why did I not know this afore?"

"Afore what, Eamun?"

"Nothing, nothing; but if I knew *that*, I'd be——"

"Edmund Delany, there is something on your mind, and you refuse to tell it to me. Now, listen, I have loved, and I still love, you next to my God. I do not blush to tell you so, for until this minute you have deserved it, and there is no shame in innocent love. Take your choice, then, between Moynah Daly's affection, and that secret which I know concerns the safety of the squire or his family."

"Moynah," he replied, surprised at the sudden energy of her manner, "would you have me break my oath—my solemn oath?"

"Better break it than bring deeper guilt on your head, Eamun."

"Why, then, it's a thousand pities you warn't made a lawyer, Moynah; it's you that would bother the best of them with your cute sayings. I know I was foolish and wicked when I took on with them; but they made me b'lieve it was all for the glory of ould Ireland we war joined, and that there was no harm in desthroying our innimies by fire or sword. But it never lay asy on my conscience; and it was the Saver himself that put it in your heart to open my eyes to my wicked coorses. So, Moynah, darling, in the name of God, I'll tell you all! and I hope HE will forgive me if there's sin in it. But mind, Moynah, if this should ever be discovered, I'm a dead man if I had a thousand lives."

Edmund then, placing his mouth close to his mistress's ear, told her in a whisper the secret that she desired to become possessed of.

"The black villains!" she exclaimed, when he had concluded—"the black, bloody-minded villains!—To-night, you say, Eamun?"

"To-night. But, whist!—what noise is that? Oh, 'tis only a wran hopping through the bushes! How it made my heart jump, lest it might have been some of them hearkening to what I was saying."

"There is no time to be lost, Eamun," said Moynah, rising; "I must leave you now: but this evening, at sunset, meet me at the chapel-gate."

"I will, *ma cailleen dhas*—God be with you, *asthore machree*—give us another kiss, for luck. There, now—I feel a dale happier than I did this many a day. Mind yourself, *aliannah*, down the hill—go asy, now. Saver! how she runs! She'll kill herself—she'll be down! No, she's off as light as a deer. Whew! Isn't she the darlint of a girl to love!"

Thus saying, Edmund, having watched the graceful form of Moynah bounding down the knock until it was lost to his sight, turned his steps towards the village, and, revolving in his mind the critical situation in which he was placed between Moynah Daly and his lawless associates, continued to walk on until he reached the forge, where Shawn Gow, whom we have already alluded to, exercised his public profession of parish horse-shoer, and his less ostensible one of chief armourer and pike-head manufacturer to Captain Rock's forces. On week days, the forge of Shawn Gow was the rendezvous of all the idlers of the village, who assembled to hear news and discuss politics; and if by chance they could lay hold on Mike Dooley, the schoolmaster, to read to them one of Dan O'Connell's "Letters to the People," from the "Pilot," time, business, and private concerns, were forgotten in the all-engrossing topic of public wrongs. Then would the indignant blacksmith, with poised hammer (reminding one of the picture Shakspeare has drawn in "King John" of another newsmongering son of Vulcan,) harangue his gaping auditors, till, in the heat of his argument, he suffered his iron to cool on the anvil; and while the unshod steed stood at the door with half-closed eyes—marvelling, perhaps, but not repining at the delay, which respited him from "the lumber of the wheels,"—his master might be seen in angry disputation with a *bodagh*,[*] who had left his plough in the furrow, until his return with a newly sharpened plough-share from the smithy. But, this being Sunday, a scene of a different description was passing in Shawn Gow's forge: the clank of the sledge-hammer did not echo from its mud-walls, nor did the bright sparks chase each other as they descended through the sod-covered roof; but the war of tongues was as loud as ever. And as Edmund entered the hovel, he beheld it crowded with men; some strangers, but the greater number wild young fellows of his acquaintance—rustic *roues* and bloods, whose chief accomplishments consisted in planting a shillelagh, with enviable dexterity, on an opponent's skull, or in being "a dead hand" at the game of *five-and-forty*.

As many of our readers may be ignorant of the science of this game, we can inform them that it is played with cards; though it seems rather problematic that Hoyle ever heard of it, as it is only known to flourish in the un-Crockfordised districts of the sister isle. Be that as it may, four well-matched antagonists were engaged, when Edmund entered, at this favourite game; and the prize for which they contested being nothing less than a subscription leg of mutton, temptingly suspended from the projecting handle of the forge bellows, the play excited a lively interest, not only in the minds of the players, but of the spectators. The door of the forge, taken from its hinges and laid upon the anvil, served for a table, around which a group of eager countenances watched the fluctuations of the game; and as the chances inclined in favour of one or other of the contending parties, the exultation of his backers vented itself in humorous gibes against his opponents, and vociferous plaudits for the lucky favourite.

"Well done, Mick, *ma bouchal!*" shouted a huge frieze-coated fellow, striking one of the players, who had just won a trick, a blow on the back that would fell an ox; "follow on that way, an' ye'll have the mate in your pot for supper!"

"Let him put *that* in his pipe and smoke it!" rejoined another bystander, as the ace of hearts[†] fell on Mick's king of trumps.

"And *there's* something to take the consate out of your ace!" added another, as the knave of trumps came down with his partner's hand. "Bill, *avick*, I'm afeard if you don't taste mate till you win the mutton, that it's a long Lent you'll be afther keeping."

At this moment Shawn Gow himself stalked into the forge, and, unceremoniously elbowing his way through the circle, said in a gruff voice,

"There's news from Dublin, boys!"

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[*] A churl, in opposition to a gentleman.

[†] In this game the five of trumps, the knave of trumps, and the ace of hearts, are the three best cards.

"Is it good news?" asked one of the party.

"Go and ask,"* was the short reply.

The cards in an instant were huddled together, and the gamblers rushed towards the door; the winning party grumbling at the interruption which had snatched the mutton, as it were, from between their teeth, while those who were likely to be losers inly congratulated themselves on getting out of the scrape so easily. Edmund alone lingered behind the others; which Shawn Gow observing, stopped short, and darting on him, from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, a suspicious glance, said,

"What's keeping you, Eamun Delany? Are you not for going with us? Its a meeting of immirgency, you know, and the captain and the boys will be out on business to-night."

"I don't feel right in myself to-day, Shawn; and there's an impression about my heart that I can't get shut of. I'm thinking it's cowld that ails me, so I'll get drop of burnt sperrits and go to bed," replied Delany.

"Go to the *diaoul*, if you like; the *work* can be done without such a *shingaun*† as you." And, hitching his great-coat upon his shoulder, the blacksmith strode angrily away.

"There's mischief in that fellow's eye," thought Edmund, as he turned off to keep his appointment with Moynah Daly at the chapel-gate. What passed at that interview we are unable to record, but the result was that Edmund, instead of going out with "the captain and the boys" that night, returned home to dream of Moynah and a cabin-full of children and *bonniveens*.‡ From these delightful visions he was unceremoniously disturbed, about two o'clock on the following morning, by a loud knocking at the door. Starting from his pallet, he recognised the harsh voice of Shawn Gow demanding admittance in no very gentle terms.

"Eamun Delany, *uiskil an dhurrus!* open the door this minit, or I'll drive it in smithreens about the flure to you!"

"Who are you?" inquired Delany, as he hurried on his clothes, hoping to gain a little time.

"Open the door, and surrender, you thraitor! if you don't want a dozen messengers to go for you from our muskets."

Edmund knew the last speaker to be the Rockite captain, and, feeling that resistance would be hopeless, he, with beating heart, withdrew the spade which served as a bar to the door, and opened it to the rude assailants. The moon, which had just risen, was shining with unclouded splendour, and enabled Edmund to distinguish the entire Rockite band drawn up within twenty paces of the cabin; a few steps in advance stood the captain, accoutred with a long cavalry sword and belt, a field officer's hat and feathers, a green frock-coat and epaulettes, a white shoulder-sash, and a short carbine thrown carelessly across his arm. Nearer still, Shawn Gow, armed with a heavy sledge-hammer, seemed but waiting the signal to put his threat of smashing the door into execution.

Edmund, mustering all the courage he possessed, walked, with apparent unconcern, into the centre of the space before the door. Saluting the captain, he coolly demanded what business he had with him.

"I understand that it is you we are to thank for the welcome we got at Squire Wilson's to-night. We knew for a certainty that there was not a grain of powder or shot in the house yesterday morning, and, to-night, when we called upon him to deliver up his arms to Captain Rock, we found that he wanted neither ammunition nor hands to use it; and, in consequence, two of my men have been wounded. What do you say to this?"

"I have nothing to say to it," replied Delany.

"Shoot the d—d informer!" cried the gang; and more than one musket was levelled at him.

"Knock the thraither's brains out!" growled Shawn Gow, swinging the sledge-hammer round his head.

"Silence!" said the captain sternly: "let no man interrupt me. Shawn Gow put down that sledge. You, Martin Kavanagh and Tim Rooney, take the prisoner Delany between you; bring him to our quarters at the castle of Ballindunny; to-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, we will try him according to *our* laws; if he be guilty, his life shall pay for his treachery. Fall in there! Right shoulders forward—march!"

Without a word of remonstrance, Edmund suffered his hands to be bound behind his back; and, taking his place between the two men appointed to guard him, marched on with the party, indulging the hope that some fortunate chance would deliver him from the hands of the incensed outlaws. When they had nearly reached the castle of Ballindunny, the party were again halted, at a lonely cabin in an unfrequented *bohereen*.* Here they resigned their arms to the custody of an old woman, who deposited them in a recess, ingeniously contrived, behind the chimney; and then, having each received from her a large glass of poteen, they separated until the following night, when the whole band were summoned to attend at Delany's trial. Edmund, with his two guards, alone remained in the cottage with the old woman and her daughter, a laughing-eyed, fair-haired girl, of sixteen, after the others had departed. Viewing him in the light of an informer—a character, of all others, the most detested in Ireland—his companions rudely repulsed every attempt he made to enter into conversation with them, and contented themselves with doggedly watching him at a distance; but, in the eyes of the young girl, which were constantly turned towards him, Edmund thought he could discover some indications of sympathy for his misfortunes. He was, however, unable to improve the favourable impression he might have made upon her, as his guards were too vigilant to permit any conversation between them. After a hastily prepared meal, consisting of boiled potatoes, eggs, and milk, had been concluded, Edmund was directed to an inner room on the earthen floor, on which a truss of straw and a coarse counterpane were assigned him as a bed. Without undressing, he threw himself on this humble couch; and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was placed, and the agitation of his mind, Nature asserted her rights, and he soon fell into a profound sleep. He might have been asleep about an hour, when a hand, laid lightly on his cheek, caused him to start, and he beheld, by the gray light of morning, which was now streaming through the small dim window of his apartment, Kathleen, the young girl of the house, making signs to him to be silent.

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* This was the secret mode of summoning the followers of Captain Rock to a meeting of emergency, which was always obeyed on the instant.

† A poor contemptible fellow.

‡ Little pigs.

* A lane, or by-road.

"Whist, *avick machree*, or they'll hear you," said she, in an almost breathless whisper. "I've ventured my life to stale to you unknownst. It's a quare thing to do—for one that's neither kith nor kin to me; but, when I saw you come in to-night I felt my heart warm to you, and I made a vow to the Blessed Virgin that I'd save you if I could."

"But I'm to get a fair thrial from the captain," replied Edmund, "and if they can prove nothing agin me, I suppose they'll give me my liberty."

"Liberty!" repeated Kathleen, with a faint laugh; "ay, the liberty of the grave. It is not to show you justice that they are going to thry you, *morowyah*,* but that you may be made an example an' a warnin' to those who would desart the band. You're in the hands of them that never spares or pities."

"What shall I do, then?" asked Edmund anxiously. "Can you help me to escape?"

"Escape! A cat couldn't escape without their hearing it" (pointing to the outer room;) "but I'll be near you when you are on your trial to-morrow night, and I may be able to give you a hint that will save your life. Don't notice or speak to me in the meantime. God bless you, *asthore*, and strengthen you to meet what's afore you."

Thus saying, she pressed his hand to her lips, and glided noiselessly out of the chamber; and Edmund was once more left to the society of his own thoughts.

The following day passed heavily on, the men still maintaining their gloomy silence—the old woman shuffling about the house, churming an old *cronthawn*† —and Kathleen sitting near the door, knitting diligently, without appearing to pay the least attention to any of the strangers. At length the evening began to close in, and the twilight gradually deepened around them, until Edmund could scarcely distinguish the features of his companions amidst the gloom; and then his heart began to sink, and distracting pictures of his beloved Moynah's sorrow, and of his own impending fate, flitted before him, until, wound to desperation by the nervous excitement of his mind, he almost wished that the bloody tragedy, of which he was to be the victim, was over, and that he was at rest in his cold grave. Weary, and exhausted by the very effort he made to confine his feelings to his own breast, Edmund welcomed the first knock at the door which announced the assembling of the Rockites as he would have done that of a deliverer, so ardently did he desire relief from the state of painful suspense he endured. Shawn Gow and the captain were the earliest attendants on that night; but, in a few minutes, the other members of the Rockite band began to pour in, until the apartment, which was one of considerable extent, was densely crowded. The captain, seating himself at the head of a long deal table, commenced the mockeries of the night by ordering Delany to be brought forward, and put on his trial, for breaking his oath "to be faithful to Captain Rock, to obey him willingly in all things for the advancement of Ireland, for the putting down of tithes, and for preventing land from being taken over any man's head." Shawn Gow acted as accuser on the occasion, and Mike Dooley assumed the office of secretary to the meeting. A few of the leading, or most desperate characters of the band, were accommodated with seats on a couple of rude forms, placed on either side of the table; and it required no great skill in physiognomy to divine, that, amongst such countenances, mercy or justice would weigh but little in favour of the accused. The president of this mock tribunal, after the accusation, as already stated, had been read, addressed a speech to the prisoner, in which he set forth the heinousness of the crime laid to his charge—the fact alone of his deserting the true cause, and showing mercy to heretics, whom he was bound to destroy, was alone sufficient to call down upon him the vengeance of God and man? but when he added to that the treachery of betraying the plans of the society, and causing the blood of his comrades to be spilt by the black *prodistants*, there could be no punishment too great for him. "And," said he, striking the table violently with his clenched fist as he concluded his harangue, "if you can't clear yourself of the villany that's laid at your door, Edmund Delany, I'll make your death a warnin' to all threacherous informers, and a terror to the whole world. So, spake up. Are you guilty—ay, or no?"

"If," replied the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking steadily round on the fierce faces by which he was encompassed,—"if you mane, captain, that saving from destruction and death the innocent people that have never done me or mine wrong, then *I am guilty*. I have broken my oath, it is true;—but I have saved my soul from the sin of blood. I warned Squire Wilson agin your visit; but I made him promise that he was only to *defend* his house, if you attacked it; though, if I plazed, I might as easily have you surrounded by a party of Peelers,* and every soul of you shot. But I did not seek that; all I wanted was to purtect them that was good to me. I have done it, and I am ready to stand by the consequences."

A loud murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd, and it was some minutes before the united efforts of the captain and Shawn Gow could restore the meeting to order. In that interval, Kathleen, availing herself of the confusion, glided close to the prisoner, and slipped into his hand a fragment of slate, on which Edmund, watching his opportunity, contrived, unperceived, to decipher a few words which the courageous girl had traced on it. Whatever might have been their import, his brow brightened after he had perused them; and when the captain rose to pronounce upon him sentence of death he stopped him.

"I persave, captain," said he, "that I am to expect no mercy here: it's a hard thing to be cut off suddenly, and I so loth to die; but if it *is* to be, why there's no use making a *pillalieu* about it. The only comfort I have in my trouble is, that you'll all be follying me shortly; I've settled that, plaze God."

"What have you settled, you thraither!" roared Shawn Gow, enraged at the taunting tone of Delany.

"I've settled you, Shawn, and the captain there,—long life to him, and all of you. Do you think I'd be the *omadhawn*† to come here without having a hoult upon you? No, no. The truth is, captain, jewel, there's a friend of mine, a particklar friend, that has all our names set down as reg'lar as Mike Dooley has them there in his muster-roll; and, you persave, we settled betune us that, if any sudden misforten happened me—God keep us from harm this night, —that is, if I should be missing, or the like—you undherstand, why, then, my friend is to bring all your names, in a week from this day, to Squire Wilson, which might be rayther unpleasant, in the regard that the country would be too hot to hould you after it."

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* *To make believe to do anything.*

† *A song hummed drowsily.*

* The Irish police force, as established under Sir R. Peel's act, are called PEELERS by the peasantry.

† A simpleton.

A general disposition to retreat towards the door began to manifest itself amongst the fellows who but a few minutes before were loudest in bravadoes and threats of vengeance. The captain, however, by his authority, recalled the fugitives; and, directing that Edmund should be removed into the adjoining room, the meeting resolved itself into a private committee.

In about a quarter of an hour, Edmund was reconducted before this self-constituted tribunal; but it was evident that his judges had become considerably softened in that time, and that a lenient spirit had suddenly sprung up amongst them towards the prisoner, who awaited confidently the decision of the "*coort*." When he had reached the lower end of the table, the captain addressed him, in a half conciliating tone.

"Edmund Delany," said he, "you have admitted that you are guilty of treachery to your captain and comrades——"

"Black treachery!" growled Shawn Gow.

"I deny that," interrupted the prisoner. "If I acted a traitor's part, it's in Clonmel gaol ye'd all be this minute."

"Well," resumed the captain; "you can't deny but you broke your oath, and threw up your heels when we laste expected it——"

"Like Mulligan's ass at the hayrick," interposed the schoolmaster, by way or illustration.

"Yet, with all that, we have tinderness for your youth; and, though by the laws of Captain Rock you are bound to suffer death, we'll let you off asy, and only sintince you to quit Ireland for ever in four days!"

"As to quitting the country," replied Edmund, "it's what I had laid out to do; for I know I'd be a marked man as long as I'd stay in it. But how am I to lave it in four days, without money or manes?"

"That need not trouble you," said the captain; "your passage will be paid to New York; but you must neither see nor spake to a living sowl but the two men who will be sent with you to Waterford,—otherwise, your blood be upon your own head?"

Although Edmund longed to inform Moynah Daly of his situation, and to implore her to see him for the last time before he quitted his native land, he was afraid to draw the suspicions of the revengeful wretches upon her by expressing his wishes; and, trusting to the Providence that had hitherto rescued him from the imminent perils by which he was surrounded, he seemed to receive his mitigated sentence with suitable gratitude. Before, however, his pardon was finally confirmed, he was required to take an oath that he would not attempt to escape from his conductors; that as soon as he was on board the vessel that was to convey him to America, he was to write a letter to inform his friends of his safety, and impose upon them the strictest secrecy respecting his late associates; and, finally, that he would not attempt to return to Ireland during his life. All these conditions Edmund complied with, and bound himself by a solemn oath to observe them. It may seem singular that, with Edmund's own admission of having broken his bond of fidelity to the Rockites, that they should place any reliance on his oath, in future; but they judged rightly, that the virtuous principle which made him violate the compact he had entered into with vice, was the best guarantee they could possess for his preserving his present vow with scrupulous integrity. The meeting separated soon after, and Edmund found himself once more under the *surveillance* of his two former guards, who now more than ever watched his motions with jealous vigilance; so closely, indeed, did they observe him, that it was with the utmost difficulty that Kathleen contrived to interchange a few words with him, while she pretended to be rummaging the drawer of a dresser near which he sat for the stocking that she had been knitting.

"Sorra be with the stocking, where can it be at all? *Don't look this way, aroon, but hearken to what I'm saying.* Wissha,—I've no more head nor a pin for mimory. *Don't thry to escape, or your life a'n't worth a rish.* Och, then, here it is, an a purty way it's in,—all pult to pieces with that faggot of a kitten; see how she's tangled my wisted.* *If you have any thing to say to me write it on the bit of slate I gev you, and slip it under the door before you go to bed.*"

Edmund, by a slight movement of his head, gave his young deliverer to understand that he would obey her directions; and, as soon as his guards had shut him up for the night in his little chamber, he took the slate from his pocket, and with a splinter broken from it wrote:—"Tell Moynah Daly that it is not my hard fortune, but the thoughts of parting with her that is breaking my heart. Say I loved her to the last." He then conveyed this novel billet under the door as directed, and betook himself to his bed.

At an early hour on the following morning, Edmund's companions aroused him, to prepare for his journey. He obeyed without hesitation; but when he ventured to question them as to the route they were to take, he was stopped short by Martin Kavanagh, the sternest of the two, with a caution not to repeat his inquiries.

"Our ordhers," said the fellow, "are to put you aboard a ship that's now ready to sail from Waterford to Amerikey. We are not to lose sight or hearing of you for one minnit while you remain on Irish ground. You shall be well treated; but if the vessel has sailed before we get to Waterford, or if you make the laste offer to escape, we have these"—and he produced a case of pistols from his breast—"to settle your business for you."

With this comfortable assurance, and these agreeable companions, did Edmund undertake his journey. Passing on his way out through the kitchen apartment, he encountered Kathleen,—her eyes were red with weeping; but, taking his hand with a smile, she bestowed on him the kindly *bannagthlagth*;† and as he stopped to thank her she whispered in his ear, "Moynah Daly shall be told all. Good bye—God bless you;" and rushing past him into the inner room, did not appear again.

It would be tedious were we to detail all the incidents that occurred during the journey—incidents of no moment in the eyes of a common traveller; but to one whose life hung on less than a thread—on the caprice or fears of his companions—they were full of painful interest. Ten times a-day did Edmund hear the quick, sharp click of the pistol at his ear, at the approach of suspected footsteps; so that, had the slightest obstruction to their progress arisen, he possessed the singular satisfaction of knowing that his two kind friends would blow his brains out. The only relief he experienced during his perilous journey was in the company of a wild-looking, red-haired pedlar boy, who overtook them on the evening of the first day, at the village in which they passed the night. He had come, he said, from a distant part of the country, on one of Bianconi's stage-cars; but, his money running low, he purposed performing the remaining part of his journey on foot to Waterford. As the lad was a lively, humorous fellow, whose songs and drolleries might help to shorten the road, the Rockite guardians made no objection to his joining their party, particularly as they imagined that the appearance of the young pedlar would be the means of making them less obnoxious to suspicion. Each day, the playful manners of the boy gained insensibly on the travellers: he sung the plaintive melodies of their native hills with a sweetness that brought the tears to Edmund's eyes, and threw a shade of softened feelings over the iron visages of the half-savage Rockite conductors; then, suddenly shifting his ground, he would break forth into a merry ballad, or relate a humorous story, with such richness of point and expression as made the sides of the guards ache with laughter, and dispelled for the time the cloud of sadness that overcast the exiled man's brow. Thus they proceeded without interruption until the third morning, when they gained the summit of the hill that overhangs the old city of Waterford, which boasts especially of three things,—first, the most beautiful wooden bridge in the kingdom,—secondly, the oldest stone building in Ireland,—a tower said to be built by Reginald the Dane,—and thirdly, the motto of the city, "*Urbs intacta manet Waterfordia*," of which latter, like many other ancient virgins, they vaunt considerably. For a moment they paused to survey the really beautiful scene beneath them,—the city, with its gray weather-slated houses, huddled together like an old French town, contrasted strongly with the graceful wooden bridge already mentioned, stretching across a noble river, from which a forest of slender masts shot tapering upwards. Then the bright verdure of the further shore, studded with white cottages and fair mansions; and, more distant still, a range of undulating hills, crowned with waving woods. After they had remained for several minutes silently gazing on this varied prospect, the travellers prepared to enter the city, but could no where discover the young pedlar; the guards hallooed and whistled without effect; it was plain he had given them the slip, and this suspicious circumstance made the men doubly anxious to bestow their charge according to their instructions. Fortunately for Edmund, they learned from the ship-agent in Waterford that the vessel they sought had that morning dropped down the river, but would lie off the harbour-mouth until evening, when some passengers who had been accidentally delayed were to go on board in boats. Calculating on being still in time, Edmund's fare was paid by his conductors to the agent and they received from him a receipt, which guaranteed him a passage in the event of his overtaking the vessel. On a hired vehicle, called a jaunting car, the party started for Dunmore, a packet station close to the entrance of the harbour; and on arriving there, they had the gratification to see the brig, with her foretop-sail backed to the mast, lying about two miles distant in the offing. They lost no time in procuring a boat, and in less than half an hour they ran along side the vessel, almost at the same instant with another boat that contained a single female. Edmund, however, was the first to reach the deck, and, turning to offer the assistance of his hand to the girl who was ascending, he staggered back in speechless wonder,—for beneath the deep hood of her blue cloak he discovered the features of *Moynah Daly*.

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* Worsted.

† God bless you.

"I think it's the laste you might bid the time of day to a fellow-traveller, Eamun Delany," said she, wlth a peculiarly roguish smile. "Do you want to *let on** that you don't remember Thomausheen, the pedlar boy?"

"Moynah, am I in my right senses? Thomausheen, the pedlar! No! it can't be—it's an impossibility!"

"It would be a quare thing that would be impossible to a woman, when she sets her mind on it; but may-be, Eamun, it was Dick Clancy's wig that bothered your eyes," she added, pulling from her pocket an old red wig; "there—Dick sold it to me for four hogs.† Didn't it desave you nicely?"

"In troth it's it that did, Moynah. So, then, Kathleen told you all that I desired her."

"Ay, indeed, did she, poor girl! Och! Eamun, you have the deludhin ways with us poor wake women. But sure you did'nt mane it; an' if the crather's heart was tindherly inclined to'ards you, it wasn't you was to blame."

"God sees," replied Edmund, taking Moynah's hand. "I never thought of mortal woman but yourself, Moynah. But tell me *a cailleen oge*,—what do you mane to do?"

"To follow you all the world over, Eamun, if you'll let me."

"But, Moynah, I'm a banished man—a poor friendless stranger on the wide world."

"Not while you have your own Moynah;" and the affectionate girl burst into tears.

"Moynah, Moynah—darling, we will never part!" exclaimed Edmund, folding her to his breast.

The sequel of the history may be shortly told. Edmund's two Rockite guards returned to Ardfinnan with satisfactory proofs of Edmund's safety and happiness; while the lovers, who had so narrowly escaped the terrors of Rockite justice, looked back with no very strong feelings of regret to the "first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea." Nor were they so poor in worldly goods as Edmund believed; for the generosity of Squire Wilson, when he found that Moynah Daly was resolved to share her lover's exile, had supplied her with the means of purchasing a comfortable farm on the banks of the Ohio, where this happy couple may still be found, with a numerous family springing up around them like the young pine-trees of the forest.

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* Pretend.

† Shillings.

SNARLEYYOW: OR, THE DOG FIEND.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taught a secret.

We are anxious to proceed with our narrative, but we must first explain the unexpected appearance of Smallbones. When Corporal Van Spitter was requested by Vanslyperken to bring a pistol and cartridge, the corporal, who had not forgotten the hints thrown out by Vanslyperken during their last consultation, immediately imagined that it was for Smallbones's benefit. And he was strengthened in his opinion, when he learnt that Smallbones was to go on shore with his master after it was dusk. Now Corporal Van Spitter had no notion of the poor lad's brains being blown out, and when Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck and left the pistol, he went into the cabin, searched for it, and drew the bullet, which Vanslyperken, of course, was not aware of. It then occurred to the corporal, that if the pistol were aimed at Smallbones, and he was uninjured, it would greatly add to the idea, already half entertained by the superstitious lieutenant, of there being something supernatural about Smallbones, if he were left to suppose that he had been killed, and had re-appeared. He, therefore, communicated his suspicions to the lad, told him what he had done, and advised him, if the pistol were fired, to pretend to be killed, and when left by his master, to come on board quietly in the night. Smallbones, who perceived the drift of all this, promised to act accordingly, and in the last chapter it will be observed how he contrived to deceive his master. As soon as the lieutenant was out of hearing, Smallbones rose, and leaving the bag where it lay, hastened back to Portsmouth, and came on board about two hours before Vanslyperken rang his bell. He narrated what had passed, but, of course, could not exactly swear that it was Vanslyperken who fired the pistol, as it was fired from behind, but even if he could have so sworn, at that time he would have obtained but little redress.

It was considered much more advisable that Smallbones should pretend to believe that he had been attacked by robbers, and that the ball had missed him, after he had frightened his master by his unexpected appearance, for Vanslyperken would still be of the opinion that the lad possessed a charmed life.

The state of Mr. Vanslyperken during the remainder of that night was pitiable, but we must leave the reader to suppose, rather than attempt te describe it.

In the morning the corporal came in, and after asking after his superior's health, informed him that Smallbones had come on board, that the lad said that the robbers had fired a pistol at him, and then knocked him down with the butt end of it, and that he had escaped but with the loss of the bag.

This was a great relief to the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken, who had imagined that he had been visited by the ghost of Smallbones during the night: he expressed himself glad at his return, and a wish to be left alone, upon which the corporal retired. As soon as Vanslyperken found out that Smallbones was still alive, his desire to kill him returned, although, when he supposed him dead, he would, to escape from his own feelings, have resuscitated him. One chief idea now whirled in his brain, which was, that the lad must have a charmed life; he had floated out to the Owers light and back again, and now he had had a pistol-bullet passed through his scull without injury. He felt too much fear to attempt any thing against him for the future, but his desire to do so was stronger than ever.

Excitement and vexation brought on a slow fever, and Mr. Vanslyperken lay for three or four days in bed; at the end of which period he received a message from the admiral, directing him to come or send on shore (for his state had been made known) for his despatches, and to sail as soon as possible.

Upon receiving the message, Mr. Vanslyperken recollected his engagement at the house of the Jew Lazarus, and weak as he was, felt too much afraid of the results should he fail, not to get out of bed and go on shore. It was with difficulty he could walk so far. When he arrived he found Ramsay ready to receive him.

"To sail as soon as possible;—'tis well, sir. Have you your despatches?"

"I sent to the admiral's for them," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well then, be all ready to start at midnight. I shall come on board about a quarter of an hour before; you may go, sir."

Vanslyperken quailed under the keen eye and stern look of Ramsay, and obeyed the uncourteous order in silence; still he thought of revenge as he walked back to the boat and re-embarked in the cutter.

"What's this, Short?" observed Coble: "here is a new freak; we start at midnight, I hear."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Something quite new, any how:—don't understand it:—do you?"

"No," replied Dick.

"Well, now Jemmy's gone, I don't care how soon I follow, Dick."

"Nor I," replied Short.

"I've a notion there's some mystery in all this. For," continued Coble, "the admiral would never have ordered us out till to-morrow morning, if he did not make us sail this evening. It's not a man-of-war fashion, is it Dick?"

"No," replied Short.

"Well, we shall see," replied Coble. "I shall turn in now. You've heard all about Smallbones, heh! Dick?"

Short nodded his head.

"Well, we shall see; but I'll back the boy 'gainst master and dog too, in the long run. D—n his Dutch carcass, he seems to make but small count of English subjects, heh!"

Short leant over the gunwale and whistled. Coble, finding it impossible to extract one monosyllable more from him, walked forward, and went down below.

A little before twelve o'clock a boat came alongside, and Ramsay stepped out of it into the cutter. Vanslyperken had been walking the deck to receive him, and immediately showed him down into the cabin, where he left him to go on deck, and get the cutter under weigh. There was a small stove in the cabin, for the weather was still cold; they were advanced into the month of March. Ramsay threw off his coat, laid two pair of loaded pistols on the table, locked

"I am most happy, mynheer, to find under my roof a young gentleman so much recommended by many valuable friends; moreover, as these letters give me to understand, so warm a friend to our joint sovereign, and so inimical to the Jacobite party. I am informed by these letters that you intend to remain at Amsterdam. If so, I trust that you will take up your quarters in this house."

To this proposal Ramsay, who fully expected it, gave a willing consent, saying, at the same time, that he had proposed going to a hotel; But Mynheer Van Krause insisted on sending for Ramsay's luggage. He had not far to send, as it was at the door.

"How did you come over?" inquired the host.

"In a king's cutter," replied Ramsay, "which waited for me at Portsmouth."

This intimation produced another very low bow from Mynheer Van Krause, as it warranted the importance of his guest; but he then rose, and apologising for his presence being necessary below, as they were unloading a cargo of considerable value, he ordered his old porter to show Mr. Ramsay into his rooms, and to take up his luggage, informing his guest that, it being now twelve o'clock, dinner would be on the table at half-past one, during which interval he begged Ramsay to amuse himself, by examining the pictures, books, &c., with which the room was well furnished. Then, resuming his tablets and pen, and taking the letters with him, Mynheer Van Krause made a very low bow, and left Ramsay to himself, little imagining that he had admitted an attainted traitor under his roof.

Ramsay could speak Dutch fluently, for he had been quartered two years at Middleburg, when he was serving in the army. As soon as the sailors had taken up his portmanteau, and he had dismissed them with a gratuity, the extent of which made the old porter open his eyes with astonishment, and gave him a favourable opinion of his master's new guest, he entered into conversation with the old man, who, like Eve upon another occasion, was tempted, nothing loth, for the old man loved to talk; and in a house so busy as the syndic's, there were few who had time to chatter, and those who had, preferred other conversation to what, it must be confessed, was rather prosy.

"Mein Gott, mynheer, you must not expect to have company here all day. My master has the town business and his own business to attend to: he can't well get through it all: besides, now is a busy time, the schuyts are bringing up the cargo of a vessel from a far voyage, and Mynheer Krause always goes to the warehouse from breakfast till dinner, and then again from three or four o'clock till six. After that he will stay above, and then he sees company, and hears our young lady sing."

"Young lady! has he a daughter then?"

"He has a daughter, mynheer—only one—only one child—no son, it is a pity; and so much money too, they say. I don't know how many stivers and guilders she will have by-and-by."

"Is not Madame Krause still alive?"

"No, mynheer, she died when this maiden was born. She was a good lady, cured me once of the yellow jaundice."

Ramsay, like all young men, wondered what sort of a person this lady might be; but he was too discreet to put the question. He was, however, pleased to hear that there was a young female in the house, as it would make the time pass away more agreeably; not that he expected much. Judging from the father, he made up his mind, as he took his clothes out of his valise, that she was very short, very prim, and had a hooked nose.

The old man now left the room to allow Ramsay to dress, and telling him that if he wanted any thing, he had only to call for Koops, which was his name, but going out, he returned to say, that Ramsay must call rather loud, as he was a little hard of hearing.

"Well," thought Ramsay, as he was busy with his toilet, "here I am safe lodged at last, and every thing appears as if it would prosper. There is something in my position which my mind revolts at, but stratagem is necessary in war. I am in the enemy's camp to save my own life, and to serve the just cause. It is no more than what they attempt to do with us. It is my duty to my lawful sovereign, but still—I do not like it. Then the more merit in performing a duty so foreign to my inclinations."

Such were the thoughts of Ramsay, who, like other manly and daring dispositions, was dissatisfied with playing the part of a deceiver, although he had been selected for the service, and his selection had been approved of at the court of St. Germains.

Open warfare would have suited him better; but he would not repine at what he considered he was bound in fealty to perform, if required, although he instinctively shrunk from it. His toilet was complete, and Ramsay descended into the reception-room: he had been longer than usual, but probably that was because he wished to commune with himself, or it might be, because he had been informed that there was a young lady in the house.

The room was empty when Ramsay entered it, and he took the advice of his host, and amused himself by examining the pictures, and other articles of *vertù*, with which the room was filled.

At last, having looked at every thing, Ramsay examined a splendid clock on the mantelpiece, before the fine glass, which mounted to the very top of the lofty room, when, accidentally casting his eyes to the looking-glass, he perceived in it that the door of the room, to which his back was turned, was open, and that a female was standing there, apparently surprised to find a stranger, and not exactly knowing whether to advance or retreat. Ramsay remained in the same position, as if he did not perceive her, that he might look at her without her being aware of it. It was, as he presumed, the syndic's daughter; but how different from the person he had conjured up in his mind's eye, when at his toilet! Apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, she was rather above the height of woman, delicately formed, although not by any means thin in her person: her figure possessing all that feminine luxuriance, which can only be obtained when the bones are small, but well covered. Her face was oval, and brilliantly fair. Her hair of a dark chestnut, and her eyes of a deep blue. Her dress was simple to the extreme. She wore nothing but the white woollen petticoats of the time, so short, as to show above her ankles, and a sort of little jacket of fine green cloth, with lappets, which descended from the waist, and opened in front. Altogether, Ramsay thought that he had never in his life seen a young female so peculiarly attractive at first sight: there was a freshness in her air and appearance so uncommon, so unlike the general crowd. As she stood in a state of uncertainty, her mouth opened, and displayed small and beautifully white teeth.

Gradually she receded, supposing that she had not been discovered, and closed the door quietly after her, leaving Ramsay for a few seconds at the glass, with his eyes fixed upon the point at which she had disappeared.

Ramsay of course fell into a revery, as most men do in a case of this kind; but he had not proceeded very far into it before he was interrupted by the appearance of the syndic, who entered by another door.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you to your own company, Mynheer Ramsay, so soon after your arrival; but my arrangement of time is regular, and I cannot make any alteration. Before you have been with us long, I trust that you will find means of amusement. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to many friends whose time is not so occupied as mine. Once again let me say how happy I am to receive so distinguished a young gentleman under my roof. Did the cutter bring despatches for the States General, may I inquire?

"Yes," replied Ramsay, "she did; and they are of some importance."

"Indeed?" rejoined Mynheer inquisitively.

"My dear sir," said Ramsay, blushing at his own falsehood, "we are, I believe, both earnest in one point, which is to strengthen the good cause. Under such an impression, and having accepted your hospitality, I have no right to withhold what I know, but with which others are not acquainted."

"My dear sir," interrupted Krause, who was now fully convinced of the importance of his guest, "you do me justice; I am firm and steadfast in the good cause. I am known to be so, and I am also, I trust, discreet; confiding to my tried friends, indeed, but it will be generally acknowledged that Mynheer Krause has possessed, and safely guarded, the secrets of the state."

Now, in the latter part of this speech, Mynheer Krause committed a small mistake. He was known to be a babbler, one to whom a secret could not be imparted, without every risk of its being known; and it was from the knowledge of this failing in Mynheer Krause that Ramsay had received such very particular recommendations to him. As syndic of the town, it was impossible to prevent his knowledge of government secrets, and when these occasionally escaped, they were always traced to his not being able to hold his tongue.

Nothing pleased Mynheer Krause so much as a secret, because nothing gave him so much pleasure as whispering it confidentially into the ear of a dozen confidential friends. The consequence was, the government was particularly careful that he should not know what was going on, and did all they could to prevent it; but there were many others who, although they could keep a secret, had no objection to part with it for a consideration, and in the enormous commercial transactions of Mynheer Krause, it was not unfrequent for a good bargain to be struck with him by one or more of the public functionaries, the difference between the sum proposed and accepted being settled against the interests of Mynheer Krause, by the party putting him in possession of some government movement which had hitherto been kept *in petto*. Every man has his hobby, and usually pays dear for it, so did Mynheer Krause.

Now when it is remembered that Ramsay had opened and read the whole of the despatches, it may at once be supposed what a valuable acquaintance he would appear to Mynheer Krause; but we must not anticipate. Ramsay's reply was, "I feel it my bounden duty to impart all I am possessed of to my very worthy host, but allow me to observe, Mynheer, that prudence is necessary—we may be overheard."

"I am pleased to find one of your age so circumspect," replied Krause; "perhaps it would be better to defer our conversation till after supper, but in the meantime, could you not just give me a little inkling of what is going on?"

Ramsay had difficulty in stifling a smile at this specimen of Mynheer Krause's eagerness for intelligence. He very gravely walked up to him, looked all round the room as if he was afraid that the walls would hear him, and then whispered for a few seconds into the ear of his host.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Krause, looking up into Ramsay's face.

Ramsay nodded his his head authoritatively.

"Gott in himmel!" exclaimed the syndic; but the bell for dinner rang a loud peal. "Dinner is on the table, mynheer," continued the syndic, "allow me to show you the way. We will talk this over to-night. Gott in himmel! Is it possible?"

Mynheer Krause led the way to another saloon, where Ramsay found not only the table prepared, but, as he had anticipated, the daughter of his host, to whom he was introduced. "Wilhelmina," said Mynheer Krause, "our young friend will stay with us, I trust, some time, and you must do all you can to make him comfortable. You know, my dear, that business must be attended to. With me, time is money, so much so, that I can scarcely do justice to the affairs of the state devolving upon me in virtue of my office. You must therefore join with me, and do your best to amuse our guest."

To this speech Wilhelmina made no reply, but by a gracious inclination of her head towards Ramsay, which was returned with all humility. The dinner was excellent, and Ramsay amused himself very well indeed until it was over. Mynheer Krause then led the way to the saloon, called for coffee, and, as soon as he had finished it, made an apology to his guest, and left him alone with his beautiful daughter.

Wilhelmina Krause was a young person of strong mind irregularly cultivated; she had never known the advantage of a mother's care, and was indeed self-educated. She had a strong tinge of romance in her character, and, left so much alone, she loved to indulge in it.

In other points she was clever, well read, and accomplished, graceful in her manners, open in her disposition to a fault, for, like her father, she could not keep a secret, not even the secrets of her own heart; for whatever she thought she gave utterance to, which is not exactly the custom in this world, and often attended with unpleasant consequences.

The seclusion in which she had been kept added to the natural timidity of her disposition—but when once intimate, it also added to her confiding character. It was impossible to see without admiring her, to know her without loving her; for she was Nature herself, and at the same time in her person one of Nature's master-pieces.

As we observed, when they retired to the saloon, Mynheer Krause very shortly quitted them, to attend to his affairs below, desiring his daughter to exert herself for the amusement of his guest; the contrary, however, was the case, for Ramsay exerted himself to amuse her, and very soon was successful, for he could talk of courts and kings, of courtiers and of people, and of a thousand things, all interesting to a young girl who had lived secluded; and as his full-toned voice, in measured and low pitch, fell upon Wilhelmina's ear, she never perhaps was so much interested. She seldom ventured a remark, except it was to request him to proceed, and the eloquent language with which Ramsey clothed his ideas, added a charm to the novelty of his conversation. In the course of two hours Ramsay had already acquired a moral influence over Wilhelmina, who looked up to him with respect, and another feeling, which we can only define by saying that it was certainly any thing but ill-will.

The time passed so rapidly, that the two young people could hardly believe it possible that it was past six o'clock, when they were interrupted by the appearance of Mynheer Krause, who came from his counting-house, the labours of the day being over. In the summer time it was his custom to take his daughter out in the carriage at this hour, but the weather was too cold, and, moreover, it was nearly dark. A conversation ensued on general topics, which lasted till supper time; after this repast was over Wilhelmina retired, leaving Ramsay and the syndic alone.

It was then that Ramsay made known to his host the contents of the despatches, much to Mynheer Krause's surprise and delight, who felt assured that his guest must be strong in the confidence of the English government, to be able to communicate such intelligence. Ramsay, who was aware that the syndic would sooner or later know what had been written, of course was faithful in his detail: not so, however, when they canvassed the attempts of the Jacobite party; then Mr. Krause was completely mystified.

It was not till a late hour that they retired to bed. The next morning, the syndic, big with his intelligence, called upon his friends in person, and much to their surprise told them the contents of the despatches which had been received—and, much to his delight, discovered that he had been correctly informed. He also communicated what Ramsay had told him relative to the movements of the Court of St. Germains, and this unintentionally false intelligence was forwarded to England as from good authority. It hardly need be observed, that in a very short time Ramsay had gained the entire confidence of his host, and we may add also, of his host's daughter; but we must leave him for the present to follow up his plans, whatever they may be, and return to the personages more immediately connected with this narrative.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which Jemmy Ducks proves the truth of Moggy's assertion, that there was no one like him before or since—Nancy and Jemmy serenade the stars.

As soon as Moggy landed at the Point with her dear darling duck of a husband, as she called him, she put his chest and hammock on a barrow, and had them wheeled up to her own lodgings, and then they went out to call upon Nancy Corbett to make their future arrangements; Moggy proceeding in rapid strides, and Jemmy trotting with his diminutive legs behind her, something like a stout pony by the side of a large horse. It was in pedestrianism that Jemmy most felt his inferiority, and the protecting fond way in which Moggy would turn round every minute, and say, "Come along, my duck," would have been irritating to any other but one of Jemmy's excellent temper. Many looked at Jemmy as he waddled along, smiled, and passed on; one unfortunate nymph, however, ventured to stop, and putting her arms a-kimbo, looked down upon him, and exclaimed, "Vel, you are a nice little man," and then commenced singing the old refrain—

"I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum;"

when Moggy, who had turned back, saluted her with such a box on the ear that she made the drum of it ring again. The young lady was not one of those who would offer the other cheek to be smitten, and she immediately flew at Moggy and returned the blow; but Jemmy, who liked quiet, caught her round the legs, and, as if she had been a feather, threw her over his head, so that she fell down in the gutter behind him with a violence which was any thing but agreeable. She gained her legs again, looked at her soiled garments, scraped the mud off her cheek—we are sorry to add, made use of some very improper language, and finding herself in the minority, walked off, turning round and shaking her fist at every twenty paces.

Moggy and her husband continued their course as if nothing had happened, and arrived at the house of Nancy Corbett, who had, as may be supposed, changed her lodgings, and kept out of sight of Vanslyperken. Nancy was no stranger to Jemmy Ducks; so far as his person went, he was too remarkable a character not to be known by her who knew almost every body; and, moreover, she had made sufficient inquiries about his character. The trio at once proceeded to business; Jemmy had promised his wife to join the smugglers, and it was now arranged, that both he and his wife should be regularly enlisted in the gang, she to remain at the cave with the women, unless her services were required elsewhere, he to belong to the boat. There was, however, one necessary preliminary still to be taken, that of Jemmy and his wife both taking the oath of fidelity at the house of the Jew Lazarus; but it was not advisable to go there before dusk; so they remained with Nancy till that time, during which she was fully satisfied that in both parties the band would have an acquisition, for Nancy was very keen and penetrating, and had a great insight into human nature.

At dusk, to the house of Lazarus they accordingly repaired, and were admitted by the cautious Jew. Nancy stated why they had come; and there being at the time several of the confederates, as usual, in the house, they were summoned by the Jew to be witnesses to the oath being administered. Half a dozen dark-looking, bold men soon made there appearance, and recognised Nancy by nods of their heads.

"Who have we here, old father Abraham?" exclaimed a stout man, who was dressed in a buff jerken and a pair of boots which rose above his knees.

"A good man and true," replied Nancy, taking up the answer.

"Why, you don't call that thing a man!" exclaimed the fierce-looking confederate with contempt.

"As good a man as ever stood in your boots," replied Moggy in wrath.

"Indeed: well, perhaps so, if he could only see his way when once into them," replied the man, with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his companions.

"What can you do, my little man?" said another of a slighter build than the first, coming forward and putting his hand upon Jemmy's head.

Now Jemmy was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but, at the same time, the very best-tempered people have limits to their forbearance, and do not like to be taken liberties with by strangers: so felt Jemmy, who, seizing the young man firmly by the waistband of his trousers just below the hips, lifted him from the ground, and with a strength which astonished all present, threw him clean over the table, his body sweeping away both the candles, so they were all left in darkness.

"I can douse a glim anyhow," cried Jemmy.

"That's my darling duck," cried Moggy, delighted with this proof of her husband's vigour.

Some confusion was created by this manœuvre on the part of Jemmy, but candles were reproduced, and the first man who spoke, feeling as if this victory on the part of Jemmy was a rebuke to himself, again commenced his interrogations.

"Well, my little man, you are strong in the arms, but what will you do with your legs?"

"Not run away, as you have done a hundred times," replied Jemmy, scornfully.

"Now, by the god of war, you shall answer for this," replied the man, catching hold of Jemmy by the collar; but in a moment he was tripped up by Jemmy, and fell down with great violence on his back.

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the rest, who took part with Jemmy.

"That's my own little duck," cried Moggy; "you've shown him what you can do, anyhow."

The man rose, and was apparently feeling for some arms secreted about his person, when Nancy Corbett stepped forward.

"Do you dare?" cried she; "take what you have received, and be thankful, or—" and Nancy held up her little forefinger.

The man slunk back upon the others in silence. The old Jew, who had not interfered, being in presence of Nancy, who had superior commands, now read the oath, which was of a nature not to be communicated to the reader without creating disgust. It was however such an oath as was taken in those times, and has since been frequently taken in Ireland. It was subscribed to by Jemmy and his wife without hesitation, and they were immediately enrolled among the members of the association. As soon as this ceremony had been gone through, Nancy and her protegées quitted the house, and returned to her lodgings, when it was agreed that the next night they should go over to the island, as Jemmy's services were required in the boat in lieu of Ramsay, whose place as steersman he was admirably qualified to occupy—much better, indeed, than that of a rower, as his legs were too short to reach the stretcher where it was usually fixed.

The next evening the weather was calm and clear; and when they embarked in the boat of the old fisherman, with but a small portion of their effects, the surface of the water was unruffled, and the stars twinkled brightly in the heavens; one article which Jemmy never parted with was in his hand, his fiddle. They all took their seats, and the old fisherman shoved off his boat, and they were soon swept out of the harbour by the strong ebb tide.

"An't this better than being on board with Vanslyperken, and your leave stopped?" observed Moggy.

"Yes," replied the husband.

"And I not permitted to go on board to see my duck of a husband—confound his snivelling carcass!" continued Moggy.

"Yes," replied Jemmy, thoughtfully.

"And in company with that supernatural cur of his?"

Jemmy nodded his head, and then in his abstraction touched the strings of his violin.

They say that you are clever with your instrument, Mr. Salisbury," observed Nancy Corbett.

"That he is," replied Moggy; "and he sings like a darling duck. Don't you, Jemmy, my dear?"

"Quack, quack," replied Jemmy.

"Well, Mr. Salisbury, there's no boat that I can see near us, or even in sight; and if there was, it were little matter. I suppose you will let me hear you, for I shall have little opportunity after this?"

"With all my heart," replied Jemmy; who, taking up his fiddle, and playing upon the strings like a guitar, after a little reflection sang as follows:

Bless my eyes, how young Bill threw his shiners away,
As he drank and he danced, when he first came on shore;
It was clear that he fancied that with his year's pay,
Like the bank of old England, he'd never be poor.
So when the next day, with a southerly wind in
His pockets, he came up, my rhino to borrow;
"You're welcome," says I, "Bill," as I forked out the tin,
"But when larking to-day—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

When our frigate came to from a cruise in the west,
And her yards were all squared, her sails neatly furl'd,
Young Tom clasp'd his Nancy so loved to his breast,
As if but themselves there was none in the world.
Between two of the guns they were fondly at play,
All billing and kissing, forgetting all sorrow;
"Love, like cash," says I, "Nan, may all go in a day,
While you hug him so close—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

When a hurricane swept us smack smooth fore and aft,
When we dash'd on the rock, and we flounder'd on shore,
As we sigh'd for the loss of our beautiful craft,
Convinced that the like we should never see more;
Says I, "My good fellows," as huddled together,
They shiver'd and shook, each phiz black with sorrow,
"Remember, it's not to be always foul weather,
So with ill-luck to day, *don't forget there's to-morrow!*"

"And not a bad hint, neither, Mr. Salisbury," said Nancy, when Jemmy ceased. "You sailors never think of to-morrow, more's the pity. You're no better than overgrown babies."

"I'm not much better, at all events," replied Jemmy, laughing: "however, I'm as God made me, and so all's right."

"That's my own darling Jemmy," said Moggy; "and if you're content, and I'm content, who is to say a word, I should like to know? You may be a rum one to look at, but I think them fellows found you but a rum customer the other night."

"Don't put so much rum in your discourse, Moggy; you make me long for a glass of grog."

"Then your mouth will find the water," rejoined Nancy; "but, however, singing is dry work, and I am provided. Pass my basket aft, old gentleman, and we will find Mr. Salisbury something to wet his whistle." the boatman handed the basket to Nancy, who pulled out a bottle and glass which she filled, and handed to Jemmy.

"Now, Mr. Salisbury, I expect some more songs," said Nancy.

"And you shall have them, mistress; but I've heard say that you've a good pipe of your own; suppose that you give me one in return?—that will be but fair play."

"Not exactly, for you'll have the grog in the bargain," replied Nancy.

"Put my fiddle against the grog, and then all's square."

"I have not sung for many a day," replied Nancy, musing, and looking up at the bright twinkling stars. "I once sang, when I was young—and happy—I then sang all the day long; that was really singing, for it came from the merriness of my heart;" and Nancy paused. "Yes, I have sung since, and often, for they made me sing; but 'twas when my heart was heavy—or when its load had been for a time forgotten and drowned in wine. That was not singing, at least not the singing of by-gone days."

"But those times are by-gone, too, Mistress Nancy, said Moggy; "you have now your marriage lines, and are made an honest woman."

"Yes; and God keep me so, amen," replied Nancy mournfully.

Had not the night concealed it, a tear might have been seen by others in the boat to trickle down the cheek of Nancy Corbett, as she was reminded of her former life, as she again fixed her eyes upon the brilliant heavens. Each particular star appeared to twinkle brighter, as if they rejoiced to witness tears like those.

"You must be light o' heart now, Mistress Nancy," observed Jemmy soothingly.

"I am not unhappy," replied she, resting her cheek upon her hand.

"Mistress Nancy," said Moggy, "I should think a little of that stuff would do neither of us any harm; the night is rather bleak."

Moggy poured out a glass, and handed it to Nancy; she drank it, and it saved her from a flood of tears, which otherwise she would have been unable to repress. In a minute or two, during which Moggy helped herself and the old boatman, Nancy's spirits returned.

"Do you know this air?" said Nancy to Jemmy, humming it.

"Yes, yes, I know it well, Mistress Nancy. Will you sing to it?"

Nancy Corbett, who had been celebrated once for her sweet singing as well as her beauty, immediately commenced in a soft and melodious tone, while Jemmy touched his fiddle.

Lost, stolen, or stray'd
The heart of a young maid;
Whoever the same shall find,
And prove so very kind,
To yield it on desire,
They shall rewarded be,
And that most handsomely,
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier.
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
    Cupid is the crier.
O yes! O yes! O yes!
Here is a pretty mess,
A maiden's heart is gone,
And she is left forlorn,
And panting with desire;
Whoever shall bring it me,
They shall rewarded be
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier.
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
    Cupid is the crier.
'Twas lost on Sunday eve,
Or taken without leave,
A virgin's heart so pure,
She can't the loss endure,
And surely will expire;
Pity her misery.
Rewarded you shall be,
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier,
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
    Cupid is the crier.
The maiden sought around,
It was not to be found,
She search'd each nook and dell,
Haunts she loved so well,
All anxious with desire;
The wind blew ope his vest,
When, lo! the toy in quest,
She found within the breast
    Of Cupid, the false crier.
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding-a-ding,
    Cupid the false crier.

"Many thanks, Mistress Corbett, for a good song, sung in good tune, with a sweet voice," said Jemmy. "I owe you one for that, and am ready to pay you on demand. You've a pipe like a missel thrush."

"Well, I do believe that I shall begin to sing again," replied Nancy. "I'm sure if Corbett was only once settled on shore in a nice little cottage, with a garden, and a black-bird in a wicker cage, I should try who could sing most, the bird or me."

"He will be by-and-by, when his work is done."

"Yes, when it is; but open boats, stormy seas, and the halter are heavy odds, Mr. Salisbury."

"Don't mention the halter, Mistress Nancy, you'll make me melancholy," replied Jemmy, "and I sha'n't be able to sing any more. Well, if they want to hang me, they need not rig the yard-arm; three handspikes as shears, and I shouldn't find soundings, heh! Moggy?"

Nancy laughed at the ludicrous idea; but Moggy exclaimed with vehemence, "Hang my Jemmy! my darling duck! I should like to see them."

"At all events, we'll have another song from him, Moggy, before they spoil his windpipe, which, I must say, would be a great pity; but, Moggy, there have been better men hung than your husband."

"Better men than my Jemmy, Mrs. Corbett! There never was one like him afore or since," replied Moggy, with indignation.

"I only meant of longer pedigree, Moggy," replied Nancy, soothingly.

"I don't know what that is," replied Moggy, still angry.

"Longer legs to be sure," replied Jemmy. "Never mind that, Moggy. Here goes, a song in two parts. It's a pity, Mistress Nancy, that you couldn't take one."

"When will you give up this life of wild roving?
When shall we be quiet and happy on shore?
When will you to church lead your Susan, so loving,
And sail on the treacherous billows no more?"

"My ship is my wife, Sue, no other I covet,
Till I draw the firm splice that's betwixt her and me
I'll roam on the ocean, for much do I love it—
To wed with another were rank bigamy."

"O William, what nonsense you talk, you are raving;
Pray how can a ship and a man become one?
You say so because you no longer are craving,
As once you were truly—and I am undone."

"You wrong me, my dearest, as sure as I stand here,
As sure as I'll sail again on the wide sea;
Some day I will settle, and marry with you, dear,
But now 'twould be nothing but rank bigamy."

"Then tell me the time, dear William, whenever
Your Sue may expect this divorce to be made:
When you'll surely be mine, when no object shall sever,
But lock'd in your arms I'm no longer afraid."

"The time it will be when my pockets are lined,
I'll then draw the splice 'tween my vessel and me,
And lead you to church, if you're still so inclined—
But before, my dear Sue, 'twere rank bigamy."

"Thank you, Mr. Salisbury. I like the moral of that song; a sailor never should marry till he can settle on shore."

"What's the meaning of big-a-me?" said Moggy.

"Marrying two husbands or two wives, Mrs. Salisbury. Perhaps you might get off on the plea that you had only one and a half," continued Nancy, laughing.

"Well, perhaps she might," replied Jemmy, "if he were a judge of understanding."

"I should think, Mistress Nancy, you might as well leave my husband's legs alone," observed Moggy, affronted.

"Lord bless you, Moggy, if he's not angry, you surely should not be; I give a joke, and I can take one. You surely are not jealous?"

"Indeed I am though, and always shall be of any one who plays with my Jemmy."

"Or if he plays with any thing else?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed! then you must be downright jealous of his fiddle, Moggy," replied Nancy; "but never mind, you sha'n't be jealous now about nothing. I'll sing you a song, and then you'll forget all this." Nancy Corbett then sang as follows:—

Fond Mary sat on Henry's knee,
"I must be home exact," said he,
And see, the hour is come."
"No, Henry, you shall never go
Until me how to count you show,
That task must first be done."

Then Harry said, "As time is short,
Addition you must first be taught;—
Sum up these kisses sweet;
Now prove your sum by kissing me:—
Yes, that is right, 'twas three times three;—
Arithmetic's a treat.

"And now there is another term,
Subtraction you have yet to learn:
Take four away from these.
Yes, that is right, you've made it out,
Says Mary, with a pretty pout,
"Subtraction don't me please."

Division's next upon the list;
Young Henry taught while Mary kiss'd,
And much admired the rule;
"Now, Henry, don't you think me quick?"
"Why, yes, indeed, you've learn'd the trick;
At kissing you're no fool."

To multiply was next the game,
Which Henry, by the method same,
To Mary fain would show;
But here her patience was worn out,
She multiplied too fast, I doubt;
He could no farther go.

"And now we must leave off, my dear,
The other rules are not as clear,
We'll try at them to-night."
"I'll come at eve, my Henry sweet,
Behind the hawthorn hedge we'll meet,
For learning's my delight."

"That's a very pretty song, Mistress Corbett, and you've a nice collection, I've no doubt. If you've no objection, I'll exchange another with you."

"I should be most willing, Mr. Salisbury; but we are now getting well over, and we may as well be quiet, as I do not wish people to ask where we are going."

"You're right, ma'am," observed the old fisherman, who pulled the boat. "Put up your fiddle, master; there be plenty on the look-out, without our giving them notice."

"Very true," replied Jemmy, "so we break up our concert."

The whole party were now silent. In a quarter of an hour the boat was run into a cut, which concealed it from view; and, as soon as the fisherman had looked around to see the coast clear, they landed, and made haste to pass by the cottages; after that Nancy slackened her pace, and they walked during the night over to the other side of the island, and arrived at the cottages above the cave.

Here they left a portion of their burdens, and then proceeded to the path down the cliff which led to the cave. On Nancy giving the signal, the ladder was lowered, and they were admitted. As soon as they were upon the flat, Moggy embraced her husband, crying, "Here I have you, my own dear Jemmy, all to myself, and safe for ever."

CHAPTER XXX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken treats the ladies.

On the second day after his arrival, Vanslyperken, as agreed, went up to the syndic's house to call upon Ramsay. The latter paid him down one hundred pounds for his passage and services, and Vanslyperken was so pleased, that he thought seriously, as soon as he had amassed sufficient money, to withdraw himself from the service, and retire with his ill-gotten gains; but when would a miser like Vanslyperken have amassed sufficient money? Alas! never, even if the halter were half round his neck. Ramsay then gave his instructions to Vanslyperken, advising him to call for letters previously to his sailing, and telling him that he must open the government despatches in the way to which he had been witness, take full memorandums of the contents, and bring them to him, for which service he would each time receive fifty pounds as a remuneration. Vanslyperken bowed to his haughty new acquaintance, and quitted the house.

"Yes," thought Ramsay, "that fellow is a low, contemptible traitor, and how infamous does treason appear in that wretch! but—I—I am no traitor—I have forfeited my property and risked my life in fidelity to my king, and in attempting to rid the world of an usurper and a tyrant. Here, indeed, I am playing a traitor's part to my host, but still I am doing my duty. An army without spies would be incomplete, and one may descend to that office for the good of one's country without tarnish or disgrace. But this sweet girl! Am I not a traitor to her already? Have not I formed visions in my imagination already of obtaining her hand, and her heart, and her fortune? Is not this treachery? Shall I not attempt to win her affections under disguise as her father's friend and partisan? But what have women to do with politics! Or if they have, do not they set so light a value upon them, that they will exchange them for a feather? Yes, surely when they love, their politics are the politics of those they cling to. At present, she is on her father's side; but if she leave her father and cleave to me, her politics will be transferred with her affections. But then her religion. She thinks me a Protestant. Well, love is all in all with women; not only politics but religion must yield to it; 'thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God,' as Ruth says in the Scriptures. She is wrong in politics, I will put her right. She is wrong in religion, I will restore her to the bosom of the church. Her wealth would be sacrificed to some heretic; it were far better that it belonged to one who supports the true religion and the good cause. In what way, therefore, shall I injure her? On the contrary." And Ramsay walked down stairs to find Wilhelmina. Such were the arguments used by the young cavalier, and with which he fully satisfied himself that he was doing rightly; had he argued the other side of the question, he would have been equally convinced, as most people are, when they argue without any opponent; but we must leave him to follow Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked away from the syndic's house with the comfortable idea that one side of him was heavier than the other by one hundred guineas. He also ruminated; he had already obtained three hundred pounds, no small sum, in those days, for a lieutenant. It is true that he had lost the chance of thousands by the barking of Snarleyyow, and he had lost the fair Portsmouth widow; but then he was again on good terms with the Frau Vandersloosh, and was in a fair way of making his fortune, and, as he considered, with small risk. His mother, too, attracted a share of his reminiscences; the old woman would soon die, and then he would have all that she had saved. Smallbones occasionally intruded himself, but that was but for a moment. And Mr. Vanslyperken walked away very well satisfied, upon the whole, with his *esse* and *posse*. He wound up by flattering himself that he should wind up with the savings of his mother, his half-pay, the widow's guilders, and his own property;—altogether, it would be pretty comfortable. But we leave him, and return to Corporal Van Spitter.

Corporal Van Spitter had had wisdom enough to dupe Vanslyperken, and persuade him that he was very much in love with Babette; and Vanslyperken, who was not at all averse to this amour, permitted the corporal to go on shore and make love. As Vanslyperken did not like the cutter and Snarleyyow to be left without the corporal or himself, he always remained on board when the corporal went, so that the widow had enough on hand—pretending love all the morning with the lieutenant, and indemnifying herself by real love with the corporal after dusk. Her fat hand was kissed and slobbered from morning to night, but it was half for love and half for revenge.

But we must leave the corporal, and return to Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was two days in the cave before the arrival of the boat, during which he made himself a great favourite, particularly with Lilly, who sat down and listened to his fiddle and his singing. It was a novelty in the cave, any thing like amusement. On the third night, however, Sir Robert Barclay came back from Cherbourg, and as he only remained one hour, Jemmy was hastened on board, taking leave of his wife, but not parting with his fiddle. He took his birth as steersman, in lieu of Ramsay, and gave perfect satisfaction. The intelligence brought over by Sir Robert rendered an immediate messenger to Portsmouth necessary; and, as it would create less suspicion, Moggy was the party now intrusted in lieu of Nancy, who had been lately seen too often, and, it was supposed, had been watched. Moggy was not sorry to receive her instructions, which were to remain at Portsmouth until Lazarus the Jew should give her further orders; for there was one point which Moggy was most anxious to accomplish, now that she could do it without risking a retaliation upon her husband, which was, to use her own expression, to pay off that snivelling old rascal, Vanslyperken.

But we must leave Moggy and the movements of individuals, and return to our general history. The Yungfrau was detained a fortnight at Amsterdam, and then received the despatches of the states-general and those of Ramsay, with which Vanslyperken returned to Portsmouth. On his arrival, he went through the usual routine at the admiral's and the Jew's, received his douceur and hastened to his mother's house, when he found the old woman, as she constantly prophesied, not dead yet.

"Well, child, what have you brought—more gold?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, laying down the one hundred and fifty guineas which he had received.

"Bless thee, my son—bless thee!" said the old woman, laying her palsied hand upon Vanslyperken's head. "It is not often I bless—I never did bless as I can recollect—I like cursing better. My blessing must be worth something, if it's only for its scarcity; and do you know why I bless thee, my Cornelius? Because—ha, ha, ha! because you are a murderer and a traitor, and you love gold."

Even Vanslyperken shuddered at the hag's address.

"What do you ever gain by doing good in this world? nothing but laughter and contempt. I began the world like a fool, but I shall go out of it like a wise woman, hating, despising every thing but gold. And I have had my revenge in my time—yes—yes—the world, my son, is divided into only two parts, those who cheat, and those who are cheated—those who master, and those who are mastered—those who are shackled by superstitions and priests, and those who, like me, fear neither God nor devil. We must all die; yes, but I sha'n't die yet—no, no."

And Vanslyperken almost wished that he could gain the unbelief of the decrepit woman whom he called mother, and who, on the verge of eternity, held fast to such a creed.

"Well, mother, perhaps it may be you are right—I never gained any thing by a good action yet."

Query. Had he ever done a good action?

"You're my own child, I see, after all; you have my blessing, Cornelius, my son—go and prosper. Get gold—get gold," replied the old hag, taking up the money, and locking it up in the oak chest.

Vanslyperken then narrated to his mother the unexpected interview with Smallbones, and his surmise that the lad was supernaturally gifted. "Ah, well," replied she, "those who are born to be hung will die by no other death; but still it does not follow that they will not die. You shall have your revenge, my child. The lad shall die. Try again; water, you say, rejects him? Fire will not harm him. There is that which is of the earth and of the air left. Try again, my son; revenge is sweet, next to gold."

After two hours' conversation, it grew dark, and Vanslyperken departed, revolving in his mind, as he walked away, the sublime principles of religion and piety in the excellent advice given by his aged mother. "I wish I could only think as she does," muttered Vanslyperken, at last; and as he concluded this devout wish, his arm was touched by a neatly-dressed little girl, who courtesied, and asked if he was not Lieutenant Vanslyperken, belonging to the cutter. Vanslyperken replied in the affirmative, and the little girl then said that a lady, her mistress, wished to speak to him.

"Your mistress, my little girl?" said Vanslyperken, suspiciously; "and pray who is your mistress?"

"She is a lady, sir," replied the latter. "She was married to Major Williams, but he is dead."

"Hah! a widow; well, what does she want? I don't know her."

"No, sir, and she don't know you; but she told me, if you did not come at once, to give you this paper to read."

Vanslyperken took the paper, and walking to the window of a shop, in which there was a light, contrived to decipher as follows:—

"Sir,—

"The lady who lived in Castle street has sent me a letter, and a parcel to deliver up into your own hands. as the parcel is of value. The bearer of this will bring you to my house.

"Your very obedient,

"Jane Williams.

"*Two o'clock.*"

"Where does your mistress live, little girl?" inquired Vanslyperken, who immediately anticipated the portrait of the fair widow set in daimonds.

"She lives in one of the publics on the hard, sir, on the first floor, while she is furnishing her lodgings."

"One of the publics on the hard; well, my little girl, I will go with you."

"I have been looking for you every where, sir," said the little girl, walking, or rather trotting by the side of Vanslyperken, who strided along.

"Did your mistress know the lady who lived in Castle street?"

"O yes, sir, my mistress then lived next door to her in Castle street, but her lease was out, and now she has a much larger house in William street; but she is painting and furnishing all so handsome, sir, and so now she has taken the first floor of the Wheatsheaf till she can get in it again."

And Mr. Vanslyperken thought it would be worth his while to reconnoitre this widow before he closed with the Frau Vandersloosh. How selfish men are!

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Vanslyperken and the little girl had arrived at the public-house in question. Mr. Vanslyperken did not much admire the exterior of the building, but it was too dark to enable him to take an accurate survey. It was, however, evident, that it was a pot-house, and nothing more, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that lodgings must be very scarce in Portsmouth. He entered the first and inner door, and the little girl said she would go up-stairs and let her mistress know that he was come. She ran up, leaving Mr. Vanslyperken alone in the dark passage. He waited for some time, when his naturally suspicious temper made him think he had been deceived, and he determined to wait outside of the house, which appeared very disreputable. He therefore retreated to the inner door to open it, but found it fast. He tried it again and again, but in vain, and he became alarmed and indignant. Perceiving a light through another keyhole, he tried the door, and it was open; a screen was close to the door as he entered, and he could not see its occupants. Mr. Vanslyperken walked round, and as he did so, he heard the door closed and locked. He looked on the other side of the screen, and, to his horror, found himself in company with Moggy Salisbury, and about twenty other females. Vanslyperken made a precipitate retreat to the door, but he was met by three or four women, who held him fast by the arms. Vanslyperken would have disgraced himself by drawing his cutlass, but they were prepared for this, and while two of them pinioned his arms, one of them drew his cutlass from its sheath, and walked away with it. Two of the women contrived to hold his arms, while another pushed him in the rear, until he was brought from behind the screen into the middle of the room, facing his incarnate enemy, Moggy Salisbury.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, not rising from her chair. "It's very kind of you to come and see me in this friendly way—come, take a chair, and give us all the news."

"Mistress Salisbury, you had better mind what you are about with the king's officer," cried Vanslyperken, turning more pale at this mockery, than if he had been met with abuse. "There are constables, and stocks, and jails, and whipping-posts on shore, as well as the cat on board."

"I know all that, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Moggy, calmly; "but that has nothing to do with the present affair: you have come of your own accord to this house to see somebody, that is plain, and you have found me. So now do as you're bid, like a polite man; sit down and treat the ladies. Ladies, Mr. Vanslyperken stands treat, and please the pigs, we'll make a night of it. What shall it be? I mean to take my share of a bottle of Oporto. What will you have, Mrs. Slamkoe?"

"I'll take a bowl of burnt brandy, with your leave, Mrs. Salisbury, not being very well in my inside."

"And you, my dear?"

"O punch for me—punch to the mast," cried another. "I'll drink enough to float a jolly boat. It's very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken."

All the ladies expressed their several wishes, and Vanslyperken knew not what to do; he thought he might as well make an effort, for the demand on his purse he perceived would be excessive, and he loved his money.

"You may all call for what you please," said Vanslyperken, "but you'll pay for what you call for. If you think that I am to be swindled this way out of my money, you're mistaken. Every soul of you shall be whipped at the cart's tail to-morow."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a respectable person, sir?" said a fierce-looking virago, rubbing her fist against Vanslyperken's nose. "Smell that."

It was not a nosegay at all to the fancy of Mr. Vanslyperken; he threw himself back, and his chair fell with him. The ladies laughed, and Vanslyperken rose in great wrath.

"By all the devils in hell," he exclaimed, whirling the chair round his head, "but I'll do you a mischief."

But he was soon pinioned from behind.

"This is very unpolite conduct," said one; "you call yourself a gentleman?"

"What shall we do, ladies?"

"Do," replied another; "let's strip him, and pawn his clothes, and then turn him adrift."

"Well, that's not a bad notion," replied the others, and they forthwith proceeded to take off Mr. Vanslyperken's coat and waistcoat. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind to buy himself off as cheap as he could.

Be it observed, that Moggy never interfered, nor took any part in this violence; on the contrary, she continued sitting in her chair, and said, "Indeed, ladies, I request you will not be so violent; Mr. Vanslyperken is my friend. I am sorry that he will not treat you, but if he will not, I beg you will allow him to go away."

"There, you hear," cried Mr. Vanslyperken; "Mrs. Salisbury, am I at liberty to depart?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Vanslyperken; you have my full permission. Ladies, I beg that you will let him go."

"No, by the living jingo, not till he treats us," cried one of the women; "why did he come into this shop, but for nothing else? I'll have my punch afore he starts."

"And I my burnt brandy." So cried they all, and Mr. Vanslyperken, whose coat and waistcoat were already off, and fingers very busy about the rest of his person, perceived that Moggy's neutrality was all a sham; so he begged to be heard.

"Ladies, I'll do any thing in reason. As far as five shillings——"

"Five shillings!" exclaimed the woman; no, no—why a foremast man would come down with more than that. And you a lieutenant! Five guineas, now, would be saying something."

"Five guineas! why, I have not so much money. Upon my soul, I hav'n't."

"Let us see," said one of the party, diving like an adept into Vanslyperken's trousers' pocket, and pulling out his purse. The money was poured out on the table, and twelve guineas counted out.

"Then whose money is this?" cried the woman; "not yours on your soul; have you been taking a purse to-night? I vote we sends for a constable."

"I quite forgot that I had put more money in my purse," muttered Vanslyperken, who never expected to see it again. "I'll treat you, ladies—treat you all to whatever you please."

"Bravo! that's spoken like a man," cried the virago, giving Vanslyperken a slap on the back which knocked the breath out of his body.

"Bravo!" exclaimed another, "that's what I call handsome; let's all kiss him, ladies."

Vanslyperken was forced to go through this ordeal, and then the door was unlocked, but carefully guarded, while the several orders were given.

"Who is to pay for all this?" exclaimed the landlady.

"This gentleman treats us all," replied the woman.

"Oh! very well—is it all right, sir?"

Vanslyperken dared not say no; he was in their power, and every eye watched him as he gave his answer; so he stammered out "yes," as, in a fit of despair at the loss of his money, he threw himself into his chair, and meditated revenge.

"Give Mr. Vanslyperken his purse, Susan," said the prudent Moggy to the young woman who had taken it out of his pocket.

The purse was returned, and in a few minutes, the various liquors and mixtures demanded made their appearance, and the jollification commenced. Every one was soon quite happy, with the exception of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, like Pistol, ate his leek, swearing in his own mind he would be horribly revenged.

"Mr. Vanslyperken, you must drink my health in some of this punch." Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and shook his head. "I say yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," cried the virago, looking daggers; "if you don't, we quarrel—that's all."

But Vanslyperken argued in his mind that his grounds of complaint would be weakened, if he partook of the refreshment which he had been forced to pay for, so he resolutely denied.

"Von't you listen to my harguments, Mr. Vanslyperken?" continued the woman. "Vell, then, I must resort to the last, which I never knew fail yet." The woman went to the fire and pulled out the poker, which was red hot, from between the bars. "Now then, my beauty, you must kiss this, or drink some punch;" and she advanced it towards his nose, while three or four others held him fast on his chair behind; the poker, throwing out a glowing heat, was within an inch of the poor lieutenant's nose: he could stand it no more, his face and eyes were scorched.

"Yes, yes," cried he at last, "if I must drink, then I will. We will settle this matter by-and-by," cried Vanslyperken, pouring down with indignation the proffered glass.

"Now, Susan, don't ill-treat Mr. Vanslyperken; I purtest against all ill-treatment."

"Ill-treat, Mrs. Salisbury! I am only giving him a lesson in purliteness."

"Now Mr. What-the-devil's your name, you must drink off a glass of my burnt brandy, or I shall be jealous," cried another; "and when I am jealous I always takes to red-hot pokers." Resistance was in vain, the poker was again taken from between the bars, and the burnt brandy went down.

Again and again was Mr. Vanslyperken forced to pour down his throat all that was offered to him, or take the chance of having his nose burnt off.

"Is it not wrong to mix your liquors in this way, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said Moggy, in bitter mockery.

The first allowance brought in was now despatched, and the bell rung, and double as much more ordered, to Vanslyperken's great annoyance; but he was in the hands of the Philistines. What made the matter worse was, that the company grew every moment more uproarious, and there was no saying when they would stop.

"A song—a song—a song from Mr. Vanslyperken," cried out one of the party.

"Hurrah! yes, a song from the jolly lieutenant."

"I can't sing," replied Vanslyperken.

"You shall sing, by the piper who played before Moses," said the virago; "if not, you shall sing out to some purpose;" and the red-hot poker was again brandished in her masculine fist, and she advanced to him, saying, "Suppose we hargue that point?"

"Would you murder me, woman?"

"No; singing is no murder, but we ax a song, and a song we must have."

"I don't know one,—upon my honour I don't," cried Vanslyperken.

"Then we'll larn you. And now you repeat after me. 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.' Sing—come, out with it." And the poker was again advanced.

"Oh God!" cried Vanslyperken.

"Sing, or by heavens I'll shorten your nose. Sing, I say," repeated the woman, advancing the poker so as actually to singe the skin.

"Take it away, and I will," cried Vanslyperken breathless.

"Well then, 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.'"

"Poll put her arms a-kimbo," repeated Vanslyperken.

"That's saying, not singing," cried the woman. "Now again. 'At the admiral's house looked she.'"

"At the admiral's house looked she," replied Vanslyperken, in a whining tone.

Thus with the poker staring him in the face, was Vanslyperken made to repeat the very song for singing which he would have flogged Jemmy Ducks. There was, however, a desperate attempt to avoid the last stanza.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old boy,
Port Admiral, you be d——d."

Nothing but the tip of his nose actually burnt would have produced these last words; but fear overcame him, and at last they were repeated. Upon which all the women shouted and shrieked with laughter, except Moggy, who continued sipping her port wine.

"Your good health, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, drinking to him.

Vanslyperken wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and made no reply.

"You call yourself a gentleman, and not drink the health of the lady of the house!" cried virago Mrs. Slamkoe. "I'll hargue this point with you again."

The same never-failing argument was used, and Mr. Vanslyperken drank Mrs. Salisbury's health in a glass of the port wine which he was to have the pleasure of paying for.

"I must say, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, "it was very hard for to wish to flog my poor Jemmy for singing a song which you have just now been singing yourself."

"Did he want to flog your Jemmy for that?"

"Yes, he did, indeed, ladies."

"Then, as sure as I stand here, and may this punch be my poison, if he sha'n't beg your pardon on his knees. Sha'n't he, girls?" cried Mrs. Slamkoe.

"Yes, yes, that he shall, or we'll poke him with the poker."

This was a dreadful threat, but the indignity, was so great, that Vanslyperken attempted to resist. It was, however, in vain; he was forced to go on his knees, and ask Mrs. Salisbury's pardon.

"Indeed, ladies, I do not wish it," said Moggy; "no, pray don't. Well Mr. Vanslyperken, pardon granted; so now kiss and make friends."

Mr. Vanslyperken, surrounded now by furies rather than Bacchanalians, kissed Mrs. Salisbury.

"What in the world would you have me do, you she-devils?" cried he at last, driven to desperation.

"This is language for a gentleman," said Mrs. Slamkoe.

"They shall make you do nothing more," replied Moggy. "I must retire, ladies, your freak's up. You know I never keep late hours. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

"Perhaps, Mr. Vanslyperken, you would wish to go. I'll send for the woman of the house, that you may settle the bill; I think you offered to treat the company."

Vanslyperken grinned ghastly. The bell was rung, and while Vanslyperken was pulling out the sum demanded by the landlady, the ladies all disappeared.

Vanslyperken put up his deminished purse. "There is your sword, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy; who, during the whole of the scene, had kept up a *retenue* very different from her usual manners.

Vanslyperken took his sword, and appeared to feel his courage return—why not? he was armed, and in company with only one woman, and he sought revenge.

He rang the bell, and the landlady appeared.

"Landlady," cried Vanslyperken, "you'll send for a constable directly. Obey me, or I'll put you down as a party to the robbery which has been committed. I say, a constable immediately. Refuse on your peril, woman; a king's officer has been robbed and ill-treated."

"Lauk-a-mercy, a constable, sir. I'm sure you've had a very pleasant jollification."

"Silence, woman! send for a constable immediately."

"Do you hear, Mrs. Wilcox?" said Moggy, very quietly, "Mr. Vanslyperken wants a constable. Send for one by all means."

"O! certainly, ma'am, if you wish it," said the landlady, quitting the room.

"Yes, you infamous woman, I'll teach you to rob and ill-treat people in this way."

"Mercy on me, Mr. Vanslyperken, why I never interfered."

"Ay, ay, that's all very well; but you'll all tell another story when you're all before the authorities."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Moggy, carelessly. "But I shall now wish you a good evening, Mr. Vanslyperken."

Thereupon Mr. Vanslyperken very valorously drew his sword, and flourished it over his head.

"You don't pass here, Mrs. Salisbury. No—no—it's my turn now."

"Your turn now, you beast!" retorted Moggy. "Why, if I wished to pass, this poker would soon clear the way; but I can pass without that, and I will give you the countersign. Hark! a word in your ear, you wretch. You are in my power. You have sent for a constable, and I swear by my own Jemmy's little finger, which is worth your old shrivelled carcass, that I shall give you in charge of the constable."

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Yes, you—you wretch—you scum. Now I am going, stop me if you dare. Walls have ears, so I'll whisper. If you wish to send a constable after me, you'll find me at the house of the Jew Lazarus. Do you understand?"

Vanslyperken started back as if an adder had come before him, his sword dropped out of his hand, and he stood transfixed.

"May I go now, Mr. Vanslyperken, or am I to wait for the constable? Silence gives consent," continued Moggy, making a mock courtesy, and walking out of the room.

For a minute, Vanslyperken remained in the same position. At last, bursting with his feelings, he snatched up his sword, put it into the sheath, and was about to quit the room, when in came the landlady with the constable.

"You vants me, sir?" said the man.

"I did," stammered Vanslyperken, "but she is gone."

"I must be paid for my trouble, sir, if you please."

Vanslyperken had again to pull out his purse; but this time he hardly felt the annoyance, for in his mind's eye his neck was already in the halter. He put the money into the man's hand without speaking, and then left the room, the landlady courtesying very low, and hoping that she should soon again have the pleasure of his company at the Wheatsheaf.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which Snarleyyow again triumphs over his enemies.

But we must return to the cabin, and state what took place during this long absence of the commander, who had gone on shore about three o'clock, and had given direction for his boat to be at the Point at sunset. There had been a council of war held on the forecastle, in which Corporal Van Spitter and Smallbones were the most prominent; and the meeting was held to debate, whether they should or should not make one more attempt to destroy the dog: singular that the arguments and observations very nearly coincided with those made use of by Vanslyperken and his mother, when they debated how to get rid of Smallbones.

"Water won't touch him, I sees that," observed Smallbones.

"No. Mein Gott, dat was to trow time and de trouble away," replied the corporal.

"Hanging's just as natural a death for a cur," observed Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

"I'm afeard that the rope's not laid that's to hang that animal," observed Coble, shaking his head. "If water won't do, I'm persuaded nothing will, for did not they use, in former days, to lay all spirits in the Red Sea?"

"Yes," quoth Short.

"But he ban't a spirit yet," replied Smallbones; "he be flesh and blood o' some sort. If I gets fairly rid of his body, d—n his soul, I say, he may keep that and welcome."

"But then, you know, he'll haunt us just as much as ever—we shall see him here just the same."

"A spirit is only a spirit," observed Smallbones; "he may live in the cabin all day and night afore I care; but, d'ye see, there's a great difference between the ghost of a dog, and the dog himself."

"Why, if the beast ar'n't natural, I can't see much odds," observed Spurey.

"But I can feel 'em," replied Smallbones. "This here dog has a-bitten me all to bits, but a ghost of a dog can't bite anyhow."

"No," replied Short.

"And now, d'ye see, as Obadiah Coble has said as how spirits must be laid, I think if we were to come for to go to lay this here hanimal in the cold hearth, he may perhaps not be able to get up again."

"That's only a perhaps," observed Coble.

"Well, a perhaps is better than nothing at all," said the lad.

"Yes," observed Short.

"That depends upon circumstances," observed Spurey. "What sort of a breakfast would you make upon a perhaps?"

"A good one, perhaps," replied Smallbones, grinning at the jingling of the words.

"Twenty tozen tyfels, Smallbones is in de right," observed Jansen, who had taken no part in the previous conversation. "Suppose you bury de dog, de dog body not get up again. Suppose he will come, his soul come, leave him body behind him."

"That's exactly my notion of the thing," observed Smallbones.

"Do you mean for to bury him alive?" inquired Spurey.

"Alive! Gott in himmel—no. I knock de brains out first, perry afterwards."

"There's some sense in that, corporal."

"And the dog can't have much left anyhow, dog or devil, when his brains are all out."

"No," quoth Short.

"But who is to do it?"

"Corporal and I," replied Smallbones; "we be agreed, ban't we, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"And now I votes that we tries it off-hand; what's the use of shilly-shally? I made a mortal vow that that ere dog and I won't live together—there ban't room enough for us two."

"It's a wide world, nevertheless," observed Coble, hitching up his trousers; "howsomever, I have nothing to say, but I wish you luck; but if you kill that dog, I'm a bishop—that's all."

"And if I don't try for to do so, I am an harchbishop, that's all," replied the gallant Smallbones. "Come along, corporal."

And here was to be beheld a novel scene. Smallbones followed in obedience by his former persecutor and his superior officer; a bag of bones—a reed—a lath—a scarecrow; like a pilot cutter ahead of an Indiaman, followed in his wake by Corporal Van Spitter, weighing twenty stone. How could this be? It was human nature. Smallbones took the lead, because he was the most courageous of the two, and the corporal following, proved he tacitly admitted it.

"He be a real bit of stuff, that ere Phil Smallbones," said one of the men.

"I thinks he be a supernatural himself, for my part," rejoined Spurey.

"At all events, he ar'n't afeard of him," said another.

"We shall see," replied Coble, squirting out his tobacco-juice under the gun.

"Come, men, we must go to work now. Shall we, Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied the commanding officer, and the conference broke up.

In the meantime the consultation was continued between Smallbones and the corporal. The latter had received instruction to take on shore Mr. Vanslyperken's dirty linen to the washerwoman, and of course, as a corporal, he was not obliged to carry it, and would take Smallbones for that purpose. Then he could easily excuse taking the dog on shore, upon the plea of taking care of it. It was therefore so arranged; the dog would follow the corporal in the absence of his master, but no one else. In a few minutes the corporal, Smallbones, Snarleyyow, and a very small bundle of linen, were in the boat, and shoved off with as many good wishes and as much anxiety for their success, as probably Jason and his followers received when they departed in search of the Golden Fleece.

The three parties kept in company, and passed through the town of Portsmouth. The washerwoman lived outside the Lines, and there they proceeded; Snarleyyow very much in spirits at being able to eat the grass, which his health very much required. They walked on until they arrived at a large elm tree, on the side of the road, which lay between two hedges and ditches.

"This will do," observed the corporal solemnly. "Mein Gott! I wish it was over," continued he, wiping the perspiration from his bull-forehead.

"How shall we kill him, corporal?" inquired Smallbones.

"Mein Gott! knock him head against de tree, I suppose."

"Yes, and bury him in the ditch. Here, dog—Snarleyyow—here, dog," said Smallbones; "come, a poor doggy—come here."

But Snarleyyow was not to be coaxed by Smallbones; he suspected treachery.

"He wont a-come to me, corporal, or I'd soon settle his hash," observed Smallbones.

The corporal had now got over a little panic which had seized him. He called Snarleyyow, who came immediately. O! had he imagined what the corporal was about to do, he might have died like Cæsar, exclaiming, "Et tu brute," which, in plain English, means, "and you—you brute."

The corporal, with a sort of desperation, laid hold of the dog by the tail, drawing him back till he could swing him round. In a second or two Snarleyyow was whirling round the corporal, who turned with him, gradually approaching the trunk of the elm tree, till at last his head came in contact with it with a resounding blow, and the dog fell senseless. "Try it again, corporal, let's finish him." The corporal again swung round the inanimate body of the dog; again, and again, and again, did the head come in contact with the hard wood; and then the corporal, quite out of breath with the exertion, dropped the body on the grass. Neither of them spoke a word for some time, but watched the body, as it lay motionless, doubled up, with the fore and hind feet meeting each other, and the one eye closed.

"Well, I've a notion that he is done for, anyhow," said Smallbones, "at last."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "He never get on he legs again, be he tog or be he tyfel."

"Now for to come for to go for to bury him," said Smallbones, swinging the dog by the tail, and dragging him towards the ditch. "I wonder if we could get a spade any where, corporal."

"Mein Gott! if we ask for a spade they will ask what for, and Vanslyperken may find it all out."

"Then I'll bury him and cover him up, anyhow; he'll not come to life again; if he does, may I be knocked on the head like him, that's all." Smallbones dragged the body into the ditch, and collecting out of the other parts of the ditch a great quantity of wet leaves, covered the body a foot deep. "There, they won't find him now, because they won't know where to look for him. I say, corporal, I've a notion we had better not be seen here too long."

"No," said the corporal, wiping his forehead, putting his handkerchief in his cap, and his cap on his head; "we must go now."

They went to the washerwoman's, delivered the bundle, and then returned on board, when the whole crew were informed of the success of the expedition, and appeared quite satisfied that there was an end of the detested cur; all but Coble, who shook his head.

"We shall see," says he; "but I'm blessed if I don't expect the cur back to-morrow morning."

We must now return to Vanslyperken, who left the public house in a state of consternation. "How could she possibly know any thing about it?" exclaimed he, "My life in the power of that she-devil!" And Vanslyperken walked on, turning over the affair in his mind. "I have gone too far to retreat now. I must either go on, or fly the country. Fly, where? What a fool have I been!", but then Vanslyperken thought of the money. "No, no, not a fool, but I am very unfortunate." Vanslyperken continued his route, until it at last occurred to him that he would go to the Jew Lazarus, and speak with him; "for," thought Vanslyperken. "if all is discovered, they may think that I have informed, and then my life will be sought by both parties." Vanslyperken arrived at the Jew's abode, knocked softly, but received no answer; he knocked again, louder; a bustle and confusion was heard inside, and at last the door, with the chain fixed, was opened a couple of inches, and the Jew stammered out, "Wot vash there at this late hour of the night?"

"It is me, the lieutenant of the cutter," replied Vanslyperken. "I must speak with you directly."

The door was opened, several figures and the clatter of arms were heard in the dark passage, and as soon as Vanslyperken had entered, it was relocked, and he was left in the dark.

In a minute the Jew, in a woollen wrapper, made his appearance with a light, and led Vanslyperken into the room where he had been shown before. "Now then, Mishter Leeftenant, vat vash de matter?"

"We are discovered, I'm afraid," exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Holy father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, starting back. "But tell me vy you shay sho?"

"A woman told me this night that she knew why I came to your house—that I was in her power."

"Vat voman?"

"A hell-cat who hates me as she does the devil."

"A hell-cat vould not hate de divil," slowly observed the Jew.

"Well, perhaps not; but she will ruin me if she can."

"Vat vosh her name?"

"Moggy Salisbury."

"Paah! is dat all? vy, my good friend, she is one of us. Dere, you may go vay—you may go to bed, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat she laughed at you, and frighten you—dat she is one of us, and so is her husband, who vas in your chip. Ven you hang, she and I vill all hang together; now you comprehend?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I do now; but how could you trust such people?"

"Trust such people, Mr. Vanslyperken! If you prove as true as those peoples, vy all de bitter; now go avay—go to bed—you have vaked up all the peoples here. Good night, Mr. Leeftenant;" and the Jew led the way to the door, and let Vanslyperken out.

"So then," thought Vanslyperken, as he pursued his way down to the point, "that woman and her husband are—damnation, but I've a great mind to discover all, if it's only to hang them." But on second thoughts, Vanslyperken thought that it was not worth while to be hanged himself, just for the pleasure of hanging others. It was a great relief to his mind to know that there was no fear of discovery. The tip of his nose itched, and he rubbed it mechanically: the rubbing brought away all the skin. He remembered the hot poker—the money he had been forced to pay—his being made to sing and beg pardon on his knees; and he cursed Moggy in his heart, the more so as he felt that he dared not take any steps against her.

When he came to the Point, he stood on the shingle, looking for his boat; but the men had waited till twelve o'clock, and then presuming that their commander did not intend to come at all that night, had pulled on board again. He was looking round for a waterman to pull him off, when something cold touched his hand. Vanslyperken started, and almost screamed with fear. He looked, and it was the cold nose of Snarleyyow, who now leaped upon his master.

"Snarleyyow, my poor dog! how came you on shore?"

But the dog, not being able to speak, made no answer.

While Vanslyperken was wondering how the dog could possibly have come on shore, and what Corporal Van Spitter could have been about to have allowed it, the small casement of a garret window near him was opened, and a head was thrust out.

"Do you want to go on board, sir?" said a tremulous voice.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"I will be down directly, sir," replied the old boatman, who in a minute or two appeared with his sculls on his shoulder.

"Not easy to find a boat at this time of the morning, sir," said the man; "but I heard you speaking, for I've had such a toothache these two nights, that I can't shut my eyes."

The old man unlocked the chain which fastened his wherry, and in a few minutes Vanslyperken was on the deck of the cutter, but he found there was no one to receive him,—no watch kept.

"Very well," thought he, "we'll talk about this to-morrow morning. Short or Coble, I wonder which of the two—pretty neglect of duty, indeed—report to the admiral, by heavens."

So saying, Mr. Vanslyperken, with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin—undressed in the dark, for he would not let any one know that he was on board. It being about three o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanslyperken being well tired with the events of the day, he was soon in a sound sleep. There will be no difficulty in accounting for the return of the dog, which had a skull much thicker than even the corporal's. He had been stunned with the heavy blows, but not killed. After a certain time he came to himself in his bed of leaves, first scratched with one paw, and then with another, till his senses returned; he rose, worked his way out, and lay down to sleep. After he had taken a long nap, he rose recovered, shook himself, and trotted down to the beach; but the boat had shoved off, and the cur had remained there waiting for an opportunity to get on board, when his master came down with the same object in view.

But as every soul is fast asleep, we shall now finish the chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

Vanslyperken was awoke three hours after he had fallen asleep by the noise of the buckets washing the decks. He heard the men talking on deck, and aware that no one knew that he was on board, he rose from his bed, and opened one of the sliding sashes of the skylight, that he might overhear the conversation. The first words he heard were from Bill Spurey.

"I say, Coble, I wonder what the skipper will say when he comes on board, and finds that the dog is gone?"

"Hoh! hoh!" thought Vanslyperken.

"I ar'nt convinced that he is gone yet," replied Coble.

"Smallbones swears that he's settled this time," replied Spurey.

"So he did before," replied Coble.

"Smallbones again," thought Vanslyperken. "I'll —Smallbones him, if I hang for it."

"Why, he says he buried him two feet deep."

"Ay, ay; but what's the use of burying an animal who's not a human creature? For my part, I say this, that the imp belongs to his master, and is bound to serve him as long as his master lives. When he dies, the dog may be killed, and then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, with the blessing of God, they'll both go to hell together, and I don't care how soon."

"Kill me, you old villain!" muttered Vanslyperken, grinding his teeth.

"Well, anyhow, if the dog be not made away with, no more be Smallbones. He ar'n't afeard of the devil himself."

"No, not he; I'm of opinion Smallbones wa'n't sent here for nothing."

"He's escaped him twice, at all events."

"Then they knew it," thought Vanslyperken, turning pale.

"Ay, and I will take you any bet you please, that the skipper never takes that boy's life. He's charmed, or I am a gudgeon."

Vanslyperken felt that it was his own suspicion, and he trembled at the idea of the lad being supernatural.

"Out of the way, Coble, or I'll fill your shoes," cried out one of the men, slashing a bucket of water.

"That's not quite so easy, 'cause I've got boots on," replied Coble. "However, I'll take up another berth."

The men walked away, and Vanslyperken could hear no more; but he had heard quite enough. The life of the dog had been attempted by Smallbones, it was evident. Mr. Vanslyperken, after a little agitation, rang the bell.

"By all that's blue, the skipper's on board!" exclaimed the men on deck.

"When the devil did he come?"

"Not in my watch, at all events," replied Coble. "Did he come in yours, Short?"

"No," replied Short.

"Then it must have been in the corporal's."

"The corporal never called me, nor was he on deck," replied Coble. "I've a notion he never kept his watch."

The ring at the bell particularly concerned two people, the two culprits, Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter.

The latter made his appearance; but previous to his answering the bell, Mr. Vanslyperken had time to reflect. "So they think my dog is supernatural," said he; "so much the better. I'll make them believe it still more." Mr. Vanslyperken called the dog, and pointed to his bed. The dog, who was fond of a warm berth, and but seldom allowed to get on the bed, immediately jumped up into it when invited, and Mr. Vanslyperken patted him, and covered him up with the bed-clothes. He then drew the curtains of the bed, and waited to see who would answer the bell. Corporal Van Spitter made his appearance.

"Corporal, I came on board very late. Where have you put the dog? Bring him into the cabin."

Here the corporal, who was prepared, shook his head, smoothed down the hair of his forehead, and made a very melancholy face.

"It was all my fault, Mynheer Vanslyperken; yet I do for the best, but te tog be lost."

"How is that, corporal?"

The corporal then stated that he had taken the precaution to take the dog on shore, as he was afraid to leave it on board when he went to the washerwoman's; and that he was not long there, but while he was, the dog disappeared. He had looked every where, but could not find it.

"You took Smallbones with you?" said Vanslyperken.

"Yes, mynheer, to carry de linen."

"And where was he when you were at the washerwoman's?"

"He was here and dere."

"I know that it was he who killed and buried the dog, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter started; he thought he was discovered.

"Kilt and perryed, mein Gott!" said the corporal, obliged to say something.

"Yes, I overheard the men say so on deck, corporal. He must have taken the opportunity when you were in the house counting the linen."

Now the corporal had time to recover himself, and he argued that any thing was better than that he should be suspected. Smallbones was already known to have attempted the life of the dog, so he would leave the lieutenant in his error.

"Mein Gott! he is von d—n kill-dog feller," observed the corporal. "I look every where, I no find de tog. Den de tog is dead?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "but I'll punish the scoundrel, depend upon it. That will do, corporal; you may go."

As Snarleyyow remained perfectly quiet during this conversation, we must give Vanslyperken great credit for his manœuvre. The corporal went to Smallbones, and repeated what had passed. Smallbones snapped his fingers.

"He may keelhaul, or hang me, for all I care. The dog is dead. Never fear, corporal, I won't peach upon you. I'm game, and I'll die so—if so be I must."

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones. Smallbones, who was worked up to the highest state of excitement, came in boldly.

"So, you villain, you've killed my dog, and buried it."

"No, I ar'n't," replied Smallbones. "I knows nothing about your dog, sir."

"Why, the men on deck said so, you scoundrel. I heard them."

"I don't care what the men say; I never killed your dog, sir."

"You rascal, I'll have your life!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

Smallbones grinned diabolically, and Vanslyperken, who remembered all that the men had said in confirmation of his own opinion relative to Smallbones, turned pale. Smallbones, on his part, aware from Corporal Van Spitter that the lieutenant had such an idea, immediately took advantage of the signs in the lieutenant's countenance, and drawled out, "That's—not—so—easy!"

Vanslyyerken turned away. "You may go now, sir, but depend upon it, you shall feel my vengeance;" and Smallbones quitted the cabin.

Vanslyperken finished his toilet, and then turned the dog out of the bed.

He went on deck, and after he had walked a little while, sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult as to the best method of ascertaining what had become of Snarleyyow. Having entered apparently very earnestly into the corporal's arrangements, who was to go on shore immediately, he desired the corporal to see his breakfast got ready in the cabin.

It so happened that the corporal went into the cabin, followed by Smallbones; the first object that met his view was Snarleyyow, sitting on the chest, scratching his ragged ear as if nothing had happened.

"Gott in himmel!" roared the corporal, turning back and running out of the cabin, upsetting Smallbones, whom he met in the passage, and trotting like an elephant right over him. Nor was Smallbones the only one who suffered; two marines and three seamen were successively floored by the corporal, who, blinded with fear, never stopped till he ran his head butt against the lining in the fore peak of the cutter, which, with the timbers of the vessel, brought him up, not all standing, in one sense of the word, for in his mad career, his head was dashed so violently against them, that the poor corporal fell down, stunned to insensibility.

In the mean time Smallbones had gained his feet, and was rubbing his ribs, to ascertain if they were all whole. "Well I'm sure," said he, "if I ar'n't flattened for all the world like a pancake, with that ere corporal's weight. One may as well have a broad-wheel wagon at once go over one's body; but what could make him come for to go to run away belowing in that ere manner? He must have seen the devil; or, perhaps," thought Smallbones, "that imp of the devil, Snarleyyow. I'll go and see what it was, any how."

Smallbones, rubbing his abdomen, where the corporal had trod hardest, walked into the cabin, where he beheld the dog. He stood with his mouth wide open.

"I defy the devil and all his works," exclaimed he, at last, "and you be one of his, that's sartain. I fear God, and I honour the king, and the parish taught me to read the Bible. There you be—resurrectioned up again. Well, it's no use, I suppose. Satan, I defy you, any how; but it's very hard that a good Christian should have to get the breakfast ready, of which you will eat one half; I don't see why I'm to wait upon the devil or his imps."

Then Smallbones stopped, and thought a little. "I wonder whether he be'd dead, as I thought. Master came on board last night without no one knowing about it, and he might have brought the dog with him, if so be, he came to again. I won't believe that he's haltogether not to be made away with, for how come his eye out? Well I don't care, I'm a good Christian, and may I be swamped, if I don't try what he's made of yet. First time we cuts up beef I'll try and chop your tail, any how; that I will, if I am hung for it."

Smallbones regained his determination. He set about laying the things for breakfast, and when they were ready he went up to the quarter-deck, reporting the same to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had expected to see him frightened out of his wits, and concluding his speech by saying, "If you please, sir, the dog be in the cabin, all right; I said as how I never kilt your dog, nor buried him neither."

"The dog in the cabin!" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, with apparent astonishment. "Why, how the devil could he have come there?"

"He cummed off, I suppose, sir, same way as you did, without nobody knowing nothing about it," drawled out Smallbones, who then walked away.

In the meantime the corporal had been picked up, and the men were attempting to recover him. Smallbones went forward to see what had become of him, and learnt how it was that he was insensible.

"Well then," thought Smallbones, "it may have been all the same with the dog, and I believe there's humbug in it, for if the dog had made his appearance, as master pretends he did, all of a sudden, he'd a been more frightened than me."

So reasoned Smallbones, and he reasoned well. In the mean time the corporal opened his eyes, and gradually returned to his senses, and then, for the first time, the ship's company who were all down at their breakfast, demanded of Smallbones the reason of the corporal's conduct.

"Why," replied Smallbones, "because that ere beast Snarleyyow, be come back again, all alive, a'ter being dead and buried—he's in the cabin now—that's all."

"That's all!" exclaimed one. "All!" cried another. "The devil!" said a third.

"I said as how it would be," said Obadiah Coble. "That dog is no dog, as sure as I sit here."

The return of the dog certainly had a strong effect upon the whole of the ship's company. The corporal swore that he was not in the cabin, and that Mr. Vanslyperken had arranged for his going on shore to look for him, when all of a sudden the dog made his appearance, no one knew how. Smallbones found himself so much in the minority, that he said nothing. It was perfect heresy not to believe that the dog was sent from the lower regions; and as for any further attempts to destroy it, it was considered as perfect insanity.

But this renewed attempt on the part of Smallbones, for Vanslyperken was convinced that an attempt had been made, although it had not been successful, again excited the feelings of Mr. Vanslyperken against the lad, and he resolved somehow or another to retaliate. His anger overcame his awe, and he was reckless in his desire of vengeance. There was not the least suspicion of treachery on the part of Corporal Van Spitter in the heart of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the corporal played his double part so well, that if possible he was now higher in favour than ever.

After a day or two, during which Mr. Vanslyperken remained on board, he sent for the corporal, determining, to sound him as to whether he would make any attempts upon Smallbones; for to such a height had Vanslyperken's enmity arrived, that he now resolved to part with some of his darling money, to tempt the corporal, rather than not get rid of the lad. After many hints thrown out, but not taken by the wily corporal, who was resolved that Vanslyperken should speak plainly, the deed and the reward of ten guineas were openly proclaimed, and Vanslyperken waited for the corporal's reply.

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken! suppose it vas possible, I not take your money, I do it with pleasure; but, sir, it not possible.

"Not possible!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"No, mynheer," replied the corporal, "I not tell you all, tousand tyfel, I not tell you all;" and here the corporal put his hand to his forehead and was silent, much to Vanslyperken's amazement. But the fact was, that Corporal Van Spitter was thinking what he possibly could say. At last a brilliant thought struck him—he narrated to the lieutenant how he had seen the ghost of Smallbones, as he thought, when he was floating about adrift on the Zuyder Zee—described with great force his horror at the time of the appearance of the supernatural object, and tailed on to what he believed to be true, that which he knew to be false, to wit, that the apparition had cried out to him, that, "*he was not to be hurt by mortal man.*" "Gott in himmel," finished the corporal, "I never was so frightened in my life. I see him now, as plain as I see you, mynheer. Twenty tousand tyfels, but the voice was like de tunder—and his eye like de lightning—I fell back in one swoon. Ah, mein Gott, mein Gott!"

So well did the corporal play his part, that Vanslyperken became quite terrified; the candle appeared to burn dim, and he dared not move to snuff it. He could not but credit the corporal, for there was an earnestness of description, and a vividness of colouring, which could not have been invented; besides, was not the corporal his earnest and only friend? "Corporal," said Vanslyperken, "perhaps you'll like a glass of scheedam: there's some in the cupboard."

This was very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken, but he wanted one himself, much more than the corporal. The corporal produced the bottle and the glass, poured it out, made his military salute, and tossed it off.

"Give me another glass, corporal," said Vanslyperken, in a tremulous tone. The lieutenant took one, two, three glasses, one after another, to recover himself.

The corporal had really frightened him. He was convinced that Smallbones had a charmed life. Did he not float to the Ower light and back again?—did not a pistol ball pass through him without injury? Vanslyperken shuddered; he took a fresh glass, and then handed the bottle to the corporal, who helped himself, saluted, and the liquor again disappeared in a moment.

Dutch courage is proverbial, although a libel upon one of the bravest of nations. Vanslyperken now felt it, and again he commenced with the corporal. "What were the words?" inquired he.

"Dat he was not to be hurt by mortal man, mynheer. I can take mine piple oath of it," replied the corporal.

"Damnation!" cried Vanslyperken; "but stop—mortal man—perhaps he may be hurt by woman."

"Dat is quite anoder ting, mynheer."

"He shan't escape if I can help it," retorted Vanslyperken. "I must think about it." Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, and pushed the stone bottle to the corporal, who helped himself without ceremony. Mr. Vanslyperken was now about two-thirds drunk, for he was not used to such a quantity of spirits.

"Now, if I had only been friends with that—that—hell-fire Moggy Salisbury," thought Vanslyperken, speaking aloud to himself.

"Mein Gott, yes, mynheer," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken took another glass—spilling a great deal on the table as he poured it out: he then covered his eyes with his hand, as if in thought. Thereupon the corporal filled without being asked; and as he perceived that his superior remained in the same position, and did not observe him, he helped himself to a second glass, and then waited till Vanslyperken should speak again; but the liquor had overpowered him, and he spoke no more.

The corporal after a few minutes, went up to his superior; he touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Mynheer," but he obtained no reply. On the contrary, the slight touch made Mr. Vanslyperken fall forward on the table. He was quite insensible.

So the corporal took him up in his arms, laid him in his bed, then taking possession of the lieutenant's chair, for he was tired of standing so long, he set to work to empty the bottle, which, being large and full at the time that it was produced from the cupboard, took some time, and before it was accomplished, the Corporal Van Spitter had fallen fast asleep in the chair. Shortly afterwards the candle burnt out, and the cabin was in darkness.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Vanslyperken began to recover his senses, and as his recollection returned, so were his ears met with a stupendous roaring and unusual noise. It was to his imagination unearthly, for he had been troubled with wild dreams about Smallbones, and his appearance to the corporal. It sounded like thunder, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that he could plainly make out, "*Mortal man! mortal man!*" and, at times, the other words of the supernatural intimation to the corporal. The mortal man was drawn out in lengthened cadence, and in a manner truly horrible. Vanslyperken called out. "Mor—tal—man," was the reply.

Again Vanslyperken almost shrieked in a perspiratian of fear. The sound now ceased; but it was followed up by a noise like the rattling of glasses, tumbling about of the chairs and tables, and Vanslyperken buried his face under the clothes. Then the door, which had been shut, was heard by him to slam like thunder; and then Snarleyyow barked loud and deep. "Oh! God, forgive me!" cried the terrified lieutenant. "Our Father—which art in heaven—save me—save me!"

Shortly afterwards the corporal made his appearance with a light, and inquired if Mr. Vanslyperken had called. He found him reeking with perspiration, and half dead with fear. In broken words he stated how he had been visited, and how the same intimation that no mortal man could hurt Smallbones had been rung in his ears.

"It was only one dream, Mynheer Vanslyperken," observed the corporal.

"No—it was no dream," replied Vanslyperken. "Stay in the cabin, good corporal."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, drawing the curtains of the bed; and then quietly picking up the various articles on the floor, the table and chairs, which had been overturned.

Alas! fear is the mate of guilt. All this horrid visitation was simply that Mr. Vanslyperken had heard the corporal's tremendous snoring, as he slept in the chair, and which his imagination had turned into the words, "mortal man." The first exclamation of Mr. Vanslyperken had woke the corporal, who, aware of the impropriety of his situation, had attempted to retreat; in so doing he had overturned the table and chairs, with the bottles and glasses upon them.

Fearful of discovery upon this unexpected noise, he had hastened out of the cabin, slammed the door, and waked up Snarleyyow; but he knew, from the exclamations of Vanslyperken, that the lieutenant was frightened out of his wits; so he very boldly returned with a candle to ascertain the result of the disturbance, and was delighted to find that the lieutenant was still under the delusion.

So soon as he had replaced every thing, the corporal took a chair, and finding that he had fortunately put the cork in the stone-bottle before he fell asleep, and that there were still one or two glasses in it, he drank them off, and waited patiently for daylight. By this time Vanslyperken was again asleep and snoring; so the corporal took away all the broken fragments, put the things in order, and left the cabin.

When Vanslyperken awoke and rang his bell, Smallbones entered. Vanslyperken got up, and finding the cabin as it was left the night before, was more than ever persuaded that he had been supernaturally visited. Fear made him quite civil to the lad whose life he now considered, as the ship's company did that of the dog, it was quite useless for him, at least, to attempt, and thus ends this chapter of horrors.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which there is nothing very particular or very interesting.

We must now change the scene for a short time, and introduce to our readers a company assembled in the best inn which, at that time, was to be found in the town of Cherbourg. The room in which they were assembled was large in dimensions, but with a low ceiling, the windows were diminutive, and gave but a subdued light, on account of the vicinity of the houses opposite. The window-frames were small, and cut diamond-wise; and in the centre of each of the panes was a round of coarsely-painted glass. A narrow table ran nearly the length of the room, and, at each end of it, there was a large chimney, in both of which logs of wood were burning cheerfully. What are now termed *chaises longues* were drawn to the sides of the table, or leaning against the walls of the room, which were without ornament, and neatly coloured with yellow ochre.

The company assembled might have been about thirty in number, of which half a dozen, perhaps, were in the ecclesiastical dress of the time; while the others wore the habiliments then appropriated to cavaliers or gentlemen, with very little difference from those worn in the times of the Charleses in England, except that the cloak had been discarded, and the more substantial roquelaure substituted in its place. Most of the party were men who had not yet arrived to middle age, if we except the clericals, who were much more advanced in life; and any one, who had ever fallen in with the smuggling lugger and its crew, would have had no difficulty in recognising many of them, in the well-attired and evidently high-born and well educated young men who were seated or standing in the room. Among them Sir Robert Barclay was eminently conspicuous; he was standing by the fire conversing with two of the ecclesiastics.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "our worthy father Lovell has just arrived at St. Germain; and, as the most rapid communication is now necessary, he is empowered to open here and before us, every despatch which we bring over, before it is transmitted to head-quarters, with permission to act as may seem best by the friends of his majesty here assembled."

The fact was, that King James had lately completely given himself up to religious exercises and mortification, and any communication to him was attended with so much delay, that it had been considered advisable to act without consulting him; and to avoid the delay consequent on the transmission of communications to Paris, the most active parties had determined that they would for the present, take up their residence at Cherbourg, and merely transmit to their friends at St. Germain an account of their proceedings, gaining, at least, a week by this arrangement. The party assembled had many names of some note. Among the ecclesiastics were Lovell, Collier, Snatt, and Cooke; among the cavaliers were those of Musgrave, Friend, and Perkins, whose relatives had suffered in the cause; Smith, Clancey, Herbert, Cunningham, Leslie, and many others.

When Sir Robert Barclay approached the table, the others took their seats in silence.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Robert, laying down the despatches, which had been opened, "you must be aware that our affairs now wear a very prosperous appearance. Supported as we are by many in the government of England, and by more in the House of Commons, with so many adherents here to our cause, we have every rational prospect of success. During the first three months of this year, much has been done; and, at the same time, it must be confessed that the usurper and the heretics have taken every step in their power to assail and to crush us. By this despatch, now in my hand, it appears that a bill has passed the Commons, by which it is enacted, 'that no person born after the 25th March next, being a papist, shall be capable of inheriting any title of honour or estate, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, or town of Berwick-on-the-Tweed.'"

Here some of the ecclesiastics lifted up their eyes, others struck their clenched hands on the table, and the cavaliers, as if simultaneously, made the room ring, by seizing hold of the handles of their swords.

"And further, gentlemen, 'that no papist shall be capable of purchasing any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person in trust for him.'"

The reader must be reminded, that in those days, there was no "Times" or "Morning Herald" laid upon the breakfast table with the debates of the House —that communication was any thing but rapid, there being no regular post—so that what had taken place two months back was very often news.

"It appears then, gentlemen, that our only chance is to win our properties with our own good swords."

"We will!" was the unanimous reply of the laity present.

"In Scotland, our adherents increase daily; the interests of so many have been betrayed by the usurper, that thousands of swords will start from their scabbards so soon as we can support the cause with the promised assistance of the court of Versailles; and we have intelligence that the parliament are in a state of actual hostility to the usurper, and that the national ferment is so great as to be almost on the verge of rebellion. I have also gained from a private communication from our friend Ramsay, who is now at Amsterdam, and in a position to be most useful to us, that the usurper has intimated to his own countrymen, although it is not yet known in England, that he will return to the Hague in July. Such, gentlemen, is the intelligence I have to impart as respects our own prospects in our own country; to which I have to add, that the secret partition treaty, which is inimical to the interest of the French king, has been signed both in London and the Hague, as well as by the French envoy there. A more favourable occurrence for us, perhaps, never occurred, as it will only increase the already well known ill-will of his Catholic majesty against the usurper of his own father-in-law's crown. I have now, gentlemen, laid before you our present position and future prospects; and, as we are met to consult upon the propriety of further measures, I shall be most happy to hear the suggestions of others."

Sir Robert Barclay then sat down.

Lovell, the Jesuit, then rose. "I have," said he, "no opinion to offer relative to warlike arrangements, those not being suitable to my profession. I leave them to men, like Sir Robert, whose swords are always ready, and whose talents are so well able to direct their swords; still, it is well known, that the sources of war must be obtained, if war is to be carried on; and I have great pleasure in announcing to those assembled, that from our friends in England I have received advice of the two several sums of ninety-three thousand pounds, and twenty-nine thousand pounds, sterling money, having been actually collected, and now held in trust for the support of the good cause; and further, that the collections are still going on with rapidity and success. From his most Catholic majesty we have received an order upon the minister for the sum of four thousand Louis, which has been duly honoured; and from our blessed father, the pope, an order for five hundred thousand paolis, amounting to about thirteen thousand pounds in sterling money, together with entire absolution for all sins already committed, and about to be committed, and a secure promise of paradise to those who fall in the maintenance of the true faith and the legitimate king. I have, further, great expectations from Ireland, and many promises from other quarters, in support of the cause which, with the blessing of God, I trust will yet triumph."

As soon as Lovell sat down, Collier, the ecclesiastic, rose.

"That we shall find plenty of willing swords, and a sufficient supply of money for our purposes, there can be no doubt; but I wish to propose one question to the company here assembled. It is an undoubted article of the true faith, that we are bound to uphold it by any and by every means. All human attempts are justifiable in the service of God. Many have already been made to get rid of the usurper, but they have not been crowned with success, as we too well know; and the blood of our friends, many of whom were not accessories to the act, has been lavishly spilt by the insatiate heretic. But they have, before this, received immortal crowns, in suffering as martyrs in the cause of religion and justice. I still hold that our attempts to cut off the usurper should be continued; some hand more fortunate may succeed. But not only is his life to be taken, if possible, but the succession must be cut off root and branch. You all know that, of the many children born to the heretic William, all but one have been taken away from him in judgment for his manifold crimes. One only remains, the present Duke of Gloucester, and I do consider that this branch of heresy should be removed, even in preference to his parent, whose conduct is such as to assist our cause, and whose death may weaken the animosity of his Catholic majesty, whose hostility is well known to be personal. I have neither men nor money to offer you, but I have means, I trust, soon to accomplish this point, and I dedicate my useless life to the attempt."

It would occupy too much of our pages, if we were to narrate all that was said and done at this conference, which we have been obliged to report, as intimately connected with our history. Many others addressed the meeting, proposals were made, rejected, and acceded to. Lists of adherents were produced, and of those who might be gained over. Resolutions were entered into and recorded, and questions debated. Before the breaking up, the accounts of the sums expended, and the moneys still on hand, were brought forward; and in the former items, the name of Vanslyperken appeared rather prominent. As soon as the accounts were audited, the conference broke up.

We have said that, among those who were at the conference, might be observed some persons who might be recognised as a part of the crew of the lugger. Such was the case; Sir Robert Barclay and many others were men of good family, and stout Jacobites. These young men served in the boat with the other men, who were no more than common seamen; but this was considered necessary in those times of treachery. The lugger pulled eighteen oars, was clinker built, and very swift, even with a full cargo. The after oars were pulled by those adherents of Sir Robert's, and the arm-chest was stowed in the stern-sheets: these young men being always armed, no attempt to betray them or to rise against them, on the part of the smugglers, had they been so inclined, could have succeeded. Ramsay's trust as steersman had been appropriated to Jemmy Salisbury, but no other alteration had taken place. We have entered into this detail to prove the activity of the Jacobite party. About an hour after the conference, Sir Robert and his cavaliers had resumed their seamen's attire, for they were to go over that night; and two hours before dusk, those who had been at a conference, in which the fate of kingdoms and crowned heads was at stake, were to be seen labouring at the oar, in company with common seamen, and urging the fast boat through the yielding waters, towards her haven at the cove.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Besides other matter, containing an argument.

We left Ramsay domiciliated in the house of the syndic Van Krause, on excellent terms with his host, who looked upon him as the mirror of information, and not a little in the good graces of the syndic's daughter, Wilhelmina. There could not be a more favourable opportunity, perhaps, for a handsome and well-informed young man to prosecute his addresses and to gain the affections of the latter, were he so inclined. Wilhelmina had been brought up in every luxury, but isolated from the world. She was now just at the age at which it was her father's intention to introduce her; but romantic in her disposition, she cared little for the formal introduction which it was intended should take place. Neither had she seen, in any of the young Dutch aristocracy, the most of whom were well known to her by sight, as pointed out to her by her father when riding with him, that form and personal appearance which her mind's eye had embodied in her visions of her future lover. Her mind was naturally refined, and she looked for that elegance and grace of deportment which she sought for in vain among her countrymen, but which had suddenly been presented to her in the person of Edward Ramsay.

In the few meetings of her father's friends at their house, the conversation was uninteresting, if not disgusting; for it was about goods and merchandise, money and speculation, occasionally interrupted by politics, which were to her of as little interest. How different was the demeanour, the address, and the conversation of the young Englishman, who had been bred in courts, and, at the same time, had travelled much! There was an interest in all he said, so much information blended with novelty and amusement, so much wit and pleasantry crowning all, that Wilhelmina was fascinated without her being aware of it; and, before the terms of intimacy had warranted her receiving his hand on meeting, she had already unconsciously given her heart. The opportunities arising from her father's close attention to his commercial affairs, and the mutual attraction which brought them together during the major part of the day, she anxious to be amused, and he attracted by her youth and beauty, were taken advantage of by them both, and the consequence was that, before ten days, they were inseparable.

The syndic either did not perceive the danger to which his child was exposed, provided that there was any objection to the intimacy, or else, equally pleased with Ramsay, he had no objection to matters taking their course.

As for Ramsay, that he had at first cultivated the intimacy with Wilhelmina more perhaps from distraction than with any definite purpose, is certain; but he soon found that her attractions were too great to permit him to continue it, if he had no serious intentions. When he had entered his own room, before he had been a week in the house, he had taxed himself severely as to the nature of his feelings, and he was then convinced that he must avoid her company, which was impossible if he remained in the house, or, as a man of honour, make a timely retreat; for Ramsay was too honourable to trifle with the feelings of an innocent girl. Having well weighed this point, he then calculated the probability of his being discovered, and the propriety of his continuing his attentions to the daughter of one whom he was deceiving, and whose political opinions were at such variance with his own; but this was a point on which he could come to no decision. His duty to the cause he supported would not allow him to quit the house—to remain in the house without falling in love was impossible.

Why should his political opinions ever be known? and why should not Wilhelmina be of the same opinion as he was?—and why——Ramsay fell asleep, putting these questions to himself, and the next morning he resolved that things should take their chance.

It was about a fortnight that the cutter had left for England. Ramsay was rather impatient for intelligence, but the cutter had not yet returned. Breakfast had been over some time, Mynheer Van Krause had descended to his warehouses, and Ramsay and Wilhelmina were sitting together upon one of the sofas in the saloon, both reclining, and free from that restraint which nothing but extreme intimacy will divest you of.

"And so, my Wilhelmina," said Ramsay, taking up her hand, which lay listless at her side, and playing with her taper fingers, "you really think William of Nassau is a good man."

"And do not you, Ramsay?" replied Wilhelmina, surprised.

"However I may rejoice at his being on the throne of England, I doubt whether I can justify his conduct to the unfortunate King James; in leaguing against his own father-in-law, and dispossessing him of his kingdom. Suppose now, Wilhelmina, that any fortunate man should become one day your husband; what a cruel—what a diabolical conduct it would be on his part—at least, so it appears to me—if, in return for your father putting him in possession of perhaps his greatest treasure on earth, he were to seize upon all your father's property, and leave him a beggar, because other people were to invite him so to do."

"I never heard it placed in that light before, Ramsay; that the alliance between King William and his father-in-law should have made him very scrupulous, I grant; but when the happiness of a nation depended upon it, ought not a person in William's situation to wave all minor considerations?"

"The happiness of a nation, Wilhelmina? In what way would you prove that so much was at stake?"

"Was not the Protestant religion at stake? Is not King James a bigoted Catholic?"

"I grant that, and therefore ought not to reign over a Protestant nation; but if you imagine that the happiness of any nation depends upon its religion, I am afraid you are deceived. Religion has been made the excuse for interfering with the happiness of a nation whenever no better excuse could be brought forward; but depend upon it, the mass of the people will never quarrel about religion if they are left alone, and their interests not interfered with. Had King James not committed himself in other points, he might have worshipped his Creator in any form he thought proper. That a Protestant king was all that was necessary to a quiet nation, is fully disproved by the present state of the country, now that the sceptre has been, for some years, swayed by King William, it being, at this moment, in a state very nearly approaching to rebellion."

"But is not that occasioned by the machinations of the Jacobite party, who are promoting dissension in every quarter?" replied Wilhelmina.

"I grant they are not idle," replied Ramsay; "but observe the state of bitter variance between William and the House of Commons, which represents the people of England. What can religion have to do with that? No, Wilhelmina; although in this country, there are few who do not rejoice at their king being called to the throne of England, there are many, and those the most wise, in that country, who lament it quite as much."

"But why so?"

"Because mankind are governed by interest, and patriotism is little more than a cloak. The benefits to this country, by the alliance with England, are very great, especially in a commercial point of view, and therefore you will find no want of patriots; but to England the case is different; it is not her interest to be involved and mixed up in continual wars and dissensions, which must now inevitably be the case. Depend upon it, that posterity will find that England will have paid very dear for a Protestant king; religion is what every one is willing to admit the propriety and necessity of, until they are taxed to pay for it, and then it is astonishing how very indifferent, if not disgusted, they become to it."

"Why, Ramsay, one would never imagine you to be such a warm partisan of the present government, as I believe you really are, to hear you talk this morning," replied Wilhelmina.

My public conduct, as belonging to a party, does not prevent my having my private opinions. To my party I am, and ever will be, steadfast; but knowing the world, and the secret springs of most people's actions, as I do, you must not be surprised at my being so candid with you, Wilhelmina. Our conversation, I believe, commenced upon the character of King William; and I will confess to you, that estimating the two characters in moral worth, I would infinitely prefer being the exiled and Catholic James than the unnatural and crowned King William!"

"You will say next, that you would just as soon be a Catholic as a Protestant."

"And if I had been brought up in the tenets of the one instead of the other, what difference would it have made, except that I should have adhered to the creed of my forefathers, and have worshipped the Almighty after their fashion, form, and ceremonies? Are not all religions good if they be sincere?—do not they all tend to the same object, and have the same goal in view—that of gaining heaven? Would you not prefer a good, honest, conscientious man, were he a Catholic, to a mean, intriguing, and unworthy person, who professed himself a Protestant?"

"Most certainly; but I should prefer, to the just Catholic, a man who was a just Protestant."

"That is but natural; but recollect, Wilhelmina, you have seen and heard, as yet, but one side of the question; and if I speak freely to you, it is only to give you the advantage of my experience from having mixed with the world. I am true to my party, and, as a man, I must belong to a party, or I become a nonentity. But were I in a condition so unshackled that I might take up or lay down my opinions as I pleased, without loss or character—as a woman may, for instance—so little do I care for party—so well balanced do I know the right and the wrong to be on both sides—that I would, to please one I loved, at once yield up my opinions, to agree with her, if she would not yield up hers to agree with mine."

"Then you think a woman might do so: that is no compliment to the sex, Ramsay; for it is as much as to assert that we have not only no weight or influence in the world, but also that we have no character or stability."

"Far from it; I only mean to say that women do not generally enter sufficiently into politics to care much for them; they generally imbibe the politics of those they live with, without further examination, and that it is no disgrace to them if they change them. Besides, there is one feeling in women so powerful as to conquer all others, and when once that enters the breast, the remainder are absorbed or become obedient to it."

"And that feeling is—"

"Love, Wilhelmina; and if a woman happens to have been brought up in one way of thinking by her parents, when she transfers her affections to her husband, should his politics be adverse, she will soon come round to his opinion, if she really loves him."

"I am not quite so sure of that, Ramsay."

"I am quite sure she ought. Politics and party are ever a subject of dispute, and therefore should be avoided by a wife; besides, if a woman selects one as her husband, her guide, and counsellor through life, one whom she swears to love, honour, cherish, and obey, she gives but a poor proof of it, if she does not yield up her judgment in all matters more peculiarly his province."

"You really put things in such a new light, Ramsay, that I hardly know how to answer you, even when I am not convinced."

"Because you have not had sufficient time for reflection, Wilhelmina; but weigh well, and dwell upon what I have said, and then you will either acknowledge that I am right, or find arguments to prove that I am wrong. But you promised me some singing. Let me lead you into the music room."

We have introduced this conversation between Wilhelmina and Ramsay, to show, not only what influence he had already gained over the artless, yet intelligent girl, but also the way by which he considerately prepared for the acknowledgment which he resolved to make to her on some future opportunity; for, although Ramsay cared little for deceiving the father, he would not have married the daughter without her being fully aware of who he was. These conversations were constantly renewed, as if accidentally, by Ramsay; and long before he had talked in direct terms of love, he had fully prepared her for it, so that he felt she would not receive a very severe shock when he threw off the mask, even when she discovered that he was a Catholic, and opposed to her father in religion as well as in politics. The fact was, that Ramsay, at first, was as much attracted by her wealth as by her personal charms; but, like many other men, as his love increased, so did he gradually become indifferent to her wealth, and he was determined to win her for his wife in spite of all obstacles, and even if he were obliged to secure her hand by carrying her off without the paternal consent.

Had it been requisite, it is not certain whether Ramsay might not have been persuaded to have abandoned his party, so infatuated had he at last become with the really fascinating Wilhelmina.

But Ramsay was interrupted in the middle of one of his most favourite songs by old Koops, who informed him that the lieutenant of the cutter was waiting for him in his room. Apologising for the necessary absence, Ramsay quitted the music room, and hastened to meet Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had received his orders to return to the Hague a few days after the fright he had received from the nasal organ of the corporal. In pursuance of his instructions from Ramsay, he had not failed to open all the government despatches, and extract their contents. He had also brought over letters from Ramsay's adherents.

"You are sure these extracts are quite correct," said Ramsay, after he had read them over.

"Quite so, sir," replied Vanslyperken.

"And you have been careful to seal the letters again, so as to avoid suspicion?"

"Does not my life depend upon it, Mr. Ramsay?"

"Very true, and also upon your fidelity to us. Here's your money. Let me know when you sail, and come for orders."

Vanslyperken then took his bag of money, made his bow, and departed, and Ramsay commenced reading over the letters received from his friends. Mynheer Van Krause observed Vanslyperken as he was leaving the house, and immediately hastened to Ramsay's room to inquire the news. A portion of the contents of the despatches were made known to him, and the syndic was very soon afterwards seen to walk out, leaving his people to mark and tally the bales which were hoisting out from a vessel in the canal. The fact was, that Mynheer Van Krause was so anxious to get rid of his secret, that he could not contain himself any longer, and had set off to communicate to one of the authorities what he had obtained.

"But from whence did you receive this intelligence, Mynheer Krause?" demanded the other. "The despatches have not yet been opened; we are waiting for Mynheer Van Wejen. I suppose we shall learn something there. You knew all before we did, when the cutter arrived last time. You must have some important friend at the English court, Mynheer Van Krause."

Here Mynheer Krause nodded his head, and looked very knowing, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

But this particular friend of Mynheer Krause was also his particular enemy. Krause had lately imparted secrets which were supposed to be known and intrusted to none but those in the entire confidence of the government. How could he have obtained them *unless* by the treachery of some one at home? and why should Mynheer Krause, who was not trusted by the government there, notwithstanding his high civil office, because he was known to be unsafe, be intrusted by some one at home, unless it were for treacherous purposes? So argued Mr. Krause's most particular friend, who thought it proper to make known his opinions on the subject, and to submit to the other authorities whether this was not a fair subject for representation in their next despatches to England; and in consequence of his suggestion, the representation was duly made. Mynheer Krause was not the first person whose tongue had got him into difficulties. So soon as Vanslyperken had delivered his despatches to Ramsay, he proceeded to the widow Vandersloosh, when, as usual, he was received with every apparent mark of cordial welcome, was again installed on the little sofa, and again drank the beer of the widow's own brewing, and was permitted to take her fat hand. Babette inquired after the corporal, and when rallied by the lieutenant, appeared to blush, and turned her head away. The widow also insisted in the play, and declared that it should be a match, and that Babette should be married on the same day that she was. As the evening drew nigh, Vanslyperken took his leave, and went on board, giving permission to the corporal to go on shore, and very soon the corporal was installed in his place.

This is a sad world of treachery and deceit.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In which the agency of a red-herring is again introduced into our wonderful history.

We are somewhat inclined to moralise. We did not intend to write this day. On the contrary, we had arranged for a party of pleasure and relaxation, in which the heels, and every other portion of the body upwards, except the brain, were to be employed, and that was to have a respite. The morning was fair, and we promised ourselves amusement; but we were deceived, and we returned to our task, as the rain poured down in torrents, washing the dirty face of mother Earth. Yes, deceived; and here we cannot help observing, that this history of ours is a very true picture of human life—for what a complication of treachery does it not involve!

Smallbones is deceiving his master, Mr. Vanslyperken—the corporal is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—the widow is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—so is Babette, and the whole crew of the Yungfrau. Ramsay is deceiving his host and his mistress. All the Jacobites, in a mass, are plotting against and deceiving the government; and as for Mr. Vanslyperken, as it will soon appear, he is deceiving every body, and will ultimately deceive himself. The only honest party in the whole history is the one most hated, as generally is the case in this world—I mean Snarleyyow. There is no deceit about him, and therefore, *par excellence*, he is fairly entitled to be the hero of, and to give his name to, the work. The next most honest party in the book is Wilhelmina; all the other women, except little Lilly, are cheats and impostors—and Lilly is too young; our readers may therefore be pleased to consider Snarleyyow and Wilhelmina as the hero and the heroine of the tale, and then it will leave one curious feature in it, the principals will not only not be united, but the tale will wind up without their ever seeing each other. *Allons en avant.*

But of all the treachery practised by all the parties, it certainly appears to us that the treachery of the widow was the most odious and diabolical. She was like a bloated spider, slowly entwining those threads for her victim which were to entrap him to his destruction, for she had vowed that she never would again be led to the hymeneal altar until Mr. Vanslyperken was hanged. Perhaps the widow Vandersloosh was in a hurry to be married, at least, by her activity, it would so appear—but let us not anticipate.

The little sofa was fortunately like its build, strong as a cob, or it never could have borne the weight of two such lovers as the widow Vandersloosh and the Corporal Van Spitter; there they sat, she radiant with love and beer, he with ditto; their sides met, for the sofa exactly took them both in, without an inch to spare; their hands met, their eyes met, and whenever one raised the glass, the other was on the alert, and their glasses met and jingled—a more practical specimen of hob and nob was never witnessed. There was but one thing wanting to complete their happiness, which, unlike other people's, did not hang upon a thread, but something much stronger, it hung upon a cord; the cord which was to hang Mr. Vanslyperken.

And now the widow, like the three fates rolled into one, is weaving the woof, and, in good Dutch, is pouring into the attentive ear of the corporal her hopes and fears, her surmises, her wishes, her anticipations, and her desires—and he imbibes them all greedily, washing them down with the beer of the widow's own brewing.

"He has not been to the house opposite these two last arrivals," said the widow, "that is certain; for Babette and I have been on the watch. There was hanging matters there. Now I won't believe but that he must go somewhere; he carries his letters, and takes his gold as before, depend upon it. Yes, and I will find it out. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who is the 'cutest—you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"Now he landed a passenger last time, which he called a king's messenger, and I am as sure as I sit here that he was no king's messenger, unless he was one of King James's as was; for look you, Corporal Van Spitter, do you suppose that King William would employ an Englishman, as you say he was, for a messenger, when a Dutchman was to be had for love or money?

"No, no, we must find out where he goes to. I will have some one on the look-out when you come again, and then set Babette on the watch; she shall track him up to the den of his treachery. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who gains the day, you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I've been thinking over all this ever since your absence, and all you have told me about his cowardly attempts upon that poor boy's life, and his still greater cowardice in believing such stuff as you have made him believe about the lad not being injured by mortal man. Stuff and nonsense! the lad is but a lad."

"Mein Gott, yes!" said the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I'll tell you something else, which is, that you and the Yungfraus are just as great fools as Mynheer Vanslyperken, in believing all that stuff and nonsense about the dog. The dog is but a dog."

This was rather a trial to the corporal's politeness; to deny what the widow said might displease, and, as he firmly believed otherwise, he was put to a nonplus; but the widow looked him full in the face, expecting assent, so at last the corporal drawled out, "Mein Gott! yes—a tog is but a tog."

The widow was satisfied, and not perceiving the nice distinction, continued:

"Well, then, corporal, as a lad is but a lad, and a dog is but a dog, I have been sitting my wits to work about getting the rascally traitor in my power. I mean to pretend to take every interest in him, and to get all his secrets, and then, when he tells me that Smallbones cannot be hurt by mortal man, I shall say he can by woman, at all events; and then I shall make a proposition, which he'll accept fast enough, and then I'll have more hanging matter for him, besides getting rid of the cur. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, match a woman if you can. We'll see if your dog is to take possession of my bed-room again."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal again.

"And now I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Corporal; I will prepare it myself; and, then, Mr. Vanslyperken, shall have it grilled for his breakfast, and then he shall not eat it, but leave it for Smallbones, and then Smallbones shall pretend to eat it, but put it in his pocket, and then (for it won't do to do it on board, or he'll find out that the lad has given it to the dog) he shall bring it on shore, and give it to the dog here in the yard, so that he shall kill the dog himself, by wishing to kill others. Do you understand, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes! I understand what you say; but what is it that you are to prepare?"

"What! why, a red-herring, to be sure."

"But how will a red-herring kill a body or a dog?"

"Lord, corporal, how stupid you are; I'm to put arsenic in."

"Yes; but you left that out till now."

"Did I? well, that was an oversight; but now, corporal, you understand it all?"

"Mein Gott! yes; but if the lad does not die, what will he think?"

"Think! that he can take poison like pea-soup, without injury, and that neither man nor woman can touch his life; be afraid of the lad, and leave him alone."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the rather obtuse corporal, who now understood the whole plot.

Such was the snare laid for Mr. Vanslyperken by the treacherous widow, and before the cutter sailed, it was put in execution. She received the lieutenant now as an accepted lover, allowed him to talk of the day, wormed out of him all his secrets except that of his treason, abused Smallbones, and acknowledged that she had been too hasty about the dog, which she should be very happy to see on shore. Vanslyperken could hardly believe his senses—the widow forgive Snarleyyow, and all for his sake! He was delighted, enchanted, threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal gratitude with his lips—but vengeance in his heart.

O! Mr. Vanslyperken, you deserved to be deceived.

The dislike expressed by the widow against Smallbones was also very agreeable to the lieutenant, and he made her his confidant, stating what the corporal had told him relative to the appearance of Smallbones when he was adrift.

"Well then, lieutenant," said the widow, "if mortal man can't hurt him, mortal woman may; and for my love for you I will prepare what will rid you of him. But, Vanslyperken, recollect there's nothing I would not do for you; but if it were found out—O dear! O dear!"

The widow then informed him that she would prepare a red-herring with arsenic, which he should take on board, and order Smallbones to grill for his breakfast; that he was to pretend not to be well, and to allow it to be taken away by the lad, who would, of course, eat it fast enough.

"Excellent!" replied Vanslyperken, who felt not only that he would get rid of Smallbones, but have the widow in his power. "Dearest widow, how can I be sufficiently grateful? O! how kind, how amiable you are!" continued Vanslyperken, mumbling her fat fingers, which the widow abandoned to him without reserve.

Who would have believed that, between these two, there existed a deadly hatred? We might imagine such a thing to take place in the refinement and artificial air of a court, but not in a Dutch Lust Haus at Amsterdam. That evening, before his departure, did the widow present her swain with the fatal herring; and the swain received it with as many marks of gratitude and respect as some knight in ancient times would have shown when presented with some magical gift by his favouring genius.

The red-herring itself was but a red-herring, but the charm consisted in the two-pennyworth of arsenic.

The next morning Vanslyperken did not fail to order the red-herring for his breakfast, but took good care not to eat it.

Smallbones, who had been duly apprised of the whole plan, asked his master, as he cleared away, whether he should keep the red-herring for the next day; but Mr. Vanslyperken very graciously informed him that he might eat it himself. About an hour afterwards Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, taking with him, for the first time, Snarleyyow, and desiring Smallbones to come with him with a bag of biscuit for the widow. This plan had been proposed by the widow, as Smallbones might be supposed to have eaten something on shore. Smallbones took as good care as his master not to eat the herring, but put it in his pocket as a *bonne bouche* for Snarleyyow. Mr. Vanslyperken, as they pulled on shore, thought that the lad smelt very strong of herring, and this satisfied him that he had eaten it; but to make more sure, he exclaimed, "Confound, it how you smell of red-herring!"

"That's all along of having eaten one, sir," replied Smallbones, grinning.

"You'll grin in another way before an hour is over," thought his master.

The lieutenant, the dog, and the biscuit were all graciously received.

"Has he eaten it?" inquired the widow.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, with a nod. "Empty the bag, and I will send him on board again."

"Not yet, not yet—give him half an hour to saunter, it will be better. That poor dog of yours must want a little grass," said the widow, "always being on board. Let him run a little in the yard, he will find plenty there."

The obedient lieutenant opened the back door, and Snarleyyow, who had not forgotten either the widow or Babette, went out of his own accord. Mr. Vanslyperken looked to ascertain if the yard door which led to the street was fast, and then returned, shutting the back door after him.

Smallbones was waiting at the porch as usual.

"Babette," cried the widow, "mind you don't open the yard door, and let Mr. Vanslyperken's dog out. Do you hear?"

Smallbones, who understood this as the signal, immediately slipped round, opened the door, took the herring out of his pocket, and threw it to Snarleyyow. The dog came to it, smelt it, seized it, and walked off, with his ears and tail up, to the sunny side of the yard, intending to have a good meal; and Smallbones, who was afraid of Mr. Vanslyperken catching him in the fact, came out of the yard, and hastened to his former post at the porch. He caught Babette's eye, coming down stairs, and winked and smiled. Babette walked into the room, caught the eye of the mistress, and winked and smiled. Upon which, the widow ordered Babette to empty the bread-bag and give it to Smallbones, to take on board—an order repeated by Vanslyperken. Before he returned to the boat, Smallbones again passed round to the yard door. Snarleyyow was there, but no signs of the red-herring. "He's a eaten it all, by gum," said Smallbones, *grinning*, and walking away to the boat with the bread-bag over his shoulder. As soon as he had arrived on board, the lad communicated the fact to the crew of the Yungfrau, whose spirits were raised by the intelligence, with the exception still of old Coble, who shook his head, and declared, "It was two-pence and a red-herring thrown away."

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board in the afternoon, fully expecting to hear of Smallbones being very ill. He was surprised that the men in the boat did not tell him, and he asked them carelessly if there was any thing new on board, but received a reply in the negative. When he came on board followed by Snarleyyow, the eyes of the crew were directed towards the dog, to see how he looked; but he appeared just as lively and as cross-grained as ever, and they all shook their heads.

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones, and looked him hard in the face. "Ar'n't you well?" inquired he.

"Well, sir!" replied Smallbones; "I'd a bit of a twinge in my stummick this morning, but it's all gone off now."

Mr. Vanslyperken waited the whole day for Smallbones to die, but he did not. The crew of the vessel waited the whole day for the cur to die, but he did not. What inference could be drawn? The crew made up their minds that the dog was supernatural; and old Coble told them that he told them so. Mr. Vanslyperken made up his mind that Smallbones was supernatural; and the corporal shook his head, and told him that he told him so.

The reason why Snarleyyow did not die was simply this, that he did not eat the red-herring. He had just laid it between his paws, and was about to commence, when Smallbones, having left the yard door open in his hurry, the dog was perceived by a dog bigger than he, who happened to pass that way, and who pounced upon Snarleyyow, trampling him over and over, and walked off with the red-herring, which he had better have left alone, as he was found dead the next morning.

The widow heard, both from the corporal and Vanslyperken, the failure of both their projects. That Smallbones was not poisoned she was not surprised to hear, but she took care to agree with Vanslyperken that all attempts upon him were useless; but that the dog still lived was indeed a matter of surprise, and the widow became a convert to the corporal's opinion that the dog was not to be destroyed.

"A whole two-penn'orth of arsenic! Babette, only think what a cur it must be!" And Babette, as well as her mistrees, lifted up her hands in amazement, exclaiming, "What a cur, indeed!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken, although at fault, comes in for the brush.

VANSLYPERKEN, having obtained his despatches from the states-general, called at the house of Mynheer Krause, and received the letters of Ramsay; then once more the cutter's head was turned towards England.

It may be as well to remind the reader, that it was in the month of December, 1699, that we first introduced Mr. Vanslyperken and his contemporaries to his notice, and that all the important events, which we have recorded have taken place between that date and the month of May, which is now arrived. We think, indeed, that the peculiar merit of this work is its remarkable unity of time and place; for be it observed, we intend to finish it long before the year is out, and our whole scene is, it may be said, laid in the channel, or between the channel and the Texel, which, considering it as an historical novel, is remarkable. Examine other productions of this nature, founded upon historical facts like our own, and observe the difference. Read Scott, Bulwer, James, or Grattan, read their historical novels, and observe how they fly about from country to country, and from clime to clime. As the Scythians said to Alexander, their right arm extends to the east, and their left to the west, and the world can hardly contain them. And over how many years do they extend their pages? while our bantling is produced in the regular nine months, being the exact period of time which is required for my two volumes. It must, therefore, be allowed that in unity of time, and place, and design, and adherence to facts, our historical novel is unique.

We said that it was the month of May—not May coming in as she does sometimes in her caprice, pouting, and out of humour—but May all in smiles. The weather was warm, the sea was smooth, and the men of the cutter had stowed away their pea-jackets, and had pulled off their fishermen's boots and substituted shoes. Mr. Vanslyperken did not often appear on deck during the passage. He was very busy down below, and spread a piece of bunting across the skylight, so that no one could look down and see what he was about, and the cabin door was almost always locked. What could Mr. Vanslyperken be about? No one knew but Snarleyyow, and Snarleyyow could not or would not tell.

The cutter anchored in her old berth, and Vanslyperken, as usual, went on shore, with his double set of despatches, which were duly delivered; and then Mr. Vanslyperken went up the main street, and turned into a jeweller's shop. What could Mr. Vanslyperken do there? Surely it was to purchase something for the widow Vandersloosh—a necklace or a pair of ear-rings. No, it was not with that intention; but nevertheless, Mr. Vanslyperken remained there for a long while, and then was seen to depart. Seen by whom? By Moggy Salisbury, who had observed his entering, and who could not imagine why; she, however, said nothing, but she marked the shop, and walked away.

The next day, Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, to put into his mother's charge the money which he had received from Ramsay, and narrated all that had passed—how Smallbones had swallowed two-pennyworth of arsenic with no more effect upon him than one twinge in his stomach, and how he now fully believed that nothing would kill the boy.

"Pshaw! child—phut!—nonsense!—nothing kill him!—had he been in my hands, old as they are and shaking as they do, he would not have lived;—no, no—nobody escapes me when I am determined. We'll talk about that, but not now, Cornelius; the weather has turned warm at last, and there is no need of fire. Go, child, the money is locked up safe, and I have my mood upon me—I may even do you a mischief."

Vanslyperken, who knew that it was useless to remain after this hint, walked off and returned on board. As he pulled off, he passed a boat, apparently coming from the cutter, with Moggy Salisbury sitting in the stern-sheets. She waved her hand at him, and laughed ironically.

"Impudent hussey!" thought Vanslyperken, as she passed, but he dare not say a word. He turned pale with rage, and turned his head away; but little did he imagine, at the time, what great cause he had of indignation. Moggy had been three hours on board the cutter talking with the men, but more particularly with Smallbones and the corporal, with which two she had been in earnest conference for the first hour that she was on board.

Moggy's animosity to Vanslyperken is well known, and she ridiculed the idea of Snarleyyow being any thing more than an uncommon lucky dog in escaping so often. Smallbones was of her opinion, and again declared his intention of doing the dog a mischief as soon as he could. Moggy, after her conference with these two, mixed with the ship's company, with whom she had always been a favourite, and the corporal proceeded to superintend the cutting up and the distribution of the fresh beef which had that morning come on board.

The beef block was in the forecastle, where the major part of the crew, with Moggy, were assembled; Snarleyyow had always attended the corporal on these occasions, and was still the best of friends with him; for somehow or another, the dog had not seemed to consider the corporal a party to his brains being knocked out, but had put it all down to his natural enemy, Smallbones. The dog was, as usual, standing by the block close to the corporal, and picking up the fragments of beef which dropped from the chopper.

"I vowed by gum, that I'd have that ere dog's tail off," observed Smallbones; "and if no one will peach, off it shall go now. And who cares? If I can't a kill him dead, I'll get rid of him by bits. There's one eye out already, and now I've a mind for his tail. Corporal, lend me the cleaver."

"Bravo, Smallbones, we won't peach—not one of us."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Moggy; "some won't I know; but there are others who may, and then Smallbones will be keel-hauled as sure as fate, and Vanslyperken will have right on his side. No, no, Smallbones—you must not do it. Give me the cleaver, corporal, I'll do it; and any one may tell him who pleases, when he comes on board. I don't care for him—and he knows it, corporal. Hand me the cleaver."

"That's right, let Moggy do it," said the seamen.

The corporal turned the dog round, so as to leave his tail on the block, and fed him with small pieces of meat, to keep him in the same position.

"Are you all ready, Moggy?" said Smallbones.

"Back him a little more on the block, corporal, for I won't leave him an inch if I can help it," said Moggy; "and stand further back, all of you."

Moggy raised the cleaver, took good aim—down it came upon the dog's tail, which was separated within an inch of its insertion, and was left bleeding on the block, while the dog sprung away aft, howling most terribly, and leaving a dotted line of blood to mark his course upon the deck.

"There's a nice skewer-piece for any one who fancies it," observed Moggy, looking at the dog's tail, and throwing down the cleaver. "I think Mr. Vanslyperken has had enough now for trying to flog my Jemmy—my own duck of a husband."

"Well observed Coble, "seeing's believing; but, otherwise, I never would have thought it possible to have divided that ere dog's tail in that way."

"He can't be much of a devil now," observed Bill Spurey; "for what's a devil without a tail? A devil is like a sarpent, whose sting is in his tail."

"Yes," replied Short, who had looked on in silence. "But, I say, Moggy, perhaps it's as well for him not to find you on board."

"What do I care?" replied Moggy. "He is more afraid of me; but howsomever, it's just as well not to be here, as it may get others in trouble. Mind you say at once it was me—I defy him."

Moggy then wished them good-by, and quitted the cutter, when she was met, as we have already observed, by Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Mein Gott! vat must be done now?" observed the corporal to those about him, looking at the mangy tail, which still remained on the beef block.

"Done corporal?" replied Smallbones; "why, you must come for to go for to complain on it, as soon as he comes on board. You must take the tail in your hand, and take it to him, and purtend to be as angry and as sorry as himself, and damn *her* up in heaps. That's what must be done."

This was not bad advice on the part of Smallbones—the ship's company agreed to it, and the corporal perceived the propriety of it.

In the meantime, the dog had retreated to the cabin, and his howlings had gradually ceased; but he had left a track of blood along the deck, and down the ladder, which Dick Short perceiving, pointed to it, and cried out, "Swabs."

The men brought swabs aft, and had cleared the deck and the ladder down to the cabin door, when Mr. Vanslyperken came on board.

"Has that woman been here?" inquired Mr. Vanslyperken, as he came on deck.

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

"Did not I give positive orders that she should not?" cried Vanslyperken.

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then I do now," continued the lieutenant.

"Too late," observed Short, shrugging up his shoulders, and walking forward.

"Too late! what does he mean?" said Vanslyperken, turning to Coble.

"I knows nothing about it, sir," replied Coble. "She came for some of her husband's things that were left on board."

Vanslyperken turned round to look for the corporal for explanation.

There stood Corporal Van Spitter, perfectly erect, with a very melancholy face, one hand raised as usual to his cap, and the other occupied with the tail of Snarleyyow.

"What is it? what is the matter, corporal?"

"Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the corporal, retaining his respectful attitude, "here is de tail."

"Tail! what tail?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, casting his eyes upon the contents of the corporal's left hand.

"Te tog's tail, mynheer," replied the corporal, gravely, "which de dam tog's wife—Moggy—"

Vanslyperken stared; he could scarcely credit his eyesight, but there it was. For a time he could not speak for agitation: at last, with a tremendous oath, he darted into the cabin.

What were his feelings when he beheld Snarleyyow lying in a corner tailless, with a puddle of blood behind him!

"My poor, poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, covering up his face.

His sorrow soon changed to rage—he invoked all the curses he could imagine upon Moggy's head, he vowed revenge—he stamped with rage, and then he patted Snarleyyow; and as the beast looked wistfully in his face, Vanslyperken shed tears. "My poor, poor dog! first your eye—now your tail—what will your persecutors require next? Perdition seize them! may perdition be my portion if I am not revenged. Smallbones is at the bottom of all this; I can—I will be revenged on him."

Vanslyperken rang the bell, and the corporal made his appearance with the dog's tail still in his hand.

"Lay it down on the table, corporal," said Vanslyperken, mournfully, "and tell me how this happened."

The corporal then entered into a long detail of the way in which the dog had been *de*tailed—how he had been cutting up beef—and how, while his back was turned, and Snarleyyow, as usual, was at the block picking up the bits, Moggy Salisbury, who had been allowed to come on board by Mr. Short, had caught up the cleaver and chopped off the dog's tail.

"Was Smallbones at the block?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"He was, mynheer," replied the corporal.

"Who held the dog while his tail was chopped off?" inquired Vanslyperken; "some one must have held him."

This was a home question; but the corporal replied, "Yes, mynheer, some one must have held the tog."

"You did not hear who it was, or if it were Smallbones?"

"I did not, mynheer," replied the corporal; "but," added he, with a significant look, "I tink I could say."

"Yes, yes, corporal, I know who you mean. It was him—I am sure—and as sure as I sit here I'll be revenged. Bring a swab, corporal, and wipe up all this blood. Do you think the poor animal will recover?"

"Yes, mynheer; there be togs with tail and togs without tail."

"But the loss of blood—what must be done to stop the bleeding?"

"Dat d—n woman Moggy, when I say te tog die—tog bleed to death, she say, tell Mynheer Vanslyperken dat de best ting for cure de cur be de red-hot poker."

Here Vanslyperken stamped his feet and swore horribly.

"She say, mynheer, it stop all de bleeding."

"I wish she had a hot poker down her body," exclaimed Vanslyperken, bitterly.

"Go for the swab, corporal, and send Smallbones here."

Smallbones made his appearance.

"Did you come for—to want me, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I understand from the corporal that you held the dog while that woman cut his tail."

"If so be as how as the corporal says that ere," cried Smallbones, striking the palm of his left hand with his right fist, "why I am jiggered if he don't tell a lie as big as himself—that's all. That ere man is my mortal henemy; and if that ere dog gets into trouble, I'm a sartain to be in trouble too. What should I cut the dog's tail off for, I should like for to know? I ar'n't so hungry as all that, any how."

The idea of eating his dog's tail increased the choler of Mr. Vanslyperken. With looks of malignant vengeance he ordered Smallbones out of the cabin.

"Shall I shy this here overboard, sir?" said Smallbones, taking up the dog's tail, which lay on the table.

"Drop it, sir!" roared Vanslyperken.

Smallbones walked away, grinning with delight, but his face was turned from Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal returned, swabbed up the blood, and reported that the bleeding had stopped. Mr. Vanslyperken had no further orders for him—he wished to be left alone. He leaned his head upon his hand, and remained for some time in a melancholy revery, with his eyes fixed upon the tail, which lay before him—that tail, now a "bleeding piece of earth," which never was to welcome him with a wag again. What passed in Vanslyperken's mind during this time, it would be difficult and too long to repeat, for the mind flies over time and space with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. At last he rose, took up the dog's tail, put it into his pocket, went on deck, ordered his boat, and pulled on shore.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken drives a very hard bargain.

We will be just and candid in our opinion relative to the historical facts which we are now narrating. Party spirit, and various other feelings, independent of misrepresentation, do, at the time, induce people to form their judgment, to say the best, harshly, and but too often incorrectly. It is for posterity to calmly weigh the evidence handed down, and to examine into the merits of a case divested of party bias. Actuated by these feelings, we do not hesitate to assert, that, in the point at question, Mr. Vanslyperken had great cause for being displeased; and that the conduct of Moggy Salisbury, in cutting off the tail of Snarleyyow, was, in our opinion, not justifiable.

There is a respect for property, inculcated and protected by the laws, which should never be departed from; and, whatever may have been the aggressions on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken, or of the dog, still a tail is a tail, and whether mangy or not, is *bona fide* a part of the living body; and this aggression must inevitably come under the head of the cutting and maiming act, which act, however, it must, with the same candour which will ever guide our pen, be acknowledged, was not passed until a much later period than that to the history of which our narrative refers.

Having thus, with all deference, offered our humble opinion, we shall revert to facts. Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, with the dog's tail in his pocket. He walked with rapid strides towards the half-way houses, in one of which was the room tenanted by his aged mother; for to whom else could he apply for consolation in this case of severe distress? That it was Moggy Salisbury who gave the cruel blow, was a fact completely substantiated by evidence; but that it was Smallbones who held the dog, and who thereby became an active participator, and therefore equally culpable, was a surmise to which the insinuations of the corporal had given all the authority of direct evidence. And, as Mr. Vanslyperken felt that Moggy was not only out of his power, but even if in his power, that he dare not retaliate upon her, for reasons which we have already explained to our readers; it was, therefore, clear to him, that Smallbones was the party upon whom his indignation could be the most safely vented; and, moreover, that in so doing, he was only paying off a long accumulating debt of hatred and ill-will. But, at the same time, Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind that a lad who could be floated out to the Ower's Light and back again without sinking—who could have a bullet through his head without a mark remaining—and who could swallow a whole two-pennyworth of arsenic without feeling more than a twinge in his stomach, was not so very easily to be made away with. That the corporal's vision was no fiction, was evident—the lad was not to be hurt by mortal man; and although the widow's arsenic had failed, Mr. Vanslyperken, in his superstition accounted for it on the grounds that the woman was not the active agent on the occasion, having only prepared the herring, it not having been received from her hands by Smallbones. The reader may recollect that in the last interview between Vanslyperken and his mother, the latter had thrown out hints that if she took Smallbones in hand, he would not have such miraculous escapes as he had had, as in all she undertook, she did her business thoroughly. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Vanslyperken went to pour forth his sorrows, and to obtain the assistance of his much-to-be-respected and venerable mother.

"Well, child, what is it—is it money you bring?" cried the old woman, when Vanslyperken entered the room.

"No, mother," replied Vanslyperken, throwing himself on the only chair in the room, except the one with the legs cut off half-way up, upon which his mother was accustomed to rock herself before the grate. "No, mother; but I have brought something—and I come to you for advice and assistance."

"Brought no money—yet brought something!—well, child, what have you brought?"

"This!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing the dog's tail down upon the table.

"This!" repeated the old beldam, lifting up the tail, and examining it as well as she could, as the vibration of her palsied members were communicated to the article; "and pray, child, what is this?"

"Are you blind, old woman," replied Vanslyperken, in wrath, "not to perceive that it is my poor dog's tail?"

"Blind old woman! and dog's tail, eh! Blind old woman, eh! Mr. Cornelius, you dare to call me a blind old woman, and to bring here the mangy tail of a dog, and to lay it on my table! Is this your duty, sirrah? How dare you take such liberties? There, sir," cried the hag, in a rage, catching hold of the tail, and sending it flying out of the casement, which was open; "there, sir—and now you may follow your tail. D'ye hear?—leave the room instantly, or I'll cleave your craven skull. Blind old woman, forsooth—undutiful child—"

Vanslyperken, in spite of his mother's indignation, could not prevent his eyes from following the tail of his dog, as it sailed through the ambient air surrounding the half-way houses, and was glad to observe it landed among some cabbage leaves thrown into the road, without attracting notice. Satisfied that he should regain his treasure when he quitted the house, he now turned round to deprecate his mother's wrath, who had not yet completed the sentence which we have quoted above.

"I supplicate your pardon, my dear mother," said Vanslyperken, who felt that in her present humour he was not likely to gain the point with her that he had in contemplation. "I was so vexed—so irritated that I knew not what I was saying."

"Blind old woman, indeed!" repeated the beldam.

"I again beg you to forgive me, dearest mother," continued Vanslyperken.

"All about a dog's tail cut off. Better off than on—so much the less mange on the snarling cur."

This was touching up Vanslyperken on the raw; but he had a great object in view, and he restrained his feelings.

"I was wrong, mother—very wrong—but I have done all I can, I have begged your pardon. I came here for your advice and assistance."

"What advice and assistance can you expect from a blind old woman?" retorted the old hag. "And what advice or assistance does so undutiful a child deserve?"

It was some time before the ruffled temper of the beldam could be appeased; at last, Vanslyperken succeeded.

He then entered into a detail of all that had passed, and concluded by observing, "that as Smallbones was not to be injured by mortal man, he had come to her for assistance."

"That is to say—you have come to me to ask me to knock the lad's brains out—to take away his life—to murder him, in fact. Say, Cornelius, is it not so?"

"It is exactly so, my dearest mother. I know your courage—your—"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that; but, now hear me, child. There are deeds which are done, and which I have done, but those deeds are only done upon strong impulses. Murder is one; but people murder for two reasons only—for revenge and for gold. People don't do such acts as are to torture their minds here, and perhaps be punished hereafter—that is, if there be one, child. I say, people don't do such deeds as these, merely because a graceless son comes to them, and says, 'If you please, mother.' Do you understand that, child? I've blood enough on my hands already—good blood, too—they are not defiled with the scum of a parish boy, nor shall they be, without—"

"Without what, mother?"

"Have I not told you, Cornelius, that there are but two great incitements—revenge and gold? I have no revenge against the lad. If you have—if you consider that a dog's tail demands a human victim—well and good—do the deed yourself."

"I would," cried Vanslyperken, "but I have tried in vain. It must be done by woman."

"Then hear me, Cornelius; if it must be done by woman, you must find a woman to do it, and you must pay her for the deed. Murder is at a high price. You apply to me—I am content to do the deed; but I must have gold—and plenty too."

Vanslyperken paused before he replied. The old woman had charge of all his money—she was on the verge of the grave—for what could she require his gold?—could she be so foolish?—it was insanity. Vanslyperken was right—it was insanity, for avarice is no better.

"Do you mean, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "that you want gold from me?"

"From whom else?" demanded the old woman, sharply.

"Take it, then, mother—take as many pieces as you please."

"I must have all that there is in that chest, Cornelius."

"All, mother?"

"Yes, all; and what is it, after all? What price is too high for blood which calls for retribution? Besides, Cornelius, it must be all yours again when I die; but I shall not die yet—no, no."

"Well, mother," replied Vanslyperken, "if it must be so, it shall all be yours—not that I can see what difference it makes, whether it is called yours or mine."

"Then why not give it freely? Why do you hesitate to give to your poor old mother what may be yours again before the leaf again falls? Ask yourself why, Cornelius, and then you have my answer. The gold is here in my charge, but it is not *my* gold—it is yours. You little think how often I've laid in bed and longed that it was all *mine*. Then I would count it—count it again and again—watch over it, not as I do now as a mere deposit in my charge, but as a mother would watch and smile upon her first-born child. There is a talisman in that word *mine*, that not approaching *death* can wean from *life*. It is our natures, child—say, then, is all that gold *mine?*"

Vanslyperken paused; he also felt the magic of the word; and although it was but a nominal and temporary divestment of the property, even that gave him a severe struggle; but his avarice was overcome by his feelings of revenge, and he answered solemnly, "As I hope for revenge, mother, *all* that gold is *yours*, provided that you do the deed."

Here the old hag burst into a sort of shrieking laugh. "Send him here, child;" and the almost unearthly cachinnation was continued—"send him here, child—I can't go to seek him—and it is done—only bring him here."

As soon as this compact had been completed, Vanslyperken and his mother had a consultation, and it was agreed that it would be advisable not to attempt the deed until the day before the cutter sailed, as it would remove all suspicion, and be supposed that the boy had deserted. This arrangement having been made, Vanslyperken made rather a hasty retreat. The fact was, that he was anxious to recover the fragment of Snarleyyow, which his mother had so contemptuously thrown out of the casement.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taken for a witch.

Mr. Vanslyperken hastened into the street, and walked towards the heap of cabbage leaves, in which he observed the object of his wishes to have fallen; but there was some one there before him, an old sow, very busy groping among the refuse. Although Vanslyperken had come on shore without even a stick in his hand, he had no fear of a pig, and walked up boldly to drive her away, fully convinced that although she might like cabbage, not being exactly carnivorous, that he should find the tail in *statu quo*. But it appeared that the sow not only would not stand being interfered with, but, moreover, was carnivorously inclined; for she was at that very moment routing the tail about with her nose, and received Vanslyperken's advance with an irascible grunt, throwing her head at him with a savage augh! and then again busied herself with the fragment of Snarleyyow. Vanslyperken, who had started back, perceived that the sow was engaged with the very article in question; and finding it was a service of more danger than he had expected, picked up one or two large stones, and threw them at the animal to drive her away. This mode of attack had the effect desired in one respect; the sow made a retreat, but at the same time she would not retreat without the *bonne bouche*, which she carried away in her mouth.

Vanslyperken followed; but the sow proved that she could fight as well as run, every minute turning round to bay, and chumping and grumbling in a very formidable manner. At last, after Vanslyperken had chased for a quarter of a mile, he received unexpected assistance from a large dog, who bounded from the side of the road, where he lay in the sun, and seizing the sow by the ear, made her drop the tail to save her own bacon.

Vanslyperken was delighted; he hastened up as fast as he could to regain his treasure, when, to his mortification, the great dog, who had left the sow, arrived at the spot before him, and after smelling at the not one bone but many bones of contention, he took it in his mouth, and trotted off to his former berth in the sunshine, laid himself down, and the tail before him.

"Surely one dog won't eat another dog's tail," thought Vanslyperken, as he walked up to the animal; but an eye like fire, a deep growl, and exposure of a range of teeth equal to a hyena's, convinced Mr. Vanslyperken that it would be wise to retreat—which he did to a respectable distance, and attempted to coax the dog. "Poor doggy, there's a dog," cried Vanslyperken, snapping his fingers, and approaching gradually. To his horror, the dog did the same thing: he rose, and approached Mr. Vanslyperken gradually, and snapped his fingers; not content with that, he flew at him and tore the skirt of his great-coat clean off, and also the hinder part of his trousers, for Mr. Vanslyperken immediately turned tail, and the dog appeared resolved to have his tail as well as that of his darling cur. Satisfied with about half a yard of broadcloth as a trophy, the dog returned to his former situation, and remained with the tail of the coat and the tail of the cur before him, with his fierce eyes fixed upon Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now retreated to a greater distance.

But this transaction was not unobserved by several of the people who inhabited the street of cottages. Many eyes were directed to where Mr. Vanslyperken and the sow and dog had been at issue, and many were the conjectures thereon.

When the dog retreated with the skirt of the great-coat, many came out to ascertain what was the cause of the dispute, and among others, the man to whom the dog belonged, and who lived at the cottage opposite to where the dog had laid down. He observed Vanslyperken, looking very much like a vessel whose sails have been split in a gale, and very rueful at the same time, standing at a certain distance, quite undecided how to act, and he called out to him, "What is it you want with my dog, man?"

Man! Vanslyperken thought this designation an affront; whereas, in our opinion, Vanslyperken was an affront to the name of man. "Man!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "why your dog has taken my property."

"Then take your property," replied the other, tossing to him the skirt of his coat, which he had taken from the dog.

By this time there was a crowd collected from out of the various surrounding tenements.

"That's not all," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "he has got my dog's tail there."

"Your dog's tail!" exclaimed the man, "what do you mean? Is it this ragged mangy thing you would have?" and the man took the tail of Snarleyyow, and held it up to the view of the assembled crowd.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, coming towards the man with eagerness; "that is what I want," and held out his hand to receive it.

"And pray, may I ask," replied the other, looking very suspiciously at Vanslyperken, "what can you want with this piece of carrion?"

"To make soup of," replied another, laughing; "he can't afford ox-tail."

Vanslyperken made an eager snatch at his treasure; but the man lifted it up on the other side, out of his reach.

"Let us have a look at this chap," said the first, examining Vanslyperken, whose peaked nose and chin, small ferret eyes, and downcast look, were certainly not in his favour; neither were his old and now tattered habiliments. Certainly no one would have taken Vanslyperken for a king's officer—unfortunately they took him for something else.

"Now tell me, fellow, what were you going to do with this?" inquired the man, in a severe tone.

"I sha'n't tell you," replied Vanslyperken.

"Why, that's the chap that I sees go in and out of the room where the old hell-fire witch lives, who curses all day long."

"I thought as much," observed the man, who still held up the cur's tail. "Now I appeal to you all, what can a fellow want with such a thing as this—ay, my good people, and want it so much, too, as to risk being torn to pieces for it—if he ar'n't inclined to evil practices?"

"That's sartain sure," replied another.

"A witch—a witch!" cried the whole crowd.

"Let's duck him—tie his thumbs—away with him—come along, my lads, away with him."

Although there were not at the time we write about regular witch-finders, as in the time of James I., still the feeling against witches, and the belief that they practised, still existed. They were no longer handed over to the summary and capital punishment, but whenever suspected they were sure to meet with very rough treatment. Such was the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was now seized by the crowd, buffeted, and spit upon, and dragged to the parish pump, there being, fortunately for him, no horse-pond near. After having been well beaten, pelted with mud, his clothes torn off his back, his hat taken away and stamped upon, he was held under the pump and drenched for nearly half an hour, until he laid beneath the spout in a state of complete exhaustion. The crowd were then satisfied, and he was left to get away how he could, which he did, after a time, in a most deplorable plight, bareheaded, in his shirt and torn trousers. He contrived to walk as far as to the house where his mother resided, was admitted to her room, when he fell exhausted on the bed. The old woman was astonished; and having some gin in her cupboard, revived him by administering a small quantity, and in the course of half an hour Vanslyperken could tell his story; but all the consolation he received from the old beldam was, "Serve you right too for being such an ass. I suppose you'll be bringing the stupid people about my ears soon—they've hooted me before now. Ah, well—I'll not be pumped upon for nothing—my knife is a sharp one."

Vanslyperken had clothes under his mother's charge, and he dressed himself in another suit, and then hastened away, much mortified and confounded with the latter events of the day. The result of his arrangements with his mother was, however, a balm to his wounded spirit, and he looked upon Smallbones as already dead. He hastened down into his cabin, as soon as he arrived on board, to ascertain the condition of Snarleyyow, whom he found as well as could be expected, and occasionally making unavailing attempts to lick the stump of his tail.

"My poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "what have you suffered, and what have I suffered for you? Alas! if I am to suffer as I have to-day for only your tail, what shall I go through for your whole body?" And as Vanslyperken recalled his misfortunes, so did his love increase for the animal who was the cause of them. Why so we cannot tell, except, that it has been so from the beginning, is so now, and always will be the case, for the best of all possible reasons—that it is *human nature.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In which is recorded a most barbarous and bloody murder.

We observed, in a previous chapter, that Mr. Vanslyperken was observed by Moggy Salisbury to go into a jeweller's shop, and remain there some time, and that Moggy was very inquisitive to know what it was that could induce Mr. Vanslyperken to go into so unusual a resort for him.

The next day she went into the shop upon a pretence of looking at some ear-rings, and attempted to enter into conversation with the jeweller; but the jeweller, not perhaps admiring Moggy's appearance, and not thinking her likely to be a customer, dismissed her with very short answers. Failing in her attempt, Moggy determined to wait till Nancy Corbett should come over, for she knew that Nancy could dress and assume the fine lady, and be more likely to succeed than herself. But although Moggy could not penetrate into the mystery, it is necessary the reader should be informed of the proceedings of Mr. Vanslyperken.

When Ramsay had shown him how to open the government despatches, and had provided him with the false seals for the re-impressions, he forgot that he also was pointing out to Vanslyperken the means of also opening his own, and discovering his secrets, as well as those of government; but Vanslyperken, who hated Ramsay, on account of his behaviour towards him, and would with pleasure have seen the whole of his party, as well as himself, on the gibbet, thought that it might be just as well to have two strings to his bow; and he argued, that if he could open the letters of the conspirators, and obtain their secrets, they would prove valuable to him, and perhaps save his neck, if he were betrayed to the government. On his passage, therefore, to Amsterdam, he had carefully examined the seal of Ramsay, and also that on the letters forwarded to him; and having made a drawing, and taken the impression in wax, as a further security, he had applied to the jeweller in question to get him seals cut out with these impressions, and of the exact form and size. The jeweller, who cared little what he did, provided that he was well paid, asked no questions, but a very high price; and Vanslyperken, knowing that they would be cheap to him at any price, closed with him on his own terms, provided that they were immediately forthcoming. In the week, according to the agreement, the seals were prepared. Mr. Vanslyperken paid his money, and now was waiting for orders to sail.

The dog's stump was much better.

On the ninth day a summons to the admiral's house was sent, and Vanslyperken was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail the next morning at daylight. He immediately repaired to the Jew's to give intimation, and from thence to his mother's to prepare her for the arrival of Smallbones that evening a little before dusk.

Vanslyperken had arranged that, as soon as the murder had been committed, he would go to the Jew's for letters, and then hasten on board, sailing the next morning at daylight; so that, if there were any discovery, the whole onus might be on his mother, who, for all he cared, might be hung. It is a true saying, that a good mother makes a good son.

When Vanslyperken intimated to Smallbones that he was going on shore in the evening, and should take him with him, the lad did not forget the last walk that he had in company with his master, and, apprehensive that some mischief was intended, he said, "I hope it ar'n't for to fetch another walk in the country, sir?"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "it's to take some biscuit up to a poor old woman close by. I don't want to be robbed, any more than you do, Smallbones."

But the very quick reply of his master only increased the apprehension of Smallbones, who left the cabin, and hastened to Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him.

Corporal Van Spitter was of the same opinion as Smallbones, that mischief was intended him, and offered to provide him with a pistol; but Smallbones, who knew little about fire-arms, requested that he might have a bayonet instead, which he could use better. He was supplied with this, which he concealed within his shirt, and when ordered, he went into the boat with Vanslyperken. They landed, and it was dark before they arrived at the half-way houses. Vanslyperken ascended the stairs, and ordered Smallbones to follow him. As soon as they were in the room, Mr. Vanslyperken said, "Here is the biscuit, good woman, and much good may it do you."

"It's very kind of you, sir, and many thanks. It's not often that people are charitable now-a-days, and this has been a hard winter for poor folk. Put the bag down there, my good little fellow," continued the old hypocrite, addressing Smallbones.

"And now, good woman, I shall leave my lad with you, till I come back. I have to call at a friend's, and I need not take him. Smallbones, stay here till I return; get the biscuit out of the bag, as we must take that on board again."

Smallbones had no objection to remain with the withered, palsied old woman. He could have no fear of her, and he really began to think that his master had been guilty of charity.

Mr. Vanslyperken departed, leaving Smallbones in company with his mother.

"Come now, my lad, come to the chair, and sit down by the fire," for a fire had been lighted by the old woman expressly, "sit down, and I'll see if I can find you something in my cupboard; I have, I know, a drop of cordial left somewhere. Sit down, child; you have had the kindness to bring the bread up for me, and I am grateful."

The tones of the old beldam's voice were very different from those she usually indulged in; there was almost a sweetness about them, which proved what she might have effected at the period when she was fair and young. Smallbones felt not the least disquietude; he sat down in the chair by the fire, while the old woman looked in the cupboard behind him for the cordial, of which she poured him a good allowance in a tea-cup.

Smallbones sipped and sipped, he was not in a hurry to get rid of it, as it was good; the old woman went again to the cupboard, rattled the things about a little, and then, on a sudden, taking out a large hammer, as Smallbones unconsciously sipped, she raised it with both her hands, and down came the blow on his devoted head.

The poor lad dropped the cup, sprung up convulsively, staggered, and then fell. Once he rolled over, his leg quivered, and he then moved no more.

The beldam watched him with the hammer in her hand, ready to repeat the blow, if necessary; indeed she would have repeated it had it not been that after he fell, in turning over, Smallbones' head had rolled under the low bedstead where she slept.

"My work is sure, muttered she, "and *all* the *gold* is *mine*."

Again she watched, but there was no motion—a stream of blood appeared from under the bed, and ran in a little rivulet towards the fire-place.

"I wish I could pull him out," said the old woman, lugging at the lad's legs; "another blow or two would make more sure." But the effort was above her strength, and she abandoned it. "It's no matter," muttered she; "he'll never tell tales again."

But there the old hag was mistaken; Smallbones had been stunned, but not killed; the blow of the hammer had fortunately started off, divided the flesh of the skull for three inches, with a gash which descended to his ear. At the very time that she uttered her last expressions, Smallbones was recovering his senses, but he was still confused, as if in a dream.

"Yes, yes," said the old woman, after some minutes' pause, "all the gold is mine."

The lad heard this sentence, and he now remembered where he was, and what had taken place. He was about to rise, when there was a knocking at the door, and he lay still. It was Vanslyperken. The door was opened by the old beldam.

"Is it done?" said he, in a loud whisper.

"Done!" cried the hag; "yes, and well done. Don't tell me of charmed life. My blows are sure—see there."

"Are you sure that he is dead?"

"Quite sure, child—and all the gold is mine."

Vanslyperken looked with horror at the stream of blood still flowing, and absorbed by the ashes in the grate.

"It was you did it, mother; recollect it was not me," cried he.

"I did it—and you paid for it—and all the gold is mine."

"But are you quite sure that he is dead?"

"Sure—yes, and in judgment now, if there is any."

Vanslyperken surveyed the body of Smallbones, who, although he had heard every word, lay without motion, for he knew his life depended on it. After a minute or two the lieutenant was satisfied.

"I must go on board now, mother; but what will you do with the body?"

"Leave that to me; who ever comes in here? Leave that to me, craven, and, as you say, go on board."

Vanslyperken opened the door, and went out of the room; the old hag made the door fast, and then sat down on the chair, which she replaced by the side of the fire, with her back to Smallbones.

The lad felt very faint from loss of blood, and was sick at the stomach, but his senses were in their full vigour. He now was assured that Vanslyperken was gone, and that he had only the old woman opposed to him. His courage was unsubdued, and he resolved to act in self-defence if required; and he softly drew the bayonet out of his breast, and then watched the murderous old hag, who was rocking herself in the chair.

"Yes, yes, the gold is mine," muttered she—"I've won it, and I'll count it. I won it dearly;—another murder—well, 'tis but one more. Let me see, and what shall I do with the body? I must burn it, by bits and bits—and I'll count the gold—it's all mine, for he's dead."

Here the old woman turned round to look at the body, and her keen eyes immediately perceived that there was a slight change of position.

"Heh!" cried she, "not quite dead yet; we must have the hammer again," and she rose from her chair, and walked in an unsteady pace to pick up the hammer, which was at the other side of the fireplace. Smallbones, who felt that now was his time, immediately rose, but before he could recover his feet, she had turned round to him: with a sort of low yell, she darted at him with an agility not to be imagined in one of her years and decrepit appearance, and struck at him. Smallbones raised his left arm, and received the blow, and with his right plunged the bayonet deep into the wrinkled throat of the old woman. She grappled with him, and the struggle was dreadful; she caught his throat in one of her bony hands, and the nails pierced into it like the talons of a bird of prey—the fingers of the other she inserted into the jagged and gaping wound on his head, and forced the flesh still more asunder, exerting all her strength to force him on his back; but the bayonet was still in her throat, and with the point descending towards the body, and Smallbones forced and forced it down, till it was buried to the hilt. In a few seconds the old hag loosed her hold, quivered, and fell back dead: and the lad was so exhausted with the struggle, and his previous loss of blood, that he fell into a swoon at the side of the corpse.

When Smallbones recovered, the candle was flickering in the socket. He rose up in a sitting posture, and tried to recollect all that had passed.

The alternating light of the candle flashed upon the body of the old woman, and he remembered all. After a few minutes, he was able to rise, and he sat down upon the bed giddy and faint. It occurred to him that he would soon be in the dark, and would require the light to follow up his intended movements, so he rose, and went to the cupboard to find one. He found a candle, and he also found the bottle of cordial, of which he drank all that was left, and felt himself revived, and capable of acting. Having put the other candle into the candlestick, he looked for water, washed himself, and bound up his head with his handkerchief. He then wiped up the blood from the floor, threw some sand over the part, and burnt the towel in the grate. His next task was one of more difficulty, to lift up the body of the old woman, put it into the bed, and cover it up with the clothes, previously drawing out the bayonet. No blood issued from the wound—the hemorrhage was all internal. He covered up the face, took the key of the door, and tried it in the lock, put the candle under the grate to burn out safely, took possession of the hammer; then having examined the door, he went out, locked it from the outside, slid the key in beneath the door, and hastened away as fast as he could. He was not met by any body, and was soon safe in the street with the bayonet, which he again concealed in his vest.

These precautions taken by Smallbones proved that the lad had conduct as well as courage. He argued that it was not advisable that it should be known that this fatal affray had taken place between the old woman and himself. Satisfied with having preserved his life, he was unwilling to be embroiled in a case of murder, as he wished to prosecute his designs with his companions on board.

He knew that Vanslyperken was capable of swearing any thing against him, and that his best safety lay in the affair not being found out, which it could not be until the cutter had sailed, and no one had seen him either enter or go out. There was another reason which induced Smallbones to act as he did—without appealing to the authorities—which was, that if he returned on board, it would create such a shock to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had, as he supposed, seen him lying dead upon the floor. But there was one person to whom he determined to apply to for advice before he decided how to proceed, and that was Moggy Salisbury, who had given her address to him when she had gone on board the Yungfrau. To her house he therefore repaired, and found her at home. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening.

Moggy was much surprised to see Smallbones enter in such a condition; but Smallbones' story was soon told, and Moggy sent for a surgeon, the services of whom the lad seriously required. While his wound was dressing, which was asserted by them to have been received in a fray, Moggy considered what would be the best method to proceed. The surgeon stated his intention of seeing Smallbones the next day, but he was requested to leave him sufficient dressing, as it was necessary that he should repair on board, as the vessel which he belonged to sailed on the following morning. The surgeon received his fee, recommended quiet and repose, and retired.

A consultation then took place. Smallbones expressed his determination to go on board; he did not fear Mr. Vanslyperken, as the crew of the cutter would support him,—and, moreover, it would frighten Mr. Vanslyperken out of his wits. To this Moggy agreed, but she proposed that instead of making his appearance on the following morning, he should not appear to Mr. Vanslyperken until the vessel was in the blue water; if possible, not till she was over on the other side. And Moggy determined to go on board, see the corporal, and make the arrangements with him and the crew, who were now unanimous, for the six marines were at the beck of the corporal, so that Mr. Vanslyperken should be frightened out of his wits. Desiring Smallbones to lie down on her bed, and take the rest he so much needed, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and taking a boat, pulled gently alongside the cutter.

Vanslyperken had been on board for two hours, and was in his cabin; the lights, however, were still burning. The corporal was still up, anxiously waiting for the return of Smallbones, and he was very much alarmed when he heard Moggy come alongside. Moggy soon detailed to the corporal, Dick Short, and Coble, all that had taken place, and what it was proposed should be done. They assented willingly to the proposal, declaring that if Vanslyperken attempted to hurt the lad, they would rise, and throw Mr. Vanslyperken overboard; and every thing being arranged, Moggy was about to depart, when Vanslyperken, who was in a state of miserable anxiety and torture, who had been drowning his conscience in scheedam, came on deck not a little the worse for what he had been imbibing.

"Who is that woman?" cried Vanslyperken.

"That woman is Moggy Salisbury," cried Moggy, walking up to Vanslyperken, while the corporal skulked forward without being detected.

"Have I not given positive orders that this woman does not come on board?" cried Vanslyperken, holding on by the skylight. "Who is that—Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Short.

"Why did you allow her to come on board?"

"I came without leave," said Moggy, "I brought a message on board."

"A message! what message—to whom?"

"To you," replied Moggy.

"To me—from whom, you cockatrice?"

"I'll tell you," replied Moggy, walking close up to him; "from Lazarus the Jew. Will you hear it, or shall I leave it with Dick Short?"

"Silence—silence—not a word; come down into the cabin, good Moggy. Come down—I'll hear it then."

"With all my heart, Mr. Vanslyperken, but none of your attacks on my vartue; recollect I'm an honest woman."

"Don't be afraid, my good Moggy—I never hurt a child."

"I don't think you ever did," retorted Moggy, following Vanslyperken, who could hardly keep his feet.

"Well, there's Abracadabra there, any how," observed Coble to Short, as they went down. "Why she turns him round her finger."

"Yes," quoth Short.

"I can't comprehend this not no how."

"No," replied Short.

As soon as they were in the cabin, Moggy observed the bottle of scheedam on the table. "Come, Mr. Vanslyperken you'll treat me to-night and drink my health again, won't you?"

"Yes, Moggy, yes—we're friends now, you know;" for Vanslyperken, like all others suffering under the stings of conscience, was glad to make friends with his bitterest enemy.

"Come, then, help me, Mr. Vanslyperken, and then I'll give my message."

As soon as Moggy had taken her glass of scheedam, she began to think what she would say, for she had no message ready prepared; at last a thought struck her.

"I am desired to tell you, that when a passenger, or a person disguised as a sailor, either asks for a passage, or volunteers for the vessel, you are to take him on board immediately, even if you should know them in their disguise not to be what they pretend to be—do you understand?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who was quite muddled.

"Whether they apply from here, or from the other side of the channel, no consequence, you must take them—if not—"

"If not, what?" replied Vanslyperken.

"You'll swing, that's all, my buck. Good night to you," replied Moggy, leaving the cabin.

"I'll swing," muttered Vanslyperken, rolling against the bulk-head. "Well, if I do, others shall swing too. Who cares? damn the fagot!"

Here Mr. Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, the contents of which overthrew the small remnant of his reasoning faculties. He then tumbled into his bed with his clothes on, saying, as he turned on his side, "Smallbones is dead and gone, at all events."

Moggy took leave of her friends on deck, and pushed on shore. She permitted Smallbones, whom she found fast asleep, to remain undisturbed until nearly three o'clock in the morning, during which time she watched by the bedside. She then roused him, and they sallied forth, took a boat, and dropped alongside of the cutter. Smallbones' hammock had been prepared for him by the corporal. He was put into it, and Moggy then left the vessel.

Mr. Vanslyperken was in a state of torpor during this proceeding, and was, with great difficulty, awoke by the corporal, according to orders given, when it was daylight, and the cutter was to weigh anchor.

"Smallbones has not come off, sir, last night," reported the corporal.

"I suppose the scoundrel has deserted," replied Vanslyperken, "I fully expected that he would. However, he is no loss, for he was a useless, idle, lying rascal." And Mr. Vanslyperken turned out; having all his clothes on, he had no occasion to dress. He went on deck, followed by the tailless Snarleyyow, and in half an hour the cutter was standing out towards St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XL.

In which a most horrid spectre disturbs the equanimity of Mr. Vanslyperken.

Two days was the cutter steering with light winds for the Texel, during which Mr. Vanslyperken kept himself altogether in his cabin. He was occasionally haunted with the memory of the scene in his mother's room. Smallbones dead, and the stream of blood running along the floor, and his mother's diabolical countenance, with the hammer raised in her palsied hands. But he had a monitor to his vengeance beside him, which appeared to relieve his mind whenever it was oppressed. It was the stump of Snarleyyow, and when he looked at that, he no longer regretted, but congratulated himself on the deed being done. His time was fully occupied during the day, for with locked doors he was transcribing the letters sent to Ramsay, and confided to him.

He was not content with taking extracts, as he did of the government despatches for Ramsay; he copied every word, and he replaced the seals with great dexterity. At night his mind was troubled, and he dare not lay himself down to rest until he had fortified himself with several glasses of scheedam. Even then his dreams frightened him. But he was to be more frightened yet.

Corporal Van Spitter came into the cabin on the third morning with a very anxious face. "Mein Gott, Mynheer Vansylperken! all de whole crew be in de mutinys."

"Mutiny!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "what's the matter?"

"Dey say, sir, dat dey see the ghost of Smallbones last night on de bowsprit; with one great cut on his head, and de blood all over de face."

"Saw what? who saw him?"

"Mein Gott, mynheer, it all true. I really think I see it myself at de taffrail. He sit there, and have great wound from here down to there," said the corporal, pointing to his own head, and describing the wound exactly. "The people say that he must have been murdered, and dey kick up de mutiny."

"I did not do it, corporal, at all events," replied Vanslyperken, pale and trembling.

"So Smallbones tell Dick Short, when he speak to him on de bowsprit."

"Did it speak to Short?" inquired Vanslyperken, catching the corporal's arm.

"Yes, mynheer, Short speak first, and den all de ghost say dat you not do it; but dat you give gold to old woman to do it, and she knock him brain out wid de hammer."

To portray Vanslyperken's dismay at this intelligence would be impossible. He could not but be certain that there had been a supernatural communication. His knees koocked and trembled, and he turned sick and faint.

"O Lord! O Lord! corporal, I am a great sinner," cried he, at last, quite unaware of what he was saying; "some water, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter handed some water, and Vanslyperken waved his hand to be left alone. And Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to pray, but ended in blaspheming.

"It's a lie—all a lie," exclaimed he at last, pouring out a tumbler of scheedam. "They have frightened the corporal; but—no—he must have seen him, or how could they know how he was murdered? He must have told them; and yet I saw him dead and stiff with these own eyes. Well, I did not do the deed," continued Vanslyperken, attempting to palliate his crime to himself; but it would not do, and Mr. Vansylperken paced the little cabin racked by fear and guilt. Remorse he felt none, for there was before his eyes the unhealed stump of Snarleyyow.

In the evening Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck. The weather was now very warm, for it was the beginning of July; and Mr. Vanslyperken, followed by Snarleyyow, was in a deep revery, and he turned and turned again.

The sun had set, and Mr. Vanslyperken still continued his walk; but his steps were agitated and uneven, and his face was haggard. It was rather the rapid and angry pacing of a tiger in his den, who had just been captured, than that of a person in deep contemplation. Still Mr. Vanslyperken continued to tread the deck; and it was now quite light with a bright and full moon.

The men were standing here and there, about the forecastle and near the booms, in silence, or speaking in low whispers; and Vanslyperken's eye was often directed toward them, for he had not forgotten the report of the corporal that they were in a state of mutiny.

Of a sudden, Mr. Vanslyperken was roused by a loud cry from forward, and a rush of all the men aft. He thought that the crew had risen, and that they were about to seize him; but, on the contrary, they passed him, and hastened to the taffrail with exclamations of horror.

"What—what is it?" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, fully prepared for the reply by his own fears.

"O Lord! have mercy upon us!" cried Bill Spurey.

"Good God! deliver us!" exclaimed another.

"Ah, mein Gott!" screamed Jansen, rushing against Vanslyperken, and knocking him down on the deck.

"Well, well, murder will out—that's sartain," said Coble, who stood by Vanslyperken when he had recovered his legs.

"What! what!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, breathless.

"There, sir! look there!" said Coble, breathless, pointing to the figure of Smallbones, who now appeared from the shade in the broad moonshine.

His head was not bound up, and his face appeared pale and streaked with blood. He was in the same clothes in which he had gone on shore, and in his hand he held the hammer which had done the deed.

The figure slowly advanced to the quarter-deck. Vanslyperken attempted to retreat, but his legs failed him. He dropped down on his knees, uttered a loud yell of despair, and threw himself flat on the deck, face downwards.

Certainly the pantomime was inimitably got up; but it had all been arranged by Moggy, the corporal, and the others. There was not one man of the crew who had not been sworn to secrecy, and whose life would have been endangered if, by undeceiving Vanslyperken, they had been deprived of such just and legitimate revenge.

Smallbones disappeared as soon as Vanslyperken had fallen down. He was allowed to remain there for some time, to ascertain if he would say any thing; but as he still continued silent, they raised him up, and found that he was insensible. He was consequently taken down into the cabin, and put into his bed.

The effect produced by this trial of Mr. Vanslyperken's nerves was most serious. Already too much heated with the use of ardent spirits, it brought on convulsions, in which he continued during the major part of the night. Towards the morning, he sunk into a perturbed slumber.

It was not till eleven o'clock in the forenoon that he awoke, and perceived his *faithful* corporal standing by the side of the bed.

"Have I not been ill, corporal?" said Mr. Vanslyperken, whose memory was impaired for the time.

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"There was something happened? was not there?"

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"I've had a fit? have I not?"

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"My head swims now. What was it, corporal?"

"It was de ghost of de poy," replied the corporal.

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, falling back on his pillow.

It had been intended by the conspirators that Smallbones should make his appearance in the cabin as the bell struck one o'clock; but the effect had already been so serious, that it was thought advisable to defer any further attempts. As for Smallbones being concealed in the vessel for any length of time, there was no difficulty in that; for allowing that Vanslyperken should go forward on the lower deck of the vessel, which he never did, Smallbones had only to retreat into the *eyes of her*, and it was then so dark that he could not be seen. They therefore regulated their conduct much in the same way as the members of the Inquisition used to do in former days. They allowed their patient to recover that he might be subjected to more torture.

It was not until the fourth day that the cutter arrived at the port of Amsterdam; and Mr. Vanslyperken had kept his bed ever since he had been put into it. But this he could do no longer. He rose, weak and emaciated, dressed himself, and went on shore with the despatches, which he first delivered, and then bent his steps to the syndic's house, where he delivered his letters to Ramsay.

The arrival of the cutter had been duly notified to the widow Vanderloosh before she had dropped her anchor; and in pursuance with her resolution, she immediately despatched Babette to track Mr. Vanslyperken, and watch his motions. Babette took care not to be seen by Mr. Vanslyperken; but shrouding herself close in her cotton print cloak, she followed him to the staadt house, and from the staadt house to the mansion of Mynheer Van Krause, at a short distance from the gates of which she remained until he came out. Wishing to ascertain whether he went to any other place, she did not discover herself until she perceived that he was proceeding to the widow's. She then quickened her pace, so as to come up with him.

"O, Mynheer Vanslyperken, is this you? I heard you had come in, and so did my mistress, and she has been expecting you this last half hour."

"I have made all the haste I can, Babette. But I was obliged to deliver my despatches first," replied Vanslyperken.

"But I thought you always took your despatches to the staadt house."

"Well, so I do, Babette. I have just come from thence."

This was enough for Babette. It proved that his visit to the syndic's was intended to be concealed. She was too prudent to let him know that she had traced him.

"Why, Mr. Vanslyperken, you looks very ill. What has been the matter with you? My mistress will be quite frightened."

"I have not been well, Babette," replied Vanslyperken.

"I really must run home as fast as I can. I will tell my mistress you have been unwell; for otherwise she will be in such a quandary," and Babette hastened ahead of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was in too weak a state to walk fast.

"The syndic's house, heh?" said the widow. "Mynheer Van Krause! why, he is a thorough king's man, by all report," continued she. "I don't understand it. But there is no trusting any man now-a-days. Babette, you must go there by-and-by, and see if you can find out whether that person he brought over, and he called a king's messenger, is living at the syndic's house; I think he must be, or why would Vanslyperken go there? and if he is, there's treason going on, that's all; and I'll find it out, or my name is not Vandersloosh."

Shortly after Mr. Vanslyperken arrived at the House, and was received with the usual treacherous cordiality; but he had remained more than an hour, when Coble came to him, having been despatched by Short to inform Mr. Vanslyperken that a frigate was coming in with the royal standard at the main, indicating that King William was on board of her.

This intelligence obliged Mr. Vanslyperken to hasten on board, as it was necessary to salute, and also to pay his respects on board of the frigate.

The frigate was within a mile when Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board of the cutter: and when the batteries saluted, the cutter did the same. Shortly afterwards the frigate dropped her anchor, and returned the salute. Mr. Vanslyperken, attired in his full uniform, ordered his boat to be manned and pulled on board.

On his arrival on the quarter-deck, Vanslyperken was received by the captain of the frigate, and then presented to King William of Nassau, who was standing on the other side of the deck, attended by the Duke of Portland, Lord Albemarle, and several others of his courtiers, not all of them quite so faithful as the two whom we have named.

When Mr. Vanslyperken was brought forward to the presence of his majesty, he trembled almost as much as when he had beheld the supposed spirit of Smallbones; and well he might, for his conscience told him, as he bowed his knee, that he was a traitor. His agitation was, however, ascribed to his being daunted by the unusual presence of royalty. And Albemarle, as Vanslyperken retreated with a cold sweat on his forehead, observed to the king, with a smile,

"That worthy lieutenant would show a little more courage, I doubt not, your majesty, if he were in the presence of your enemies."

"It is to be hoped so," replied the king, with a smile. "I agree with you, Keppel."

But his majesty and Lord Albemarle did not know Mr. Vanslyperken, as the reader will acknowledge.

CHAPTER XLI.

In which it is shown how dangerous it is to tell a secret.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN received orders to attend with his boat upon his majesty's landing, which took place in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst another roar of cannon. King William was received by the authorities at the landing stairs, and from thence he stepped into the carriage awaiting him, and drove off to his palace at the Hague, much to the relief of Mr. Vanslyperken, who felt ill at ease in the presence of his sovereign. When his majesty put his foot on shore, the foremost to receive him, in virtue of his office, was the syndic, Mynheer Van Krause, who, in full costume of gown, chains, and periwig, bowed low as his majesty advanced, expecting as usual, the gracious smile, and friendly nod of his sovereign; but, to his mortification, his reverence was returned with a grave if not stern air, and the king passed him without further notice. All the courtiers also, who had been accustomed to salute and to exchange a few words with him, to his astonishment, turned their heads another way. At first, Mynheer Van Krause could hardly believe his senses. He who had always been so graciously received, who had been considered most truly as such a staunch supporter of his king, to be neglected, mortified in this way, and without cause!

Instead of following his majesty to his carriage, with the rest of the authorities, he stood still and transfixed; the carriage drove off, and the syndic hardly replying to some questions put to him, hastened back to his own house in a state of confusion and vexation almost indescribable. He hastened up stairs, and entered the room of Ramsay, who was very busy with the despatches which he had received.

"Well, Mynheer Van Krause, how is his majesty looking?" inquired Ramsay, who knew that the syndic had been down to receive him on his landing.

Mynheer Krause threw himself down in a chair, threw open his gown, and uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, my dear sir? You appear ruffled," continued Ramsay, who, from the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the despatches, was aware that suspicions had been lodged against his host.

"Such treatment to one of his most devoted followers!" exclaimed Krause at last, who then entered into a detail of what had occurred.

"Such is 'the sweet aspect, the smile, we would aspire to' of kings, Mynheer Krause."

"But there must be some occasion for all this," observed the syndic.

"No doubt of it," replied Ramsay; "some reason, but not a just one."

That is certain," replied the syndic; "some one must have maligned me to his majesty."

"It may be," replied Ramsay; "but there may be other causes. Kings are capricious, and subjects may be too rich and too powerful. There are many paupers among the favourites of his majesty, who would be very glad to see your property confiscated, and you cast into prison."

"But, my dear sir—"

"You forget also that the Jacobites are plotting, and have been plotting for years; that conspiracy is formed upon conspiracy; and that, when so surrounded and opposed, kings will be suspicious."

"But his majesty, King William—"

"Firmly attached and loyal as I am to my sovereign, Mynheer Krause, I do not think that King William is more to be relied upon than King James. Kings are but kings;—they will repay the most important services by smiles, and the least doubtful act with the gibbet. I agree with you that some one must have maligned you; but allow me to make a remark, that if once suspicion or dislike enters into a royal breast, there is no effacing it. A complete verdict of innocence will not do it. It is like the sapping of one of the dams of this country, Mynheer Krause;—the admission of water is but small at first, but it increases and increases, till it ends in a general inundation."

"But I must demand an audience of his majesty, and explain."

"Explain!—the very attempt will be considered as a proof of your guilt. No, no; as a sincere friend, I should advise you to be quiet, and to take such steps as the case requires. That frown, that treatment of you in public, is sufficient to tell me that you must prepare for the event. Can you expect a king to publicly retract?"

"Retract!—no, I do not require a public apology from my sovereign."

"But, if having frowned upon you publicly, he again smiles upon you publicly, he does retract. He acknowledges that he was in error, and it becomes a public apology."

"God in heaven!—then I am lost!" replied the syndic, throwing himself back in his chair. "Do you really think so, Mynheer Ramsay."

"I do not say that you are lost. At present, you have only lost the favour of the king;—but you can do without that, Mynheer Krause."

"Do without that?—but do you know that without that I am lost? Am I not syndic of this town of Amsterdam, and can I expect to hold such an important situation if I am out of favour?"

"Very true, Mynheer Krause; but what can be done? You are assailed in the dark; you do not know the charges brought against you, and therefore cannot refuse or parry them."

"But what charges can they bring against me?"

"There can be but one charge against a person in your high situation,—that of disaffection."

"Disaffection! I, who am, and have always been, so devoted?"

"The most disaffected generally appear the most devoted, Mynheer Krause. That will not help you."

"My God!" then exclaimed Krause, with animation, "what will, if loyalty is to be construed into a sign of disaffection?"

"Nothing," replied Ramsay, coolly. "Suspicion in the heart of a king is never to be effaced, and disaffection may soon be magnified into high-treason."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Van Krause, crossing his hands on his heart in utter despair. "My dear Mynheer Ramsay, will you give me your opinion how I should act?"

"There is no saying how far you may be right in your conjectures, Mynheer Krause," replied Ramsay,—"you may have been mistaken."

"No, no—he frowned—looked as cross—I see his face now."

"Yes, but a little thing will sour the face of royalty. His corn may have pinched him at the time; he might have had a twinge in the bowels; his voyage may have affected him."

"He smiled upon others—upon my friend Engelbach—very graciously."

This was the very party who had proposed the charges against Krause,—his own very particular friend.

"Did he?" replied Ramsay; "then, depend upon it, that's the very man who has belied you."

"What! Engelbach! my particular friend!"

"Yes, I should imagine so. Tell me, Mynheer Krause, I trust you have never intrusted to him the important secrets which I have made you acquainted with; for if you have, your knowledge of them would be quite sufficient."

"My knowledge of them! I really cannot understand that. How can my knowledge of what is going on among the king's friends and counsellors be a cause of suspicion?"

"Why, Mynheér Krause, because the king is surrounded by many who are retained from policy and fear of them. If these secrets are made known, contrary to oath, is it not clear that the parties so revealing them must be no sincere friends of his majesty, and will it not be naturally concluded that those who have possession of them are equally his open or secret enemies?"

"But then, Mynheer Ramsay, by that rule, you must be his majesty's enemy."

"That does not follow, Mynheer Krause. I may obtain the secrets from those who are not so partial to his majesty as they are to me; but that does not disprove my loyalty. To expose them would, of course, render me liable to suspicion; but I guard them carefully. I have not told a word to a soul but to you, my dear Mynheer Krause; and I have felt assured that you were much too loyal to make known to any one what it was your duty to your king to keep secret. Surely, Mynheer Krause, you have not trusted that man?"

"I may have given him a hint or so. I'm afraid that I did; but he is my most particular friend."

"If that is the case," replied Ramsay, "I am not at all surprised at the king's frowning on you. Engelbach, having intelligence from you supposed to be known only to the highest authorities, has thought it his duty to communicate it to government, and you are now suspected."

"God in heaven! I wish I never had your secrets, Mynheer Ramsay. It appears then that I have committed treason without knowing it."

"At all events, you have incurred suspicion. It is a pity that you mentioned what I confided to you; but what's done cannot be helped. You must now be active."

"What must I do, my dear friend?"

"Expect the worst, and be prepared for it. You are wealthy, Mr. Van Krause, and that will not be in your favour; it will only hasten the explosion which sooner or later will take place. Remit as much of your money as you can to where it will be secure from the spoilers. Convert all you can into gold, that you may take advantage of the first favourable opportunity, if necessary, of flying from their vengeance. Do all this very quietly. Go on as usual, as if nothing had occurred; talk with your friend Engelbach; perform your duties as syndic. It may blow over, although I am afraid not. At all events, you will have in all probability some warning, as they will displace you as syndic before they proceed further. I have only one thing to add. I am your guest, and depend upon it, shall share your fortune, whatever it may be. If you are thrown into prison, I am certain to be sent there also. You may therefore command me as you please. I will not desert you, you may depend upon it."

"My dear young man, you are indeed a friend, and your advice is good. My poor Wilhelmina! What would become of her?"

"Yes, indeed. Used to luxury, her father in prison, perhaps his head at the gates, his whole property confiscated, and all because he had the earliest intelligence. Such is the reward of loyalty."

"Yes, indeed," repeated the syndic. "'Put not your trust in princes,' says the Psalmist. If such is to be the return of my loyalty. But there is no time to lose. I must send this post to Hamburg and Frankfort. Many thanks, my dear friend, for your kind counsel, which I shall follow." So saying, Mynheer Krause went to his room, threw off his gown and chains in a passion, and hastened to his counting-house to write his important letters.

We may now take this opportunity of informing the reader of what had occurred in the house of the syndic. Ramsay had, as may be supposed, gained the affections of Wilhelmina; had told his love, and received her acknowledgment in return; he had also gained such a power over her that she had agreed to conceal their attachment from her father, as Ramsay wished first, he asserted, to be possessed of a certain property which he daily expected would fall to him; and until that, he did not think that he had any right to aspire to the hand of Wilhelmina.

That Ramsay was most sincerely in love, there was no doubt: he would have wedded Wilhelmina even if she had not a sixpence; but at the same time he was too well aware of the advantages of wealth not to fully appreciate it; and he felt the necessity and the justice to Wilhelmina that she should not be deprived, by his means, of those luxuries to which she had been brought up. But here there was a difficulty arising from his espousing the very opposite cause to that espoused by Mynheer Krause, for the difference of religion he very rightly considered as a mere trifle compared with the difference in political feelings. He had already weaned Wilhelmina from the political bias imbibed from her father and his connexions, without acquainting her with his belonging to the opposite party, for the present. It had been his intention, as soon as his services were required elsewhere, to have demanded Wilhelmina's hand from her father, still leaving him in error as to his politics; and by taking her with him after the marriage to the court of St. Germain's, to have allowed Mynheer Krause to think what he pleased, but not to enter into any explanation. But as Ramsay truly observed, Mynheer Krause had, by his not retaining the secrets confided to him, rendered himself suspected; and once suspected with King William, his disgrace, if not ruin, was sure to follow. This fact, so important to Ramsay's plans, had been communicated in the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the last despatches, and Ramsay had been calculating the consequences when Mynheer Krause returned discomfited from the presence of the king.

That Ramsay played a very diplomatic game in the conversation which we have repeated is true; but still it was the best game for Krause, as well as for his own interests, as the events will show. We must, however, remind the reader that Ramsay had no idea whatever of the double treachery on the part of Vanslyperken, in copying all the letters sent by and to him, as well as extracting from the government despatches.

"My dearest Edward, what has detained you so long from me this morning?" inquired Wilhelmina, when he entered the music room about an hour after his conversation with the syndic.

Ramsay then entered into the detail of what had occurred, and wove in such remarks of his own as were calculated to disgust Wilhelmina with the conduct of King William, and to make her consider her father as an injured man. He informed her of the advice he had given, and then pointed out to her the propriety of her enforcing his following it, with all the argument of persuasion in her power.

Wilhelmina's indignation was roused; and she did not fail, when speaking with her father, to rail in no measured tones against the king, and to press him to quit a country where he had been so ill used. Mynheer Krause felt the same; his pride had been severely wounded, and it may be truly said that one of the stanchest adherents of the Protestant king was lost by a combination of circumstances as peculiar as they were unexpected.

In the mean time, the corporal had gone on shore as usual, and had made the widow acquainted with the last attempt upon Smallbones, and the revenge of the ship's company. Babette had also done her part.

She had found out that Ramsay lived in the house of the syndic, and that he was the passenger brought over by Vanslyperken in the cutter. The widow, who had now almost arranged her plans, received Vanslyperken more amicably than ever, anathematized the supposed defunct Smallbones, shed tears over the stump of Snarleyyow, and asked Vanslyperken when he intended to give up the nasty cutter and live quietly on shore.

CHAPTER XLII.

In which is shown the imprudence of sleeping in the open air, even on a summer's night.

The Yungfrau was not permitted to remain more than two days at her anchorage. On the third morning Mr. Vanslyperken's signal was made to prepare to weigh. He immediately answered it, and giving his orders to Short, hastened as fast as he could up to the syndic's house to inform Ramsay, stating that he must immediately return on board again, and that the letters must be sent to him. Ramsay perceived the necessity of this, and consented. On his return to the boat, Mr. Vanslyperken found that his signal to repair on board the frigate had been hoisted, and he hastened on board to put on his uniform and obey this order. He received his despatches from the captain of the frigate, with orders to proceed to sea immediately. Mr. Vanslyperken under the eye of his superior officer could not dally or delay. He hove short, hoisted his mainsail, and fired a gun as a signal for sailing, anxiously looking out for Ramsay's boat with his letters, and afraid to go without them. But no boat made its appearance, and Mr. Vanslyperken was forced to heave up his anchor. Still he did not like to make sail, and he remained a few minutes more; when he at last perceived a small boat coming off. At the same time he observed a boat coming from the frigate, and they arrived alongside the cutter about the same time, fortunately Ramsay's boat the first, and Mr. Vanslyperken had time to carry the letters down below.

"The commandant wishes to know why you do not proceed to sea, sir, in obedience to your orders?" said the officer.

"I only waited for that boat to come on board, sir," replied Vanslyperken to the lieutenant.

"And pray from whom does that boat come?" inquired the officer.

"From the syndic's, Mynheer Van Krause," replied Vanslyperken, not knowing what else to say, and thinking that the name of the syndic would be sufficient.

"And what did the boat bring off to occasion the delay, sir?"

"A letter or two for England," replied Vanslyperken.

"Very well, sir. I wish you a good morning," said the lieutenant, who then went into his boat, and Vanslyperken made sail.

The delay of the cutter to receive the syndic's letters was fully reported the same evening to the commandant, who, knowing that the syndic was suspected, reported the same to the authorities; and this trifling circumstance only increased the suspicions against the unfortunate Mynheer Van Krause. But we must follow the cutter and those on board of her. Smallbones had remained concealed between decks; his wounds had been nearly healed; and it was now again proposed that he should, as soon as they were out at sea, make his appearance to frighten Vanslyperken; and that as soon as they arrived at Portsmouth, he should go on shore and desert from the cutter, as Mr. Vanslyperken would of course find out that his mother was killed, and the consequences to Smallbones must be dangerous, as he had no evidence if Vanslyperken swore that he had murdered his mother. But this arrangement was overthrown by events which we shall now narrate. It was on the third evening after they sailed that Mr. Vanslyperken walked the deck; there was no one but the man at the helm abaft. The weather was extremely sultry, for the cutter had run with a fair wind for the first forty-eight hours, and had then been becalmed for the last twenty-four, and had drifted to the back of the Isle of Wight, when she was not three leagues from St. Helen's. The consequence was, that the ebb tide had now drifted her down very nearly opposite to that part of the island where the cave was situated, of which we have made mention. Vanslyperken heard the people talking below; and as usual anxious to overhear what was said, had stopped to listen. He heard the name of Smallbones repeated several times, but could not make out what was said. Anxious to know, he went down the ladder, and instead of going into his cabin, crept softly forward on the lower deck, when he overheard Coble, Short, and Spurey in consultation.

"We shall be in to-morrow," said Spurey, "if a breeze springs up, and then it will be too late. Smallbones must frighten him again to-night."

"Yes," replied Short.

"He shall go into his cabin at twelve o'clock;—that will be the the best way."

"But the corporal—"

"Hush—there is some one there," said Spurey, who, attracted by a slight noise made by Vanslyperken's boots, turned short round.

Vanslyperken retreated, and gained the deck by the ladder. He had hardly been up when he observed faces at the hatchway, who were evidently looking to ascertain if he was on deck.

These few words overheard satisfied Vanslyperken that Smallbones was alive, and on board of the cutter, and he perceived how he had been played with. His rage was excessive; but he did not know how to act. If Smallbones was alive, and so he appeared to be, he must have escaped from his mother; and of course the ship's company must know that his life had been attempted. That he did not care much about. He had not done the deed. But how could the lad have come on board? did he not see him lying dead? It was very strange, and the life of the lad must be charmed. At all events, it was a mystery which Mr. Vanslyperken could not solve. At first, he thought that he would allow Smallbones to come into the cabin, and get a loaded pistol ready for him. The words "But the corporal," which were cut short, proved to him that the corporal was no party to the affair. Yet it was strange that the ship's company could have concealed the lad without the corporal's knowledge. Vanslyperken walked and walked, and thought and thought. At last, he resolved to go down to his cabin, pretend to go to bed, lock his door, which was not his custom, and see if they would attempt to come in. He did so; the corporal was dismissed, and at twelve o'clock his door was tried, tried again; but being fast, the party retreated. Vanslyperken waited till two bells to ascertain if any more attempts would be made, but none were; so he rose from his bed, where he had thrown himself with his clothes on, and opening the door, softly crept up on deck. The night was very warm; but there was a light and increasing breeze, and the cutter was standing in and close to the shore, to make a long board up on next tack. Vanslyperken passed the man at the helm, and walked aft to the taffrail. He stood up on the chock to ascertain what way she was making through the water, and he was meditating upon the best method of proceeding. Had he known where Smallbones's hammock was hung, he would have gone down with the view of ascertaining the fact; but with a crew so evidently opposed to him, he could not see how even the ascertaining that Smallbones was on board would be productive of any good consequences. The more Vanslyperken thought, the more he was puzzled. The fact is, that he was between the horns of a dilemma. But the devil, who always helps his favourites, came to the aid of Mr. Vanslyperken. The small boat was as usual hoisted up astern, and Mr. Vanslyperken's eyes were accidentally cast upon it. He perceived a black mass lying on the thwarts, and he examined it more closely. He heard snoring; it was one of the ship's company sleeping there against orders. He leaned over the taffrail, and pulled aside the great-coat which covered the party. He looked attentively on the face; there was no doubt it was Smallbones himself. From a knowledge of the premises, Vanslyperken knew at once that the lad was in his power. The boat after being hauled up with tackles, was hung by a single rope at each davit. It was very broad in proportion to its length, and was secured from motion by a single gripe which confined it in its place, bowsing it close to the stern of the cutter, and preventing it from turning over bottom up, which, upon the least weight upon one gunnel or the other, would be inevitably the case. Smallbones was lying close to the gunnel, next to the stern of the cutter. By letting go the gripe, therefore the boat would immediately turn bottom up, and Smallbones would be dropped into the sea. Vanslyperken carefully examined the fastenings of the gripe, found that they were to be cast off by one movement, and that his success was certain; but still he was cautious. The man at the helm must hear the boat go over; he might hear Smallbones cry for assistance. So Vanslyperken went forward to the man at the helm, and desired him to go down and desire Corporal Van Spitter to mix a glass of brandy and water, and send it up by him, and that he would steer the vessel till he came up again. The man went down to execute his order, and Vanslyperken steered the cutter for half a minute, during which he looked forward to ascertain if any one was moving. All was safe; the watch was all asleep forward; and Vanslyperken, leaving the cutter to steer herself, hastened aft and cast off the gripe; the boat, as he calculated, immediately turned over, and the sleeping Smallbones fell into the sea. Vanslyperken hastened back to the helm, and put the cutter's head right. He heard the cry of Smallbones, but it was not loud, for the cutter had already left him astern. It was fainter and fainter; at last, it was heard no more, and not one of the watch had been disturbed.

"If ever you haunt me again," muttered Vanslyperken, "may I be hanged."

We particularly call the attention of the reader to these words of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The man returned with the brandy and water, with which Vanslyperken drank *bon voyage* to poor Smallbones. He then ordered the cutter to be put about; and as soon as she was round, he went down into his cabin, and turned in with greater satisfaction than he had for a long time.

"We shall have got rid of him at last, my poor dog," said he, patting Snarleyyow's head. "Your enemy is gone for ever."

And Mr. Vanslyperken slept soundly, because, although he had committed a murder, there was no chance of his being found out. We soon get accustomed to crime. Before he startled at the idea of murder, now all that he cared for was detection.

Good night to you, Mr. Vanslyperken.

CHAPTER XLIII.

In which Smallbones changes from a king's man into a smuggler, and also changes his sex.

If we adhered to the usual plans of historical novel writers, we should in this instance leave Smallbones to what must appear to have been his inevitable fate, and then bring him on the stage again with a coup-de-theatre when least expected by the reader. But that is not our intention. We consider that the interest of this our narration of by-gone events is quite sufficient without condescending to what is called clap-trap; and there are so many people in our narrative continually labouring under deception of one kind or another, that we need not add to it by attempting to mystify our readers, whom, on the contrary, we shall take with us familiarly by the hand, and like a faithful historian, lead them through the events in the order in which they occurred, and point out to them how they all lead to one common end. With this intention in view, we shall now follow the fortunes of Smallbones, whom we left floundering in about seven fathoms water.

The weather was warm, even sultry, as we said before; but notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding he was a very tolerable swimmer, considering that he was so thin, Smallbones did not like it. To be woke out of a profound sleep, and all of a sudden to find yourself floundering out of your depth about half a mile from the nearest land, is any thing but agreeable; the transition is too rapid. Smallbones descended a few feet before he could divest himself of the folds of the Flushing coat which he had wrapped himself up in. It belonged to Coble: he had purchased it at a sale shop on the Point, for seventeen shillings and sixpence; and moreover it was as good as new. In consequence of this delay below watermark, Smallbones had very little breath left in his body when he rose to the surface; and he could not inflate his lungs so as to call loud until the cutter had walked away from him at least one hundred yards, for she was slipping fast through the water; and another minute plainly proved to Smallbones that he was left to his own resources.

At first, the lad had imagined that it was an accident, and that the rope had given way with his weight; but when he found that no attention was paid to his cries, he then was convinced that it was the work of Mr. Vanslyperken.

"By *gum*, he's a done for me at last. Well, I don't care. I can die but once, that's sartain sure; and he'll go to the devil, that's sartain sure."

And Smallbones, with this comfortable assurance, continued to strike out for the land, which indeed he had but little prospect of ever making.

"A shame for to come for to go to murder a poor lad three or four times over," sputtered Smallbones, after a time, feeling his strength to fail him. He then turned on his back to ease his arms.

"I can't do it nohow, I sees that," said Smallbones. "So I may just as well go down like a dipsy lead."

But as he muttered this, and was making up his mind to discontinue further exertions, (not a very easy thing to do when you are about to go into another world,) still floating on his back, with his eyes fixed on the starry heavens, thinking, as Smallbones afterwards narrated himself, "that there warn't much to live for in this ere world, and considering what there could be in that ere," his head struck against something hard. Smallbones immediately turned round in the water to see what it was, and found that it was one of the large corks which supported a heavy net laid out across the tide, for the taking of shoal fish. The cork was barely sufficient to support his weight, but it gave him a certain relief, and time to look about him, as the saying is. The lad underran the net and cork with his hands until he arrived at the end nearest the shore, for it was three or four hundred yards long. When he arrived there, he contrived to bring some of the corks together, until he had quite sufficient for his support; and then Smallbones voted himself pretty comfortable, after all; for the water was very warm, and now quite smooth.

Smallbones, as the reader may have observed during the narration, was a lad of most indisputable courage and of good principles. Had it been his fortune to have been born among the higher classes, and to have had all the advantages of education, he might have turned out a hero. As it was, he did his duty well in that state of life to which he had been called; and as he said in his speech to the men on the forecastle, "he feared God, honoured the king, and was the natural enemy of the devil."

The Chevalier Bayard was nothing more, only he had a wider field for his exertions and his talents; but the armed and accoutred Bayard did not show more courage and conduct when leading armies to victory, than did the unarmed Smallbones against Vanslyperken and his dog. We consider that *in his way* Smallbones was quite as great a hero as the chevalier, for no man can do more than his best; indeed, it is unreasonable to expect it.

While Smallbones hung on to the corks, he was calculating his chances of being saved.

"If so be as how they comes to take up the nets in the morn, why then I think I may hold on; but if so be they waits, why then they'll find me dead as a fish," said Smallbones, who seldom ventured above a monosyllable, and whose language, if not considered as pure English, was certainly amazingly Saxon. And then Smallbones began to reflect whether it was not necessary that he should forgive Mr. Vanslyperken before he died; and his pros and cons ended with his thinking he could, for it was his duty. However, he would not be in a hurry about it; he thought that was the last thing he need do; but as for the dog, he wa'n't obliged to forgive him, that was certain,—as certain as that his tail was off; and Smallbones, up to his chin in the water, grinned so at the remembrance, that he took in more salt water than was pleasant. He spit it out again, and then looked up at the stars, which were twinkling above him.

"I wonder what o'clock it is," thought Smallbones, when he thought he heard a distant sound. Smallbones pricked up his ears, and listened; yes, it was in regular cadence, and became louder and louder. It was a boat pulling.

"Well, I am sure," thought Smallbones, "they'll think they ha' caught a queer fish, any how," and he waited very patiently for the fishermen to come up. At last he perceived the boat, which was very long, and pulled many oars. "They be the smugglers," thought Smallbones. "I wonder whether they'll pick a poor lad up. Boat, ahoy!"

The boat continued to pass towards the coast, impelled at the speed of seven or eight miles an hour, and was now nearly abreast of Smallbones, and not fifty yards from him.

"I say, boat, ahoy!" screamed Smallbones to the extent of his voice.

He was heard this time, and there was a pause in the pulling, the boat still driving through the water with the impulse which had been given her, as if she required no propelling power.

"I say, you ar'n't a going for to come for to leave a poor lad here to be drowned, are you?"

"That's Smallbones, I'll swear," cried Jemmy Ducks, who was steering the boat, and who immediately shifted the helm.

But Sir Robert Barclay paused; there was too much at stake, to run any risk, even to save the life of a fellow creature.

"You takes time for to think on it, any how," cried Smallbones; "you are going for to leave a fellow Christian stuck like a herring in a fishing-net, are you? You would not like it yourself, any how."

"It is Smallbones, sir," repeated Jemmy Ducks, "and I'll vouch for him as a lad that's good and true."

Sir Robert Barclay no longer hesitated. "Give way, my lads, and pick him up."

In a minute Smallbones was hauled in over the gunnel, and was seated on the stern-sheets opposite to Sir Robert.

"It's a great deal colder out of the water than in, that's sartain," observed Smallbones shivering.

"Give way, my lads, we've no time to stay," cried Sir Robert.

"Take this, Smallbones," said Jemmy.

"Why, so it is, Jemmy Ducks!" replied Smallbones, with astonishment. "Why, how did you come here?"

"*Sar*cumstances," replied Jemmy. "How did you come there?"

"*Sar*cumstances, too Jemmy," replied Smallbones.

"Keep silence!" said Sir Robert, and nothing more was said until the lugger dashed into the cave.

The cargo was landed, and Smallbones who was very cold, was not sorry to assist. He carried up his load with the rest, and as usual the women came down half-way to receive it.

"Why, who have we here?" said one of the women to whom Smallbones was delivering his load. "Why, it's Smallbones!"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, "it is me. But how came you here, Nancy?"

"That's telling. But how came you, my lad?" replied Nancy.

"I cum by water, any how."

"Well, you are one of us now; you know there's no going back."

"I'm sure I don't want to go back, Nancy; but what is to be done? Nothing unchristianlike, I hope."

"We're all good Christians here, Smallbones. We don't bow down to idols, and pay duty to them as other people do."

"Do you fear God, and honour the king?"

"We do the first as much as other people; and as for the king, we love him and serve him faithfully."

"Well, then, I suppose that's all right," replied Smallbones. "But where do you live?"

"Come with me; take your load up, and I will show you; for the sooner you are there, the better. The boat will be off again in half an hour, if I mistake not."

"Off where?"

"To France, with a message to the king."

"Why, the king's in Holland. We left him there when we sailed."

"Pooh, nonsense! Come along."

When Sir Robert arrived at the cave, he found an old friend anxiously awaiting his arrival. It was Graham, who had been despatched by the Jacobites to the court of St Germain's, with intelligence of great importance, which was the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, the only remaining child of King William. He had, it is said, died of a malignant fever; but if the reader will call to mind the address of one of the Jesuits on the meeting at Cherbourg, he may have some surmises as to the cause of the duke's disease. As this event rendered the succession uncertain, the hopes of the Jacobites were raised to the highest pitch; the more so as the country was in a state of anxiety and confusion, and King William was absent at the Hague. Graham had therefore been despatched to the exiled James with the proposition from his friends in England, and to press the necessity of an invasion of the country. As Nancy had supposed, Sir Robert decided upon immediately crossing over to Cherbourg. The crew were allowed a short time to repose and refresh themselves, and once more returned to their laborious employment. Jemmy Ducks satisfied Sir Robert that Smallbones might be trusted and be useful; and Nancy corroborated his assertions. He was therefore allowed to remain in the cave with the women, and Sir Robert and his crew, long before Smallbones garments were dry, were again crossing the English Channel.

Now it must be observed that Smallbones was never well off for clothes; and on this occasion when he fell overboard, he had nothing on but an old pair of thin linen trousers and a shirt, which, from dint of long washing, from check had turned to a light cerulean blue. What with his struggles at the net and the force used to pull him into the boat, the shirt had more than one-half disappeared; that is to say, one sleeve and the back were wholly gone, and the other sleeve was well prepared to follow its fellow on the first capful of wind His trousers, too, were in almost as bad a state. In hauling him when his head was over the gunnel, one of the men had seized him by the seat of his trousers to lift him into the boat; and the consequence was, that the seat of the trousers too long sat upon, had been left in his muscular gripe. All these items put together, the reader may infer, that although Smallbones might appear merely ragged in front, in his rear he could not be considered as decent, especially as he was the only one of the masculine sex among a body of females. No notice was taken of this by others, nor did Smallbones observe it himself, during the confusion and bustle previous to the departure of the smugglers; but now they were gone, Smallbones perceived his deficiences, and was very much at a loss what to do, as he was aware that daylight would discover them to others as well as to himself. So he fixed his back up against one of the rocks and remained idle, while the women were busily employed in stowing away the cargo in the various compartments of the cave.

Nancy, who had not forgotten that he was with them, came up to him.

"Why do you stay there, Smallbones? You must be hungry and cold. Come in with me, and I will find you something to eat."

"I can't, Mistress Nancy. I want your advice first. Has any of the men left any of their duds in this ere cavern?"

"Duds! men! No, they keep them all on the other side. We have nothing here but petticoats and shimmeys."

"Then what must I do?" exclaimed Smallbones.

"O, I see, your shirt is torn off your back. Well, never mind, I'll lend you a shimmey."

"Yes, Mistress Nancy; but it be more worse than that. I ar'n't got no behind to my trousers; they pulled it out when they pulled me into the boat. I sticks to this here rock for decency's sake. What must I do?"

Nancy burst into a laugh. "Do! why, if you can't have men's clothes, you must put on the women's; and then you'll be in the regular uniform of the cave."

"I do suppose that I must; but I can't say that I like the idea much, any how," replied Smallbones.

"Why, you don't mean to stick to that rock like a limpet all your life, do you? There's plenty of work for you."

"If so be I must, I must," replied Smallbones.

"You can't appear before Mistress Alice in that state," replied Nancy. "She's a lady bred and born, and very particular too; and then there's Miss Lilly, you will turn her as red as a rose if she sees you."

"Well, then, I suppose I must, Mistress Nancy; for I shall catch my death of cold here. I'm all wet and shivery; so long in the water, and my back against the rock feels all just as ice."

"No wonder. I'll run and fetch you something," replied Nancy, who was delighted at the idea of dressing up Smallbones as a woman.

Nancy soon returned with a chemise, a short flannel petticoat, and a shawl, which she gave to Smallbones, desiring him to take off his wet clothes, and substitute them. She would return to him as soon as he had put them on, and see that they were put tidy and right.

Smallbones retired behind one of the rocks, and soon shifted his clothes. He put every thing on the hind part before, and Nancy had to alter them when she came. She adjusted the shawl, and then led him into the cave, where he found Mistress Alice, and some of the women who were not busy with the cargo.

"Here's the poor lad who was thrown overboard, madam," said Nancy, retaining her gravity. "All his clothes were torn off his back, and I have been obliged to give him these to put on."

Lady Ramsay could hardly suppress a smile. Smallbones' appearance was that of a tall gaunt creature, pale enough and smooth enough to be a woman certainly; but cutting a most ridiculous figure. His long thin arms were bare, his neck was like a crane's, and the petticoats were so short as to reach almost above his knees. Shoes and stockings he had none. His long hair was plaited and matted with the salt water, and one side of his head was shaved bare, and exhibited a monstrous half-healed scar.

Lady Ramsay asked him a few questions, and then desired Nancy to give him some refreshment, and find him something to lie down upon in the division of the cave which was used as a kitchen.

But we must now leave Smallbones to entertain the inhabitants of the cave with the history of his adventures, which he did at intervals during his stay there. He retained his woman's dress, for Nancy would not let him wear any other, and was a source of great amusement, not only to the smugglers' wives, but also to little Lilly, who would listen to his conversation and remarks, which were almost as naive and unsophisticated as her own.

CHAPTER XLIV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken meets with a double defeat.

It was late in the evening of the day after Smallbones had been so satisfactorily disposed of, that the cutter arrived at Portsmouth; but from daylight until the time that the cutter anchored, there was no small confusion and bustle on board of the Yungfrau. When Vanslyperken's cabin door was found to be locked, it was determined that Smallbones should not appear as a supernatural visitant that night, but wait till the one following. Consequently the parties retired to bed, and Smallbones, who found the heat between decks very oppressive, had crept up the ladder, and taken a berth in the small boat, that he might sleep cool and comfortable, intending to be down below again long before Mr. Vanslyperken was up. But as the reader knows, Mr. Vanslyperken was up before him, and the consequence was, that Smallbones went down into the sea, instead of the lower deck, as he had intended. The next morning it was soon ascertained that Smallbones was not to be found, and the ship's company were in a state of dismay. The boat, as soon as Smallbones had been turned out, had resumed her upright position; and one of the men, when busy washing the decks, had made fast the gripe again, which he supposed had been cast off by accident when the ropes had been coiled up for washing, Smallbones not being at that time missed. When, therefore, the decks had been searched every where, and the lad was discovered not to be in the ship, the suspicion was very great. No one had seen him go aft to sleep in the boat. The man who was at the wheel stated that Mr. Vanslyperken had sent him down for a glass of grog, and had taken the helm for the time; but this proved nothing. His disappearance was a mystery not to be unravelled. An appeal to Mr. Vanslyperken was of course impossible, for he did not know that the lad was on board. The whole day was spent in surmises and suppositions; but things all ended in the simple fact, that somehow or another Smallbones had fallen overboard, and there was an end of the poor fellow.

As soon as the cutter was at anchor, Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to perform his official duties; and anxious to learn how Smallbones had contrived to escape from the clutches of his mother, bent his steps towards the half-way houses. He arrived at the door of his mother's room, and knocked as usual; but there was no reply. It was now the latter end of July; and although it was past seven o'clock, it was full daylight. Vanslyperken knocked again and again. His mother must be out, he thought, and if so, she always took the key with her. He had nothing to do but to wait for her return. The passage and staircase were dark; but there was a broad light in the room from the casement, and this light streamed from under the door of the room. A shade crossing the light attracted Vanslyperken's attention, and to while away the tediousness of waiting, he was anxious to see what it was. He knelt down, looked under the door, and perceived the key which Smallbones had placed there. He inserted his finger, and drew it forth, imagining that his mother had slid it beneath till her return.

He fitted it to the lock, and opened the door, when his olfactory nerves were offended with a dreadful stench, which surprised him the more as the casement was open. Vanslyperken surveyed the room. He perceived that the blood had been washed from the floor, and sand strewed over it. Had he not known that Smallbones had been on board of the cutter the day before, he would have thought that it had been the smell of the dead body not yet removed. This thought crossing his imagination immediately made the truth flash upon him; and as if instinctively, he went up to the bed, and pulled down the clothes; when he recoiled back with horror at uncovering the face of his mother, now of a livid blue, and in the last stage of putrefaction.

Overcome with the horrid sight, and the dreadful stench which accompanied it, he reeled to the casement, and gasped for breath. A sickness came over him, and for some time he was incapable of acting and barely of reflection.

"She is gone then," thought he at last, and he shuddered when he asked himself *where?* "She must have fallen by the hands of the lad," continued he, and immediately the whole that had happened appeared to be revealed to him. "Yes, yes, he has recovered from the blow, killed her, and locked the door. All is clear now;—but I have revenged her death."

Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now recovered himself, went softly to the door, took out the key, and locked himself in. He had been debating in his mind whether he should call in the neighbours; but on reflection, as no one had seen him enter, he determined that he would not. He would take his gold, and leave the door locked and the key under it, as he found it before. When her death was discovered, it would be supposed that she had died a natural death, for the state of the body would render it impossible to prove the contrary.

But there was one act necessary to perform, at which Vanslyperken's heart recoiled. The key of the oak chest was about his mother's person, and he must obtain it; he must search for it in corruption and death, amongst creeping worms and noisome stench. It was half an hour before he could make up his mind to the task; but what will avarice not accomplish? He covered up her face, and with a trembling hand turned over the bed-clothes. But we must not disgust our readers; it will suffice to say that the key was obtained, and the chest opened. Vanslyperken found all his own gold, and much more than he had ever expected belonging to his mother. There were other articles belonging to him; but he thought it prudent not to touch them. He loaded himself with the treasure; and when he felt that it was all secure, for he was obliged to divide it in different parcels and stow it in various manners about his person, he relocked the chest, placed the key in the cupboard, and quitting the room, made fast the door, and like a dutiful son, left the remains of his mother to be inhumed at the expense of the parish.

As he left the house without being observed, and gained the town of Portsmouth, never was Mr. Vanslyperken's body so heavy loaded, or his heart lighter. He had got rid of Smallbones and of his mother, both in a way perfectly satisfactory to him.

He had recovered his own gold, and had also been enriched beyond his hopes by his mother's savings. He felt not the weight which he carried about his person; he wished it had been heavier. All he felt was very anxious to be on board, and have his property secured

His boat waited for him, and one of the men informed him that his presence was required at the admiral's immediately. But Mr. Vanslyperken first went on board, and having safely locked up all his treasure, then complied with the admiral's wishes. They were to sail immediately, for the intelligence of the Duke of Gloucester's death had just arrived, with the despatches announcing the same, to be taken to King Wiliam, who was still at the Hague. Vanslyperken sent the boat on board with orders to Short to heave short, and loose sails, and then hastened up to the house of the Jew Lazarus. Aware that the cutter would in all probability be despatched immediately to the Hague, the Jew had the letters for Ramsay all prepared. Vanslyperken once more touched his liberal fee, and in an hour he was again under weigh for the Texel.

During the passage, which was very quick, Mr. Vanslyperken amused himself, as usual, in copying the letters to Ramsay, which contained the most important intelligence of the projects of the Jacobites; and from the various communications between Ramsay and the conspirators, Vanslyperken had also been made acquainted with the circumstance, hitherto unknown to him, of the existence of the cave above the cove, to which he had been taken by the informer, as mentioned in the early part of this work, and also of the names of the parties who frequented it. Of this intelligence Vanslyperken determined to avail himself by-and-by. It was evident that there were only women in the cave. And Mr. Vanslyperken counted his gold, patted the head of Snarleyyow, and indulged in anticipations of further wealth and the hand of the widow Vandersloosh.

All dreams, Mr. Vanslyperken.

The cutter arrived, and he landed. His despatches for the government and his letters to Ramsay being also delivered, Vanslyperken hastened to the widow's, who as usual received him all smiles. He now confided to her the death of his mother, and astonished her by representing the amount of his wealth, which he had the precaution to state that the major part of it was left him by his mother.

"Where have you put it all, Mr. Vanslyperken?" inquired the widow, and Vanslyperken replied, that he had come to ask her advice on the subject, as it was at present all on board of the cutter. The widow, who was not indifferent to money, was more gracious than ever. She had a scheme in her head of persuading him to leave the money under her charge; but Vanslyperken was anxious to go on board again, for he discovered that the key was not in his pocket, and he was fearful that he might have left it on the cabin table. So he quitted rather abruptly, and the widow had not time to bring the battery to bear.

As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board, Corporal Van Spitter, without asking leave, for he felt it was not necessary, went on shore, and was soon in the arms of the enamoured widow Vandersloosh. In the mean time, Mr. Vanslyperken discovered his key in the pocket of the waistcoat he had thrown off; and having locked his door, he again opened his drawer, and delighted himself for an hour or two in re-arranging his treasures.

After which, feeling himself in want of occupation, it occurred to him that he might as well dedicate a little more time to the widow. So he manned his boat, and went on shore again.

It is all very well to have a morning and afternoon lover, if ladies are so inclined, just as they have a morning and afternoon dress; but they should be worn separate. Now as it never entered the idea of Mr. Vanslyperken that the corporal was playing him false, so did it never enter the idea of the widow that Mr. Vanslyperken would make his appearance in the evening, and leave the cutter and Snarleyyow without the corporal being on board to watch over them.

But Mr. Vanslyperken did leave the cutter and Snarleyyow, did come on shore, did walk to the widow's house, and did most unexpectedly enter it; and what was the consequence? that he was not perceived when he entered it; and the door of the parlour as well as the front door being open to admit the air, for the widow and the corporal found that making love in the dogdays was rather warm work for people of their calibre—to his mortification and rage, the lieutenant beheld the corporal seated in his berth in the little fubsy sofa; with one arm round the widow's waist, his other hand joined in hers, and *proh pudor* sucking at her dewy lips like some huge carp under the water-lilies on a midsummer's afternoon.

Mr. Vanslyperken was transfixed; the parties were too busy with their amorous interchange to perceive his presence. At last the corporal thought that his lips required moistening with a little of the beer of the widow's own brewing, for the honey of her lips had rather glued them together. He turned towards the table to take up his tumbler, and he beheld Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal for a moment was equally transfixed; but on these occasions, people act mechanically because they don't know what else to do. The corporal had been well drilled; he rose from the sofa, held himself perfectly upright, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead. There he stood like a statue, saluting at the presence of his superior officer.

The widow had also perceived the presence of Vanslyperken almost as soon as the corporal. But a woman's wits are more at their command on these occasions than are a man's. She felt that all concealment was now useless; and she prepared for action. At the same time, although ready to discharge a volley of abuse upon Vanslyperken, she paused to ascertain how she should proceed. Assuming an indifferent air, she said, "Well, Mr. Vanslyperken!"

"Well!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; but he could not speak for passion.

"Eavesdropping as usual, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"May the roof of this house drop on you, you infernal—"

"No indelicate language, if you please, sir," interrupted the widow, "I won't put up with it in my house, I can tell you. Ho! ho! Mr. Vanslyperken," continued the widow, working herself into a rage, "that won't do here, Mr. Vanslyperken!"

"Why, you audacious—you double-faced—"

"Double-faced! it's a pity you wer'n't double-faced, as you call it, with that snivelling nose and crooked chin of yours. Double-faced, heh! O, ho! Mr. Vanslyperken. We shall see—wait a little—we shall see who's double-faced. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken! that for you, Mr. Vanslyperken. I can hang you when I please, Mr. Vanslyperken. Corporal, how many guineas did you see counted out to him at the house opposite?"

During all this the corporal remained fixed and immovable, with his hand up to the salute. But on being questioned by his mistress, he replied, remaining in the same respectful attitude,

"Fifty golden guineas, Mistress Vandersloosh."

"A lie! an infamous lie!" cried Vanslyperken, drawing his sword. "Traitor that you are," continued he to the corporal, "take your reward!"

This was a very critical moment. The corporal did not attempt the defensive, but remained in the same attitude; and Vanslyperken's rage at the falsehood of the widow and the discovery of his treason was so great, that he had lost all command of himself. Had not a third party come in just as Vanslyperken drew his sword, it might have gone hard with the corporal; but fortunately Babette came in from the yard, and perceiving the sword fly out of the scabbard, she put her hand behind the door and snatched two long-handled brooms, one of which she put in the hands of her mistress and retained the other herself.

"Take your reward!" cried Vanslyperken, running furiously to cut down the corporal. But his career was stopped by the two brooms, one of which took him in the face and the other in the chest. The widow and Babette now ranged side by side, holding their brooms as soldiers do in a charge of bayonets.

How did the corporal act? He retained his former respectful position, leaving the defensive or offensive in the hands of the widow and Babette.

This check on the part of Vanslyperken only added to his rage. Again he flew with his sword at the corporal, and again he was met with the brooms in his face. He caught one with his hand, and he was knocked back with the other. He attempted to cut them in two with his sword, but in vain.

"Out of my house, you villain! you traitor!—out of my house!" cried the widow, pushing at him with such force as to drive him against the wall, and pinning him there, while Babette charged him in his face, which was now streaming with blood. The attack was now followed up with such vigour that Vanslyperken was first obliged to retreat to the door, then out of the door into the street; followed into the street, he took to his heels, and the widow and Babette returned victorious into the parlour to the corporal. Mr. Vanslyperken could not accuse him of want of respect to his superior officer: he had saluted him on entering, and he was still saluting him when he made his exit.

The widow threw herself on the sofa. Corporal Van Spitter then took his seat beside her. The widow, overcome by her rage and exertion, burst into tears, and sobbed in his arms.

The corporal poured out a glass of beer, and persuaded her to drink it.

"I'll have him hanged to-morrow at all events. I'll go to the Hague myself," cried the widow. "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see who will gain the day," continued the widow, sobbing. "You can prove it, corporal."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"As soon as he's hung, corporal, we'll marry."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"Traitorous villain! sell his king and his country for gold."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"You're sure it was fifty guineas, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"Ah well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see," said the widow, drying her eyes. "Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken. You shall be hanged, and your cur with you, or my name's not Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

CHAPTER XLV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves his loyalty and fidelity to King William.

Mr. Vanslyperken hastened from his inglorious conflict, maddened with rage and disappointment. He returned on board, went down into his cabin, and threw himself on his bed. His hopes and calculations had been so brilliant —rid of his enemy Smallbones—with gold in possession, and more in prospect, to be so cruelly deceived by the widow, the cockatrice! Then by one to whom he fully confided, and who knew too many of his secrets already—Corporal Van Spitter—he too—and to dare to aspire to the widow—it was madness. And then their knowledge of his treason, the corporal having witnessed his receiving the gold. With such bitter enemies, what could he expect but a halter!—he felt it even now round his neck, and Vanslyperken groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

In the mean time there was a consultation between the widow and the corporal, as to the best method of proceeding. That the corporal could expect nothing but the most determined hostility from Vanslyperken, was certain; but for this the corporal cared little, as he had all the crew of the cutter on his side, and he was in his own person too high in rank to be at the mercy of Vanslyperken.

After many pros and cons, and at least a dozen bottles of beer, for the excitement on the part of the corporal and the exertion of the widow had made them both dry, it was resolved that the Frau Vandersloosh should demand an audience at the Hague the next morning, and should communicate the treasonable practices of Mr. Vanslyperken, calling upon the corporal as a witness to the receipts of the money from the Jesuit.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal, striking his bull forehead as if a new thought had required being forced out, "but they will ask how I come there myself, and what shall I say?"

"Say that the Jesuit father had sent for you, to try and seduce you to do his treason; but that you would not consent."

"Mein Gott! yes; that will do."

The corporal then returned on board, but did not think it worth while to report himself to Mr. Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had also been thinking over the matter, and in what way he should be able to escape from the toils prepared for him. That the widow would immediately inform the authorities, he was convinced. How was he to get out of his scrape?

Upon mature reflection, he decided what was to be done. He had copies of all Ramsay's letters and those addressed to Ramsay, and the last delivered were very important. Now his best plan would be to set off for the Hague early the next morning, demand an interview with one of the ministers, or even his majesty himself; state that he had been offered money from the Jacobite party to carry their letters; and that with a view of serving his majesty, by finding out their secrets, he had consented to it, and had taken the money to satisfy them that he was sincere; that he had opened the letters and copied them; and that now, as the contents were important, he had thought it right to make them immediately known to the government, and at the same time to bring the money received for the service, to be placed at his majesty's disposal.

"Whether she is before or after me," thought Vanslyperken, "it will then be little matter. All I shall have to fear will be from Ramsay and his party; but the government will be bound to protect me."

There certainly was much wisdom in this plan of Vanslyperken. It was the only one which could have been attended with success, or with any chance of it.

Mr. Vanslyperken was up at daylight, and dressed in his best uniform. He put in his pocket all the copies of the Jacobite correspondence, and went on shore; hired a calash, for he did not know how to ride, and set off for the Hague, where he arrived about ten o'clock. He sent up his name, and requested an audience with his grace the Duke of Portland. As an officer commanding one of his majesty's vessels, he was immediately admitted.

"What is your pleasure, Mr. Vansylperken?" said the duke, who was standing at the table in company with Lord Albemarle.

Vanslyperken was a little confused. He muttered and stammered about anxiety, and loyalty, and fidelity, excess of zeal, &c.

No wonder that he stammered, for he was talking of what he knew nothing about; but these two noblemen, recollecting his confusion when presented to his sovereign on board of the frigate, made allowances.

"I have at last," cried Vanslyperken, with more confidence, "been able to discover the plots of the Jacobites, your grace."

"Indeed, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied the duke, smiling incredulously, "and pray what may they be? You must be as expeditious as possible, as his majesty is waiting for us."

"Their letters will take some time to read," replied Vanslyperken, "but their contents are most important."

"Indeed! letters!—how have you possession of their letters?"

"It will be rather a long story, sir—my lord, I mean," replied Vanslyperken; "but they will amply repay an hour of your time, if you can spare it."

At this moment the door opened, and his majesty entered the room. At the sight of the king, Vanslyperken's courage was again taking French leave.

"My lords, I am waiting for you," said the king, with a little asperity of manner.

"May it please your majesty, here is Lieutenant Vanslyperken, commanding one of your majesty's vessels, who states that he has important intelligence, and that he has possession of Jacobite papers."

"Indeed," replied King William, who was always alive to Jacobite plotting, from which he had already run so much risk. What is it, Mr. Vanslyperken? speak boldly what you have to communicate."

"Your majesty, I beg your gracious pardon; but here are copies of the correspondence carried on by the traitors in England and this country. If your majesty will deign to have it read, you will then perceive how important it is. After your majesty has read it, I will have the honour to explain to you by what means it came into my possession."

King William was a man of business, and Vanslyperken had done wisely in making this proposal. His majesty at once sat down, with the Duke of Portland on the one side, and Lord Albemarle on the other. The latter took the letters, which were arranged according to their dates, and read them in a distinct and clear voice.

As the reading went on, his majesty made memorandums and notes with his pencil on a sheet of paper; but did not interrupt during the whole progress of the lecture. When the last and most important was finished, the two noblemen looked at his majesty with countenances full of meaning. For a few seconds his majesty drummed with his second and third fingers of his left hand upon the table, and then said,—

"Pray, Mr. Vanslyperken, how did you obtain possession of these papers and letters, or make these copies of their letters?"

Vanslyperken, who had been standing at the other side of the table during the time of the reading, had anxiously watched the countenances of his majesty and the two noblemen, and he perceived that the intelligence which the letters contained had created a strong feeling, as he expected. With a certain degree of confidence, he then commenced his explanation.

He stated that the crew of the cutter had been accustomed to frequent the Lust Haus of a certain widow Vandersloosh, and that he had made her acquaintance by several times going there to look after his seamen; that this widow had often hinted to him, and at last had proposed to him, that he should take letters for some friends of hers. At last she had told him plainly that it was for the Jacobite party, and he pretended to consent; that he had been taken by her to the house of a Jesuit, 169 in the Ben Staat, nearly opposite to her Lust Haus, and that the Jesuit had given him some letters, and fifty guineas for his trouble.

He then stated that he had opened, copied, and resealed them; further, that he had brought over one of the confederates, who was now residing in the house of the syndic Van Krause; that he should have made all this known before, only that he waited till it was more important; that the last letters appeared of such consequence that he deemed it his duty no longer to delay.

"You have done well, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied his *majesty*.

"And played a bold game," observed Lord Albemarle, fixing his eyes upon Vanslyperken. "Suppose you had been found out co-operating with traitors before you made this discovery?"

"I might have forfeited my life in my zeal," replied Mr. Vanslyperken, with adroitness; "but that is the duty of a king's officer."

"That is well said," observed the Duke of Portland.

"I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Vanslyperken?" observed his majesty. "What is the cave they mention so often?"

"It is on the bank of the Isle of Wight, your majesty. I did not know of its existence but from the letters; but I once laid a whole night in the cave underneath it, to intercept the smugglers upon information I had received; but the alarm was given, and they escaped."

"Who is their agent at Portsmouth?"

"A Jew of the name of Lazarus, residing in little Orange street, at the back of the Point, your majesty."

"Do you know of any of the names of the conspirators?"

"I do not, your majesty, except of a woman who is very active, one Moggy Salisbury. Her husband, not a month back, was the boatswain of the cutter; but by some interest or another, he has obtained his discharge."

"My lord of Portland," said his majesty, "take a memorandum, to inquire who it was applied for the discharge of that man.—Mr. Vansyperken, you may retire; we will call you in by-and-by. You will be secret as to what has passed."

"I have one more duty to perform," replied Vanslyperken, taking some rouleaus of gold out of his pocket. "This is the money received from the traitors. It is not for a king's officer to have it in his possession."

"You are right, Mr. Vanslyperken; but the gold of traitors is forfeited to the crown, and it is now mine. You will accept it as a present from your king."

Mr. Vanslyperken took the gold from the table, made a low bow, and retired from the royal presence.

The reader will acknowledge that it was impossible to play his cards better than Mr. Vanslyperken had done in this interview, and that he deserved great credit for his astute conduct. With such diplomatic talents, he would have made a great prime minister.

The council was ordered at twelve o'clock. "My lords, these letters must be produced. That they are genuine appears to me beyond a doubt."

"That they are faithful copies I doubt not," replied Lord Albemarle, "but—"

"But what, my lord Albemarle?"

"I very much suspect the fidelity of the copier. There is something more that has not been told, depend upon it."

"Why do you think so, my lord?"

"Because, your majesty, allowing that a man would act the part that Mr. Vanslyperken says that he has done, to discover a conspiracy, still would he not naturally, to avoid any risk to himself, have furnished government with the first correspondence, and have obtained their sanction for prosecuting his plans? This officer has been employed for these last two years, or more, in carrying the despatches to the Hague; and it must at once strike your majesty that a person who can with such dexterity open the letters of others, can also open those of his own government."

"That is true, my lord," replied his majesty, musing.

"Your majesty is well aware that suspicions were entertained of the fidelity of the syndic, suspicions which the evidence of this officer has verified. But why were these suspicions raised?—because he knew of the government secrets, and it was supposed he obtained them from some one who is in our trust, but inimical to us, and unworthy of the confidence reposed in him. Your majesty's acuteness will at once perceive that the secrets may have been obtained by Mynheer Krause by the same means as have been resorted to, to obtain the secrets of the conspirators. I may be in error; and if I do this officer wrong by my suspicions, may God forgive me, but there is something in his looks which tells me—"

"What, my lord?"

"That he is a traitor to both parties, may it please your majesty."

"By the Lord! Albemarle, I think you have hit upon the truth," replied the Duke of Portland.

"Of that we shall soon have proof. At present, we have to decide, whether it be advisable to employ him to discover more, or at once to seize upon the parties he has denounced. But that had better be canvassed in the council chamber. Come, my lords, they are waiting for us."

The affair was of too great importance not to absorb all other business, and it was decided that the house of Mynheer Krause, and of the Jesuit, and the widow Vandersloosh, should be entered by the peace-officers at midnight, and that they and the conspirators who might be found there should be thrown into prison; that the cutter should be despatched immediately to England, with orders to seize all the other parties informed against by Vanslyperken; and that a force should be sent to attack the cave, and secure those who might be found there; with directions to the admiral that Mr. Vanslyperken should be employed both as a guide and to give the assistance of the cutter and his crew.

These arrangements having been made, the council broke up. King William had a conference with his two favourites, and Vanslyperken was sent for.

"Lieutenant Vanslyperken, we feel much indebted to you for your important communications, and we shall not forget in due time to reward your zeal and loyalty as it deserves. At present it is necessary that you sail for England as soon as our despatches are ready, which will be before midnight. You will then receive your orders from the admiral at Portsmouth, and I have no doubt you will take the opportunity of affording us fresh proofs of your fidelity and attachment."

Mr. Vanslyperken bowed humbly, and retired delighted with the successful result of his manœuvre. With a gay heart he leapt into his calash, and drove off.

"Yes, yes," thought he, "Madame Vandersloosh, you would betray me. We shall see. Yes, yes, we shall see, Madame Vandersloosh."

And sure enough he did see Madame Vandersloosh, who in another calash was driving to the palace, and who met him face to face. Vanslyperken turned up his nose at her as he passed by; and the widow, astonished at his presumption, thought as she went on her way, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. You may turn up your snivelling nose, but stop till your head's in the halter. Yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, stop till your head's in a halter."

We must leave Mr. Vanslyperken to drive and the widow Vandersloosh to drive, while we drive on ourselves. The subsequent events of this eventful day we will narrate in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In which there is much bustle and confusion—Plot and counterplot.

About two hours after the council had broken up, the following communication was delivered into the hands of Ramsay by an old woman, who immediately took her departure.

"The lieutenant of the cutter has taken copies of all your correspondence, and betrayed you. You will fly immediately, as at midnight you and all of you will be seized. In justice to Mynheer Krause, leave documents to clear him. The cutter will sail this evening, with orders to secure your friends at Portsmouth and the cave."

"Now, by the holy cross of our Saviour! I will have revenge upon that dastard! There is no time to lose; five minutes for reflection, and then to act," thought Ramsay, as he twisted up this timely notice, which, it must be evident to the reader, must have been sent by one who had been summoned to the council. Ramsay's plans were soon formed. He despatched a trusty messenger to the Jesuit, desiring him to communicate immediately with the others, and upon what plan to proceed. He then wrote a note to Vanslyperken, requesting his immediate presence, and hastened to the morning apartment of Wilhelmina. In few words he told her that he had received timely notice that it was the intention of the government to seize her father and him, as suspected traitors, and throw them that very night in prison.

Wilhelmina made no reply.

"For your father, my dearest girl, there is no fear. He will be fully acquitted; but I, Wilhelmina, must depart immediately, or my life is forfeited."

"Leave me, Edward?" replied Wilhelmina.

"No, you must go with me, Wilhelmina, for more than one reason. The government have ordered the seizure of the persons to be made in the night, to avoid a disturbance; but they will not be able to prevent the mob, who are but too happy to prove their loyalty, when they can do so, by rapine and plunder; and depend upon it, that this house will be sacked and levelled to the ground before to-morrow evening. You cannot go to prison with your father; you cannot remain here, to be at the mercy of an infuriated and lawless mob. You must go with me, Wilhelmina. Trust to me, not only for my sake, but for your father's."

"My father's, Edward? It is that only I am thinking of. How can I leave my father at such a time?"

"You will save your father by so doing. Your departure with me will substantiate his innocence. Decide, my dearest girl; decide at once. You must either fly with me, or we must part for ever."

"O no! that must not be, Edward," cried Wilhelmina, bursting into tears.

After some further persuasion on the part of Ramsay, and fresh tears from the attached maiden, it was agreed that she would act upon his suggestions; and with a throbbing heart she went to her chamber to make the necessary preparations, while Ramsay requested that Mynheer Krause would give him a few minutes of his company in his room above.

The syndic soon made his appearance. "Well, Mynheer Ramsay, you have some news to tell me, I am sure;" for Mynheer Krause, notwithstanding his rebuff from the king, could not divert himself from his failing of fetching and carrying reports. Ramsay went to the door, and then turned the key.

"I have, indeed, most important news, Mynheer Krause, and I am sorry to say, very unpleasant also."

"Indeed!" replied the syndic, with alarm.

"Yes, I find, from a notice given me by one of his majesty's council, assembled this morning at the Hague, that you are suspected of treasonable practices."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed the syndic.

"And that this very night you are to be seized, and thrown into prison."

"I, the syndic of the town! I, who put every body else into prison!"

"Even so; such is the gratitude of King William for your long and faithful services, Mynheer Krause. I have now sent for you that we may consult as to what had best be done. Will you fly? I have the means for your escape."

"Fly, Mynheer Ramsay?—the syndic of A[illegible] am fly!—never! They may accuse me [illegible]ly.

condemn me, and take off my head before the staadt house; but I will not fly."

"I expected this answer, and you are right, Mynheer Krause; but there are other considerations worthy of your attention. When the populace know you are in prison for treason, they will level this house with the ground."

"Well, and so they ought if they suppose me guilty. I care little for that."

"I am aware of that, but still your property will be lost; but it will be but a matter of prudence to save all you can. You have already a large sum of gold collected."

"I have four hundred thousand guilders at least."

"You must think of your daughter, Mynheer Krause. This gold must not find its way into the pockets of the mob. Now observe,—the king's cutter sails to-night; and I propose that your gold is embarked, and I will take it over for you, and keep it safe. Then let what will happen, your daughter will not be left in beggary."

"True, true, my dear sir; there is no saying how this will end. It may end well; but, as you say, if the house is plundered, the gold is gone for ever. Your advice is good; and I will give you, before you go, the receipts for all the moneys in the hands of my agents at Hamburg and Frankfort, and other places. I have taken your advice, my young friend, and with the exception of this house, and property to the amount of some hundred thousand guilders, they will lay hold of little which belongs to Mynheer Krause. And my poor daughter, Mynheer Ramsay?"

"Should any accident happen to you, you may trust to me. I swear it to you, Mynheer Krause, on my hope of salvation."

Here the old man sat down much affected, and covered his face.

"O, my dear young friend, what a world is this, where they cannot distinguish a true and loyal subject and a traitor? But why could you not stay here, protect my house from the mob, and demand the civic guard."

"I stay here, my dear sir! why, I am included in the warrant of treason."

"You!"

"Yes, and there would be no chance of my escaping from my enemies. They detest me too much. But cheer up, sir; I think that, by my means, you may be cleared of all suspicions."

"By your means!"

"Yes, but I must not explain. My departure is necessary for your safety. I will take the whole upon myself, and you shall be saved."

"I really cannot understand you, my dear friend; bnt it appears to me as if you were going to make some great sacrifice for my sake."

"I will not be questioned, Mynheer Krause; only this I say, that I am resolved that you shall be proved innocent. It is my duty. But we have no time to lose. Let your gold be ready at sunset. I will have every thing prepared."

"But my daughter must not remain here. She will be by herself at the mercy of the mob."

"Be satisfied, Mynheer Krause, that is also prepared for. Your daughter must leave this house, and be in a safe retreat, before the officers come in to seize you. I have arranged every thing."

"Where do you propose sending her?"

"Not to any of your friends' houses, Mynheer Krause. No, no! but I'll see her in safety before I leave. Do not be afraid. It must depend upon circumstances; but of that hereafter. You have no time to lose."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Krause, unlocking the door, "that I, the syndic, the most loyal subject—Well, well; you may well say, 'Put not your trust in princes.'"

"Trust in me, Mynheer Krause," replied Ramsay, taking his hand.

"I do, I will, my good friend; and I will go to prison proudly, and like an innocent and injured man."

And Mynheer Krause hastened down to his counting-house to make the proposed arrangements; Ramsay returning to Wilhelmina, to whom he imparted what had taken place between him and her father, and which had the effect of enforcing his resolution.

We must now return to the widow Vandersloosh, who had arrived safely, but melting with the heat of her journey, at the palace of the Hague. She immediately informed one of the domestics that she wished to speak with his majesty upon important business.

"I cannot take your name in to his majesty; but if you will give it me, I will speak to Lord Albemarle."

The widow wrote her name down upon a slip of paper, which the servant went away with; and then the widow sat down upon a bench in the hall, and cooled herself with her fan.

"Frau Vandersloosh," said Lord Albemarle, on reading the name.

"Let her come up. Why, this," continued he, turning to the Duke of Portland, who was sitting by him, "is the woman who is ordered to be arrested this night upon the evidence of Lieutenant Vanslyperken. We shall learn something now, depend upon it."

The Frau Vandersloosh made her appearance, sailing in the room like a Dutch man-of-war of that period, under full sail, high pooped and broad sterned. Never having stood in the presence of great men, she was not a little confused; so she fanned herself most furiously.

"You wished to speak with me," said Lord Albemarle.

"Yes, your honour's honour. I've come to expose a snivelling traitor to his majesty's crown. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see now," continued the widow, talking to herself and fanning away.

"We are all attentive, madam."

Mistress Vandersloosh then began, out of breath, and continued out of breath till she had told the whole of the story, which, as the reader must be aware, only corroborated all Vanslyperken had already stated, with the exception that he had denounced the widow. Lord Albemarle allowed her to proceed without interruption. He had a great insight into character, and the story of the widow confirmed him in his opinion of Vanslyperken.

"But my good woman," said Lord Albemarle, "are you aware that Mr. Vanslyperken has already been here?"

"Yes, your honour, I met him going back; and he turned his nose up at me; and I said then, 'Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see; wait a little Mr. Vanslyperken.'"

"And," continued Lord Albemarle, "that he has denounced you as being a party to all these treasonable practices."

"Me!—denounced me!—he!—O Lord! O Lord! only let me meet him face to face. Let him say it then, if he dares, the snivelling, cowardly, murdering wretch!"

Thereupon Mrs. Vandersloosh commenced the history of Vanslyperken's wooing, of his cur Snarleyyow, of her fancy for the corporal, of his finding her with the corporal the day before, of her beating him off with the brooms, of her threats to expose his treason. "And so now, when he finds that he was to be exposed, he comes up first himself. That's now the truth of it, or my name's not Vandersloosh, your honour." And the widow walked up and down with the march of an elephant, fanning herself violently, her bosom heaving with agitation, and her face as red as a lobster's.

"Mistress Vandersloosh," said Lord Albemarle, "the affair must rest as it is at present; but I shall not forget what you have told me. I think now that you had better go home."

At this dismissal, the widow turned round. "Thank your worship kindly," said she. "I'm ready to come whenever I am wanted.—Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," resumed the widow as she walked to the door, quite forgetting the respect due to the two noblemen, "we shall see; yes, yes, we shall see."

"Well, my lord, what think you of this?" said Lord Albemarle to the duke, as the widow closed the door.

"Upon my soul, I think she is honest; she is too fat for a traitor."

"I am of your opinion. The episode of the corporal was delightful."

"And has thrown much light upon the lieutenant's conduct, who is a traitor, in my opinion, if ever there was one. But he must be allowed to fulfil his task, and then we will soon find out the truth; but if I mistake not, that man was born to be hung."

We must now return to Mr. Vanslyperken, who received the note from Ramsay just as he was going down to the boat. As he did not know what steps were to be taken by government, he determined to go up to Ramsay, and inform him for his order of immediately sailing. He might gain further information from his letters, and also remove the suspicion of his having betrayed him.

Ramsay received Mr. Vanslyperken with an air of confidence. "Sit down, Mr. Vanslyperken. I wish to know whether there is any chance of your sailing."

"I was about to come up to you to state that I have orders to sail this evening."

"That is fortunate, as I intended to take a passage with you, and what is more, Mr. Vanslyperken, I have a large sum in specie, which we must contrive to get on board. Cannot we contrive it? I cannot go without it."

"A large sum in specie!" Vanslyperken reflected. Yes, he would secure Ramsay as a prisoner, and possess himself of the specie if he could. His entrapping Ramsay on board would be another proof of his fidelity and dexterity. But then Vanslyperken thought of the defection of the corporal; but that was of no great consequence. The crew of the cutter dare not disobey him when they were ordered to seize a traitor.

While Vanslyperken was meditating this, Ramsay fixed his eyes upon him, waiting for his reply.

"It will be difficult," observed Vanslyperken, "to get the specie on board without being seen."

"I am afraid so too. But I have a proposition to make. Suppose you get under weigh, and heave to about a mile outside. I will then come off in the syndic's barge. I can have the use of it. Then nothing will be discovered."

Vanslyperken appeared to reflect again.

"I shall still run a great risk Mr. Ramsay."

"You will run some little, perhaps; but you shall be well paid for it, I promise you."

"Well, sir, I consent," replied Vanslyperken. "At what hour do you propose to embark?"

"About eleven, or a little earlier. You will have a light over the stern. Hail the boat when you see it coming, and I shall answer, 'King's messenger with despatches.' That will be a blind to your crew: they supposed me a king's messenger before."

"Yes, that will be prudent," replied Vanslyperken, who then took his leave with great apparent cordiality.

"Villain!" muttered Ramsay, as Vanslyperken shut the door, "I know your thoughts."

We must pass over the remainder of this eventful day. Wilhelmina had procured the dress of a boy, in which disguise she proposed to elope with Ramsay; and all her preparations were made long before the time. Mynheer Krause was also occupied in getting his specie ready for embarkation, and Ramsay in writing letters. The despatches from the Hague came down about nine o'clock, and Vanslyperken received them on board. About ten he weighed and made sail, and hove to about a mile outside, with a light shown as agreed. About the time arranged, a large boat appeared pulling up to the cutter. "Boat ahoy!"

"King's messenger with despatches," was the reply.

"All right," said Vanslyperken, "get a rope then from forward."

The boat darted alongside of the cutter. She pulled ten oars; but as soon as she was alongside, a number of armed men sprung from her on the decks, and beat the crew below: while Ramsay, with pistols in his belt and his sword in his hand, went aft to Vanslyperken.

"What is all this?" exclaimed the terrified lieutenant.

"Nothing, sir, but common prudence on my part," replied Ramsay. "I have an account to settle with you."

Vanslyperken perceived that his treachery was discovered, and he fell upon his knees. Ramsay turned away to give orders, and Vanslyperken darted down the hatchway, and gained the lower deck.

"Never mind," said Ramsay, "he'll not escape me. Come, my lads, hand up the boxes as fast as you can."

Ramsay then went to the boat, and brought up Wilhelmina, who had remained there, and conducted her down into the cabin. The boxes of specie were also handed down, the boat made fast, and the conspirators remained in possession of the deck. The helm was taken by one of them, sail again made on the cutter, and the boat with a boat-keeper towed astern.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Which is rather interesting.

Mr. Vanslyperken's retreat was not known to the crew. They thought him still on deck, and he hastened forward to secrete himself even from his own crew, who were not a little astonished at this unexpected attack, which they could not account for. The major part of the arms on board were always kept in Mr. Vanslyperken's cabin; and that was not only in possession of the assailants, but there was a strong guard in the passage outside which led to the lower deck.

"Well, this beats my comprehension quite entirely," said Bill Spurey.

"Yes," replied Short.

"And mine too," added Obadiah Coble, "being as we are, as you know, at peace with all nations, to be boarded and carried in this way."

"Why, what and who can they be?"

"I've a notion that Vanslyperken's at the bottom of it," replied Spurey.

"Yes," said Short.

"But it's a bottom that I can't fathom," continued Spurey.

"My dipsy line ar'n't long enough either," replied Coble.

"Gott for dam! what it can be?" exclaimed Jansen. "It must be the treason."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied Corporal Van Spitter. "It is all treason, and the traitor be Vanslyperken." But although the corporal had some confused ideas, he could not yet arrange them.

"Well, I've no notion of being boxed up here," observed Coble. "They can't be so many as we are, if they were stowed away in the boat like pilchards in a cask. Can't we get at the arms, corporal, and make a rush for it?"

"Mein Gott! de arms are all in the cabin, all but three pair pistols and the bayonets."

"Well, but we've handspikes," observed Spurey.

"Got for damn! gif me de handspike!" cried Jansen.

"We had better wait till daylight, at all events," observed Coble. "We shall see our work better."

"Yes," replied Short.

"And in the mean time get every thing to hand that we can."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Well, I can't understand the manœuvre. It beats my comprehension. What have they done with Vanslyperken?"

"I don't know; but they've kicked the cur out of the cabin."

"Then they've kicked him out, too, depend upon it."

Thus did the crew continue to surmise during the whole night; but, as Bill Spurey said, the manœuvre beat their comprehension.

One thing was agreed upon, that they should make an attempt to recover the vessel as soon as they could.

In the mean time, Ramsay, with Wilhelmina and the Jesuit, had taken possession of the cabin, and had opened all the despatches, which acquainted them with the directions in detail given for the taking of the conspirators at Portsmouth and in the cave. Had it not been to save his friends, Ramsay would at once have taken the cutter to Cherbourg, and have there landed Wilhelmina and the treasure; but his anxiety for his friends determined him to run at once for the cave, and send overland to Portsmouth. The wind was fair, and the water smooth, and before morning the cutter was well on her way.

In the mean time, the crew of the cutter had not been idle. The ladders had been taken up, and hatches closed. The only chance of success was an attack upon the guard, who were stationed outside of the cabin. They had six pistols, and about two hundred rounds of ammunition; but, with the exception of half a dozen bayonets, no other weapons. But they were resolute men, and as soon as they had made their arrangements, which consisted of piling up their hammocks so as to make a barricade to fire over, they commenced their operations; the first signal of which was a pistol-shot discharged at the men who were on guard in the passage, and which wounded one of them.

Ramsay darted out of the cabin at the report of the pistol; another and another was discharged, and Ramsay then gave the order to fire in return. This was done, but without injury to the seamen of the cutter, who were protected by the hammocks; and Ramsay, having already three of his men wounded, found that the post below was no longer tenable. A consultation took place, and it was determined that the lower deck should be abandoned, as the upper deck it would be easy to retain.

The cabin's skylight was taken off, and the boxes of gold handed up, while the party outside the cabin door maintained the conflict with the crew of the Yungfrau. When all the boxes were up, Wilhelmina was lifted on deck, the skylight put on again, and as soon as the after-hatches were ready to put on, Ramsay's men retreated by the ladder, which was first lowered and then drawn up after them, and then put on the hatches.

Had not the barricade of hammocks prevented them, the crew of the Yungfrau might have made a rush, and followed the others on deck; but before they could break down the barricades, which they did as soon as they perceived their opponents retreat, the ladder was up and the hatches placed over. The Yungfraus had gained the whole of the lower deck, but they could do no more; and Ramsay perceived that if he could maintain possession of the upper deck, it was as much as he could expect with such determined assailants. This warfare had been continued during the whole morning, and it was twelve o'clock before the cabin and lower deck had been abandoned by Ramsay's associates. During the whole day the skirmishes continued, the crew of the Yungfrau climbing on the table of the cabin and firing through the skylight; but in so doing they exposed themselves to the fire of the other party, who sat like cats watching for their appearance, and discharging their pieces the moment that a head presented itself. In the mean time the cutter darted on before a strong favourable breeze, and thus passed the first day. Many attempts were made during the night by the seamen of the cutter to force their way on deck, but they were all prevented by the vigilance of Ramsay; and the next morning the Isle of Wight was in sight. Wilhelmina had passed the night on the forecastle, covered up with a sail. None of the people had had any thing to eat during the time that they were on board, and Ramsay was most anxious to arrive at his destination. About noon the cutter was abreast of the Black Gang Chine. Ramsay had calculated upon retaining possession of the cutter, and taking the whole of the occupants of the cave over to Cherbourg; but this was now impossible. He had five of his men wounded, and he could not row the boat to the cave without leaving so few men on board that they would be overpowered; for his ammunition was expended, with the exception of one or two charges, which were retained for an emergency. All that he could do now was therefore to put his treasure in the boat, and with Wilhelmina and his whole party, make for the cave, when he could send notice to Portsmouth for the others to join them; and they must be content to await the meditated attack upon the cave, and defend it till they could make their escape to France. The wind being foul of the cutter's return to Portsmouth would enable him to give notice overland before she could arrive. There was a great oversight committed when the lower deck was abandoned; the despatches had been left on Mr. Vanslyperken's bed. Had they been taken away or destroyed, there would have been ample time for the whole of his party to have made their escape from England before duplicates could arrive. As it was, he could do no more than we have already mentioned. The boat was hauled up, the boxes of specie put in, the wounded men laid at the bottom of the boat; and having, at the suggestion of one of the men, cut the lower rigging, halyards, &c., of the cutter, to retard their progress to Portsmouth, Ramsay and his associates stepped into the boat and pulled for the cave.

Their departure was soon ascertained by the crew of the Yungfrau, who now forced the skylight, and gained the deck, but not before the boat had entered the cove.

"What's to be done now?" said Coble; "smash my timbers, but they've played old Harry with the rigging. We must knot and splice."

"Yes," replied Short.

"What the devil have they done with Vanslyperken?" cried Bill Spurey.

"Either shoved him overboard, or taken him with them, I suppose," cried Coble.

"Well, it's a nice job altogether," observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "We will have a pretty story to tell de admiral."

"Well they've rid us of him, at all events. I only hope they'll hang him."

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"He'll have his desarts," replied Coble.

"Gott for tam! I like to see him swing."

"Now he's gone, let's send his dog after him. Hurrah, my lads! get a rope up on the yard, and let us hang Snarleyyow."

"Mein Gott! I'll go fetch him," cried the corporal.

"You will—will you?" roared a voice.

The corporal turned round; so did the others; and there with his sword drawn, stood Mr. Vanslyperken!

"You d—d mutinous scoundrel!" cried Vanslyperken, "touch my dog, if you dare."

The corporal put his hand up to the salute, and Vanslyperken shook his head with a diabolical expression of countenance.

"Now where the devil could he come from?" whispered Spurey.

Coble shrugged up his shoulders, and Short gave a long whistle, expending more breath than usual.

However, there was no more to be said; and as soon as the rigging was knotted and spliced, sail was made on the cutter; but the wind being dead in their teeth, they did not arrive until late the next evening, and the admiral did not see his despatches till the next morning; for the best of all possible reasons, that Vanslyperken did not take them on shore. He had a long story to tell, and he thought it prudent not to disturb the admiral after dinner, as great men are apt to be very choleric during the progress of digestion.

The consequence was, that when the next morning Mr. Vanslyperken called upon the admiral, the intelligence had been received from the cave, and all the parties had absconded. Mr. Vanslyperken told his own tale, how he had been hailed by a boat purporting to have a messenger on board; how they had boarded him, and beat down himself and his crew; how he and his crew had fought under hatches, and beat them on deck; and how they had been forced to abandon the cutter. All this was very plausible, and then Vanslyperken delivered the despatches opened by Ramsay.

The admiral read them in haste, gave immediate orders for surrounding and breaking into the house, of the Jew Lazarus, in which the military found nobody but an old tom-cat, and then desired Mr. Vanslyperken to hold the cutter in readiness to embark troops and sail that afternoon. But troops do not move so fast as people think, and before one hundred men had been told off by the sergeant, with their accoutrements, knapsacks, and sixty rounds of ammunition, it was too late to embark them that night; so they waited until the next morning. Moreover, Mr. Vanslyperken had orders to draw from the dock-yard three large boats for the debarkation of the said troops; but the boats were not quite ready; one required a new gunnel, another three planks in the bottom, and the third having her stern out, it required all the carpenters in the yard to finish them by the next morning. Mr. Vanslyperken's orders were to proceed to the cove, and land the troops, to march up to the cave, and to cover the advance of the troops, rendering them all the assistance in his power, and co-operating with the major commanding the detachment; but where the cave was no one knew, except that it was thereabouts. The next morning, at eight o'clock the detachment, consisting of one hundred men, were embarked on board of the cutter; but the major commandant, finding that the decks were excessively crowded, and that he could hardly breathe, ordered section first, section second, and section third, of twenty-five men each, to go into the boats, and be towed. After which there was more room, and the cutter stood out for St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

In which there is a great deal of correspondence, and the widow is called up very early in the morning.

We must now return to Mynheer Krause, who, after he had delivered over his gold, locked up his counting-house, and went up to the saloon, determining to meet his fate with all the dignity of a Roman senator. He sent for his daughter, who sent word back that she was packing up her wardrobe; and this answer appeared but reasonable to the syndic, who therefore continued in his chair reflecting upon his approaching incarceration, conning speeches, and anticipating a glorious acquittal, until the bell of the Cathedral chimed the half hour after ten. He then sent another message to his daughter, and the reply was that she was not in her room; upon which he despatched old Koop to Ramsay, requesting his attendance. The reply to this second message was a letter presented to the syndic, who broke the seal, and read as follows.

"My dear and honoured Sir,—I have sought for a proper asylum for your daughter during the impending troubles, and could not find one which pleased; and in consequence I have taken the bold step, aware that I might not have received your sanction if applied for, of taking her on board the cutter with me. She will there be safe, and as her character might be in a certain degree impeached by living in company with a man of my age, I intend as soon as we arrive in port to unite myself to her, for which act I trust you will grant me your pardon. As for yourself, be under no apprehension. I have saved you. Treat the accusation with scorn, and if you are admitted into the presence of his majesty, accuse him of the ingratitude which he has been guilty of. I trust that we shall soon meet again, that I may return to you the securities and specie of which I have charge, as well as your daughter, who is anxious once more to receive your blessing.

"Yours ever till death,
"Edward Ramsay."

Mynheer Krause read this letter over and over again. It was very mystifying. Much depends in this world upon the humour people are in at the time. Mynheer Krause was at that time full of Cato-like devotion and Roman virtue, and he took the contents of the letter in the true Catonic style.

"Excellent young man!—to preserve my honour, he has taken her away with him; and to preserve her reputation, he intends to marry her. Now I can go to prison without a sigh. He tells me that he has saved me. Saved me;—why, he has saved every thing—me, my daughter, and my property. Well, they shall see how I behave? they shall witness the calmness of a Stoic. I shall express no emotion or surprise at the arrest, as they will naturally expect, because I know it is to take place; no fear, no agitation when in prison, because I know that I am to be saved. I shall desire them to bear in mind that I am the syndic of the town, and must receive that respect which is due to my exalted situation."

And Mynheer Van Krause lighted his pipe, ordered Koop to bring him a stone jug of beer; and thus doubly armed, like Cato, he awaited the arrival of the officer with all the stoicism of beer and tobacco.

About the same hour of night that the letter was put into the hands of Mynheer Krause, a packet was brought up to Lord Albemarle, who was playing a game of put with his grace the Duke of Portland. At that time put was a most fashionable game; but games are like garments, as they become old, they are cast off, and handed down to the servants. The outside of the despatch was marked, "To Lord Albemarle's own hands. Immediate and most important." It appeared, however, as if the two noble lords considered the game of put as more important and immediate, for they finished it without looking at the packet in question, and it was midnight before they threw up the cards; after which Lord Albemarle went to a side-table apart from the rest of the company, and broke the seals. It was a letter with enclosures, and ran as follows:—

"My Lord Albemarle,—Although your political enemy, I do justice to your merits, and prove my high opinion of you by addressing to you this letter, the object of which is to save your government the disgrace of injuring a worthy man and a stanch supporter, and to expose the villany of a coward and a scoundrel. When I state that my name is Ramsay, you may at once be satisfied that before this comes to your hands, I am out of your reach. I came here in the king's cutter commanded by Mr. Vanslyperken, with letters of recommendation to Mynheer Krause, which represented me as a stanch adherent of William of Orange and a Protestant; and with this impression I was well received, and took up my abode in his house. My object you may easily imagine; but fortune favoured me still more in having in my power Lieutenant Vanslyperken. I opened the government despatches in his presence and supplied him with false seals to enable him to do the same, and give me the extracts which were of importance; for which, I hardly need say, he was most liberally rewarded. This has been carried on for some time; but it appears that in showing him how to obtain your secrets, I also showed him how to possess himself of ours; and the consequence has been that he has turned double traitor, and I have narrowly escaped.

"The information possessed by Mynheer Krause was given by me to win his favour for one simple reason, that I fell in love with his daughter, who has now quitted the country with me. He never was undeceived as to my real position, nor is he even now. Let me do an honest man justice. I enclose you the extracts from your duplicates made by Mr. Vanslyperken, written in his own hand, which, I trust, will satisfy you as to his perfidy, and induce you to believe in the innocence of the worthy syndic, from the assurance of a man, who, although a Catholic, a Jacobite, and if you please, an attainted traitor, is incapable of telling you a falsehood. I am, my lord, with every respect for your noble character,

"Yours, most obediently,
"Edward Ramsay."

"This is corroborative of my suspicions," said Lord Albemarle, putting down the papers before the Duke of Portland.

The duke read the letter, and examined the enclosures.

"Shall we see the king to-night?"

"No, he is retired, and it is of no use. They are in prison by this time. We will wait for the report to-morrow morning, ascertain how many have been secured, and then lay these documents before his majesty."

Leaving the two noble lords to go to bed, we shall now return to Amsterdam. At twelve o'clock at night, precisely as the bell tolled, a loud knock was heard at the gate of the syndic's house. Koop, who had been ordered by his master to remain up, immediately opened the door, and a posse comitatus of the civil power filled the yard.

"Where is Mynheer Krause?" inquired the chief in authority.

"Mynheer the syndic is up-stairs in the saloon."

Without sending up his name, the officers went up, followed by three or four others, and found Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe.

"Ah, my very particular friend, Mynheer Engelbach, what may bring you here at this late hour, with all your people? Is there a fire in the town?"

"No, Mynheer Syndic. It is an order, I am very sorry to say, to arrest you, and conduct you to prison."

"Arrest and conduct me to prison!—me, the syndic of the town!—that is strange! Will you allow me to see your warrant. Yes, it is all true, and countersigned by his majesty. I have no more to say, Mynheer Englebach. As syndic of this town, and administrator of the laws, it is my duty to set the example of obedience to them, at the same time protesting my entire innocence. Koop, get me my mantle. Mynheer Englebach, I claim to be treated with the respect due to me as syndic of this town."

The officers were not a little staggered at the coolness and sang froid of Mynheer Krause. He had never appeared to so much advantage; they bowed respectfully as he finished his speech.

"I believe Mynheer Krause that you have some friends staying with you."

"I have no friend in this house, except my very particular friend Mynheer Englebach," replied the syndic.

"You must excuse us, but we must search the house."

"You have his majesty's warrant so to do, and no excuse is necessary."

After a diligent search of half an hour, nobody was found in the house, and the officers began to suspect that the government had been imposed upon. Mynheer Krause, with every mark of attention and respect, was then walked off to the Hotel de Ville, where he remained in custody; for it was not considered right by the authorities that the syndic should be thrown into the common prison upon suspicion only. When he arrived there, Mynheer Krause surprised them all by the philosophy with which he smoked his pipe.

But although there was nobody to be found except the syndic in the syndic's house, and not a soul at the house inhabited by the Jesuit, there was one more person included in the warrant, which was the widow Vandersloosh; for Lord Albemarle, although convinced in his own mind of her innocence, could not take upon himself to interfere with the decisions of the council. So about one o'clock there was a loud knocking at the widow's door, which was repeated again and again before it awoke the widow, who was fatigued with her long and hot journey to the Hague. As for Babette she made it a rule never to wake at any thing but the magical No. 6 sounded by the church clock, or her mistress's voice.

"Babette!" cried the widow Vandersloosh; "Babette!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There's a knock at the door, Babette."

"Only some drunken sailors, ma'am." They'll go away when they find they can't get in."

Here the peals were redoubled.

"Babette—get up, Babette; and threaten them with the watch."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette with a terrible yawn.

Knocking and thumping with strokes louder than before.

"Babette, Babette!"

"I must put something on, ma'am," replied Babette, rather crossly.

"Speak to them out of the window, Babette."

Here poor Babette came down to the first floor, and opening the window at the landing-place on the stairs, put her head out, and cried,

"If you don't go away, you drunken fellows, my mistress will send for the watch."

"If you don't come down and open the door, we shall break it open," replied the officer sent to the duty.

"Tell them it's no inn, Babette. We won't let people in after hours," cried the widow, turning in her bed, and anxious to resume her sound nap.

Babette gave the message, and shut down the window.

"Break open the door," cried the officer to his attendants. In a minute or two the door was burst open, and the party ascended the staircase.

"Mercy on me, Babette, if they ar'n't come in," cried the widow, who jumped out of her bed, and nearly shutting her door, which had been left open for ventilation, she peeped out to see who were the bold intruders. She perceived a man in black with a white staff.

"What do you want?" screamed the widow, terrified.

"We want Mistress Vandersloosh. Are you that person?" said the officer.

"To be sure I am. But what do you want here."

"I must request you to dress, and come along with me directly to the staadt house," replied the officer, very civilly.

"Gott in himmel! what's the matter?"

"It's on a charge of treasonable practices, madam."

"O, ho—I see, Mr. Vanslyperken. Very well, good sir—I'll put on my clothes directly. I'll get up any hour in the night with pleasure to hang that villain. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. Babette, take the gentlemen down in the parlour, and give them some bottled beer. You'll find it very good, sir; it's of my own brewing; and, Babette, you must come up and help me."

The officer did not think it necessary to undeceive the widow, who imagined that she was to give evidence against Vanslyperken, not that she was a prisoner herself: still the widow Vandersloosh did not like being called up at such an unusual hour, and thus expressed herself to Babette as she was dressing herself.

"Well, we shall see the ending of this. Babette, my under petticoat—it's on the chair.—I told the lords the whole truth, every word of it, and I am convinced that they believed me too.—Don't pull so tight all at once, Babette—how often do I tell you that?—I do believe you missed a hole.—The cunning villain goes there, and says that I—yes, Babette, that I was a traitor myself; and I said to the lords, Do I look like a traitor?—My petticoats, Babette—how stupid you are!—why, your eyes are half shut now—you know I always wear the blue first, then the green, and the red last—and yet you will give them the first which comes.—He's a handsome lord, that Duke of Portland—he was one of the Bentincks before King William went over, and *conquered* England; and he was made a lord for his valour—my ruff—Babette, the Dutch are a brave nation—my kirtle now.—How much beer did you give the officers?—mind you take care of every thing while I'm gone, Babette. I shall be home by nine, I dare say. I suppose they are going to try him now, that he may be hanged at sunrise. I knew how it would be—yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, every dog has his day, and there's an end of you, and of your cur also, I've a notion."

The widow, being now fully equipped, walked down stairs to them, and proceeded with the officers to the staadt house. She was brought into the presence of Mynheer Engelbach, who held the office of provost.

"Here is the widow Vandersloosh, mynheer."

"Very well," replied Engelbach, who was in a very bad humour at the unsuccessful search after the conspirators, "away with her."

"Away where?" exclaimed the widow.

Engelbach did not condescend to make a reply. The officers were mute; but one stout man on either side seized her arm, and led her away, notwithstanding expostulation and some resistance on her part.

"Where am I going?—what is all this?" exclaimed the widow Vandersloosh, terrified; but there was no answer.

At last they came to a door held open all ready by another man with a bunch of heavy keys. The terrified woman perceived that it was a paved stone cell, with a brick arch over it; in short, a dungeon. The truth flashed upon her for the first time. It was she who had been arrested for treason; but before she could shriek, she was shoved in, and the door closed and locked upon her, and the widow sunk down in a sitting posture on the ground, overcome with astonishment and indignation. Was it possible? Had the villain prevailed? This was the question which she asked herself over and over again, changing alternately from sorrow to indignation; at one time wringing her hands, and at others exclaiming, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see!!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

In which is related much appertaining to the "pomp and circumstance" of war.

The arrival of Ramsay and his party was so unexpected, that at first Lady Barclay imagined that they had been betrayed, and that the boat was filled with armed men from the king's cutter, who had come on shore with the view of forcing an entrance into the cave. In a minute every preparation was made for defence, for it had long been arranged that, in case of unexpected attack, the women should make all the resistance in their power, and which the nature of the place enabled them to do.

But as Nancy observed, the party, although coming from the cutter, and all armed, did not appear to advance in a hostile manner. After waiting some time at the boat, they advanced each with a box on his shoulder, but what those boxes might be was a puzzle. They might be hand grenades for throwing into the cave. However they were soon down to the rock, at which the ladder was let down, and then Smallbones stood up with a musket in his hands, with his straddling legs and short petticoat, and bawled out, "Who comes there."

Ramsay, who was assisting Wilhelmina, looked up, surprised at this singular addition to the occupants of the cave; and Wilhelmina also looked at him, and said, "Can that be a woman, Ramsay?"

"At all events, I've not the honour of her acquaintance; but she is pointing her musket. We are friends," cried Ramsay; "tell Mistress Alice it is Ramsay."

Smallbones turned round and reported the answer, and then in obedience to his orders from Mistress Alice, he cried out, in imitation of the sentinels, "Pass Ramsay, and all's well!" presented his arms, and made a flying leap off the rock where he stood down on the platform, that he might lower the ladder. As soon as Ramsay was up, he desired every body might be sent down to secure the boxes of specie as fast as they could, lest the cutter's people, releasing themselves, should attempt an attack. Now there was no more concealment necessary, and the women as well as the men went down the precipitous path, and brought up the treasure, while Ramsay introduced Wilhelmina to Lady Barclay, and in a brief but clear narrative told her all that had passed, and what they had now to expect. There was not a moment for delay; the cutter's people might send the despatches over land if they thought of it, and be there as soon, if not sooner, than themselves. Nancy Corbet was summoned immediately, and her instructions given. The whole of the confederates at Portsmouth were to come over to the cave, with what they could collect and carry about their persons; and in case of the cutter sending over land, with the precaution of being in disguise. Of arms and ammunition there were sufficient in the cave, which Ramsay now felt was to be defended to the last, until they could make a retreat over to the other side of the channel. In half an hour Nancy was gone, and that very night had arrived at Portsmouth, and given notice to the whole of their confederates. Upon consultation it was considered that the best disguise would be that of females; and in consequence they were all so attired, and before morning had all passed over, two or three in a boat, and landed at Ryde, where they were collected by Moggy Salisbury, who alone of the party knew the way to the retreat. They walked across the island by two and three, one party just keeping sight of the next ahead of them, and arrived without suspicion or interruption, conducted by Moggy Salisbury,—Lazarus the Jew, and sixteen stout and desperate men, who had remained secreted in the Jew's house, ready to obey any order, however desperate the risk might be, of their employers.

When they were all assembled at the brow of the precipice, with the exception of Lazarus, who looked like a little old woman, a more gigantic race of females were never seen, for, determined upon a desperate resistance if discovered, they had their buff jerkins under their female garments. They were soon in the cave, and very busy under Ramsay's directions, preparing against the expected attack. Sir Robert Barclay, with his boat, had been over two days before, and it was not known when he would return. That his presence was most anxiously looked for may be readily conceived, as his boat's crew would double their force if obliged to remain there; and his boat would enable them with the one brought by Ramsay, to make their escape, without leaving one behind, before the attack could be made.

Nancy Corbett, as the reader may have observed, did not return to the cave with the other conspirators. As she was not suspected, she determin [illegible] remain

Portsmouth till the last, and watch the motions of the authorities.

The cutter did not arrive till the evening of the second day, and the despatches were not delivered to the admiral till the third morning, when all was bustle and preparation. Nancy Corbett was every where. She found out what troops were ordered to embark on the expedition, and she was acquainted with some of the officers, as well as the sergeants and corporals. An idea struck her, which she thought she could turn to advantage. She slided into the barrack yard when the men were being selected, and was soon close to a sergeant whom she was acquainted with.

"So you've an expedition on hand, Sergeant Tanner!"

"Yes, Mistress Corbett, and I'm one of the party."

"I wish you joy," replied Nancy, sarcastically.

"O, it's nothing, Mistress Corbett; nothing at all, only some smugglers in a cave. We'll soon rout them out."

"I've heard a different account from the admiral's clerk."

"Why, what have you heard?"

"First tell me how many men are ordered out?"

"A hundred rank and file, eight non-commissioned officers, two lieutenants, one captain, and one major."

"Bravo, sergeant! you will carry all before you."

"Why, I hope so, Mistress Corbett; especially as we are to have the assistance of the cutter's crew."

"Better and better still," replied Nancy, ironically. "I wish you joy of your laurels, sergeant. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why do you laugh, Mistress Corbett? and what is that you heard at the admiral's office?"

"What you may hear yourself, and what I know to be true—there is not a single smuggler in the cave."

"No!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"Not one; they all live on the other side of the water. You will have a glorious victory, sergeant."

"What! nobody there?"

"Yes, there is somebody there. The cave has been chosen by the smugglers to land their goods in."

"But some of them must be there in charge of the goods."

"Yes, so they are; but they are all *women*—the smugglers' wives who live there. What an expedition! Let me see; one gallant major, one gallant captain, two gallant lieutenants, eight gallant non-commissioned officers, and a hundred gallant soldiers of the Buffs, all going to attack, and rout, and defeat a score of old women."

"But you're joking, mistress Nancy."

"Upon my life, I'm not, sergeant. You'll find it true. The admiral's ashamed of the whole affair, and the cutter's crew swear they won't fire a shot."

"By the god of war!" exclaimed the sergeant, "but this is cursed bad news you bring, Mistress Corbett."

"Not at all; your regiment will become quite the fancy. You'll go by the name of the lady-killers—ha! ha! ha! I wish you joy, sergeant—ha! ha! ha!"

Nancy Corbett knew well the power of ridicule. She left the sergeant, and was accosted by one of the lieutenants. She rallied him in the same way.

"But are you really in earnest, Nancy?" said Lieutenant Dillon at last.

"Upon my soul, I am: but at the same time, I hear that they will fight hard, for they are well armed and desperate, like their husbands, and they swear that they'll all die to a woman, before they yield. So now we shall see who fights best, the women or the men. I'll back my own sex, for a gold Jacobus, lieutenant; will you take the bet?"

"Good God, how very annoying! I can't, I won't order the men to fire at women. I could not do so, if they were devils incarnate. A woman is a woman still."

"And never the worse for being brave, Lieutenant Dillon. As I said to Sergeant Tanner, your regiment after this expedition will always go by the name of the lady-killers."

"D—n!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "But now I recollect, there must be more there—those who had possession of the cutter, and who landed in their boat."

"Yes, with forty boxes of gold, they say. But do you think that they would be such fools as to remain there, and allow you to take their money? That boat started for France yesterday night, with all the treasure, and is now safe at Cherbourg. I know it for a fact; for one of the men's wife who lives here showed me a letter to that effect from her husband, in which he requests her to follow him. But I must go now. Good-by, Mr. Lady-killer."

The lieutenant repeated what Nancy had told him to the officers, and the major was so much annoyed that he went up to the admiral, and stated that the report was that there were only women to contend with.

"It is mentioned in the despatches, I believe," observed the admiral, "that there are only women supposed to be in the cave; but the smugglers who were on board of the cutter—"

"Have left with their specie yesterday night, admiral; so that we shall gain neither honour nor profit."

"At all events, you will have the merit of obeying your orders, Major Lincoln."

The major made no reply, but went away very much dissatisfied. In the mean time the sergeant had communicated with his brother non-commissioned officers and the privates ordered on the duty, and the discontent was universal. Most of the men swore that they would not pull a trigger against women if they were shot for it, and the disaffection almost amounted to a mutiny.

Nancy in the mean time had not been idle. She had found means to speak with the boat's crew of the Yungfrau,—stated the departure of the smugglers with their gold, and the fact that they were to fight with nothing but women; that the soldiers had vowed that they would not fire a shot; and that Moggy Salisbury, who was with them, swore that she would hoist her smock up as a flag, and fight to the last. This was soon known on board of the Yungfrau, and gave great disgust to every one of the crew, who declared to a man that they would not act against petticoats, much less fire a shot at Moggy Salisbury.

What a mountain of mischief can be heaped up by the insidious tongue of one woman!

After this explanation, it may be supposed that the zeal of the party despatched was not very great. The fact is, they were all sulky from the major downwards among the military, and from Vanslyperken downwards among the naval portion of the detachment. Nancy Corbett, satisfied with having effected her object, had crossed over the night before, and joined her companions in the cave; and, what was extremely fortunate, on the same night Sir Robert Barclay came over in the lugger, and finding how matters stood, immediately hoisted both the boats up on the rocks, and taking up all the men, prepared with his followers for that vigorous resistance, naturally to be expected from those whose lives depended upon the issue of the conflict.

Next morning the cutter was seen coming down with the boats in tow, hardly stemming the flood from the lightness of the breeze, when Nancy Corbett requested to speak with Sir Robert Barclay. She stated to him what she had done, and the disaffection among the troops and seamen in consequence, and submitted to him the propriety of all the smugglers being dressed as women, as it would operate more in their favour than if they had fifty more men to defend the cave. Sir Robert perceived the good sense of this suggestion, and consulted with Ramsay, who strongly urged the suggestion being acted upon. The men were summoned, and the affair explained to them, and the consequence was that there was a scene of mirth and laughter, which ended with every man being fitted with women's attire. The only one who remained in the dress of a man was a woman, Wilhelmina Krause; but she was to remain in the cave with the other women, and take no part in the coming fray.

CHAPTER L.

In which the officers, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file are all sent to the right about.

About noon the Yungfrau hove to off the little cove, and the troops were told off into the boats.

About half past twelve the troops were in the boats all ready.

About one, Mr. Vanslyperken had hoisted out his own boats, and they were manned. Mr. Vanslyperken with his pistols in his belt, and his sword drawn, told Major Lincoln that he was all ready. Major Lincoln, with his spy-glass in his hand, stepped into the boat with Mr. Vanslyperken, and the whole detachment pulled for the shore, and landed in the small cove, where they found the smugglers' boats hoisted up on the rocks, at which the men appeared to be rejoiced, as they took it for granted that they would find some men to fight with instead of women. The major headed his men, and they commenced a scramble up the rocks, and arrived at the foot of the high rock which formed the platform above it at the mouth of the cave, when the major cried, "Halt!"—a very judicious order, considering that it was impossible to go any further. The soldiers looked about every where, but could find no cave; and after an hour's strict search, Major Lincoln and his officers, glad to be rid of the affair, held a consultation, and it was agreed that the troops should be re-embarked. The men were marched down again very hot from their exertions, and thus would the expedition have ended without bloodshed had it not been for the incautious behaviour of a woman. That woman was Moggy Salisbury, who, having observed that the troops were re-embarking, took the opportunity, while Sir Robert and all the men were keeping close, to hoist up a certain under garment to a pole as if in derision, thus betraying the locality of the cave, and running the risk of sacrificing the whole party in it. This garment, as it was going up, caught the eye of one of the seamen in the boat, who cried out, "There goes the ensign up to the peak at last."

"Where?" exclaimed the major, pulling out his telescope; "yes, by heavens! there it is—and there then must be the cave."

Neither Sir Robert or any of the conspirators were aware of this manœuvre of Moggy, for Smallbones, perceiving what she had done, hauled it down again in a minute afterwards. But it had been hoisted, and the major considered it his duty to return. So once more the troops ascended the precipitous path.

Moggy then went into the cave. "They have found us out, sir," said she, "they point to us, and are coming up again. If you please, I will stand as sentry The men won't fire at me, and if they do, I don't care."

Sir Robert and Ramsay were in close consultation. It appeared to them that by a bold manœuvre they would be able to get out of their scrape. The wind had gone down altogether, the sea was as smooth as a glass, and there was every appearance of a continual calm.

"If we could manage it—and I think we may—then the sooner this affair is brought to an issue, the better."

Moggy had now taken a musket on her shoulder, and was pacing up and down the edge of the flat in imitation of a sentry. She was soon pointed out and a titter ran through the whole line. At last, as the major approached, she called out,

"I say, soger, what are you doing here? keep off, or I'll put a bullet through your jacket."

"My good woman," replied the major, while his men laughed, "we do not want to hurt you, but you must surrender."

"Surrender!" cried Moggy; "who talks of surrender? hoist the colours there."

Up went the chemise to the end of the pole, and Smallbones grinned as he hoisted it.

"My good woman, we must obey our orders."

"And I must obey mine," retorted Moggy. "Turn out the guard there."

All the women now made their appearance, as had been arranged, with muskets on their shoulders, headed by little Lilly, with her drawn sword.

The sight of the child commanding the detachment was hailed with loud cheers and laughter.

"That will do—that will do," cried Sir Robert, fearful for Lilly. "Let them come in again."

"They'll not fire first at all events," cried Moggy, "never fear, sir. Guard, turn in," continued she, upon which Lilly and her squadron then disappeared.

"Upon my honour this is too ridiculous," said Lieutenant Dillon.

"Upon my soul, I don't know what is to be done," rejoined the major.

"Moggy, we must commence hostilities somehow or another," cried Sir Robert from within. Smallbones here came out with his musket to relieve Moggy, and Moggy retired into the cave.

The major, who imagined that there must be a path to the cave on the other side, now advanced with the determination of finding it out, and somehow or another putting an end to this unusual warfare.

"If you please, you'll keep back, or I'll fire," cried Smallbones, levelling his musket.

The major went on, heedless of the threat. Smallbones discharged his piece, and the major fell.

"Confound the she-devil! Are you hurt, major?" cried Lieutenant Dillon.

"Yes I am, I can't move."

Another shot was now fired, and the sergeant fell.

"Hell and flames! what must we do?"

But now the whole party of smugglers poured out of the cave dressed as women, with bonnets on, and commenced a murderous fire upon the troops, who fell in all directions. The captain, who had assumed the command, now attempted to find his way to the other side of the cave, where he had no doubt he should find the entrance; but in so doing the soldiers were exposed to a most galling fire, without being able to return it.

At first the troops refused to fire again, for that they had to deal with the smugglers' wives they made certain of; even in the thickest of the smoke there was nothing masculine to be seen, and those troops who were at a greater distance, and who could return the fire did not: they were rather amused at the gallant behaviour of the women, and not being aware that their comrades were falling so fast remained inactive. But there is a limit to even gallantry, and as the wounded men were carried past them, their indignation was roused, and at last the fire was as warmly returned; but before that took place, one-half of the detachment were hors du combat.

The assistance also which they might have received from the covering party of sailors on the beach was neutralized. They did not know how much the soldiers had suffered, and although they fired in pursuance of orders, they would not take any aim.

For some time the soldiers were forced on to the eastern side of the rock, which, as the reader may recollect, was much more precipitous than the western side, where it was descended by the ladder. Here they were at the mercy of the conspirators, who, concealed below the masses of rock on the platform, took unerring aim. The captain had fallen, Lieutenant Dillon was badly wounded, and led back to the boats, and the command had devolved upon a young man who had but just joined the regiment, and who was ignorant of any thing like military tactics, even if they could have been brought into play upon the service.

"Do you call this fighting with women, Sergeant Tanner?" said one of the men; "I've seen service, but such a murderous fire, I was never in. Why we've lost two-thirds of our men."

"And shall lose them all before we find out the mouth of this cursed cave. The regiment has lost its character for ever, and I don't care how soon a bullet settles my business."

Ramsay now detached a party of the men to fire at the covering party of seamen, who were standing by the boats in the cove, and who were unprotected, while his men were concealed behind the masses of rocks. Many fell wounded or killed, and Vanslyperken, after shifting about from one position to another, ordered the wounded men to be put into his boat, and with two hands he pulled off, as he said, to procure more ammunition, leaving the remainder of the detachment on shore to do as well as they could.

"I thought as how this work would be too warm for him," observed Bill Spurey.

"Yes," replied Short, who at that moment received a bullet in his thigh, and fell down the rocks.

The fire upon the seamen continued to be effective. Move from their post they did not; but one after another they sunk wounded on the ground. The soldiers were now without any one to command them, for those who had forced their way to the western side of the rock, finding that advance or retreat was alike impossible, crawled under the sides of the precipice to retreat from a murderous fire which they could not return. The others were scattered here and there, protecting themselves as well as they could below the masses of stone, and returning the fire of the conspirators surly and desperately. But of the hundred men sent on the expedition, there were not twenty who were not killed or wounded, and nearly the whole detachment of seamen had fallen where they stood.

It was then four o'clock. The few men who remained unhurt were suffering from the extreme heat and exertion, and devoured for thirst. The wounded cried for water. The sea was still calm and smooth as a mirror. Not a breath of wind blew to cool the fevered brows of the wounded men, and the cutter, with the sails hanging listless, floated about on the glassy waste about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

"Now is our time, Sir Robert."

"Yes, Ramsay, now for one bold dash. Off with this women's gear, my men; buckle on your swords, and pistols in your belts."

In a very short time this order was complied with; and notwithstanding some of the men were wounded in this day's affair, as well as in the struggle for the deck of the cutter, the three bands from Amsterdam, Portsmouth, and Cherbourg mustered forty resolute and powerful men.

The ladder was lowered down, and they descended. Sir Robert ordered Jemmy Ducks and Smallbones to remain and haul up the ladder again, and the whole body hastened down to the cove, headed by Sir Robert and Ramsay, seized the boats, and shoved off for the cutter.

CHAPTER LI.

In which the Jacobite cause is trumphant by sea as well as by land.

THE great difficulty which Sir Robert Barclay had to surmount was to find the means of transport over the channel for their numerous friends, male and female, then collected in the cave. Now that their retreat was known, it was certain that some effective measures would be taken by government, by which, if not otherwise reduced, they would be surrounded and starved into submission.

The two boats which they had were not sufficient for the transport of so numerous a body, consisting now of nearly eighty individuals, and their means of subsistence were limited to a few days.

The arrival of the cutter with the detachment was no source of regret to Sir Robert, who hoped by the defeat of the troops to obtain their boats, and thus make his escape; but this would have been difficult, if not impossible, if the cutter had been under command, as she carried four guns, and could have prevented their escape even if she did not destroy the boats. But when Sir Robert observed that it had fallen calm, it at once struck him that if, after defeating the troops, they could board and carry the cutter, all their difficulties were over. Then they could embark the whole of their people, and run her over to Cherbourg.

This was the plan proposed by Sir Robert, and agreed to by Ramsay; and to accomplish this, now that the troops were put to the rout, they had made a rush for and obtained the boats. As for the women left in the cave, they were perfectly secure for the time, as without scaling ladders there was no possibility of the remaining troops, even if they were rallied, being able to effect any thing.

That part of the crew of the Yungfrau who were on board had perceived them rush down to the beach, which they reported to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had gone down to his cabin, not choosing to take any further part in the affray, or to risk his valuable life. Vanslyperken came on deck, where he witnessed the manning of the boats, and their pushing out of the cove.

"They are coming to attack us, sir," said Coble, who had been left in charge of the cutter when Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore.

Mr. Vanslyperken turned pale as a sheet; his eyes were fixed upon the form of Ramsay standing up on the sternsheets of the first boat, with his sabre raised in the air. He immediately recognised him, panted for breath, and could make no reply.

The crew of the cutter, weakened as they were by the loss of most of their best men, flew to their arms; Coble, Cornelius Jansen, and Corporal Van Spitter in the advance, and encouraging them.

"Gott for dam! let us have one slap for it," cried Jansen.

"Mein Gott, yes!" shouted the corporal.

Vanslyperken started up. "It's no use, my men; it's madness, useless sacrifice of life. They are two to one; we must surrender. Go down below, all of you. Do you hear?—obey my orders!"

"Yes, and report them, too, to the admiral," replied Coble. "I never heard such an order given in my born days, and fifty odd years I have served in the king's fleet."

"Corporal Van Spitter, I order you below!—all of you, below!" cried Vanslyperken. "I command here. Will you obey, sir?"

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal, walking away and coolly descending the ladder.

The boats are now within ten yards of the cutter, and the men stood irresolute; the corporal obeying orders had disheartened them. Some of them followed the corporal.

"It's no use," said Coble, "I see now it's of no use. It's only being cut to pieces for nothing, my men; but I won't leave the deck." Coble threw away his cutlass, and walked aft. The other men did the same, all but Jansen, who still hesitated. Coble caught his cutlass out of his hand, and threw it overboard just as the boats dashed alongside.

"Gott for dam!" muttered Jansen, folding his arms, and facing the men who jumped on the cutter's deck. Ramsay, who was the first on board, when he perceived that the men were standing on the decks without making any opposition, turned and threw up the points of the swords of some of his men, who were rushing blindly on, and in a minute all was quiet on the decks of the Yungfrau. Mr. Vanslyperken was not to be seen. At the near approach of the boats, he had hastened into his cabin, and locked himself in, his only feeling being that Ramsay's wrath might cool and his life be spared.

"My lads," said Sir Robert to the crew of the cutter, "I am very glad that you made no resistance to a force which you could not resist, as I should have been sorry if one of you had lost his life; but you must now go down below, and leave the cutter's deck in our possession. Perhaps, it would be better if some of you took one of your boats, and went on shore to pick up your messmates who are wounded."

"If you please, sir, we will," said Coble, coming forward, "and the cutter is yours, as far as we are concerned. We will make no attempts to retake her, at all events, for your kindness in thinking of our poor fellows lying there on the beach. I think you will promise that, my lads?" continued Coble, turning to the men.

"Yes, we promise that," said the men.

Coble then took a crew with him, and pulled on shore to the cove, on the margin of which they found all their men lying either killed or wounded. Dick Short, Spurey, and nine others were taken on board; those that were quite dead were left upon the sand. Leaving only ten men on board of the cutter, which however was sufficient to cope with the few of the Yungfrau remaining on board, had they been inclined to forfeit their word, Sir Robert and Ramsay then returned with the rest of the party to the boats, and pulled on shore, for the whole of their assailants were not yet subdued. About twenty of the soldiers still remained unhurt, and were sitting down on the rocks.

Ramsay, as soon as he landed, showed a white handkerchief on a bayonet fixed to the muzzle of a musket.

"Sergeant Tanner," said one of the men, "there's a flag of truce."

"Is there? I'm not sorry of it. They are two to one even now. I'll go forward to meet it."

The sergeant advanced to meet Ramsay.

"We might, if we please, oblige you to surrender, or cut you to pieces; this you must own; but we have no wish to hurt you. There are too many good men dead already."

"That's true," replied the sergeant; "but it's one comfort, you have turned out at last to be men, and not women."

"We have; but to the terms. You were sent to take possession of the cave. You shall have possession as soon as we are gone, if you will draw off your party higher up the cliff, and allow us to embark without molestation. If you do not choose to accept these terms, we immediately attack you. Or you may do better, if you please: pile your muskets, collect your wounded men, bring them down to the beach, all ready to put into the boats, which, as soon as we are safe, we will give you possession of. Answer now, is it a truce or not? You must be immediate."

"Yes, then, it is a truce; for I see no chance of better terms. I am commanding officer, and you have the faith of Sergeant Tanner."

The sergeant then returned, and when half-way, called to his men.

"Party, fall in—pile arms!" The soldiers, worn out by the long conflict, and aware that they had no chance against such superior numbers, gladly obeyed, and were now divided in sections of three and four, collecting the wounded and carrying them down to the cove.

Sir Robert and his men hastened to the rock; the ladder was lowered, and all was on the alert for embarkation. Lady Barclay and Lilly flew into his arms, while Wilhelmina hung on Ramsay; but they allowed but a short time for endearment; time was too precious. The baggage had all been prepared, and the chests of specie were lowered, the bundles thrown down, and in a quarter of an hour the cave was cleared of all that they could take away with them.

The women then descended, and all hands were employed carrying the specie and luggage down to the boats. As soon as one boat was loaded with the boxes of money, Lady Ramsay, Lilly, and Wilhelmina were put in it, and one-half of the men went with them on board of the cutter, where Coble had already arrived with the wounded seamen. Ramsay remained with the other boat, to embark the women and luggage. When all was in, he called the sergeant, pointed out to him the ladder, and told him he might find something worth his trouble in the cave.

"Is there a drop of any thing to drink, sir? for we who are whole are dying for thirst, and it's cruel to hear the poor wounded fellows beg for water."

"You'll find both water and spirits in plenty there, sergeant, and you may tell your own story when you arrive at Portsmouth. We shall never contradict you."

"The list of killed, wounded, and missing will tell the story fast enough," replied the sergeant; "but run up there, my lads, and get some water for these poor fellows. Good-by, sir, and many thanks."

"Good-by to you, Sergeant Tanner," said one of the women in the boat.

"Nancy Corbett, by all that's wonderful!" cried the sergeant.

"I told you so, sergeant. You'll never lose the name of Lady-killers!"

"Pretty lady-killing," muttered the sergeant, turning away in a rage. Ramsay took the boats on board; and as soon as they were cleared, they were towed on shore to the cove by some of the Yungfrau's men.

During this time, the ladies as well as the women had remained aft on deck, Vanslyperken having locked himself up in his cabin. But Sir Robert now ordered his men to force the cabin door, and take Mr. Vanslyperken forward on the lower deck. When the door was opened, Vanslyperken was found in his bed more dead than alive. He was pulled out and dragged forward. The ladies were then handed below, and as soon as the specie had been secured and the luggage cleared from the upper deck, the women were ordered to go down on the lower deck, and Mr. Vanslyperken ordered to be brought up.

CHAPTER LII.

In which a great deal of loyalty is shown to counterbalance the treason of Vanslyperken.

We must not, however, forget the syndic and the widow Vandersloosh, whom we left in confinement at Amsterdam. We left Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe, and showing to those about him, how great a great man always proves himself when under adversity. The widow also, had she performed in public, would have been acknowledged to have been a great woman. She could not but lament the present, for she was on the floor of a dungeon; so she occasionally wrung her hands, but she looked forward to the future and to better times, not abandoning herself to despair, but comforting herself with hope, as might have been clearly proved by her constant repetition of these words, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see."

That the night appeared long to both parties is not to be denied; but the longest night will have its end as long as the world continues to turn round. The consequence was, that the morning came as usual to the syndic, although the widow, from the peculiarity of her situation, had not the same advantage.

After morning comes breakfast in the natural order of mundane affairs; and kings being but men, and subject to the same wants as other mortals, his majesty King William sat down and despatched a very hasty meal, in company with his grace the Duke of Portland, and the right honourable the Lord Albemarle. History does not record, as it sometimes does in works of this description, by what viands his majesty's appetite was stimulated; we must therefore pass it over, and, as his majesty did on that occasion as soon as breakfast was over, proceed to business.

"Have you received information, my Lord Albemarle, how many of the conspirators have been seized?"

"May it please your majesty, I am sorry to inform you that all who were innocent have been imprisoned, and all who were guilty have escaped."

Upon this intelligence his majesty looked very grave.

"How do you mean, my lord?" said he, after a pause.

"The conspirators have all received some friendly notice, and the only two who are in custody are the syndic Mynheer Krause, and the woman who keeps the Lust Haus."

"And you put the syndic down as an innocent person, my lord?"

"If your majesty will be pleased to read this communication," replied Lord Albemarle, presenting Ramsay's letter and enclosures, "you will then be of my opinion."

King William took the letter, and read it. "What, Ramsay?—he who was attainted with Sir Robert Barclay?"

"The same, your majesty."

"So near us, and escaped! But what credence would you place in him?"

"Every credence, may it please your majesty. I believe him to be incapable of a lie."

"A traitor like him?"

"A traitor to your majesty, but most true to his Catholic majesty King James that was. But if I may venture to point out to your majesty, the enclosures prove that Lieutenant Vanslyperken's word is not of much value. He at least is a double traitor."

"Yes, a little hanging will do him no harm. You are sure this is his writing?"

"There can be no doubt of it, your majesty; I have compared it."

"You will see to this, my lord. And now for the syndic."

"He has, as your majesty will perceive, been grossly deceived and suspected without reason."

"And the woman?"

"Was here yesterday, and fully convinced me that Vanslyperken was a traitor, and that she was innocent. His Grace of Portland was present."

"Well, my lord, you may give orders for their release; of course, a little surveillance will be advisable. You will justify the proceeding to the council this afternoon."

"But may I presume to submit to your majesty that this public affront offered to the syndic should be repaired?"

"Certainly; send for him," replied his majesty, carelessly, "I will receive him to-morrow morning," and his majesty left the room.

Lord Albemarle immediately despatched a courier with an order for the release of the syndic and the Frau Vandersloosh, with a note to the former, stating that his majesty would receive him on the following day at noon. But while this act of justice had been preparing at the palace of the Hague, there were other acts not quite so justifiable preparing at the town of Amsterdam. The sun had not made his appearance more than an hour, before troops of the loyal burghers were collected in knots in the streets, and in front of the Hotel de Ville or Staat Haus, and the object of their meeting was to canvass the treason and imprisonment of the syndic, Mynheer Van Krause. "Shame!—shame!—Death to the traitor!—Tear him to pieces!—and long life to King William!" were the first solitary remarks made; but the noise and hubbub increased. The small knots of people gradually joined together, until they formed a large mob, all burning with loyalty, and each individual wishing to give a practical evidence of it. Again were the cries of "Long live the king!" and "Death to traitors!" to be heard with loud huzzas. A confused din followed, and the mob appeared as if simultaneously to be impelled in one direction. At last the word was given which they all waited for, "To his house—to his house—down with it!—death to the traitor!" and the loyal mob hastened on, each individual eager to be first to prove his loyalty by helping himself to Mynheer Krause's goods and chattels.

In the Low Countries this species of loyalty always has been, and it is now, very much the fashion. In ten minutes the gates were forced open, old Koop knocked down and trod under foot till he was dead, every article of value that was portable was secured; chairs, tables, glasses, not portable, were thrown out of the window. Wilhelmina's harp and piano-forte battered to fragments; beds, bedding, every thing flew about in the air, and then the fragments were set fire to, and in less than an hour Mynheer Krause's splendid house was burning furiously, while the mob cheered and cried, "Long live King William!"

Before the courier could arrive from the Hague, all that was left of Mynheer Krause's property was the bare walls. Merchandise, every thing was consumed, and part of the building had fallen into the canal and choked it up; while fifteen schuyts waiting to be discharged of their cargoes had been obliged to retreat from the fury of the flames, the phlegmatic skippers looking on with their pipes in their mouths, and their hands in their wide breeches' pockets.

The loyal mob, having effected their object, gradually retired. It is singular that popular feeling is always expressed in the same way. Had the mob collected for disloyal purposes, they would have shown their disloyalty just in the like manner, only it would have been the Staat Haus instead of that of Mynheer Krause.

But now there was a fresh impetus given to *the feelings* of the mob. The news had been spread like *wild-fire that* Mynheer the syndic had been proved innocent, and ordered to be immediately liberated, and was sent for by his majesty; upon which the mob were undecided whether they should prove their indignation at this unjust imprisonment of their worthy magistrate by setting fire to some public building, or by carrying him in triumph to his own house, which they forgot that they had burnt down. Fortunately they decided upon the latter. They surrounded the Staat Haus with cries of, "Long life to our worthy syndic! prosperity to Mynheer Krause!" and rushing up the stairs, they caught him in their arms, and carried him triumphantly through the streets, bringing him at last to the smoking ruins of his own house, and here they left him. They had done all they could; they had carried him there in triumph; but as for building the house up again, that was impossible. So as Mynheer Krause looked with dismay at the wreck of all his property, the loyal mob dispersed, each feeling that he had been so very hasty as to possess himself of a small share of it. What a fine thing is loyalty! Mynheer Krause found himself alone; he looked with scorn and indignation upon the scene of violence, and then walked away to an hotel, particularly disgusted with the loyal cry of "Long live King William!"

"In the mean time the door of the dungeon where the widow Vandersloosh was incarcerated was thrown open, and she was informed that she was no longer a prisoner. The widow, indignant that she should have been confined for her loyalty, rose and walked majestically out of the Staat Haus, not deigning to answer to the compliments offered to her by some of the inferior officers. Her bosom swelled with indignation, and she was determined to tell his majesty a bit of her mind, if she could obtain access to him; and the next day she took the trouble to go all the way to the Hague again, to see his majesty; but his majesty wasn't at home, and Lord Albemarle, to whom she sent in, was indisposed, and his grace the Duke of Portland was particularly engaged. So the widow had the journey for nothing, and she declared to Babette that she never would put her foot under the palace again as long as she lived.

But although Madame Vandersloosh was not received at court that day, the syndic Mynheer Krause was. When he sent in his name, Lord Albemarle led the syndic by the hand to his majesty.

"We have been too hasty, Mynheer Krause," said his majesty, with a gracious smile.

Mynheer Krause bowed low.

"I regret to hear that the populace in their loyalty have burnt down your house, Mr. Krause; they were too hasty."

Mynheer Krause made another low bow.

"You will continue your office of syndic of the town of Amsterdam."

"Pardon me, your majesty," replied Mynheer Van Krause, respectfully, but firmly; "I have obeyed your summons to appear in your presence, but will request that your majesty will release me from the burden. I have come to lay my chain and staff of office at your majesty's feet, it being my intention to quit the town."

"You are too hasty, Mynheer Krause," replied his majesty, with displeasure.

"May it please your majesty," replied Krause, "he who has been confined as a prisoner in the Staat Haus is not fit to exercise his duties there as judge. I have served your majesty many years with the utmost zeal and fidelity. In return, I have been imprisoned, and my property destroyed. I must now return to a station more suitable to my present condition; and once more, with every assurance of loyalty, I beg to be permitted to lay my insignia of office at your majesty's feet."

Mynheer Krause suited the action to the word. The king frowned and turned away to the window; and Mynheer Krause, perceiving that his majesty's back was turned upon him, walked out of the door.

"Too hasty!" thought Mynheer Krause. I am loyal, and thrown into prison, and am expected to be satisfied with the plea of being too hasty! My house is burnt down, and the plundering mob have been too hasty! Well, well, it is fortunate I took Ramsay's advice. My house and what was in it was a trifle; but if all my gold at Hamburg and Frankfort, and in the charge of Ramsay, had been there, and I had been made a beggar, all the satisfaction I should have received would have been a smile and the excuse of being too hasty. I wonder where my daughter and Ramsay are—I long to join them."

From which mental soliloquy it will be evident to the reader that Mynheer Krause's loyalty had considerably diminished, perhaps thinking that he had paid too dear for the commodity.

Upon his return, Mynheer Krause publicly announced that he had resigned the office of syndic, much to the astonishment of those who heard of it, and much to the delight of his particular friend, Mynheer Engelbach, who the next morning set off for the Hague, and had an interview with his grace the Duke of Portland, the result of which was that, upon grounds best known to the parties, for history will not reveal every thing, Mynheer Engelbach was recommended to fill the office of syndic of the town of Amsterdam, vacant by the resignation of Mynheer Krause; and that, in consequence, those who took off their hats to Mynheer Krause but two days before, and kept them on when they met Mynheer Engelbach, now kept them on when they met Mynheer Krause, and pulled them off very politely to Mynheer Krause's very particular friend, Mynheer Engelbach.

CHAPTER LIII.

Trial and execution of two of the principal personages in our history.

We left Sir Robert Barclay on the deck of the cutter, the ladies and women sent down below, and Mr. Vanslyperken on the point of being dragged aft by two of Sir Robert's men. The crew of the Yungfrau, at the time were on the lower deck, some assisting the wounded men, others talking with Jemmy Salisbury and his wife, who they were astonished to find among the assailants.

"Why, Jemmy, how did you get a berth among these chaps?"

"I'll tell you," said Moggy, interrupting; "when he was at Portsmouth, they heard him playing his fiddle and singing, and they took such a fancy to him, that they were determined to have him to amuse them in the cave. So one evening they *kidnapped* him, took him away by main force, and kept him a prisoner ever since."

"That's carrying the joke rather too far," observed one of the men.

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"But I am at liberty again now, at all events," replied Jemmy, taking the cue from his wife, "and if that chap Vanslyperken don't command the cutter any more, which I've a notion he will not, I shall enter again as boatswain. Heh, Dick?"

"Yes," replied Short, who was lying in his hammock.

"Well, when I found that Jemmy couldn't be found, my dear darling duck of a husband, my jewel, my box of diamonds—(ar'n't you, my Jemmy?)—didn't I tear my hair, and run about the streets like a mad woman?" continued Moggy. "At last I met Nancy Corbett, whose husband is one of the gang, and she told me where he was, fiddle and all, and I persuaded her to let me go to him, and that's why we both are here."

This was a good invention of Moggy's, and as there was nobody who took the trouble to disprove it, it was received as not the least apocryphal. But now Mr. Vanslyperken was dragged past them by two of the conspirators, and all the men of the Yungfrau followed on deck, to see what was to take place.

When Mr. Vanslyperken had been brought aft, his legs tottered, and he could hardly stand; his face was livid, and his lips white with fear; for he knew too well that he had little mercy to expect.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert, with a stern air, "hear the accusation against you; for, although we may be lawless, we will still be just. You voluntarily entered into our service, and received our pay. You were one of us, with only this difference, that we have taken up the cause from principle and loyalty, and you joined us from mercenary motives. Still we kept our faith with you; for every service performed you were well and honourably paid. But you received our money and turned against us, revealed our secrets, and gave information to your government, by which that gentleman (pointing to Ramsay) and many others, had not they fortunately received timely notice, would have perished by the gibbet. Now, sir, I wish to know what can you bring forward in your defence? What have you to urge, that you should not die the death which you so traitorously prepared for others?"

"Die!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "no—no—mercy, sir! mercy. I am not fit to die."

"Few are; but this is certain, that a villain like you is not fit to live."

"On my knees, I ask for mercy!" cried the frightened wretch, dropping down. "Mr. Ramsay, speak for me."

"I will speak," replied Ramsay, "but not for you. I will show you that, even if you were to escape us, yo-would still be hung; for all your extracts of the despatches I have, with full explanations, put into the hands of the English government. Do you expect mercy from them? They have not showed much as yet."

"O God! O God!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing himself down on the deck in despair.

"Now, my lads, you have heard the charges against this man, and also that he has no defence to offer. What is your sentence?"

"Death!" exclaimed the conspirators.

"You men belonging to the cutter, you have heard that this man has betrayed the present government of England, in whose pay and service he was at the time; what is your opinion?"

Hereupon Obadiah Coble hitched up his trousers, and said, "Why, as a matter of opinion, I agree with you, sir, whomsoever you may be."

"Mein Gott, yes, sir!" exclaimed the corporal.

And all the crew then cried out together, "Death, death!" which, by-the-by, was very mutinous.

"You perceive that you are doubly condemned as a double traitor," said Sir Robert; "so prepare to die. The religion you profess I know not; but the time you will be allowed to make your peace with your God is fifteen minutes."

"Oh!" groaned Vanslyperken, with his face to the deck.

"Up there, my lads, and get a whip on the yard-arm," said Ramsay.

Some of his party went to obey the order; and they were assisted by the seamen of the Yungfrau. But while they were getting the whip ready on the starboard, Jemmy Ducks was very quietly employed getting another on the larboard yard-arm, which nobody took notice of.

As soon as the whip and the cord, with the hangman's noose made fast to it, were already, it was reported to Sir Robert by Corporal Van Spitter, who stepped up to him with his usual military salute. Sir Robert took off his hat in return. His watch had been held in his hand from the time that he had passed sentence upon Vanslyperken, who still remained prostrate upon the deck.

"It is my duty to inform you, sir, that but five minutes are left of the time awarded to you," said Sir Robert to Vanslyperken.

"Five minutes!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, jumping up from the deck; "but five minutes!—to die in five minutes!" continued he, looking up with horror at the rope at the yard-arm, and the fatal noose at the end of it, held in the hand of Corporal Van Spitter. "Stop—I have gold—plenty of gold. I can purchase my life."

"Kingdoms would not purchase it," replied Sir Robert, scornfully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, wringing his hands, "must I leave all my gold?"

"You have but two minutes, sir," observed Sir Robert, "let the rope be put round his neck."

This office was performed by Corporal Van Spitter. The corporal was an amateur.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Vanslyperken, again falling on his knees, and holding up his hands.

"Call upon Heaven for mercy. You have but one minute left."

But here an interruption took place. A female made her appearance on the other side of the deck, dragging by a cord the hero of our novel, Snarleyyow, who held back with all his power, jerking his head to the right and to the left; but it was of no use. He was dragged opposite to where Vanslyperken knelt. As the reader may guess, this person was Smallbones, who had tied on a bonnet and muffled up his face, so as not to be observed when he first went on board. Jemmy Ducks now assisted, and the whip on the larboard yard-arm was made fast to a cord, with a running noose for the banging of the cur. The sight roused Vanslyperken. "My dog!" exclaimed he; "woman, leave that dog alone! Who are you that dare touch my dog!"

The female turned round, threw off her bonnet and handkerchief, and exhibited to the terrified lieutenant, the face of the supposed departed Smallbones.

"Smallbones!" exclaimed the crew of the Yungfrau, in a breath.

"God of mercy!—help me, God of mercy!" cried Vanslyperken, aghast.

"I suppose that you do come for to go to know me now, any how," said Smallbones.

"Hath the sea given up its dead?" replied Vanslyperken, in a hollow voice.

"No, it ar'n't—cause why? I never was a drowned," replied Smallbones; "no thanks to you though. But if so be as I supposes you be a going to be hung, as I'm a good Christian, I'll forgive you; that is, if you be hung, you know."

Vanslyperken, who now perceived that Smallbones had been by some miracle preserved, recovered himself.

"If you forgive me," replied Vanslyperken, "then pray do not ill-treat my dog."

"I'se not forgiven *him*, any how. I owes him enough; and now I'll have his account settled, by gum. When you goes up there, he goes up here, as sure as I'm Philip Smallbones."

"Be merciful!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, who, strange to say, forgot his own miseries in pleading for his darling cur.

"He be a convicted traitor, and he shall die, by gum!" cried Smallbones, smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

During the conversation the time allotted to Vanslyperken had long expired; but the interest occasioned by it had inclined Sir Robert to wait till it was over.

"Enough," cried Sir Robert; "your time has long expired. Commend your soul to God. Let the rope be manned."

"Now, Jemmy, stand by to toddle forward," cried Smallbones.

"One moment—I ask but one moment," cried Vanslyperken, much agitated,—"only one moment, sir."

"For what?"

"To kiss my poor dog," replied Vanslyperken, bursting into tears.

Strange and almost ridiculous as was the appeal, there was a seriousness and a pathos in Vanslyperken's words and manner which affected those who were present. Like a gleam of sunshine, this one feeling, which was unalloyed with baser metal, shone upon the close of a worthless and wicked life. Sir Robert nodded his head, and Vanslyperken walked, with the rope round his neck, over to where the dog was held by Smallbones, bent over the cur, and kissed it again and again.

"Enough," cried Sir Robert, "bring him back."

Corporal Van Spitter took hold of Vanslyperken by the arm, and dragged him to the other side of the deck. The unfortunate wretch seemed wholly absorbed in the fate of his cur, who had endeavoured to follow his master. His eyes were fixed upon Snarleyyow; and Snarleyyow's were fixed upon his master. Thus they were permitted to remain for a few seconds, when Sir Robert gave the signal. Away went the line of men who had manned the starboard whip, and away went Jemmy Ducks on the larboard side, and at the yard-arms of the cutter were suspended the bodies of Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow.

Thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels and one of the vilest curs which ever existed. They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. By the manuscript records found in the Jacobite papers, it appears that the double execution took place on the 3d of August, in the year of our Lord 1700.

CHAPTER LIV.

In which affairs begin to wind up.

There are few people whose vindictive feelings are not satisfied by the death of the party against whom those feelings have been excited. The eyes of all on deck (that is, all except one) were at first directed to the struggling Vanslyperken, and then, as if sickened at the sight of his sufferings, were turned away with a feeling very near akin to compassion. One only never looked at or thought of Vanslyperken, and that one was Smallbones, who watched the kicking and plunging of his "natural enemy" Snarleyyow. Gradually the dog relaxed his exertions, and Smallbones watched, somewhat doubtful whether a dog who had defied every other kind of death would condescend to be hanged. At last, Snarleyyow was quite still; he appeared nearly to have gone to "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

"He won't a cum to life any more this time," said Smallbones, "but I'll not let you out of my hands yet. They say a cat have nine lives, but, by gum! some dogs have ninety."

There was a dead silence on the deck of the cutter for a quarter of an hour, during which the bodies remained suspended. A breeze then came sweeping along, and ruffled the surface of the water. This was of too great importance to allow of any further delay. Sir Robert desired the seamen of the Yungfrau to come aft, told them that he should take their cutter to Cherbourg to land the women and his own people, and that then they would be free to return to Portsmouth. All that he requested of them was quiet and submission during the short time that he and his party were on board. Coble replied for the ship's company, "that as for the matter of that ere, there was no fear of their being quiet enough, when there were more than two to one against them; but that in fact they had no animosity, for even if they did feel a little sore at what had happened, and their messmates being wounded, what was swinging at the yard-arm made them all friends again. The gentleman might take the cutter where he pleased, and might use her as long as he liked; and when he had done with her, it was quite time enough to take her back to Portsmouth."

"Well, then, as we understand one another, we had now better make sail," said Sir Robert. "Cut away that rope," continued he, pointing to the whip by which Vanslyperken's body was suspended.

Jansen stepped forward with his snickasee. The rope was divided at once, and the body of the departed Vanslyperken plunged into the wave and disappeared.

"They mayn't cut this though," cried Smallbones. "I'll not trust him. Jemmy, my boy, get up a pig of ballast. I'll sink him fifty fathoms deep, and then if so be he cum up again, why then I give it up for a bad job."

Jemmy brought up the pig of ballast, the body of Snarleyyow was lowered on board, and after having been secured with divers turns of the rope to the piece of iron, was plunged by Smallbones into the wave.

"There," said Smallbones, "I don't a think that he will ever bite me any more, any how; there's no knowing though. Now I'll just go down, and see if my bag be to be found, and then I'll dress myself like a Christian."

The cutter flew before the breeze, which was on her quarter; and now that the hanging was over, the females came on deck. One of the Jesuit priets was a good surgeon, and attended to the wounded men, who all promised to do well, and as Bill Spurey said, "They'd all dance yet at the corporal's wedding."

"I say, corporal, if we only could go to Amsterdam, instead of Portsmouth."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal, and acting upon this idea, he went aft and entered into conversation with Ramsay, giving him a detail of the affair with the widow, an dof her having gone to the Hague to accuse Vanslyperken; ending with expressing the wish of himself and the crew that they might go to the Hague instead of to Portsmouth. Nothing could please Ramsay better; he was next anxious to send a letter to Mynheer Krause, to inform him of the safety of his daughter and his specie, and he immediately answered that they should go if they pleased.

"Mein Gott! but how, mynheer? We no have the excuse."

"But I'll give you one," replied Ramsay. "You shall go to the Hague."

The corporal touched his hat with the greatest respect, and walked forward to communicate this good news. The crew of the Yungfrau and the conspirators or smugglers were soon on the best terms; and as there was no one to check the wasteful expenditure of stores, and no one accountable, the liquor was hoisted up on the forecastle, and the night passed in carousing.

"Well, he did love his dog, after all," said Jemmy Ducks.

"And he's got his love with him," replied one of the smugglers.

"Now, Jemmy, let's have a song."

"It must be without the fiddle, then," replied Jemmy, "for that's jammed up with the baggage,—so here goes."

I've often heard the chaplain say, when Davy Jones is nigh,
That we must call for help in need to Providence on high;
But then he said most plainly too, that we must do our best,
Our own exertions failing, leave to Providence the rest.

I never thought of this much till one day there came on board
A chap who came to join as a *seaman*, by the Lord!
His hair hung down like reef-points, and his phiz was very queer,
For his mouth was like a shark's, and turn'd down from ear to ear.

He hadn't stow'd his hammock not much longer than a week,
When he swore he had a call, and the Lord he was to seek;
Now where he went to seek the Lord, I can't at all suppose,
'Twas not on deck, for there I'm sure he never show'd his nose.

He would not read the Bible, it wer'n't good enough for him;
The course we steer'd by, that, he said, would lead us all to sin;
That we were damn'd, and hell would gape, he often would us tell,
I know that when I heard his jaw, it made me gape like hell.

A storm came on, we sprung a leak, and sorely were we tried;
We plied the pumps, 'twas spell and spell with lots of work beside;
And what d'ye think this beggar did? 'tis true I do declare,
He call'd us all to leave the pumps, and join with him in prayer.

At last our boatswain Billy, who was a thundering Turk,
Goes up to him, and says, "My man, why don't you do your work?"
"Avaunt! you worst of sinners, I must save my soul," he cried;—
"Confound your soul," says Billy then, "you shall not save your hide."

Acquaintance then he made soon with the end of the fore-brace,
It would have made you laugh to see his methodisty face;
He grinn'd like a roast monkey, and he howl'd like a baboon,
He had a dose from Billy that he won't forget so soon.

"Take that," said Billy, when he'd done, "and now you'll please to work;
I read the Bible often, but I don't my duty shirk;
The pumps they are not choked yet, nor do we yet despair,
When all is up, or we are saved, we'll join with you in prayer."

"And now we'll have one from the other side of the house," said Moggy, as soon as the plaudits were over.

"Come then, Antony, you shall speak for us, and prove that we can sing a stave as well as honester men."

"With all my heart, William. Here's my very best."

The smuggler then sang as follows:

Fill, lads, fill!
Fill, lads, fill!
Here we have a cure
For every ill.
If fortune's unkind
As the N. E. wind,
Still we must endure,
Trusting to our cure
In better luck still.

Drink, boys, drink!
Drink, boys, drink!
The bowl let us drain
With right good-will.
If women deceive,
Why should we grieve?
Forgetting our pain,
Love make again
With better luck still.

Sing, lads, sing!
Sing, lads, sing!
Our voices we'll raise,
Be merry still.
If dead to-morrow,
We brave all sorrow,
Life's a weary maze,
When we end our days
'Tis better luck still.

As the wounded men occupied the major part of the lower deck, and there was no accommodation for the numerous party of men and women on board, the carousing was kept up till the next morning, when at daylight the cutter was run into Cherbourg. The officers who came on board went on shore with the report that the cutter belonged to the English government, and had been captured by Sir Robert and his men who were well known. The consequence was an order for the cutter to leave the port immediately, as receiving her would be tantamount to an aggression on the part of France. But this order, although given, was not intended to be rigidly enforced, and there was plenty of time allowed for Sir Robert and his people to land with their specie and baggage.

Ramsay did not forget his promise to the corporal. He went to the French authorities, stated the great importance of his forwarding a letter to Amsterdam immediately, and that the way it might be effected would be very satisfactory; that aware that King William was at the Hague, they should write a letter informing him of the arrival of the cutter, and that his majesty might not imagine that the French government could sanction such outrages, they had sent her immediately on to him, with a regret that such a circumstance should have occurred, under the charge of one of the officers to wait upon his majesty, and express their sentiments. The authorities, aware that to obey Sir Robert would not be displeasing to the court of Versailles, and that the excuse for so doing could only be taken as a compliment to the English court, acted upon this suggestion. A French officer was sent on board of the cutter with the despatch, and Ramsay's letter to Mynheer Van Krause was committed to the charge of the corporal.

Before the sun had set, the Yungfrau was again at sea, and on the third morning anchored in her usual berth off the town of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER LV.

In which we trust that every thing will be arranged to the satisfaction of our readers.

The French officer who was sent to explain what had occasioned the arrival of the cutter in the port of Cherbourg, immediately set off for the Hague, and was received by Lord Albemarle.

As soon as his credentials had been examined, he was introduced to his majesty King William.

"It appears," said his majesty to Lord Albemarle, after the introduction, "that these Jacobite conspirators have saved us one trouble by hanging this traitor Vanslyperken."

"Yes, your majesty, he has met with his deserved punishment," replied Lord Albemarle.

Then addressing himself to the officer,—"We will return our acknowledgments for this proof of good-will on the part of the French government," said his majesty, bowing. "My Lord Albemarle, you will see that this gentleman is suitably entertained."

The officer bowed low, and retired.

"This is an over-politeness which I do not admire," observed his majesty to Lord Albemarle. "Let that person be well watched; depend upon it, the letter is all a pretext; there is more plotting going on."

"I am of your majesty's opinion, and shall be careful that your commands are put in force," replied his lordship, as king William retired into his private apartments.

The cutter had not been half an hour at anchor before Obadiah Coble went on shore with the corporal. Their first object was to apply to the authorities, that the wounded men might be sent to the hospital, which was done before the night. The next was to deliver the letters to Mynheer Krause; but not knowing where he was to be found, they thought it advisable to go first to the widow Vandersloosh, who was surprised at the sight of her dear corporal, and much more enraptured when she heard that Mr. Vanslyperken and his cur had been hanged.

"I'll keep my word, corporal," cried the widow; "I told you I would not marry until he was hung. I don't care if I marry you to-morrow."

"Mein Gott, yes! to-day."

"No, no, not to-day, corporal, or to-morrow either. We must wait till the poor fellows are out of the hospital; for I must have them all to the wedding.

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

The widow then proceeded to state how she had been thrown into a dungeon, and how she and Mynheer Krause the syndic had been released the next day; how Mynheer Krause's house had been burnt to the ground, and all the other particulars with which the reader is already acquainted.

This reminded the corporal of the letters to Mynheer Krause, which he had for a time forgotten, and he inquired where he was to be found. But the widow was too prudent to allow the corporal to go himself. She sent Babette, who executed her commission without exciting any suspicion, and made Mynheer Krause very happy. He soon made his arrangements, and joined his daughter and Ramsay, who had not however waited for his arrival, but had been married the day after they landed at Cherbourg. Mynheer Krause was not a little surprised to find that his son-in-law was a Jacobite; but his incarceration and loss of his property had very much cooled his loyalty. He settled at Hamburg, and became perfectly indifferent whether England was ruled by King William or King James.

Ramsay's marriage made him also less warm in the good cause. He had gained a pretty wife and a good fortune, and to be very loyal a person should be very poor. The death of King James on the year following released him from his engagements, and as he resided at Hamburg he was soon forgotten, and never was called upon to embark in the subsequent fruitless attempts on the part of the Jacobites.

As it was necessary to write to the admiralty in England, acquainting them with the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, and demanding that another officer should be sent out to take the command of the Yungfrau, a delay of three or four weeks took place, during which the cutter remained at Amsterdam; for Dick Short and Coble were no navigators if they had wished to take her back, and, moreover, she had so many of her crew at the hospital that she was weak-handed.

It was about a month after her arrival at Amsterdam, that every soul belonging to the cutter had gone on shore, and she was left to swing to the tide, and foul her hause, or go adrift if she pleased, for she had to take care of herself. This unusual disregard to naval instructions arose from the simple fact that that day was to be celebrated the marriage of widow Vandersloosh and Corporal Van Spitter.

Great indeed had been the preparations; all the ingenuity and talent of Jemmy Ducks, and Moggy, and Bill Spurey, for he and all the others were now discharged from the hospital, had been summoned to the assistance of the widow and Babette in preparing and decorating the Lust Haus for this important ceremony, which the widow declared King William himself should hear of, cost what it might. Festoons of flowers, wreaths of laurel garlands from the ceiling, extra chandeliers, extra musicians, all were dressed out and collected in honour of this auspicious day. The whole of the crew of the cutter were invited, not however to feast at the widow's expense—neither she nor the corporal would stand treat—but to spend their money in honour of the occasion. And it must be observed that since their arrival in port, the Yungfraus had spent a great deal of money at the widow's, which was considered strange, as they had not for some time received any pay; and it was further observed that none appeared so wealthy as Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter. Some have asserted that it was the gold of Mr. Vanslyperken, which had been appropriated by the crew to their own wants, considering themselves as his legitimate heirs. Whether this is true or not, it is impossible to say; certain it is that there was no gold found in Vanslyperken's cabin when his successor took possession of it, and equally certain it was that all the Yungfraus had their pockets full of gold, and that the major part of this gold did ultimately fall into the possession of the widow Vandersloosh, who was heard to say, that Mr. Vanslyperken had paid the expenses of her wedding. From these facts collected, we must leave the reader to draw what inference he may please.

The widow was beautifully dressed; a white kersey petticoat, deep-blue stockings, silver buckles in her shoes, a scarlet velvet jacket with long flaps before and behind, a golden cross six inches long suspended by a velvet riband, to which was attached half-way between the cross and her neck a large gold heart, gold ear-rings, and on her head an ornament which in Holland and Germany is called a "*zitternäbel*," shook and trembled as she walked along to church, hanging on the arm of her dear corporal. Some of the bridges were too narrow to admit the happy pair to pass abreast. The knot was tied—the name Vandersloosh was abandoned without regret, for the sharper one of Van Spitter, and flushed with joy and the thermometer at ninety-six, the cavalcade returned home, and refreshed themselves with some beer of the Frau Van Spitter's own brewing.

Let it not, however, be supposed that they dined *tête-à-tête;* no, no, the corporal and his wife were not so churlish as that. The dinner-party consisted of a chosen set, the most particular friends of the corporal;—Mr. Short, first officer and boatswain; Mr. Coble, second officer; Mr. William Spurey, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, and last, although not the least important person in this history, Philip Smallbones, Esq., who, having obtained money somehow, was now remarkable for the neatness of his apparel. The fair widow, assisted by Moggy and Babette cooked the dinner, and when it was ready came in from the kitchen as red as a fury, and announced it; and then it was served up, and they all set down to table in the little parlour. It was very close, the gentlemen took off their jackets, and the widow and moggy fanned themselves, and the enormous demand by evaporation was supplied with foaming beer. None could have done the honours of the table better than the corporal and his lady, who sat melting and stuck together on the little fubsy sofa, which had been the witness of so much pretended and so much real love.

But the Lust Haus is now lighted up; the company are assembling fast; Babette is waddling and trotting like an armadillo from corner to corner; Babette here, and Babette there, it is Babette every where. The room is full, and the musicians have commenced tuning their instruments. The party run from the table to join the rest; a general cheer greets the widow, as she is led into the room by the corporal, for she had asked many of her friends as well as the crew of the Yungfrau, and many others came who were not invited; so that the wedding-day, instead of disbursement, produced one of large receipt to the happy pair.

"Now, then, corporal, you must open the ball with your lady," cried Bill Spurey.

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"What shall it be, Madame Van Spitter?"

"A waltz, if you please."

The musicians struck up a waltz, and Corporal Van Spitter, who had no notion of waltzing further than having seen the dance performed by others, seized his wife by the waist, who, with an amorous glance, dropped her fat arm upon the corporal's shoulder. This was the signal for the rest. The corporal had made but one turn before a hundred couple more were turning also; the whole room seemed turning. The corporal could not waltz, but he could turn; he held on fast by the widow, and with such a firm piece of resistance he kept a centrifugal balance, and without regard to time or space, he increased his velocity at a prodigious rate. Round they went with the dangerous force of the two iron balls suspended to the fly.

wheel which regulates the power of some stupendous steam-engine.

The corporal would not and his better half could not stop. The first couple they came in contact with were hurled to the other side of the room, a second and a third fell, and still the corporal wheeled on. Two chairs and a table were swept away in a moment, three young women with baskets of cakes and nuts were thrown down together, and the contents of all their baskets scattered on the floor, and "Bravo, corporal!" resounded from the crew of the Yungfrau. Babette and two bottles of beer were next demolished, Jemmy Ducks received a hoist, and Smallbones was flattened to a pancake. Every one fled from the orbit of these revolving spheres, and they were left to wheel by themselves. At last Mrs. Van Spitter, finding that nothing else would stop her husband, who, like all heavy bodies once put in motion, retained it in proportion to his weight, dropped down, and left him to support her whole frame. This was more than the corporal could stand, and it brought him up all standing. He stopped, dropped his wife, and reeled to a chair, for he was so giddy that he could not keep his legs, and so out of breath that he had lost his wind.

"Bravo, corporal!" was shouted through the room, while his spouse hardly knew whether she should laugh or scold him well; but being the wedding-night, she deferred the scolding for that night only, and she gained a chair, and fanned and wiped, and fanned and wiped again. The corporal shortly afterwards would have danced again, but Mrs. Van Spitter had had quite enough for that evening. She thanked him for the offer, was satisfied with his prowess, but declined on the score of the extreme sultriness of the weather; to which observation the corporal replied as usual, "Mein Gott, yes!"

The major part of the evening was passed in dancing and drinking; the corporal and his wife, with Babette, now attending to the wants of their customers, who, what with the exercise, the heat of the weather, and the fumes of tobacco, were more than usually thirsty; and as they became fatigued with dancing, so did they call for refreshments.

But we cannot find space to dwell upon the quality of beer and the variety of liquors which were consumed at this eventful wedding, with which we shall wind up our history; nor even to pity the breathless, flushed, and overheated Babette, who was so ill on the next day as to be unable to quit her bed; nor can we detail the jokes, the merriment, and the songs which went round, the peals of laughter, the loud choruses, the antic feats performed by the company. Still more impossible would it be to give an idea of the three tremendous cheers, which shook the Lust Haus to its foundations, when Corporal and Mistress Van Spitter, upon their retiring, bade farewell to the company assembled. The observations of James Salisbury, as he waddled out, were as correct as they were emphatic,—

"Well, Dick,—this *has been* a spree."

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

FINIS.

From Heath's Book of Beauty.

STANZAS:

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PROPERTY, LAST ILLNESS, AND DEATH OF LOVE.

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

What are Love's treasures, and what are its fears?
What is the music it joyfully hears?
What are its wonders—its lightnings and thunders?
What is its language, and what its delight?
Ringlets, and letters, and rings, are its treasures;
Answers to half-utter'd words are its pleasures.
Doubts are its wonder, quarrels its thunder;
A frown is the lightning that fills it with fright.

Play is its work, and a tear is its joy;
A kiss is its compact, which naught can destroy.
To part is its sorrow, though but till the morrow:
Eyes are its stars; in a smile is its might.
The voice is the music it ever would hear;
Its sunshine, the presence of one that is dear.
Dreaming is living; taking is giving:
A glance is its language, that glance is delight.

Trust is its armour, and blindness its shield;
A word of unkindness the sword it can wield.
Suspicion's its fever; an oath its deceiver;
Its power, once slighted, for ever is fled.
At length it grows weaker; its efforts to please
Each day are more feeble, until, by degrees,
It loses its blindness, gives one look of kindness,
One sigh for the past; then, alas! it is—dead.

From the Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.

CONSOLATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

"We sorrow not as others which have no hope."
1 Thess. iv. 13.

The loved, but not the lost!
Oh, no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor live alone in memory;
'Tis we, who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis *we* who die:
They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost,
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the Book of Life? Ah no!
'Tis we who scarcely live, that linger still below.

The loved, but not the lost!
In heaven's own panoply array'd,
They met the conflict undismay'd;
They counted well the cost
Of battle—*now* their crown is won;
Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, *our* warfare just begun.

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye;
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh:
Nor all the pangs that prey
On the bereaved heart, and most
When conscience dares not say, "the loved, but not the lost?"

This is the wo of woes!
The one o'er-mastering agony;
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis no repose,
But they, who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved, but not the lost?

The spirit was but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth, the living, *not* the dead,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
We, the wave-driven, the tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved, but not the lost?